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Century Readings
in
ANCIENT CLASSICAL LITERATURE

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in
EUROPEAN LITERATURE
(*Medieval and Modern*)

EDITED BY
JOHN W. CUNLIFFE

Century Readings
in
ANCIENT CLASSICAL LITERATURE

EDITED

With Introductions and Notes

BY

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PUBLISHED BY THE CENTURY CO.
New York
1925

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Printed in U. S. A.

TO THE MEMORY
OF
JOHN CHARLES FREEMAN
(1842-1911)
An Inspiring Teacher of Literature

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

CENTURY READINGS IN GREEK AND LATIN LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION propose to call to the reader's attention practically every significant figure in the literary experience of Greece and Rome from Homeric times to the fall of the Empire in the West and to the fading of the Eastern Empire into Byzantinism. They include as much as possible of the travel background that so effectively contributes to reality in literature; Egypt, Babylon, Persia, Greece, many parts of the Roman Empire, are vividly glimpsed, and the city of Rome is illuminated from many sides. They present much that is of universal interest in regard to religion, philosophy of life, statecraft, and criticism, and occasional significant paragraphs of historical or antiquarian interest. They are prefaced by brief literary appreciations; it is too often forgotten that the classics are not only documents, but the inspired product called art. They are purposed above all to present the classics in their human appeal. Men in movement in the tragedy and comedy of life, men in reflection on the vicissitudes, the follies, the nobilities, the contradictions, the absurdities, the futilities, of life, men in the earnest endeavor to solve the problems of belief and conduct: this is the stuff of the ancient classical literatures, and interest in this has been the guide in the selection of these readings.

In the choice of translators, the general principle as to form has been that verse is best reproduced by verse and prose by prose; of the exceptions, some are due to the lack of adequate verse, some to the special excellence of the prose, some to convenience. As to the transfer of content, those translations have been chosen which seemed best to unite substance and spirit in an attractive unity. Not always is the most recent translation, nor even the most scholarly, the best reproduction.

CENTURY READINGS IN GREEK AND LATIN LITERATURE may perhaps claim to be something more than a compilation. Their character is the result of much traveling in the Realms of Gold; at first with the guidance and companionship of honored masters in the classics, George Lincoln Hendrickson, Alexander Kerr, Moses Stephen Slaughter, and Charles Forster Smith, and afterward in the paths to which they pointed the way. It is the result of many actual travelings in ancient classical lands and in lands familiar to the ancient classical peoples, and of years of sojourn in Eternal Rome. It is the result of twenty-five years of instruction in the classical tongues, and of lecturing to classical and non-classical students on life, letters, and the fine arts, always with the painful lack of a single easily accessible volume for illustration or for study in course. It has been determined by personal and actual need, and thus in a measure partakes of the nature of organic growth.

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GREEK LITERATURE

(940 B.C.-1000 A.D.)

I. HOMER AND THE EPIC (About 940-500 B.C.)

The Greek epic included a great body of story poems beginning with the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* about 900 B.C., and continuing from about 775 to 550 B.C. with a mass of other tales of Troy called the *Trojan Cycle*, and a similar mass which gathered about Thebes and was called the *Theban Cycle*. Of all these the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* alone survive.

The origin of the two great Homeric poems may be conveniently thought of as follows: Scattered over the islands and borders of the eastern Mediterranean, including Crete and the Greek mainland, there existed from about 3000 to 1200 B.C. a well-defined culture which has become known to the modern world only since 1871, when Henry Schliemann began the series of excavations at Troy, Tiryns, and Mycenæ disclosing it, and which is called the *Ægean civilization*. Upon the *Ægean* race, in a succession of invasions and infiltrations beginning about 1800 B.C. and covering many centuries, descended a vigorous pastoral race from the north called the Achæans, whose culture was blended with the *Ægean*. About 1100 B.C., the Achæans in their turn were the objects of invasion and conquest by a wave of northerners called the Dorians, but not before they had established a culture of their own and engaged in at least one great war which roused the *Ægean* world from center to circumference and marshaled the enemy from many distant parts. This was the famous expedition against Troy, with its ten years of heroic siege on land and its ten years of adventurous returnings home. The tales told by survivors rapidly took on the nature of legend, and, in an age of little writing or none, became the stuff of minstrelsy. In the course of two hundred years or more, when, from long passage of time, the realistic and prosaic features of the war had faded, and when its heroic exploits had taken on in the minds of an imaginative people the brightness and the distinctness of glories remembered from the greater past before the Dorian descent, a master spirit among the Greeks of Asia Minor called Homer fitted into more or less harmonious union the best stories of the greatest episode in the ten years' siege. This was the *Iliad*. Not many years later, the same or another master made of the greatest stories of adventure on the return from the siege a second unity, the *Odyssey*. In the last ten years of the rule of Pisistratus, 537-527, when from long oral and written use these unwieldy creations had become greatly deranged, a commission of talented men set them in order substantially as they now exist, except that their division into twenty-four books was probably the work of Aristarchus the Alexandrian critic in 156 B.C.

These two greatest of the world's epics are stories in the grand style. Their characters are mostly of divine and heroic mold, and the human figures are of more than human stature. The settings of their action are the wide spaces of sea and land and the sky. Their battles and their storms are titanic, the passions of their heroes are magnificent, the laughter of their gods shakes the world. Their metrical conveyance, the hexameter, is the most dignified of poetic forms. Yet they are not to be thought of as in the grand style of a Virgil or a Milton. Their language is comparatively simple, their hexameter is the freest and most unrestrained of meters, their thought is easy and straightforward, their epithets and even their speeches repeat, they are not compact and highly unified, they are not artificially adorned, they are more or less naïve. They are natural or popular epic as opposed to artificial or literary epic.

The origin of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in the taste of a people at large insured their everlasting appeal. They are good stories well told. 'Homer tells lies as he ought,' said Aristotle, meaning that epic truthfulness lay in narrating what was consistent within itself though it might be mingled of fiction and fact. Homer's mingled world of the divine and the earthly, of the fictitious and the true, is made reality by the story-teller's art. They are not only good stories, but the most human of documents. At their foundation everywhere are the qualities of men as understood by men in every age and every clime.

THE ILIAD

The action of the *Iliad* is confined to twenty-eight days of the last year in the ten years' siege of Troy. Agamemnon, by common consent the leader of all the Achæans, and brother of Menelaus, the stealing of whose wife Helen by Paris the son of the Trojan King Priam brought on the war, has aroused the wrath of Achilles by taking from him the beautiful slave Briseis. The hero withdraws from the fight, and looks unmoved on the discomfiture of the Greek army until the death of his beloved comrade Patroclus at the hands of the Trojan Hector sends him once more into the field, where he slays the slayer of his friend. The funeral of Hector concludes the poem. The translation is that of Alexander Pope, with brief abstracts of omitted portions.

I

ACHILLES' wrath to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing!
That wrath which hurled to Pluto's gloomy
reign

The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;
Whose limbs unburied on the naked shore, 5
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore:
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the
will of Jove.

Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended
power 10

Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
And heaped the camp with mountains of the
dead;

The king of men his reverent priest defied,
And for the king's offence the people died.

For Chryses sought with costly gifts to
gain 15

His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
Suppliant the venerable father stands;
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:

By these he begs; and lowly bending down,
Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown. 20
He sued to all, but chief implored for grace
The brother-kings, of Atreus' royal race.

'Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be
crowned,

And Troy's proud walls lie level with the
ground.

May Jove restore you when your toils are
o'er 25

Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.
But, oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryseis to these arms again;

If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.' 30

The Greeks in shouts their joint assent
declare,

The priest to reverence, and release the fair.
Not so Atrides: he, with kingly pride,

Repulsed the sacred sire, and thus replied:
'Hence, on thy life, and fly these hostile
plains, 35

Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king
detains;

Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod;
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god.

Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall
remain;

And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall
plead in vain 40

Till time shall rifle every youthful grace,
And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,

In daily labors of the loom employed,
Or doomed to deck the bed she once enjoyed.

Hence, then; to Argos shall the maid retire,
Far from her native soil and weeping sire.' 46

The trembling priest along the shore
returned,

And in the anguish of a father mourned.

Disconsolate, not daring to complain,
Silent he wandered by the sounding main; 50

Till, safe at distance, to his god he prays,
The god who darts around the world his rays.

'O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's
line,

Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine, 54
Thou source of light; whom Tenedos adores,

And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's
shores:

If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;

God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ, 59
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy.'

Thus Chryses prayed:—the favoring power
attends,

And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.

Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to
wound;

Fierce as he moved, his silver shafts re-
sound.

Breathing revenge, a sudden night he
spread, 65

And gloomy darkness rolled about his head.

The fleet in view, he twanged his deadly bow,
And hissing fly the feathered fates below.

On mules and dogs the infection first began;
And last, the vengeful arrows fixed in man. 70

For nine long nights, through all the dusky
air,

The pyres, thick-flaming, shot a dismal
glare. . . .

Agamemnon, compelled to give up Chryseis, offends Achilles by taking from him Briseis. Achilles withdraws to his tent, and his mother Thetis enlists the sympathy of Jove, whose favor angers Hera, or Juno. They are pacified by Hephæstus, or Vulcan.

Thus Vulcan spoke, and, rising with a bound,
The double bowl with sparkling nectar crowned,

Which, held to Juno in a cheerful way, 75
'Goddess,' he cried, 'be patient and obey.
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
I can but grieve, unable to defend.

What god so daring in your aid to move,
Or lift his hand against the force of Jove? 80
Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,
Hurled headlong down from the ethereal height;

Tossed all the day in rapid circles round;
Nor till the sun descended touched the ground:

Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost; 85
The Sinthians raised me on the Lemnian coast.'

He said, and to her hands the goblet heaved,
Which, with a smile, the white-armed queen received.

Then, to the rest he filled; and in his turn,
Each to his lips applied the nectared urn, 90
Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,
And unextinguished laughter shakes the skies.

Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong,
In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.

Apollo tuned the lyre; the Muses round 95
With voice alternate aid the silver sound.
Meantime the radiant sun to mortal sight
Descending swift, rolled down the rapid light:

Then to their starry domes the gods depart,
The shining monuments of Vulcan's art: 100
Jove on his couch reclined his awful head,
And Juno slumbered on the golden bed.

II

Agamemnon is prompted by Jove to give battle without Achilles. By way of preparation, he holds a muster.

The generous Nestor thus the prince addressed:

'Now bid thy heralds sound the loud alarms,
And call the squadrons sheathed in brazen arms;

Now seize the occasion, now the troops survey,

And lead to war when heaven directs the way.' 5

He said; the monarch issued his commands;

Straight the loud heralds call the gathering bands

The chiefs inclose their king; the hosts divide,

In tribes and nations ranked on either side.
High in the midst the blue-eyed virgin flies; 10

From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes;
The dreadful ægis, Jove's immortal shield,
Blazed on her arm, and lightened all the field:
Round the vast orb a hundred serpents rolled,
Formed the bright fringe, and seemed to burn in gold. 15

With this each Grecian's manly breast she warms,

Swells their bold hearts, and strings their nervous arms,

No more they sigh, inglorious, to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

As on some mountain, through the lofty grove, 20

The crackling flames ascend, and blaze above;
The fires expanding, as the winds arise,
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies:

So from the polished arms, and brazen shields,

A gleamy splendor flashed along the fields. 25
Not less their number than the embodied cranes,

Or milk-white swans in Asia's watery plains,
That, o'er the windings of Cayster's springs,
Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling wings,

Now tower aloft, and course in airy rounds, 30
Now light with noise; with noise the field resounds.

Thus numerous and confused, extending wide,

The legions crowd Scamander's flowery side;
With rushing troops the plains are covered o'er,

And thundering footsteps shake the sounding shore. 35

Along the river's level meads they stand,
Thick as in spring the flowers adorn the land,
Or leaves the trees; or thick as insects play,
The wandering nation of a summer's day:

That, drawn by milky steams, at evening hours, 40

In gathered swarms surround the rural bowers;

From pail to pail with busy murmur run
 The gilded legions, glittering in the sun.
 So thronged, so close, the Grecian squadrons
 stood 44
 In radiant arms, and thirst for Trojan blood.
 Each leader now his scattered force conjoins
 In close array, and forms the deepening lines.
 Not with more ease the skilful shepherd-
 swain
 Collects his flocks from thousands on the
 plain.
 The king of kings, majestically tall, 50
 Towers o'er his armies, and outshines them
 all;
 Like some proud bull, that round the pastures
 leads
 His subject herds, the monarch of the meads,
 Great as the gods, the exalted chief was seen,
 His strength like Neptune, and like Mars his
 mien. 55
 Jove o'er his eyes celestial glories spread,
 And dawning conquest played around his
 head.
 Say, virgins, seated round the throne divine,
 All-knowing goddesses, immortal nine!
 Since earth's wide regions, heaven's unmeas-
 ured height, 60
 And hell's abyss, hide nothing from your
 sight,
 (We, wretched mortals! lost in doubts below,
 But guess by rumor, and but boast we
 know,)
 O say what heroes, fired by thirst of fame
 Or urged by wrongs, to Troy's destruction
 came. 65
 To count them all, demands a thousand
 tongues,
 A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs.
 Daughters of Jove, assist! inspired by you
 The mighty labor dauntless I pursue;
 What crowded armies, from what climes they
 bring, 70
 Their names, their numbers, and their chiefs
 I sing. . . .

VI

After single combat between Menelaus and
 Paris, a truce and its breach, and a battle with
 many episodes, Hector, in an interval of the
 fight, takes leave of Andromache to return to
 the field.

He said, and passed with sad presaging
 heart
 To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;
 At home he sought her, but he sought in
 vain;
 She, with one maid of all her menial train,

Had hence retired; and with her second joy,
 The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy, 6
 Pensive she stood on Ilion's towery height,
 Beheld the war, and sickened at the sight;
 There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,
 Or weep the wounds her bleeding country
 bore. 10
 But he who found not whom his soul
 desired,
 Whose virtue charmed him as her beauty
 fired,
 Stood in the gates, and asked what way she
 bent
 Her parting step? If to the fane she went,
 Where late the mourning matrons made
 resort, 15
 Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court?
 'Not to the court,' replied the attendant train,
 'Nor mixed with matrons to Minerva's fane:
 To Ilion's steepy tower she bent her way,
 To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day. 20
 Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian
 sword;
 She heard, and trembled for her absent lord:
 Distracted with surprise, she seemed to fly,
 Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.
 The nurse attended with her infant boy, 25
 The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.'
 Hector this heard, returned without delay;
 Swift through the town he trod his former
 way,
 Through streets of palaces, and walks of
 state;
 And met the mourner at the Scaean gate. 30
 With haste to meet him sprung the joyful
 fair,
 His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir:
 (Cilician Thebè great Aëtion swayed,
 And Hippoplacus' wide extended shade:)
 The nurse stood near, in whose embraces
 pressed, 35
 His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
 Whom each soft charm and early grace
 adorn,
 Fair as the new-born star that gilds the
 morn.
 To this loved infant Hector gave the name
 Scamandrius, from Scamander's honored
 stream; 40
 Astyanax the Trojans called the boy,
 From his great father, the defence of Troy.
 Silent the warrior smiled, and pleased re-
 signed
 To tender passions all his mighty mind; 44
 His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
 Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
 Her bosom labored with a boding sigh,
 And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

'Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run?

Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son! 50
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,

A widow I, a helpless orphan he?

For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.

Greece in her single heroes strove in vain; 55
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain.

O grant me, gods, ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of heaven, an early tomb!

So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun. 60

No parent now remains my griefs to share.

No father's aid, no mother's tender care,
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,

Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire!

His fate compassion in the victor bred; 65

Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead,
His radiant arms preserved from hostile spoil,

And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
Then raised a mountain where his bones were burned;

The mountain-nymphs the rural tomb adorned; 70

Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow

A barren shade, and in his honor grow.

By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell;

In one sad day beheld the gates of hell;
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed, 75

Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!

My mother lived to wear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands:

Redeemed too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain, 80

When ah! oppressed by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee:

Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all 85
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall,

Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
Oh, prove a husband's and a father's care!

That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of 90

Troy;

Thou, from this tower defend the important post;

There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,

And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.

Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given, 95

Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven.

Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his

Troy.'

The chief replied: 'That post shall be my care,

Not that alone, but all the works of war. 100
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renowned,

And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,

Attain the luster of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?

My early youth was bred to martial pains, 105
My soul impels me to the embattled plains!

Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates!
(How my heart trembles while my tongue

relates!) 110

The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,

And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.

And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,

Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore, 115
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;

As thine, Andromache! Thy griefs I dread:
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!

In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was

thine! 120

To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.

There while you groan beneath the load of life,

They cry, "Behold the mighty Hector's wife!"
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to 125

see,

Imbitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present

shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!

May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Pressed with a load of monumental clay! 130

Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee

weep.'

Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy

Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.

The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast, 135
Scared at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.

With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,

And Hector hasted to relieve his child,
 The glittering terrors from his brows un-
 bound,
 And placed the beaming helmet on the
 ground; ¹⁴⁰
 Then kissed the child, and, lifting high in air,
 Thus to the gods preferred a father's prayer:
 'O thou whose glory fills the ethereal
 throne,
 And all ye deathless powers, protect my son!
 Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
 To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown, ¹⁴⁶
 Against his country's foes the war to wage,
 And rise the Hector of the future age!
 So when triumphant from successful toils
 Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils, ¹⁵⁰
 Whole hosts may hail him with deserved
 acclaim,
 And say, "This chief transcends his father's
 fame:
 While pleased amidst the general shouts of
 Troy,
 His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with
 joy."
 He spoke, and fondly gazing on her
 charms, ¹⁵⁵
 Restored the pleasing burden to her arms;
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
 Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed.
 The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
 She mingled with a smile a tender tear. ¹⁶⁰
 The softened chief with kind compassion
 viewed,
 And dried the falling drops, and thus pur-
 sued:
 'Andromache! my soul's far better part,
 Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy
 heart?
 No hostile hand can antedate my doom, ¹⁶⁵
 Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
 Fixed is the term to all the race of earth;
 And such the hard condition of our birth:
 No force can then resist, no flight can save,
 All sink alike, the fearful and the brave. ¹⁷⁰
 No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
 There guide the spindle, and direct the
 loom:
 Me glory summons to the martial scene,
 The field of combat is the sphere for men.
 Where heroes war, the foremost place I
 claim, ¹⁷⁵
 The first in danger as the first in fame.'
 Thus having said, the glorious chief re-
 sumes
 His towery helmet, black with shading
 plumes.
 His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
 Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye ¹⁸⁰

That streamed at every look; then, moving
 slow,
 Sought her own palace, and indulged her woe.
 There, while her tears deplored the godlike
 man,
 Through all her train the soft infection ran;
 The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
 And mourn the living Hector, as the dead. ¹⁸⁶
 But now, no longer deaf to honor's call,
 Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.
 In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,
 Swift through the town the warrior bends
 his way. ¹⁹⁰
 The wanton courser thus with reins unbound
 Breaks from his stall, and beats the trem-
 bling ground;
 Pampered and proud, he seeks the wonted
 tides,
 And laves, in height of blood, his shining
 sides;
 His head now freed, he tosses to the skies; ¹⁹⁵
 His mane dishevelled o'er his shoulders flies;
 He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
 And springs, exulting, to his fields again.
 With equal triumph, sprightly, bold, and gay,
 In arms refulgent as the god of day, ²⁰⁰
 The son of Priam, glorying in his might,
 Rushed forth with Hector to the fields of
 fight.
 And now, the warriors passing on the way,
 The graceful Paris first excused his stay.
 To whom the noble Hector thus replied: ²⁰⁵
 'O chief! in blood, and now in arms, allied!
 Thy power in war with justice none contest;
 Known is thy courage, and thy strength
 confessed.
 What pity sloth should seize a soul so brave,
 Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave! ²¹⁰
 My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans
 say,
 And hopes thy deeds shall wipe the stain
 away.
 Haste then, in all their glorious labors share,
 For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war.
 These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's
 decree ²¹⁵
 We crown the bowl to heaven and liberty:
 While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs
 mourns,
 And Greece indignant through her seas re-
 turns.'

VIII

Hector and Ajax engage in single combat,
 and in a second battle the Greeks are hard
 pressed and driven to their trenches near the
 ships.

Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light,
 And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:

The conquering Trojans mourn his beams decayed;
 The Greeks rejoicing bless the friendly shade.
 The victors keep the field, and Hector calls
 A martial council near the navy walls; 6
 These to Scamander's bank apart he led,
 Where thinly scattered lay the heaps of dead.
 The assembled chiefs, descending on the ground,
 Attend his order, and their prince surround. 10
 A massy spear he bore of mighty strength,
 Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;
 The point was brass, refulgent to behold,
 Fixed to the wood with circling rings of gold:
 The noble Hector on his lance reclined, 15
 And bending forward, thus revealed his mind:
 'Ye valiant Trojans, with attention hear!
 Ye Dardan bands, and generous aids, give ear!
 This day, we hoped, would wrap in conquering flame
 Greece with her ships, and crown our toils with fame. 20
 But darkness now, to save the cowards, falls,
 And guards them trembling in their wooden walls.
 Obey the night, and use her peaceful hours
 Our steeds to forage, and refresh our powers.
 Straight from the town be sheep and oxen sought, 25
 And strengthening bread and generous wine be brought.
 Wide o'er the field, high blazing to the sky,
 Let numerous fires the absent sun supply,
 The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raise,
 Till the bright morn her purple beam displays; 30
 Lest, in the silence and the shades of night,
 Greece on her sable ships attempt her flight. . . .'
 The leader spoke. From all his host around
 Shouts of applause along the shores resound.
 Each from the yoke the smoking steeds untied, 35
 And fixed their headstalls to his chariot-side.
 Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led,
 With generous wine, and all-sustaining bread.
 Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore: 39
 The winds to heaven the curling vapors bore.
 Ungrateful offering to the immortal powers!
 Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan towers:
 Nor Priam nor his sons obtained their grace;
 Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.
 The troops exulting sat in order round, 45

And beaming fires illumined all the ground.
 As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
 O'er heaven's pure azure spreads her sacred light,
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene, 50
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole,
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver every mountain's head:
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise, 55
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
 So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
 And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays. 60
 The long reflections of the distant fires
 Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
 A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
 And shoot a shady luster o'er the field.
 Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend, 65
 Whose umbered arms, by fits, thick flashes send,
 Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
 And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

IX

Agamemnon, proposing a return to Greece, is prevailed upon by Nestor to take steps toward reconciliation with Achilles.

And now, arrived, where on the sandy bay
 The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay,
 Amused at ease, the godlike man they found,
 Pleased with the solemn harp's harmonious sound.
 (The well wrought harp from conquered Thebæ came: 5
 Of polished silver was its costly frame.)
 With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings
 The immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.
 Patroclus only of the royal train,
 Placed in his tent, attends the lofty strain: 10
 Full opposite he sat, and listened long,
 In silence waiting till he ceased the song.
 Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds
 To his high tent; the great Ulysses leads.
 Achilles starting, as the chiefs he spied, 15
 Leaped from his seat, and laid the harp aside.
 With like surprise arose Menætiüs' son:
 Pelides grasped their hands, and thus begun:
 'Princes, all hail! whatever brought you here,

Or strong necessity, or urgent fear; ²⁰
Welcome, though Greeks! for not as foes ye
came:

To me more dear than all that bear the name.
With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he
led,

And placed in seats with purple carpets
spread.

Then thus—'Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open every soul. ²⁶
Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
Thy friend most honors these, and these thy
friend.'

He said; Patroclus o'er the blazing fire
Heaps in a brazen vase three chins entire; ³⁰
The brazen vase Automedon sustains,
Which flesh of porker, sheep, and goat con-
tains.

Achilles at the genial feast presides,
The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
Meanwhile Patroclus sweats, the fire to
raise; ³⁵

The tent is brightened with the rising blaze;
Then, when the languid flames at length sub-
side,

He strows a bed of glowing embers wide,
Above the coals the smoking fragments
turns

And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns; ⁴⁰
With bread the glittering canisters they load,
Which round the board Menœtius' son be-
stowed;

Himself, opposed to Ulysses full in sight,
Each portion parts, and orders every rite.
The first fat offering to the immortals due, ⁴⁵
Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw;
Then each, indulging in the social feast,
His thirst and hunger soberly repressed.
That done, to Phoenix Ajax gave the sign:
Not unperceived; Ulysses crowned with
wine ⁵⁰

The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
His speech addressing to the godlike man:

'Health to Achilles! happy are thy guests!
Not those more honored whom Atreides
feasts:

Though generous plenty crown thy loaded
boards, ⁵⁵

That Agamemnon's regal tent affords;
But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,
Nor eased by banquets or by flowing bowls.
What scenes of slaughter in yon fields
appear!

The dead we mourn, and for the living fear; ⁶⁰
Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful
stands,

And owns no help but from thy saving
hands. . . .'

XI

Achilles refuses reconciliation. In a third
battle, the wounding of Machaon rouses the in-
terest of Achilles, who sends Patroclus to
inquire.

Meantime Patroclus, by Achilles sent,
Unheard approached, and stood before the
tent.

Old Nestor, rising then, the hero led
To his high seat: the chief refused and said:

'Tis now no season for these kind delays;
The great Achilles with impatience stays. ⁶

To great Achilles this respect I owe;
Who asks, what hero, wounded by the foe,
Was borne from combat by thy foaming
steeds?

With grief I see the great Machaon bleeds. ¹⁰
This to report, my hasty course I bend;
Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend.'

'Can then the sons of Greece,' the sage re-
joined,

'Excite compassion in Achilles' mind?
Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know? ¹⁵
This is not half the story of our woe.

Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,
Our bravest heroes in the navy groan,
Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed,

And stern Eurypylos, already bleed. ²⁰
But, ah! what flattering hopes I entertain!

Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain:
Even till the flames consume our fleet he
stays,

And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.
Chief after chief the raging foe destroys; ²⁵
Calm he looks on, and every death en-
joys. . . .'

XIII

Hector has pursued the Greeks to their en-
trenchments.

Meantime the monarch of the watery main
Observed the Thunderer, nor observed in
vain.

In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps
below,

He sat; and around him cast his azure eyes ⁵
Where Ida's misty tops confusedly rise;

Below, fair Ilion's glittering spires were seen;
The crowded ships and sable seas between.

There, from the crystal chambers of the main
Emerged, he sat, and mourned his Argives
slain. ¹⁰

At Jove incensed, with grief and fury stung,
Prone down the rocky steep he rushed along;

Fierce as he passed, the lofty mountains nod,
The forest shakes; earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footsteps of the immortal god. ¹⁵
From realm to realm three ample strides he
took,

And, at the fourth, the distant Ægæ shook.
Far in the bay his shining palace stands,
Eternal frame! not raised by mortal hands:
This having reached, his brass-hoofed steeds
he reins, ²⁰

Fleet as the winds, and decked with golden
manes.

Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden scourge
applies,

He sits superior, and the chariot flies: ²⁵
His whirling wheels the glassy surface
sweep;

The enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep
Gambol around him on the watery way,
And heavy whales in awkward measures
play;

The sea subsiding spreads a level plain, ³⁰
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his coursers fly;
The wondering waters leave his axle dry.

Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave, ³⁵
Between where Tenedos the surges lave,
And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:
There the great ruler of the azure round
Stopped his swift chariot, and his steeds un-
bound,

Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand,
And linked their fetlocks with a golden band,
Infrangible, immortal: there they stay: ⁴¹
The father of the floods pursues his way:
Where, like a tempest, darkening heaven
around,

Or fiery deluge that devours the ground ⁴⁴
The impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
Embattled rolled, as Hector rushed along:
To the loud tumult and the barbarous cry
The heavens reëcho, and the shores reply:
They vow destruction to the Grecian name,
And in their hopes the fleets already flame. ⁵⁰

But Neptune, rising from the seas pro-
found,
The god whose earthquakes rock the solid
ground,

Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas seen,
Such his loud voice, and such his manly mien;
His shouts incessant every Greek inspire, ⁵⁵
But most the Ajaces, adding fire to fire. . .

Then with his scepter, that the deep con-
trols,
He touched the chiefs, and steeled their
manly souls:

Strength, not their own, the touch divine
imparts,

Prompts their light limbs, and swells their
daring hearts. ⁶⁰

Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight,
Forth-springing instant, darts herself from
high,

Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky:
Such, and so swift, the power of ocean flew; ⁶⁵
The wide horizon shut him from their view.

XVI

After more reverses for the Greeks, Patroclus
in Achilles' armor goes to their aid.

Now flaming from the zenith, Sol had
driven

His fervid orb through half the vault of
heaven;

While on each host with equal tempests fell
The showering darts, and numbers sank to
hell.

But when his evening wheels o'erhung the
main, ⁵

Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train.
Then from amidst the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquered corse and radiant
arms.

Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows, ⁹
And breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the press like Mars himself he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onset slew.

There ends thy glory! there the Fates un-
twine

The last, black remnant of so bright a line:
Apollo dreadful stops thy middle way; ¹⁵
Death calls, and heaven allows no longer day!

For lo! the god in dusky clouds enshrined,
Approaching dealt a staggering blow behind.
The weighty shock his neck and shoulders
feel;

His eyes flash sparkles, his stunned senses
reel ²⁰

In giddy darkness: far to distance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champaign rung.
Achilles' plume is stained with dust and gore;
That plume which never stooped to earth
before;

Long used, untouched, in fighting fields to
shine, ²⁵

And shade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
Not long—for fate pursues him, and the god.

His spear in shivers falls; his ample shield
Drops from his arm: his baldric strows the
field: ³⁰

The corslet his astonished breast forsakes:
 Loose is each joint; each nerve with horror
 shakes;
 Stupid he stares, and all-assistless stands:
 Such is the force of more than mortal hands!
 A Dardan youth there was, well known to
 fame, 35
 From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his
 name;
 Famed for the manage of the foaming horse,
 Skilled in the dart, and matchless in the
 course:
 Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
 While yet he learned his rudiments of war. 40
 His venturous spear first drew the hero's
 gore;
 He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more.
 Nor, though disarmed, Patroclus' fury stood:
 But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,
 And turned him short, and herded in the
 crowd. 45
 Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear,
 Wounded, at once, Patroclus yields to fear,
 Retires for succor to his social train,
 And flies the fate, which heaven decreed, in
 vain.
 Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he
 views, 50
 Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat
 pursues.
 The lance arrests him with a mortal wound;
 He falls, earth thunders, and his arms re-
 sound.
 With him all Greece was sunk; that moment
 all
 Her yet-surviving heroes seemed to fall. 55
 So, scorched with heat, along the desert score,
 The roaming lion meets a bristly boar,
 Fast by the spring; they both dispute the
 flood,
 With flaming eyes, and jaws besmeared with
 blood;
 At length the sovereign savage wins the
 strife; 60
 And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.
 Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,
 So many lives effused, expires his own.
 As dying now at Hector's feet he lies, 64
 He sternly views him, and triumphant cries:
 'Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee, the
 joy
 Thy pride once promised, of subverting
 Troy;
 The fancied scenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,
 And thy soft pleasures served with captive
 dames.
 Unthinking man! I fought those towers to
 free, 70

And guard that beauteous race from lords
 like thee;
 But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made,
 Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
 Though much at parting that great chief
 might say,
 And much enjoin thee, this important day. 75
 "Return not, my brave friend," perhaps he
 said,
 "Without the bloody arms of Hector dead."
 He spoke, Patroclus marched, and thus he
 sped.
 Supine, and wildly gazing on the skies,
 With faint, expiring breath, the chief re-
 plies: 80
 'Vain boaster! cease, and know the powers
 divine!
 Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;
 To heaven is owed whate'er your own you
 call,
 And heaven itself disarmed me ere my
 fall
 Had twenty mortals, each thy match in
 might, 85
 Opposed me fairly, they had sunk in fight:
 By fate and Phœbus was I first o'erthrown,
 Euphorbus next; the third mean part thy
 own.
 But thou, imperious! hear my latest breath;
 The gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death:
 Insulting man, thou shalt be soon as I; 91
 Black fate o'erhangs thee, and thy hour draws
 nigh;
 Even now on life's last verge I see thee
 stand,
 I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.'
 He faints: the soul unwilling wings her
 way, 95
 (The beauteous body left a load of clay)
 Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast,
 A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!
 Then Hector pausing, as his eyes he fed
 On the pale carcase, thus addressed the
 dead: 100
 'From whence this boding speech, the stern
 decree
 Of death denounced, or why denounced to
 me?
 Why not as well Achilles' fate be given
 To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of
 heaven?'
 Pensive he said; then pressing as he lay 105
 His breathless bosom, tore the lance away;
 And upwards cast the corse: the reeking
 spear
 He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
 But swift Automedon with loosened reins
 Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains, 110

Far from his rage the immortal coursers
drove;
The immortal coursers were the gift of Jove.

XVII

The battle rages about the body of Patroclus.
But round the corse the heroes pant for
breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of
death.
O'erlabored now, with dust, and sweat, and
gore,
Their knees, their legs, their feet, are
covered o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds
arise, 5
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness
fills their eyes.
As when a slaughtered bull's yet reeking hide,
Stained with full force, and tugged from
side to side,
The brawny curriers stretch; and labor o'er
The extended surface, drunk with fat and
gore: 10
So tugging round the corse both armies
stood;
The mangled body bathed in sweat and
blood;
While Greeks and Ilions equal strength
employ,
Now to the ships to force it, now to Troy.
Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury
warms, 15
Nor he whose anger sets the world in arms,
Could blame this scene; such rage, such
horror reigned;
Such, Jove to honor the great dead ordained.
Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day; 20
He, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,
In dust extended under Ilion's wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquered
plain,
And for his wished return prepares in vain;
Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion
bend 25
Was more than heaven had destined to his
friend.
Perhaps to him: this Thetis had revealed;
The rest, in pity to her son, concealed.
Still reaped the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they
bled. 30
'Cursed be the man,' even private Greeks
would say,
'Who dares desert this well-disputed day!

First may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice;
First perish all, ere haughty Troy shall boast
We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost!' 36
Thus they: while with one voice the
Trojans said,
'Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the
dead!'
Then clash their sounding arms; the
clangors rise,
And shake the brazen concave of the skies. 40
Meantime, at distance from the scene of
blood,
The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood:
Their godlike master slain before their eyes,
They wept, and shared in human miseries.
In vain Automedon now shakes the rein, 45
Now plies the lash, and soothes and threats
in vain;
Nor to the fight nor Hellespont they go,
Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe:
Still as a tombstone, never to be moved,
On some good man or woman unproved 50
Lays its eternal weight; or fixed, as stands
A marble courser by the sculptor's hands,
Placed on the hero's grave. Along their face
The big round drops coursed down with
silent pace,
Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that
late 55
Circled their arched necks, and waved in
state,
Trailed on the dust beneath the yoke were
spread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid
head. . . .

XVIII

Achilles, moved by the death of Patroclus, resolves to enter the fight. Thetis has Vulcan forge him new armor.

To her the artist-god: 'Thy griefs resign,
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.
O could I hide him from the Fates, as well,
Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,
As I shall forge most envied arms, the gaze 5
Of wondering ages, and the world's amaze!'
Thus having said, the father of the fires
To the black labors of his forge retires.
Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows
turned
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace
burned, 10
Resounding breathed: at once the blast ex-
pires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;

Just as the god directs, now loud, now low,
 They raise a tempest, or they gently blow; ¹⁵
 In hissing flames huge silver bars are rolled,
 And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold;
 Before, deep fixed, the eternal anvils stand;
 The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,
 His left with tongs turns the vexed metal
 round, ²⁰
 And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults
 rebound.

Then first he formed the immense and solid
 shield;

Rich various artifice emblazed the field;
 Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound;
 A silver chain suspends the massy round; ²⁵
 Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,
 And godlike labors on the surface rose.
 There shone the image of the master-mind:
 There earth, there heaven, there ocean he
 designed;

The unwearied sun, the moon completely
 round; ³⁰

The starry lights that heaven's high convex
 crowned;

The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
 And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
 To which, around the axle of the sky,
 The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye, ³⁵
 Still shines exalted on the ethereal plain,
 Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
 The image one of peace, and one of war.
 Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight, ⁴⁰
 And solemn dance, and hymeneal rite;
 Along the street the new-made brides are led,
 With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed;
 The youthful dancers in a circle bound
 To the soft flute, and cithern's silver sound: ⁴⁵
 Through the fair streets the matrons in a row
 Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

There in the forum swarm a numerous
 train;

The subject of debate, a townsman slain:
 One pleads the fine discharged, which one
 denied, ⁵⁰

And bade the public and the laws decide:
 The witness is produced on either hand:
 For this, or that, the partial people stand:
 The appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
 And form a ring, with scepters in their
 hands; ⁵⁵

On seats of stone, within the sacred place,
 The reverend elders nodded o'er the case;
 Alternate, each the attesting scepter took,
 And rising solemn, each his sentence spoke.
 Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight, ⁶⁰
 The prize of him who best adjudged the
 right.

Another part (a prospect differing far)
 Glowed with refulgent arms, and horrid war.
 Two mighty hosts a leaguered town embrace,
 And one would pillage, one would burn the
 place. ⁶⁵

Meantime the townsmen, armed with silent
 care,

A secret ambush on the foe prepare:
 Their wives, their children, and the watchful
 band

Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.
 They march; by Pallas and by Mars made
 bold: ⁷⁰

Gold were the gods, their radiant garments
 gold,

And gold their armor: these the squadron
 led,

August, divine, superior by the head!

A place for ambush fit they found, and
 stood,

Covered with shields, beside a silver flood. ⁷⁵
 Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful
 seem

If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.
 Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the
 plains,

And steers slow-moving, and two shepherd
 swains;

Behind them piping on their reeds they go, ⁸⁰
 Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.

In arms the glittering squadron rising round
 Rush sudden; hills of slaughter heap the
 ground;

Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the
 plains,

And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd
 swains! ⁸⁵

The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear;
 They rise, take horse, approach, and meet
 the war,

They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood;
 The waving silver seemed to blush with
 blood.

There Tumult, there Contention stood con-
 fessed; ⁹⁰

One reared a dagger at a captive's breast;
 One held a living foe, that freshly bled

With new-made wounds; another dragged a
 dead;

Now here, now there, the carcasses they tore:
 Fate stalked amidst them, grim with human
 gore. ⁹⁵

And the whole war came out, and met the
 eye;

And each bold figure seemed to live or die.
 A field deep furrowed next the god de-
 signed,

The third time labored by the sweating hind;

The shining shares full many ploughmen
guide, 100
And turn their crooked yokes on every side.
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The master meets them with his goblet
crowned;
The hearty draught rewards, renews their
toil,
Then back the turning ploughshares cleave
the soil: 105
Behind, the rising earth in ridges rolled;
And sable looked, though formed of molten
gold.
Another field rose high with waving grain;
With bended sickles stand the reaper train:
Here stretched in ranks the leveled swarths
are found, 110
Sheaves heaped on sheaves here thicken up
the ground.
With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the
lands;
The gatherers follow, and collect in bands;
And last the children, in whose arms are
borne
(Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves
of corn. 115
The rustic monarch of the field describes,
With silent glee, the heaps around him rise.
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.
The victim ox the sturdy youth prepare; 120
The reaper's due repast, the woman's care.
Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
Bent with the ponderous harvest of its
vines;
A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,
And curled on silver props, in order glow: 125
A darker metal mixed intrenched the place;
And pales of glittering tin the inclosure
grace.
To this, one pathway gently winding leads,
Where march a train with baskets on their
heads,
(Fair maids and blooming youth,) that smil-
ing bear 130
The purple product of the autumnal year.
To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings;
In measured dance behind him move the
train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the
strain. 135
Here herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and seem to low in
gold,
And speed to meadows on whose sounding
shores
A rapid torrent through the rushes roars.

Four golden herdsmen as their guardians
stand, 140
And nine sour dogs complete the rustic band.
Two lions rushing from the wood appeared;
And seized a bull, the master of the herd:
He roared: in vain the dogs, the men with-
stood;
They tore his flesh, and drank his sable
blood. 145
The dogs (oft cheered in vain) desert the
prey,
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.
Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep through fair forests, and a length of
meads,
And stalls, and folds, and scattered cots
between; 150
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene.
A figured dance succeeds; such once was
seen
In lofty Gnosus for the Cretan queen,
Formed by Dædalean art; a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in
hand. 155
The maids in soft simars of linen dressed;
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest:
Of those the locks with flowery wreath in-
rolled;
Of these the sides adorned with swords of
gold, 159
That glittering gay, from silver belts depend.
Now all at once they rise, at once descend,
With well-taught feet: now shape in oblique
ways,
Confusedly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they
spring,
And undistinguished blend the flying ring: 165
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tossed,
And, rapid as it runs, the single spokes are
lost.
The gazing multitudes admire around:
Two active tumblers in the center bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they
bend: 170
And general songs the sprightly revel end.
Thus the broad shield complete the artist
crowned
With his last hand, and poured the ocean
round:
In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the
whole. 175
This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires
He forged; the cuirass that outshone the fires,
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm im-
pressed
With various sculpture, and the golden crest.

At Thetis' feet the finished labor lay: 180
 She, as a falcon cuts the ærial way,
 Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
 And bears the blazing present through the
 skies.

XXII

Achilles and Agamemnon are reconciled, the
 Achilles rage again, and Hector and Achilles
 meet.

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he
 drew,

And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
 So Jove's bold bird, high balanced in the air,
 Stoops from the clouds to truss the quivering
 hare.

Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares: 5
 Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
 Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
 The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,
 Nodding at every step: (Vulcanian frame!)
 And as he moved, his figure seemed on
 flame. 10

As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
 Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,
 When all the starry train emblaze the sphere;
 So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.

In his right hand he waves the weapon
 round, 15

Eyes the whole man, and meditates the
 wound;

But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore
 Securely cased the warrior's body o'er.
 One space at length he spies, to let in fate,
 Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed
 plate 20

Gave entrance: through that penetrable part
 Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
 Nor pierced the windpipe yet, nor took the
 power

Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
 Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies, 25
 While, thus triumphing, stern Achilles cries:
 'At last is Hector stretched upon the plain,
 Who feared no vengeance for Patroclus
 slain:

Then, prince! you should have feared, what
 now you feel;

Achilles absent was Achilles still: 30

Yet a short space the great avenger stayed,
 Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
 Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorned,
 For ever honored, and for ever mourned:

While cast to all the rage of hostile power, 35
 Thee, birds shall mangle, and the gods
 devour.'

Then Hector fainting at the approach of
 death:

'By thy own soul! by those who gave thee
 breath!

By all the sacred prevalence of prayer;
 Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear! 40

The common rites of sepulture bestow,
 To soothe a father's and a mother's woe:

Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
 And Hector's ashes in his country rest.' 44

'No, wretch accursed!' relentless he replies;
 Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his
 eyes;

'Not those who gave me breath should bid
 me spare,

Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer.
 Could I myself the bloody banquet join!

No—to the dogs that carcase I resign. 50

Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her
 store,

And giving thousands, offer thousands more;
 Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
 Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral
 flame:

Their Hector on the pile they should not
 see, 55

Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.'

Then thus the chief his dying accents
 drew:

'Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:

The Furies that relentless breast have steeled,
 And cursed thee with a heart that cannot
 yield. 60

Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree
 And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on
 thee;

Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
 And stretch thee here before the Scæan gate.'

He ceased. The Fates suppressed his
 laboring breath, 65

And his eyes stiffened at the hand of death;
 To the dark realm the spirit wings its way,
 (The manly body left a load of clay,)

And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
 A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost! 70

Achilles, musing as he rolled his eyes
 O'er the dead hero, thus unheard, replies:

'Die thou the first! When Jove and heaven
 ordain,

I follow thee'—He said, and stripped the
 slain.

Then forcing backward from the gaping
 wound 75

The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground.

The thronging Greeks behold with wondering
 eyes

His manly beauty and superior size;
 While some, ignobler, the great dead deface

With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts
disgrace: 80

'How changed that Hector, who like Jove
of late
Sent lightning on our fleets, and scattered
fate!'

High o'er the slain the great Achilles
stands,

Begirt with heroes and surrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the host attends: 85

'Princes and leaders! countrymen and
friends!

Since now at length the powerful will of
heaven

The dire destroyer to our arm has given,
Is not Troy fallen already? Haste, ye
powers!

See, if already their deserted towers 90
Are left unmanned; or if they yet retain

The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain.
But what is Troy, or glory what to me?

Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
Divine Patroclus! Death hath sealed his
eyes; 95

Unwept, unhonored, uninterred he lies!
Can his dear image from my soul depart,

Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
If in the melancholy shades below,

The flames of friends and lovers cease to
glow, 100

Yet mine shall sacred last; mine, undecayed,
Burn on through death, and animate my
shade.

Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph
bring

The corpse of Hector, and your pæans sing.
Be this the song, slow-moving toward the
shore, 105

"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance
bred;

(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead;)
The nervous ankles bored, his feet he bound

With thongs inserted through the double
wound; 110

These fixed up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trailed along the plain.

Proud on his car the insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.

He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise. 116

Now lost is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-descending hair,

Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
Deformed, dishonored, in his native land, 120

Given to the rage of an insulting throng,
And, in his parents' sight, now dragged

along!

The mother first beheld with sad survey;
She rent her tresses, venerable gray,
And cast, far off, the regal veils away. 125

With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she
moans,

While the sad father answers groans with
groans;

Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'er-
flow,

And the whole city wears one face of woe:
No less than if the rage of hostile fires, 130

From her foundations curling to her spires,
O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,

And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
The wretched monarch of the falling state,

Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate. 135
Scarce the whole people stop his desperate

course,
While strong affliction gives the feeble force:

Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and
fro,

In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he rolled in dust, and thus begun,

Imploping all, and naming one by one: 141
'Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls;

I, only I, will issue from your walls
(Guide or companion, friends! I ask ye

none)
And bow before the murderer of my son. 145

My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at least he may respect my age.

He has a father too; a man like me;
One, not exempt from age and misery

(Vigorous no more, as when his young
embrace 150

Begot this pest of me, and all my race).
How many valiant sons, in early bloom,

Has that cursed hand sent headlong to the
tomb!

Thee, Hector! last: thy loss (divinely brave)
Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.

O had thy gentle spirit passed in peace, 156
The son expiring in the sire's embrace,

While both thy parents wept the fatal hour,
And, bending o'er thee, mixed the tender

shower!

Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
To melt in full satiety of grief! 161

Thus wailed the father, groveling on the
ground,

And all the eyes of Ilion streamed around.
Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears; 164

(A mourning princess, and a train in tears;)
'Ah why has Heaven prolonged this hated

breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?

O Hector! late thy parents' pride and joy,
The boast of nations! the defence of Troy!

To whom her safety and her fame she owed;
Her chief, her hero, and almost her god! 171
O fatal change! become in one sad day
A senseless corse! inanimated clay!

But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead; 175
As yet no messenger had told his fate,
Not e'en his stay without the Scæan gate.
Far in the close recesses of the dome,
Pensive she plied the melancholy loom; 179
A growing work employed her secret hours,
Confusedly gay with intermingled flowers.
Her fair-haired handmaids heat the brazen

urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return
In vain; alas! her lord returns no more;
Unbathed he lies, and bleeds along the
shore! 185

Now from the walls the clamors reach her
ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear:
Forth from her ivory hand the shuttle falls,
And thus, astonished, to her maids she
calls:

'Ah follow me!' she cried, 'what plaintive
noise 190

Invades my ear? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.
My faltering knees their trembling frame
desert,

A pulse unusual flutters at my heart;
Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate
(Ye gods avert it!) threatens the Trojan
state. 195

Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast
Confronts Achilles; chased along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him
slain!

Safe in the crowd he ever scorned to wait, 200
And sought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,
Now quenched for ever in the arms of death.'

She spoke; and furious, with distracted
pace,

Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face, 205
Flies through the dome (the maids her steps
pursue),

And mounts the walls, and sends around her
view.

Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
The godlike Hector dragged along the
ground.

A sudden darkness shades her swimming
eyes: 210

She faints, she falls; her breath, her color
flies.

Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that
bound,

The net that held them, and the wreath that
crowned,

The veil and diadem flew far away
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day). 215
Around a train of weeping sisters stands,
To raise her sinking with assistant hands.

Scarce from the verge of death recalled, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain. 219

'O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For sure one star its baneful beam displayed
On Priam's roof, and Hippoplacia's shade.
From different parents, different climes we
came

At different periods, yet our fate the same!
Why was my birth to great Aëtion owed, 226
And why was all that tender care bestowed?
Would I had never been!—O, thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband! miserably lost!

Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone! 230
And I abandoned, desolate, alone!

An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!

No more to smile upon his sire; no friend
To help him now! no father to defend! 235

For should he 'scape the sword, the common
doom,

What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to
come!

Even from his own paternal roof expelled,
Some stranger plows his patrimonial field.

The day, that to the shades the father
sends, 240

Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends:
He, wretched outcast of mankind! appears

For ever sad, for ever bathed in tears;
Amongst the happy, unregarded, he 244

Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
While those his father's former bounty fed

Nor reach the goblet nor divide the bread:
The kindest but his present wants allay,

To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Frugal compassion! Heedless, they who

boast 250
Both parents still, nor feel what he has
lost,

Shall cry, "Begone! thy father feasts not
here:"

The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,

To my sad soul Astyanax appears! 255
Forced by repeated insults to return,

And to his widowed mother vainly mourn:
He, who, with tender delicacy bred,

With princes sported, and on dainties fed,
And when still evening gave him up to

rest, 260
Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,

Must—ah, what must he not? Whom Ilion
calls

Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more thy father guards his
Troy. 265

But thou, my Hector, liest exposed in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care;
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey, 270
Useless to thee, from this accursed day!
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
And honor to the living, not the dead!

So spake the mournful dame: her matrons
hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with
tear. 275

XXIV

Funeral games are held for Patroclus, and
the body of Hector is redeemed by Priam.

Charged with the mournful load, to Ilion
go

The sage and king, majestically slow.
Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire,
The sad procession of her hoary sire;
Then, as the pensive pomp advanced more
near, 5
(Her breathless brother stretched upon the
bier,)

A shower of tears o'erflows her beauteous
eyes,

Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries:

'Turn here your steps, and here your eyes
employ,

Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of
Troy? 10

If e'er ye rushed in crowds, with vast delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight,
Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows
flow;

Your common triumph, and your common
woe.'

In thronging crowds they issue to the
plains; 15

Nor man nor woman in the walls remains;
In every face the self-same grief is shown;
And Troy sends forth one universal groan.
At Scæa's gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the
slain. 20

The wife and mother, frantic with despair,
Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scattered
hair:

Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay,

And there had sighed and sorrowed out the
day;

But godlike Priam from the chariot rose: 25
'Forbear,' he cried, 'this violence of woes;
First to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the
dead.'

The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot through the following
tide; 30

Even to the palace the sad pomp they wait:
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn
sound:

Alternately they sing, alternate flow 35
The obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
While deeper sorrows groan from each full
heart,

And nature speaks at every pause of art.

First to the corse the weeping consort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms she
threw. 40

And 'Oh, my Hector! Oh, my lord!' she
cries,

'Snatched in thy bloom from these desiring
eyes!

Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!

And I abandoned: desolate, alone!

An only son, once comfort of our pains, 45

Sad product now of hapless love, remains!

Never to manly age that son shall rise,

Or with increasing graces glad my eyes;

For Ilion now (her great defender slain) 49

Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain. . . '

Thus to her weeping maids she makes her
moan,

Her weeping handmaids echo groan for
groan.

The mournful mother next sustains her
part:

'O thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!

Of all my race thou most by heaven ap-
proved, 55

And by the immortals even in death beloved!

While all my other sons in barbarous bands

Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,

This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost,

Free, and a hero, to the Stygian coast, 60

Sentenced, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,

Thy noble corse was dragged around the
tomb;

(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had
slain;)

Ungenerous insult, impotent and vain!

Yet glow'st thou fresh with every living
grace; 65

No mark of pain, or violence of face:

Rosy and fair! as Phœbus' silver bow
Dismissed thee gently to the shades below.'

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears; 70
Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes
Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she
cries:

'Ah, dearest friend! in whom the gods had
joined

The mildest manners with the bravest mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are
o'er 75

Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore;
(O had I perished, ere that form divine
Seduced this soft, this easy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind: 80
When others cursed the authoress of their
woe

Thy pity checked my sorrows in their flow:
If some proud brother eyed me with disdain,
Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,
Thy gentle accents softened all my pain. 85
For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee,
The wretched source of all this misery:
The fate I caused, for ever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
Through Troy's wide streets abandoned shall
I roam! 90

In Troy deserted, as abhorred at home!
So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming
eye:

Distressful beauty melts each stander-by:
On all around the infectious sorrow grows;
But Priam checked the torrent as it rose: 95
'Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites
require,

And fell the forests for a funeral pyre;
Twelve days, nor foes nor secret ambush
dread;

Achilles grants these honors to the dead.'
He spoke; and, at his word, the Trojan
train 100

Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,
Pour through the gates, and felled from Ida's
crown,

Roll back the gathered forests to the town.
These toils continue nine succeeding days,
And high in air a sylvan structure raise. 105
But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,
Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,
And placed aloft; while all, with streaming
eyes,

Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn, 110
With rosy luster streaked the dewy lawn,
Again the mournful crowds surround the
pyre,

And quench with wine the yet remaining fire.
The snowy bones his friends and brothers
place

(With tears collected) in a golden vase; 115
The golden vase in purple palls they rolled,
Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.
Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
And raised the tomb, memorial of the dead.
(Strong guards and spies, till all the rites
were done, 120

Watched from the rising to the setting sun.)
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A solemn, silent, melancholy train:
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
And sadly shared the last sepulchral feast. 125
Such honors Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

THE ODYSSEY

The *Odyssey* narrates the events of the last weeks in the ten years of Odysseus' adventures, in the divinely hindered return from Troy. His son Telemachus, warned by Athene, sets forth from Ithaca to visit Nestor at Pylos and Menelaus at Sparta and to question them of his father. Meanwhile the hero, by direction of the gods, is set free by the nymph Calypso, and after eighteen days on a stormy sea is cast ashore on the isle of the Phæacians, where the princess Nausicaa charmingly discovers and conducts him to the palace of King Alcinous, who draws from him the tale of his marvelous adventures with the Cyclops, Circe, the Sirens, and the rest, and sends him home on an enchanted ship to Ithaca and the waiting Penelope. The hero's meetings with his son Telemachus, the swineherd Eumæus, the old nurse Eurycleia, and the faithful dog Argus, the slaying of the suitors, his recognition by Penelope, and the restoration of his fortunes, occupy the last twelve books. The translation is that of Pope except the passages done by Fenton and Broome.

I

Translated by Fenton.

THE man for wisdom's various arts renowned,
Long exercised in woes, O Muse! resound;
Who, when his arms had wrought the destined fall
Of sacred Troy, and razed her heaven-built wall,
Wandering from clime to clime, observant
strayed,

Their manners noted, and their states surveyed.

On stormy seas unnumbered toils he bore,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal shore:
Vain toils! their impious folly dared to prey
On herds devoted to the god of day; ¹⁰
The god vindictive doomed them never more
(Ah, men unblessed!) to touch that natal shore.

Oh, snatch some portion of these acts from fate,

Celestial Muse! and to our world relate.

Now at their native realms the Greeks arrived; ¹⁵

All who the wars of ten long years survived,
And 'scaped the perils of the gulfy main.

Ulysses, sole of all the victor train,
An exile from his dear paternal coast,

Deplored his absent queen and empire lost. ²⁰
Calypso in her caves constrained his stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay:

In vain—for now the circling years disclose
The day predestined to reward his woes.

At length his Ithaca is given by fate, ²⁵
Where yet new labors his arrival wait;

At length their rage the hostile powers restrain,

All but the ruthless monarch of the main. . . .

The gods in council decree the liberation of Ulysses from Calypso after his seven years' detention, and prepare the way for his return to Ithaca. The hero's son, Telemachus, is prompted by Athene to leave the palace, where the suitors for Penelope's hand are insolently thrusting themselves upon her, and go in search of information regarding Ulysses, first by ship to old Nestor at Pylos, and thence by land to Sparta.

IV

Translated by Fenton.

And now proud Sparta with their wheels resounds,

Sparta whose walls a range of hills surrounds:

At the fair dome the rapid labor ends;

Where sat Atrides 'midst his bridal friends,
With doubt vows invoking Hymen's power, ⁵

To bless his son's and daughter's nuptial hour.

That day, to great Achilles' son resigned,
Hermione, the fairest of her kind,

Was sent to crown the long-protracted joy,
Espoused before the final doom of Troy: ¹⁰

With steeds and gilded cars, a gorgeous train

Attend the nymphs to Phthia's distant reign.

Meanwhile at home, to Megapenthes' bed
The virgin-choir Alector's daughter led.

Brave Megapenthes from a stolen amour ¹⁵

To great Atrides' age his handmaid bore:
To Helen's bed the gods alone assign

Hermione, to extend the regal line;
On whom a radiant pomp of Graces wait,

Resembling Venus in attractive state. ²⁰

While this gay friendly troop the king surround,

With festival and mirth the roofs resound:
A bard amid the joyous circle sings

High airs, attempered to the vocal strings;
Whilst, warbling to the varied strain, advance ²⁵

Two sprightly youths to form the bounding dance,

'Twas then, that, issuing through the palace gate,

The splendid car rolled slow in regal state:
On the bright eminence young Nestor shone,

And fast beside him great Ulysses' son. . . .

Part led the coursers, from the car enlarged, ³¹

Each to a crib with choicest grain surcharged;

Part in a portico, profusely graced
With rich magnificence, the chariot placed:

Then to the dome the friendly pair invite, ³⁵
Who eye the dazzling roofs with vast delight;

Resplendent as the blaze of summer noon,
Or the pale radiance of the midnight moon.

From room to room their eager view they bend;

Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, descend; ⁴⁰

Where a bright damsel train attends the guests

With liquid odors, and embroidered vests.
Refreshed, they wait them to the bower of state,

Where, circled with his peers, Atrides sate: . . .

'But oh! Ulysses—deeper than the rest ⁴⁵
That sad idea wounds my anxious breast!

My heart bleeds fresh with agonizing pain;
The bowl and tasteful viands tempt in vain;

Nor sleep's soft power can close my streaming eyes,

When imaged to my soul his sorrows rise. ⁵⁰
No peril in my cause he ceased to prove,

His labors equaled only by my love:
And both alike to bitter fortune born,

For him to suffer, and for me to mourn!
Whether he wanders on some friendly coast, ⁵⁵

Or glides in Stygian gloom a pensive ghost,
No fame reveals; but, doubtful of his doom,

His good old sire with sorrow to the tomb
Declines his trembling steps; untimely care
Withers the blooming vigor of his heir; 60
And the chaste partner of his bed and throne,
Wastes all her widowed hours in tender
moan.

While thus pathetic to the prince he spoke,
From the brave youth the streaming passion
broke: 64

Studious to veil the grief, in vain repressed,
His face he shrouded with his purple vest.
The conscious monarch pierced the coy dis-
guise,

And viewed his filial love with vast surprise:
Dubious to press the tender theme, or wait
To hear the youth inquire his father's fate. 70
In this suspense bright Helen graced the
room;

Before her breathed a gale of rich perfume.
So moves, adorned with each attractive
grace,

The silver-shafted goddess of the chase!
The seat of majesty Adrasté brings, 75
With art illustrious, for the pomp of kings;
To spread the pall (beneath the regal chair)
Of softest woof, is bright Alcippé's care.
A silver canister, divinely wrought,
In her soft hands the beauteous Phylô
brought; 80

To Sparta's queen of old the radiant vase
Alcandra gave, a pledge of royal grace:
For Polybus her lord (whose sovereign
sway

The wealthy tribes of Pharian Thebes obey),
When to that court Atrides came, caressed 85
With vast munificence the imperial guest:
Two lavers from the richest ore refined
With silver tripods, the kind host assigned;
And bounteous from the royal treasure told
Ten equal talents of refulgent gold. 90

Alcandra, consort of his high command,
A golden distaff gave to Helen's hand;
And that rich vase, with living sculpture
wrought,

Which heaped with wool the beauteous Phylô
brought:

The silken fleece, impurpled for the loom, 95
Rivaled the hyacinth in vernal bloom. . . .

Menelaus on the following day relates to
Telemachus his own adventures on the return
from Troy, including the capture of Proteus,
whom he compelled to tell of the fortunes of
Agamemnon and Ulysses. The suitors, mean-
while, are plotting at Ithaca the ambush and
murder of Telemachus. The terrified Penelope
is comforted by a vision of Pallas. In the be-
ginning of Book V, Mercury commands the un-
willing Calypso to release Ulysses, who builds
a craft and embarks, to be overtaken by a storm
sent by Neptune, his constant enemy.

V

And now a single beam the chief bestrides:
There poised a while above the bounding
tides,

His limbs discumbers of the clinging vest,
And binds the sacred cincture round his
breast: 5

Then prone on ocean in a moment flung,
Stretched wide his eager arms, and shot the
seas along.

All naked now, on heaving billows laid,
Stern Neptune eyed him, and contemptuous
said:

'Go, learned in woes, and other foes essay!
Go, wander helpless on the watery way: 11
Thus, thus find out the destined shore, and
then

(If Jove ordains it) mix with happier men.
Whate'er thy fate, the ills our wrath could
raise

Shall last remembered in thy best of days.' 15
This said, his sea-green steeds divide the
foam,

And reach high Ægæ and the towery dome.
Now, scarce withdrawn the fierce earth-shak-
ing power,

Jove's daughter Pallas watched the favoring
hour.

Back to their caves she bade the winds to
fly, 20

And hushed the blustering brethren of the
sky.

The drier blasts alone of Boreas sway,
And bear him soft on broken waves away;
With gentle force impelling to that shore,
Where Fate has destined he shall toil no
more. 25

And now, two nights, and now two days were
passed,

Since wide he wandered on the watery waste;
Heaved on the surge with intermitting breath,
And hourly panting in the arms of death.

The third fair morn now blazed upon the
main; 30

Then glassy smooth lay all the liquid plain;
The winds were hushed, the billows scarcely
curled,

And a dead silence stilled the watery world;
When lifted on a ridgy wave he spies
The land at distance, and with sharpened
eyes. 35

As pious children joy with vast delight
When a loved sire revives before their sight
(Who, lingering long, has called on death
in vain,

Fixed by some demon to his bed of pain,
Till Heaven by miracle his life restore); 40

So joys Ulysses at the appearing shore:
And sees (and labors onward as he sees)
The rising forests, and the tufted trees,
And now, as near approaching as the sound
Of human voice the listening ear may
wound, 45

Amidst the rocks he heard a hollow roar
Of murmuring surges breaking on the shore:
Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding
bay,

To shield the vessel from the rolling sea,
But cliffs, and shaggy shores, a dreadful
sight! 50

All rough with rocks, with foamy billows
white.

Fear seized his slackened limbs and beating
heart,

As thus he communed with his soul apart:
'Ah me! when, o'er a length of waters
tossed,

These eyes at last behold the unhopèd-for
coast, 55

No port receives me from the angry main,
But the loud deeps demand me back again.
Above, sharp rocks forbid access; around,
Roar the wild waves; beneath, is sea pro-
found!

No footing sure affords the faithless sand, 60
To stem too rapid, and too deep to stand.

If here I enter, my efforts are vain,
Dashed on the cliffs, or heaved into the
main;

Or round the island if my course I bend,
Where the ports open, or the shores de-
scend, 65

Back to the seas the rolling surge may sweep,
And bury all my hopes beneath the deep.

Or some enormous whale the god may send
(For many such on Amphitrite attend);
Too well the turns of mortal chance I know,
And hate relentless of my heavenly foe.' 71

While thus he thought, a monstrous wave
upbore

The chief, and dashed him on the craggy
shore:

Torn was his skin, nor had the ribs been
whole,

But instant Pallas entered in his soul. 75
Close to the cliff with both his hands he
clung,

And stuck adherent, and suspended hung;
Till the huge surge rolled off; then backward
sweep

The reflux tides, and plunge him in the
deep.

As when the polypus, from forth his cave 80
Torn with full force, reluctant beats the
wave,

His ragged claws are stuck with stones and
sands:

So the rough rock had shagged Ulysses'
hands

And now had perished, whelmed beneath the
main,

The unhappy man; e'en fate had been in
vain; 85

But all-subduing Pallas lent her power,
And prudence saved him in the needful hour.
Beyond the beating surge his course he bore
(A wider circle, but in sight of shore),

With longing eyes, observing, to survey 90
Some smooth ascent, or safe sequestered bay.

Between the parting rocks at length he spied
A falling stream with gentler waters glide;

Where to the seas the shelving shore declined,
And formed a bay impervious to the wind. 95

To this calm port the glad Ulysses pressed,
And hailed the river, and its god addressed:

'Whoe'er thou art, before whose stream
unknown

I bend, a suppliant at thy watery throne,
Hear, azure king! nor let me fly in vain 100

To thee from Neptune and the raging main.
Heaven hears and pities hapless men like me,
For sacred even to gods is misery:

Let then thy waters give the weary rest, 104
And save a suppliant, and a man distressed.'

He prayed, and straight the gentle stream
subsides,

Detains the rushing current of his tides,
Before the wanderer smooths the watery way,

And soft receives him from the rolling sea.
That moment, fainting as he touched the
shore, 110

He dropped his sinewy arms: his knees no
more

Performed their office, or his weight upheld:
His swoln heart heaved; his bloated body
swelled:

From mouth and nose the briny torrent ran;
And lost in lassitude lay all the man, 115

Deprived of voice, of motion, and of breath;
The soul scarce waking in the arms of death.

Soon as warm life its wonted office found,
The mindful chief Leucothea's scarf un-
bound;

Observant of her word, he turned aside 120
His head, and cast it on the rolling tide.

Behind him far, upon the purple waves,
The waters waft it, and the nymph receives.

Now parting from the stream, Ulysses
found

A mossy bank with pliant rushes crowned; 125
The bank he pressed, and gently kissed the
ground;

Where on the flowery herb as soft he lay,

Thus to his soul the sage began to say:
 'What will ye next ordain, ye powers on high!

And yet, ah yet, what fates are we to try? ¹³⁰
 Here by the stream, if I the night out-wear,
 Thus spent already, how shall nature bear
 The dews descending, and nocturnal air;
 Or chilly vapors breathing from the flood ¹³⁴
 When morning rises?—If I take the wood,
 And in thick shelter of innumerable boughs
 Enjoy the comfort gentle sleep allows;
 Though fenced from cold, and though my
 toil be passed

What savage beasts may wander in the waste!
 Perhaps I yet may fall a bloody prey ¹⁴⁰
 To prowling bears, or lions in the way.'

Thus long debating in himself he stood:
 At length he took the passage to the wood,
 Whose shady horrors on a rising brow
 Waved high, and frowned upon the stream
 below. ¹⁴⁵

There grew two olives, closest of the grove,
 With roots entwined, and branches inter-
 wove;

Alike their leaves, but not alike they smiled
 With sister-fruits; one fertile, one was wild.
 Nor here the sun's meridian rays had
 power, ¹⁵⁰
 Nor wind sharp-piercing, nor the rushing
 shower

The verdant arch so close its texture kept:
 Beneath this covert great Ulysses crept.
 Of gathered leaves an ample bed he made
 (Thick strewn by tempest through the
 bowery shade); ¹⁵⁵

Where three at least might winter's cold defy,
 Though Boreas raged along the inclement sky.
 This store with joy the patient hero found,
 And, sunk amidst them, heaped the leaves
 around.

As some poor peasant, fated to reside ¹⁶⁰
 Remote from neighbors in a forest wide,
 Studios to save what human wants require,
 In embers heaped, preserves the seeds of fire:
 Hid in dry foliage thus Ulysses lies, ¹⁶⁴
 Till Pallas poured soft slumbers on his eyes;
 And golden dreams (the gift of sweet re-
 pose)

Lulled all his cares, and banished all his woes.

VI

Translated by Broome.

Nausicaa, daughter of Alcinous, king of the Phæacians, is bidden by Pallas to go to the river with her maids and wash the linen against her wedding day.

Now from her rosy car Aurora shed
 The dawn, and all the orient flamed with
 red.

Up rose the virgin with the morning light,
 Obedient to the vision of the night.

The queen she sought, the queen her hours
 bestowed ⁵

In curious works; the whirling spindle
 glowed

With crimson threads, while busy damsels
 cull

The snowy fleece, or twist the purpled wool.
 Meanwhile Phæacia's peers in council sate;
 From his high dome the king descends in
 state; ¹⁰

Then with a filial awe the royal maid
 Approached him passing, and submissive
 said:

'Will my dread sire his ear regardful deign,
 And may his child the royal car obtain?

Say, with my garments shall I bend my
 way ¹⁵

Where through the vales the mazy waters
 stray?

A dignity of dress adorns the great,
 And kings draw luster from the robe of
 state.

Five sons thou hast; three wait the bridal
 day,

And spotless robes become the young and
 gay: ²⁰

So when with praise amid the dance they
 shine,

By these my cares adorned, that praise is
 mine.'

Thus she: but blushes ill-restrained betray
 Her thoughts intente on the bridal day.

The conscious sire the dawning blush sur-
 veyed, ²⁵

And, smiling, thus bespoke the blooming
 maid:

'My child, my darling joy, the car receive;
 That, and whate'er our daughter asks, we
 give.'

Swift at the royal nod the attending train
 The car prepare, the mules incessant rein. ³⁰
 The blooming virgin with despatchful cares
 Tunics, and stoles, and robes imperial, bears.
 The queen, assiduous, to her train assigns
 The sumptuous viands, and the flavoured
 wines.

The train prepare a cruse of curious mold, ³⁵
 A cruse of fragrance, formed of burnished
 gold;

Odor divine! whose soft refreshing streams
 Sleek the smooth skin, and scent the snowy
 limbs.

Now mounting the gay seat, the silken reins

Shine in her hand; along the sounding
 plains 40
 Swift fly the mules: nor rode the nymph
 alone;
 Around, a bevy of bright damsels shone.
 They seek the cisterns where Phæacian dames
 Wash their fair garments in the limpid
 streams;
 Where, gathering into depth from falling
 rills, 45
 The lucid wave a spacious basin fills.
 The mules, unharnessed, range beside the
 main,
 Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.
 Then emulous the royal robes they lave, 49
 And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave
 (The vestures cleansed o'erspread the shelly
 sand,
 Their snowy luster whitens all the strand);
 Then with a short repast relieve their toil,
 And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil;
 And while the robes imbibe the solar ray, 55
 O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play
 (Their shining veils unbound). Along the
 skies,
 Tossed and retossed, the ball incessant flies.
 They sport, they feast; Nausicaa lifts her
 voice,
 And, warbling sweet, makes earth and heaven
 rejoice. 60
 As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves,
 Or wide Taygetus' resounding groves;
 A sylvan train the huntress queen surrounds,
 Her rattling quiver from her shoulders
 sounds:
 Fierce in the sport, along the mountain's
 brow 65
 They bay the boar, or chase the bounding
 roe;
 High o'er the lawn, with more majestic pace,
 Above the nymphs she treads with stately
 grace;
 Distinguished excellence the goddess proves;
 Exults Latona as the virgin moves. 70
 With equal grace Nausicaa trod the plain,
 And shone transcendent o'er the beauteous
 train.
 Meantime (the care and favorite of the
 skies)
 Wrapped in imbowering shade, Ulysses lies,
 His woes forgot! but Pallas now addressed 75
 To break the bands of all-composing rest.
 Forth from her snowy hand Nausicaa threw
 The various ball; the ball erroneous flew,
 And swam the stream; loud shrieks the
 virgin train, 1003
 And the loud shriek redoubles from the
 main. 80

Waked by the shrilling sound, Ulysses rose,
 And, to the deaf woods wailing, breathed his
 woes:
 'Ah me! on what inhospitable coast,
 On what new region is Ulysses tossed; 84
 Possessed by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
 Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
 What sounds are these that gather from the
 shores?
 The voice of nymphs that haunt the sylvan
 bowers,
 The fair-haired Dryads of the shady wood;
 Or azure daughters of the silver flood; 90
 Or human voice? but issuing from the shades,
 Why cease I straight to learn what sound
 invades?'
 Then, where the grove with leaves um-
 brageous bends,
 With forceful strength a branch the hero
 rends;
 Around his loins the verdant cincture spreads
 A wreathy foliage and concealing shades. 96
 As when a lion in the midnight hours,
 Beat by rude blasts, and wet with wintry
 showers,
 Descends terrific from the mountain's brow;
 With living flames his rolling eye-balls
 glow; 100
 With conscious strength elate, he bends his
 way,
 Majestically fierce, to seize his prey
 (The steer or stag); or, with keen hunger
 bold,
 Springs o'er the fence, and dissipates the fold.
 No less a terror, from the neighboring
 groves 105
 (Rough from the tossing surge) Ulysses
 moves;
 Urged on by want, and recent from the
 storms;
 The brackish ooze his manly grace deforms.
 Wide o'er the shore with many a piercing
 cry
 To rocks, to caves, the frightened virgins
 fly; 110
 All but the nymph; the nymph stood fixed
 alone,
 By Pallas armed with boldness not her own.
 Meantime in dubious thought the king awaits,
 And, self-considering, as he stands, debates;
 Distant his mournful story to declare, 115
 Or prostrate at her knee address the prayer.
 But fearful to offend, by wisdom swayed,
 At awful distance he accosts the maid. . . .

Ulysses is conducted to the wonderful palace
 and gardens of Alcinous, to whom and his court
 he narrates his adventures since leaving Calypso.
 Alcinous declares he will provide for Ulysses'

return to Ithaca, and begins a round of entertainment. Demodocus the minstrel sings of Troy.

Ulysses, invited to narrate his fortunes after Troy, tells of his adventures among the Ciconians, and the Lotos-eaters, and of being caught in the cave of the Cyclops.

IX

'He answered with his deed: his bloody hand
Snatched two, unhappy! of my martial band;
And dashed like dogs against the stony floor:
The pavement swims with brains and mingled gore. 5
Torn limb from limb, he spreads his horrid feast,
And fierce devours it like a mountain beast:
He sucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,
Nor entrails, flesh, nor solid bone remains.
We see the death from which we cannot move,
And humbled groan beneath the hand of Jove. 10
His ample maw with human carnage filled,
A milky deluge next the giant swilled;
Then stretched in length o'er half the caverned rock,
Lay senseless, and supine, amidst the flock.
To seize the time, and with a sudden wound 15
To fix the slumbering monster to the ground,
My soul impels me! and in act I stand
To draw the sword; but wisdom held my hand.
A deed so rash had finished all our fate,
No mortal forces from the lofty gate 20
Could roll the rock. In hopeless grief we lay,
And sigh, expecting the return of day.
Now did the rosy-fingered morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies;
He wakes, he lights the fire, he milks the dams, 25
And to the mother's teats submits the lambs.
The task thus finished of his morning hours,
Two more he snatches, murders, and devours.
Then pleased, and whistling, drives his flock before,
Removes the rocky mountain from the door, 30
And shuts again: with equal ease disposed,
As a light quiver's lid is oped and closed.
His giant voice the echoing region fills:
His flocks, obedient, spread o'er all the hills.
'Thus left behind, even in the last despair 35
I thought, devised, and Pallas heard my prayer.

Revenge, and doubt, and caution, worked my breast;

But this of many counsels seemed the best:
The monster's club within the cave I spied, 39
A tree of stateliest growth, and yet undried,
Green from the wood; of height and bulk so vast,

The largest ship might claim it for a mast.
This shortened of its top, I gave my train
A fathom's length, to shape it and to plane;
The narrower end I sharpened to a spire, 45
Whose point we hardened with the force of fire,

And hid it in the dust that strewed the cave,
Then to my few companions, bold and brave,
Proposed, who first the venturous deed should try,
In the broad orbit of his monstrous eye 50
To plunge the brand and twirl the pointed wood,

When slumber next should tame the man of blood.

Just as I wished, the lots were cast on four:
Myself the fifth. We stand and wait the hour.

He comes with evening: all his fleecy flock 55
Before him march, and pour into the rock:
Not one, or male or female, stayed behind
(So fortune chanced, or so some god designed);

Then heaving high the stone's unwieldy weight,

He rolled it on the cave and closed the gate. 60

First down he sits to milk the woolly dams,
And then permits their udder to the lambs.
Next seized two wretches more, and head-long cast,

Brained on the rock; his second dire repast.
I then approached him reeking with their gore, 65

And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er;
"Cyclop! since human flesh has been thy feast,

Now drain this goblet, potent to digest;
Know hence what treasures in our ship we lost,

And what rich liquors other climates boast. 70
We to thy shore the precious freight shall bear,

If home thou send us and vouchsafe to spare.
But oh! thus furious, thirsting thus for gore,
The sons of men shall ne'er approach thy shore,

And never shalt thou taste this nectar more." 75

'He heard, he took, and pouring down his throat,

Delighted, swilled the large luxurious draught.
 "More! give me more," he cried: "the boon be thine,
 Whoe'er thou art that bear'st celestial wine! Declare thy name: not mortal is this juice, ⁸⁰
 Such as the unblessed Cyclopean climes produce
 (Though sure our vine the largest cluster yields,
 And Jove's scorned thunder serves to drench our fields);
 But this descended from the blessed abodes, A rill of nectar, streaming from the gods," ⁸⁵
 'He said, and greedy grasped the heady bowl,
 Thrice drained, and poured the deluge on his soul.
 His sense lay covered with the dozy fume; While thus my fraudulent speech I reassume.
 "Thy promised boon, O Cyclop! now I claim, ⁹⁰
 And plead my title; Noman is my name. By that distinguished from my tender years, 'Tis what my parents call me, and my peers."
 "The giant then: "Our promised grace receive,
 The hospitable boon we mean to give: ⁹⁵
 When all thy wretched crew have felt my power,
 Noman shall be the last I will devour."
 'He said. Then nodding with the fumes of wine
 Drooped his huge head, and snoring lay supine.
 His neck obliquely o'er his shoulders hung, ¹⁰⁰
 Pressed with the weight of sleep that tames the strong:
 There belched the mingled streams of wine and blood,
 And human flesh, his indigested food. Sudden I stir the embers, and inspire
 With animating breath the seeds of fire; ¹⁰⁵
 Each drooping spirit with bold words repair, And urge my train the dreadful deed to dare.
 The stake now glowed beneath the burning bed
 (Green as it was) and sparkled fiery red, ¹⁰⁹
 Then forth the vengeful instrument I bring; With beating hearts my fellows form a ring.
 Urged by some present god, they swift let fall The pointed torment on his visual ball.
 Myself above them from a rising ground Guide the sharp stake, and twirl it round
 and round ¹¹⁵
 As when a shipwright stands his workmen o'er,

Who ply the wimble, some huge beam to bore;
 Urged on all hands, it nimbly spins about, The grain deep-piercing till it scoops it out:
 In his broad eye so whirls the fiery wood; ¹²⁰
 From the pierced pupil spouts the boiling blood;
 Singed are his brows; the scorching lids grow black;
 The jelly bubbles, and the fibers crack. And as when armors temper in the ford
 The keen-edged pole-axe, or the shining sword, ¹²⁵
 The red-hot metal hisses in the lake, Thus in his eye-ball hissed the plunging stake.
 He sends a dreadful groan, the rocks around Through all their inmost winding caves resound. ¹²⁹
 Scared we receded. Forth with frantic hand, He tore and dashed on earth the gory brand:
 Then calls the Cyclops, all that round him dwell,
 With voice like thunder, and a direful yell. From all their dens the one-eyed race repair,
 From rifted rocks, and mountains bleak in air. ¹³⁵
 All haste assembled, at his well-known roar, Inquire the cause, and crowd the cavern door.
 "What hurts thee, Polypheme? what strange affright
 Thus breaks our slumbers, and disturbs the night?
 Does any mortal, in the unguarded hour ¹⁴⁰
 Of sleep oppress thee, or by fraud or power? Or thieves insidious thy fair flock surprise?"
 Thus they: the Cyclop from his den replies:
 "Friends, Noman kills me: Noman, in the hour
 Of sleep, oppresses me with fraudulent power." ¹⁴⁵
 "If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine Infit disease, it fits thee to resign:
 To Jove or to thy father Neptune pray,"
 The brethren cried, and instant strode away.
 'Joy touched my secret soul and conscious heart, ¹⁵⁰
 Pleased with the effect of conduct and of art.
 Meantime the Cyclop, raging with his wound, Spreads his wide arms, and searches round and round:
 At last, the stone removing from the gate, With hands extended in the midst he sate: ¹⁵⁵
 And searched each passing sheep, and felt it o'er,
 Secure to seize us e'er we reached the door

(Such as his shallow wit he deemed was mine);
 But secret I resolved the deep design:
 'Twas for our lives my laboring bosom wrought; 160
 Each scheme I turned, and sharpened every thought:
 This way and that I cast to save my friends,
 Till one resolve my varying counsel ends.
 'Strong were the rams, with native purple fair,
 Well fed, and largest of the fleecy care. 165
 These, three and three, with osier bands we tied
 (The twining bands the Cyclop's bed supplied);
 The midmost bore a man, the outward two
 Secured each side: so bound we all the crew.
 One ram remained, the leader of the flock: 170
 In his deep fleece my grasping hands I lock,
 And fast beneath, in woolly curls inwove,
 There cling implicit, and confide in Jove.
 When rosy morning glimmered o'er the dales,
 He drove to pasture all the lusty males: 175
 The ewes still folded, with distended thighs
 Unmilked lay bleating in distressful cries.
 But heedless of those cares, with anguish stung,
 He felt their fleeces as they passed along
 (Fool that he was), and let them safely go, 180
 All unsuspecting of their freight below.
 'The master ram at last approached the gate,
 Charged with his wool, and with Ulysses' fate.
 Him while he passed, the monster blind be-spoke:
 "What makes my ram the lag of all the flock? 185
 First thou wert wont to crop the flowery mead,
 First to the field and river's bank to lead,
 And first with stately step at evening hour
 Thy fleecy fellows usher to their bower.
 Now far the last, with pensive pace and slow 190
 Thou movest, as conscious of thy master's woe!
 Seest thou these lids that now unfold in vain?
 (The deed of Noman and his wicked train!)
 Oh! didst thou feel for thy afflicted lord,
 And would but fate the power of speech afford, 195
 Soon might'st thou tell me, where in secret here

The dastard lurks, all trembling with his fear:
 Swung round and round, and dashed from rock to rock,
 His battered brains should on the pavement smoke.
 No ease, no pleasure my sad heart receives,
 While such a monster as vile Noman lives." 201
 "The giant spoke, and through the hollow rock
 Dismissed the ram, the father of the flock.
 No sooner freed, and through the inclosure passed,
 First I release myself, my fellows last: 205
 Fat sheep and goats in throngs we drive before,
 And reach our vessel on the winding shore.
 With joy the sailors view their friends returned,
 And hail us living whom as dead they mourned.
 Big tears of transport stand in every eye: 210
 I check their fondness, and command to fly.
 Aboard in haste they heave the wealthy sheep,
 And snatch their oars, and rush into the deep.
 'Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,
 As far as human voice could reach the ear,
 With taunts the distant giant I accost: 216
 "Hear me, O Cyclop! hear, ungracious host!
 'Twas on no coward, no ignoble slave,
 Thou meditatest thy meal in yonder cave;
 But one, the vengeance fated from above 220
 Doomed to inflict; the instrument of Jove.
 Thy barbarous breach of hospitable bands,
 The god, the god revenges by my hands."
 'These words the Cyclop's burning rage provoke;
 From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock; 225
 High o'er the billows flew the massy load,
 And near the ship came thundering on the flood.
 It almost brushed the helm, and fell before:
 The whole sea shook, and reflux beat the shore.
 The strong concussion on the heaving tide 230
 Rolled back the vessel to the island's side:
 Again I shoved her off; our fate to fly,
 Each nerve we stretch, and every oar we ply. . . .'

Ulysses continues his narrative, telling of Æolus and the winds, the Læstrygonians, and the isle of Circe, where he arrives with only one of his twelve ships. After a year, Circe directs him toward the lower world.

XI

Translated by Broome.

'Now to the shores we bend, a mournful train,
Climb the tall bark, and launch into the main:

At once the mast we rear, at once unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind:

Then pale and pensive stand, with cares oppressed, 5

And solemn horror saddens every breast.
A freshening breeze the magic power supplied,

While the winged vessel flew along the tide;
Our oars we shipped: all day the swelling sails

Full from the guiding pilot caught the gales. 10

'Now sunk the sun from his ærial height,
When lo! we reached old Ocean's utmost bounds,

Where rocks control his waves with ever-during mounds.

'There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells; 15
The sun ne'er views the uncomfortable seats,
When radiant he advances, or retreats:
Unhappy race! whom endless night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in shades.

'The ship we moor on these obscure abodes; 20

Disbark the sheep, and offering to the gods;
And, hellward bending, o'er the beach descry
The doleful passage to the infernal sky.

The victims, vowed to each Tartarean power,
Eurylochus and Perimedes bore. 25

'Here opened hell, all hell I here implored,
And from the scabbard drew the shining sword:

And trenching the black earth on every side,
A cavern formed, a cubit long and wide.

New wine, with honey-tempered milk, we bring, 30

Then living waters from the crystal spring:
O'er these was strewed the consecrated flour,
And on the surface shone the holy store.

'Now the wan shades we hail, the infernal gods,

To speed our course, and waft us o'er the floods: 35

So shall a barren heifer from the stall
Beneath the knife upon your altars fall;

So in our palace, at our safe return,
Rich with unnumbered gifts the pile shall burn;

So shall a ram, the largest of the breed, 40
Black as these regions, to Tiresias bleed.

'Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead;

Then died the sheep: a purple torrent flowed,
And all the caverns smoked with streaming blood. 45

When lo! appeared along the dusky coasts,
Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts:

Fair, pensive youths, and soft enamoured maids;

And withered elders, pale and wrinkled shades;

Ghastly with wounds the forms of warriors slain 50

Stalked with majestic port, a martial train:
These and a thousand more swarmed o'er the ground,

And all the dire assembly shrieked around.
Astonished at the sight, aghast I stood,

And a cold fear ran shivering through my blood; 55

Straight I command the sacrifice to haste,
Straight the flayed victims to the flames are cast

And muttered vows, and mystic song applied
To grizzly Pluto, and his gloomy bride.

'Now swift I waved my falchion o'er the blood; 60

Back started the pale throngs, and trembling stood.

Round the black trench the gore untasted flows,

Till awful from the shades Tiresias rose. . . '

"Why, mortal, wanderest thou from cheerful day,

To tread the downward, melancholy way? 65
What angry gods to these dark regions led
Thee, yet alive, companion of the dead?

But sheathe thy poniard, while my tongue relates
Heaven's stedfast purpose, and thy future fates."

'While yet he spoke, the prophet I obeyed, 70

And in the scabbard plunged the glittering blade:

Eager he quaffed the gore, and then expressed

Dark things to come, the counsels of his breast:

"Weary of light, Ulysses here explores
A prosperous voyage to his native shores; 75

But know—by me unerring Fates disclose
New trains of dangers, and new scenes of woes.

I see, I see, thy bark by Neptune tossed,
For injured Cyclops, and his eyeball lost!

Yet to thy woes the gods decree an end, ⁸⁰
If Heaven thou please; and how to please
attend!

Where on Trinacrian rocks the ocean roars,
Grazed numerous herds along the verdant
shores;

Though hunger press, yet fly the dangerous
prey,

The herds are sacred to the god of day, ⁸⁵
Who all surveys with his extensive eye,
Above, below, on earth, and in the sky!
Rob not the god; and so propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails: ⁸⁹
But, if his herds ye seize, beneath the waves
I see thy friends o'erwhelmed in liquid
graves!

The direful wreck Ulysses scarce survives!
Ulysses at his country scarce arrives!
Strangers thy guides! nor there thy labors
end;

New foes arise, domestic ills attend! ⁹⁰
There foul adulterers to thy bride resort,
And lordly gluttons riot in thy court.
But vengeance hastes amain! These eyes
behold

The deathful scene, princes on princes
rolled! . . ."

'Thus in the tide of tears our sorrows
flow, ⁹⁵

And add new horror to the realms of woe;
Till side by side along the dreary coast
Advanced Achilles' and Patroclus' ghost,
A friendly pair! near these the Pylian
strayed,

And towering Ajax, an illustrious shade! ¹⁰⁰
War was his joy, and pleased with loud
alarms,

None but Pelides brighter shone in arms.
'Through the thick gloom, his friend
Achilles knew,

And as he speaks the tears descend in
dew.

"Comest thou alive to view the Stygian
bounds, ¹⁰⁵

Where the wan specters walk eternal rounds;
Nor fear'st the dark and dismal waste to
tread,

Thronged with pale ghosts, familiar with the
dead?"

'To whom with sighs: "I pass these dread-
ful gates,

To seek the Theban, and consult the
Fates: ¹¹⁰

For still, distressed, I rove from coast to
coast,

Lost to my friends, and to my country lost.
But sure the eye of Time beholds no name
So blessed as thine in all the rolls of fame;

Alive we hailed thee with our guardian
gods, ¹¹⁵

And dead thou rulest a king in these abodes."

"Talk not of ruling in this dolorous gloom,
Nor think vain words," he cried, "can ease
my doom.

Rather I'd choose laboriously to bear ¹¹⁹
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
A slave to some poor hind that toils for
bread,

Than reign the sceptered monarch of the
dead.

But say, if in my steps my son proceeds,
And emulates his godlike father's deeds?

If at the clash of arms, and shout of foes, ¹²⁵
Swell his bold heart, his bosom nobly glows?
Say if my sire, the reverend Peleus, reigns,
Great in his Phthia, and his throne main-
tains;

Or, weak and old, my youthful arm demands,
To fix the sceptre steadfast in his hands? ¹³⁰
O might the lamp of life rekindled burn,
And death release me from the silent
urn! . . ."

After the return from Hades, the narrative continues with the tale of the Sirens, Scylla and Charybdis, the destruction of the Sun's oxen on the isle of Trinacria, the punishment by shipwreck, and Ulysses' arrival at Calypso's home. The story finished, all retire, and on the following morning Ulysses prepares for the voyage to Ithaca.

XIII

Thus he: then parting prints the sandy
shore

To the fair port: a herald marched before,
Sent by Alcinoüs; of Aretè's train
Three chosen maids attend him to the main:
This does a tunic and white vest convey, ⁵
A various casket that, of rich inlay,
And bread and wine the third. The cheerful
mates

Safe in the hollow poop dispose the cates:
Upon the deck soft painted robes they spread,
With linen covered, for the hero's bed. ¹⁰
He climbed the lofty stern; then gently
pressed

The swelling couch, and lay composed to
rest.

Now placed in order, the Phæacian train
Their cables loose, and launch into the main:
At once they bend, and strike their equal
oars, ¹⁵

And leave the sinking hills and lessening
shores.

While on the deck the chief in silence lies,

And pleasing slumbers steal upon his eyes.
As fiery coursers in the rapid race
Urged by fierce drivers through the dusty
space, ²⁰

Toss their high heads and scour along the
plain,
So mounts the bounding vessel o'er the
main.

Back to the stern the parted billows flow,
And the black ocean foams and roars below.
Thus with spread sails the winged galley
flies; ²⁵

Less swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies;
Divine Ulysses was her sacred load,
A man, in wisdom equal to a god!
Much danger, long and mighty toils he bore,
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore: ³⁰
All which soft sleep now banished from his
breast,
Wrapped in a pleasing, deep, and death-like
rest.

But when the morning-star with early ray
Flamed in the front of heaven, and promised
day;

Like distant clouds the mariner descries ³⁵
Fair Ithaca's emerging hills arise. . . .

Thither they bent, and hauled their ship
to land

(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand):
Ulysses sleeping on his couch they bore,
And gently placed him on the rocky shore, ⁴⁰
His treasures next, Alcinous' gifts, they laid
In the wild olive's unfrequented shade,
Secure from theft; then launched the bark
again,

Resumed their oars, and measured back the
main,

Nor yet forgot old Ocean's dread supreme, ⁴⁵
The vengeance vowed for eyeless Polypheme.
Before the throne of mighty Jove he stood,
And sought the secret counsels of the god.

'Shall then no more, O sire of gods! be
mine

The rights and honors of a power divine? ⁵⁰
Scorned e'en by man, and (oh severe dis-
grace!)

By soft Phæacians, my degenerate race!
Against yon destined head in vain I swore,
And menaced vengeance, ere he reached his
shore;

To reach his natal shore was thy decree; ⁵⁵
Mild I obeyed, for who shall war with
thee?

Behold him landed, careless and asleep,
From all the eluded dangers of the deep;
Lo where he lies, amidst a shining store
Of brass, rich garments, and refulgent ore; ⁶⁰
And bears triumphant to his native isle

A prize more worth than Ilion's noble
spoil.'

To whom the Father of the immortal
powers,

Who swells the clouds, and gladdens earth
with showers:

'Can mighty Neptune thus of man complain? ⁶⁵
Neptune, tremendous o'er the boundless
main!

Revered and awful e'en in heaven's abodes,
Ancient and great! a god above the gods!

If that low race offend thy power divine
(Weak, daring creatures!) is not vengeance
thine? ⁷⁰

Go, then, the guilty at thy will chastise.'

He said. The shaker of the earth replies:

'This then I doom: to fix the gallant ship
A mark of vengeance on the sable deep; ⁷⁴

To warn the thoughtless, self-confiding train,
No more unlicensed thus to brave the main.

Full in their port a shady hill shall rise,

If such thy will.'—'We will it,' Jove replies.

'E'en when with transport blackening all the
strand,

The swarming people hail their ship to land,
Fix her forever a memorial stone: ⁸¹

Still let her seem to sail, and seem alone.

The trembling crowds shall see the sudden
shade

Of whelming mountains overhang their
head!'

With that the god whose earthquakes rock
the ground ⁸⁵

Fierce to Phæacia crossed the vast profound.

Swift as a swallow sweeps the liquid way,

The winged pinnace shot along the sea.

The god arrests her with a sudden stroke, ⁸⁹
And roots her down an everlasting rock. . . .

Meanwhile Ulysses in his country lay,
Released from sleep, and round him might
survey

The solitary shore and rolling sea.

Yet had his mind through tedious absence
lost

The dear resemblance of his native coast; ⁹⁵

Besides, Minerva, to secure her care,

Diffused around a veil of thickened air;

For so the gods ordained, to keep unseen

His royal person from his friends and queen; ⁹⁹

Till the proud suitors for their crimes afford

An ample vengeance to their injured lord. . . .

Ulysses goes in disguise to the cottage of
Eumæus the swineherd, whither Telemachus also,
having eluded the suitors, soon arrives. Ulysses
reveals himself to his son, who returns to his
mother in the town. The hero is afterward
conducted by Eumæus to the palace, which he
now sees for the first time in twenty years.

XVII

Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,

Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew:
He not unconscious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head;

Bred by Ulysses, nourished at his board, 5
But, ah! not fated long to please his lord;
To him, his sweetness and his strength were vain;

The voice of glory called him o'er the main.
Till then in every sylvan chase renowned, 9
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;
With him the youth pursued the goat or fawn,

Or traced the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Unhoused, neglected in the public way;
And where on heaps the rich manure was spread, 15

Obscene with reptiles, took his sordid bed.

He knew his lord; he knew, and strove to meet:

In vain he strove to crawl and kiss his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master, and confess his joys. 20
Soft pity touched the mighty master's soul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole,
Stole unperceived: he turned his head and dried

The drop humane: then thus impassioned cried:

'What noble beast in this abandoned state 25
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate?
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise:
If, as he seems, he was in better days,
Some care his age deserves; or was he prized

For worthless beauty? therefore now despised; 30
Such dogs and men there are, mere things of state;
And always cherished by their friends, the great.'

'Not Argus so,' Eumæus thus rejoined,

'But served a master of a nobler kind,
Who never, never shall behold him more! 35
Long, long since perished on a distant shore!
Oh had you seen him, vigorous, bold, and young,

Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong:
Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,
None 'scaped him bosomed in the gloomy wood; 40

His eye how piercing, and his scent how true,
To wind the vapor in the tainted dew!

Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast;
Now years unnerve him, and his lord is lost!
The women keep the generous creature bare,
A sleek and idle race is all their care: 46
The master gone, the servants what re-strains?

Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
Jove fixed it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.' 50

This said, the honest herdsman strode before;

The musing monarch pauses at the door:
The dog, whom Fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had rolled,

Takes a last look, and, having seen him, dies; 55

So closed forever faithful Argus' eyes! . . .

Ulysses is insulted in his own palace by the suitors, and also by the beggar Irus, with whom, at their instigation, he engages in a fight. Penelope descends to the hall, and Ulysses hears her loyal words, afterward himself conversing with her. She tells him of the web, and he gives her a fictitious account of his wanderings, is recognized by the nurse Eurycleia, witnesses the disorders in the palace, receives a sign from Jove, and is further insulted by the suitors. Penelope now agrees to marry the suitor who is successful with Ulysses' bow.

XXI

To whom the queen: 'If fame engage your views,

Forbear those acts which infamy pursues;
Wrong and oppression no renown can raise;
Know, friend! that virtue is the path to praise.

The stature of our guest, his port, his face, 5
Speak him descended from no vulgar race.

To him the bow, as he desires, convey;
And to his hand if Phœbus give the day,
Hence, to reward his merit, he shall bear
A two-edged falchion and a shining spear, 10
Embroidered sandals, a rich cloak and vest,
A safe conveyance to his port of rest.'

'O royal mother! ever-honored name!
Permit me,' cries Telemachus, 'to claim 14
A son's just right. No Grecian prince but I
Has power this bow to grant, or to deny.

Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elis' courser-breeding plain,
To me alone my father's arms descend;
And mine alone they are, to give or lend. 20
Retire, O queen! thy household task resume,
Tend, with thy maids, the labors of thy loom;
The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,

These cares to man belong, and most to me.'
Mature beyond his years, the queen ad-
mired ²⁵

His sage reply, and with her train retired;
There in her chamber as she sate apart,
Revolved his words, and placed them in her
heart.

On her Ulysses then she fixed her soul;
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant
roll, ³⁰

Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her cries,
In slumber closed her silver-streaming eyes.

Now through the press the bow Eumæus
bore,

And all was riot, noise, and wild uproar.
'Hold! lawless rustic! whither wilt thou
go? ³⁵

To whom, insensate, dost thou bear the bow?
Exiled for this to some sequestered den,
Far from the sweet society of men,
To thy own dogs a prey thou shalt be made,
If Heaven and Phœbus lend the suitors
aid.' ⁴⁰

Thus they. Aghast he laid the weapon down,
But bold Telemachus thus urged him on:
'Proceed, false slave, and slight their empty
words:

What! hopes the fool to please so many
lords?

Young as I am, thy prince's vengeful hand ⁴⁵
Stretched forth in wrath shall drive thee
from the land.

Oh! could the vigor of this arm as well
The oppressive suitors from my walls expel,
Then what a shoal of lawless men should
go

To fill with tumult the dark courts below!' ⁵⁰

The suitors with a scornful smile survey
The youth, indulging in the genial day.
Eumæus, thus encouraged, hastes to bring
The strifeless bow, and gives it to the king.
Old Eurycleia calling him aside, ⁵⁵
'Hear what Telemachus enjoins,' he cried:
'At every portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate;
And if unusual sounds invade their ear,
If arms, or shouts, or dying groans they
hear, ⁶⁰

Let none to call or issue forth presume,
But close attend the labors of the loom.'

Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Closed in an instant were the palace gates.
In the same moment forth Philætiús flies, ⁶⁵
Secures the court, and with a cable ties
The utmost gate (the cable strongly wrought
Of Byblos' reed, a ship from Egypt brought)
Then unperceived and silent at the board
His seat he takes, his eyes upon his lord. ⁷⁰

And now his well-known bow the master
bore,

Turned on all sides, and viewed it o'er and
o'er;

Last time or worms had done the weapon
wrong,

Its owner absent, and untried so long,
While some deriding—'How he turns the
bow! ⁷⁵

Some other like it sure the man must know,
Or else would copy; or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he steals.'
'Heaven to this wretch,' another cried, 'be
kind!

And bless, in all to which he stands inclined, ⁸⁰
With such good fortune as he now shall find.'

Heedless he heard them: but disdained
reply;

The bow perusing with exactest eye.
Then, as some heavenly minstrel, taught to
sing

High notes responsive to the trembling
string, ⁸⁵

To some new strain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, strains, and draws them to and fro;

So the great master drew the mighty bow,
And drew with ease. One hand aloft dis-
played ⁹⁰

The bending horns, and one the string
essayed.

From his essaying hand the string, let fly,
Twanged short and sharp like the shrill
swallows' cry.

A general horror ran through all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was every
face. ⁹⁵

Signs from above ensued: the unfolding sky
In lightning burst; Jove thundered from on
high.

Fired at the call of heaven's almighty Lord,
He snatched the shaft that glittered on the
board

(Fast by, the rest lay sleeping in the sheath
But soon to fly, the messengers of death). ¹⁰¹

Now sitting as he was, the cord he drew,
Through every ringlet leveling his view:
Then notched the shaft, released, and gave
it wing.

The whizzing arrow vanished from the
string, ¹⁰⁵

Sung on direct, and threaded every ring.
The solid gate its fury scarcely bounds;
Pierced through and through the solid gate
resounds.

Then to the prince: 'Nor have I wrought
the shame;

Nor erred this hand unfaithful to its aim; ¹¹⁰

Nor proved the toil too hard: nor have I lost
That ancient vigor, once my pride and boast.
Ill I deserved these haughty peers' disdain;
Now let them comfort their dejected train,
In sweet repast their present hour employ,
Nor wait till evening for the genial joy: ¹¹⁶
Then to the lute's soft voice prolong the
night;

Music, the banquet's most refined delight.'

He said, then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his shining sword. ¹²⁰
Fast by his father's side he takes his stand:
The beamy javelin lightens in his hand.

The suitors are slain, and the unfaithful servants
put to death, Eurycleia awakens Penelope
and tells her of Ulysses, but, even face to face
with him, she is long unable to believe it is he.

XXIII

Translated by Broome.

Thus speaks the queen, and no reply attends,
But with alternate joy and fear descends;
At every step debates her lord to prove;
Or, rushing to his arms, confess her love!
Then gliding through the marble valves, in
state ⁵

Opposed, before the shining fire she sate.
The monarch, by a column high enthroned,
His eye withdrew, and fixed it on the
ground;

Curious to hear his queen the silence break:
Amazed she sate, and impotent to speak; ¹⁰
O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then
doubts again.

At length Telemachus: 'Oh, who can find
A woman like Penelope unkind?
Why thus in silence? why with winning
charms ¹⁵

Thus slow to fly with rapture to his arms?
Stubborn the breast that with no transport
glows,

When twenty ten years are passed of mighty
woes;

To softness lost, to spousal love unknown,
The gods have formed that rigid heart of
stone!' ²⁰

'O my Telemachus!' the queen rejoined,
'Distracting fears confound my laboring
mind;

Powerless to speak, I scarce uplift my eyes,
Nor dare to question; doubts on doubts
arise.

Oh deign he, if Ulysses, to remove ²⁵
These boding thoughts, and what he is, to
prove!'

Pleased with her virtuous fears, the king
replies:

'Indulge, my son, the cautions of the wise;
Time shall the truth to sure remembrance
bring:

This garb of poverty belies the king: ³⁰
No more. This day our deepest care re-
quires,

Cautious to act what thought mature inspires.
If one man's blood, though mean, distain our
hands,

The homicide retreats to foreign lands; ³⁴
By us, in heaps the illustrious peerage falls,
The important deed our whole attention
calls.'

'Be that thy care,' Telemachus replies;
'The world conspires to speak Ulysses wise;
For wisdom all is thine! lo, I obey,
And dauntless follow where you lead the
way. ⁴⁰

Nor shalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy coward son degenerate lag behind.'

'Then instant to the bath,' the monarch
cries,

'Bid the gay youth and sprightly virgins rise,
Thence all descend in pomp and proud
array, ⁴⁵

And bid the dome resound the mirthful lay;
While the sweet lyrist airs of rapture sings,
And forms the dance responsive to the
strings.

That hence the eluded passengers may say,
"Lo! the queen weds! we hear the spousal
lay!" ⁵⁰

'The suitors' death, unknown, till we remove
Far from the court, and act inspired by
Jove.'

Thus spoke the king: the observant train
obey,

At once they bathe, and dress in proud array:
The lyrist strikes the string; gay youths
advance, ⁵⁵

And fair-zoned damsels form the sprightly
dance.

The voice, attuned to instrumental sounds,
Ascends the roof, the vaulted roof rebounds;
Not unobserved: the Greeks eluded say,

'Lo! the queen weds, we hear the spousal
lay!' ⁶⁰

Inconstant! to admit the bridal hour.'

Thus they—but nobly chaste she weds no
more.

Meanwhile the wearied king the bath
ascends;

With faithful cares Eurynomè attends, ⁶⁴
O'er every limb a shower of fragrance sheds;
Then, dressed in pomp, magnificent he treads.
The warrior-goddess gives his fame to shine

With majesty enlarged, and grace divine.
 Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly
 His thick large locks of hyacinthine dye. 70
 As by some artist to whom Vulcan gives
 His heavenly skill, a breathing image lives;
 By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous
 mold,
 And the pale silver glows with fusile gold:
 So Pallas his heroic form improves 75
 With bloom divine, and like a god he moves!
 More high he treads, and issuing forth in
 state,
 Radiant before his gazing consort sate.
 'And, O my queen!' he cries, 'what power
 above
 Has steel'd that heart, averse to spousal
 love? 80
 Canst thou, Penelope, when heaven restores
 Thy lost Ulysses to his native shores,
 Canst thou, O cruel! unconcerned survey
 Thy lost Ulysses, on this signal day?
 Haste, Eurycleia, and despatchful spread 85
 For me, and me alone, the imperial bed;
 My weary nature craves the balm of rest:
 But Heaven with adamant has armed her
 breast.'
 'Ah no!' she cries, 'a tender heart I bear,
 A foe to pride; no adamant is there; 90
 And now, e'en now it melts! for sure I see
 Once more Ulysses my beloved in thee!
 Fixed in my soul, as when he sailed to Troy,
 His image dwells; then haste the bed of
 joy!
 Haste, from the bridal bower the bed trans-
 late, 95
 Framed by his hand, and be it dressed in
 state!'
 Thus speaks the queen, still dubious, with
 disguise;
 Touched at her words, the king with warmth
 replies:
 'Alas for this! what mortal strength can
 move
 The enormous burden, who but Heaven
 above? 100
 It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;
 But the whole earth must move if Heaven
 commands.
 Then hear sure evidence, while we display
 Words sealed with sacred truth, and truth
 obey:
 This hand the wonder framed; an olive
 spread 105
 Full in the court its ever-verdant head.
 Vast as some mighty column's bulk, on high
 The huge trunk rose, and heaved into the
 sky;
 Around the tree I raised a nuptial bower,

And roofed defensive of the storm and
 shower; 110
 The spacious valve, with art inwrought, con-
 joins;
 And the fair dome with polished marble
 shines.
 I lopped the branchy head; aloft in twain
 Severed the bole, and smoothed the shining
 grain;
 Then posts, capacious of the frame, I raise,
 And bore it, regular, from space to space: 116
 Athwart the frame, at equal distance lie
 Thongs of tough hides, that boast a purple
 dye;
 Then polishing the whole, the finished mold
 With silver shone, with elephant, and gold. 120
 But if o'erturned by rude, ungoverned hands,
 Or still inviolate the olive stands,
 'Tis thine, O Queen, to say, and now impart,
 If fears remain, or doubts distract thy heart.'
 While yet he speaks, her powers of life
 decay, 125
 She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away.
 At length recovering, to his arms she flew,
 And strained him close, as to his breast she
 grew:
 The tears poured down amain; and 'O,' she
 cries,
 'Let not against thy spouse thine anger rise!
 O versed in every turn of human art, 131
 Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart!
 The righteous powers, that mortal lots dis-
 pose,
 Decree us to sustain a length of woes,
 And from the flower of life the bliss deny 135
 To bloom together, fade away, and die.
 O let me, let me not thine anger move,
 That I forebore, thus, thus to speak my love;
 Thus in fond kisses, while the transport
 warms,
 Pour out my soul, and die within thine
 arms! 140
 I dreaded fraud! Men, faithless men, betray
 Our easy faith, and make the sex their prey:
 Against the fondness of my heart I strove:
 'Twas caution, O my lord! not want of love.
 Like me had Helen feared, with wanton
 charms 145
 Ere the fair mischief set two worlds in arms;
 Ere Greece rose dreadful in the avenging
 day;
 Thus had she feared, she had not gone astray.
 But Heaven, averse to Greece, in wrath
 decreed
 That she should wander, and that Greece
 should bleed: 150
 Blind to the ills that from injustice flow,
 She colored all our wretched lives with woe.

But why these sorrows when my lord arrives?

I yield, I yield! my own Ulysses lives!
The secrets of the bridal bed are known 155
To thee, to me, to Actoris alone

(My father's present in the spousal hour,
The sole attendant on our genial bower).
Since what no eye hath seen thy tongue
revealed,

Hard and distrustful as I am, I yield.' 160
Touched to the soul, the king with rapture
hears,

Hangs round her neck, and speaks his joy
in tears.

As to the shipwrecked mariner, the shores
Delightful rise, when angry Neptune roars:
Then, when the surge in thunder mounts the
sky, 165

And gulfed in crowds at once the sailors die;
If one, more happy, while the tempest raves,
Outlives the tumult of conflicting waves,
All pale, with ooze deformed, he views the
strand,

And plunging forth with transport grasps the
land: 170

The ravished queen with equal rapture glows,
Clasps her loved lord, and to his bosom
grows.

The souls of the suitors descend to Hades,
Ulysses visits his father Laërtes, and friends
of the slain lead a revolt against him.

XXIV

Now sat Ulysses at the rural feast,
The rage of hunger and of thirst repressed:
To watch the foe a trusty spy he sent;
A son of Dolius on the message went,
Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld 5
The foe approach, embattled on the field.
With backward step he hastens to the bower,
And tells the news. They arm with all their
power.

Four friends alone Ulysses' cause embrace,
And six were all the sons of Dolius' race: 10
Old Dolius too his rusted arms put on:
And, still more old, in arms Laërtes shone.
Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes
stand,

And brazen panoply invests the band. 14
The opening gates at once their war display.

Fierce they rush forth: Ulysses leads the
way.

That moment joins them with celestial aid,
In Mentor's form, the Jove-descended maid:
The suffering hero felt his patient breast
Swell with new joy, and thus his son ad-
dressed: 20

'Behold, Telemachus! (nor fear the sight!),
The brave embattled, the grim front of fight!
The valiant with the valiant must contend:
Shame not the line whence glorious you
descend.

Wide o'er the world their martial fame was
spread; 25

Regard thyself, the living, and the dead.'

'Thy eyes, great father! on this battle cast,
Shall learn from me Penelope was chaste.'

So spoke Telemachus: the gallant boy
Good old Laërtes heard with panting joy: 30
'And blessed! thrice blessed this happy day!'
he cries,

'The day that shows me, ere I close my eyes,
A son and grandson of the Arcesian name
Strive for fair virtue, and contest for fame!'

Then thus Minerva in Laërtes' ear: 35
'Son of Arcesius, reverend warrior, hear!
Jove and Jove's daughter first implore in
prayer,

Then, whirling high, discharge thy lance in
air.'

She said, infusing courage with the word.
Jove and Jove's daughter then the chief im-
plored, 40

And, whirling high, dismissed the lance in air.
Full at Eupithes drove the deathful spear:
The brass-cheeked helmet opens to the
wound;

He falls, earth thunders, and his arms re-
sound.

Before the father and the conquering son 45
Heaps rush on heaps, they fight, they drop,
they run.

Now by the sword, and now the javelin, fall
The rebel race, and death had swallowed all;
But from on high the blue-eyed virgin cried;
Her awful voice detained the headlong
tide: 50

'Forbear, ye nations, your mad hands forbear
From mutual slaughter; Peace descends to
spare.'

Fear shook the nations: at the voice divine
They drop their javelins, and their rage
resign.

HESIOD (About 850–800 B.C.)

The name of Hesiod, born at Cyme in Asiatic Greece and emigrant to Ascra in Bœotia, where he led the life of shepherd and poet, has always been mentioned with and second to Homer, who preceded him about one hundred years. His two surviving poems are *Works and Days*, and the *Theogony*, or *The Origin of the Gods*. In the 1022 lines of the latter he accounts for the birth of visible creation out of atomic chaos, and of the rise of the dynasty of the gods from their parents Earth and Heaven. The *Works and Days* is a homely didactic poem full of realistic agricultural, religious, and moral lore, prefaced by an address to his brother Perses which includes an account of the Five Ages of the world, and concluded by a calendar of lucky and unlucky days. This poetry of the present has little in common with the epic of Homer.

In order to preserve the quaintness of the translation by Thomas Cooke (1728), which goes well with Hesiod's style, the original capitalization and spelling have been kept.

THE THEOGONY

Hail Maids celestial, Seed of Heav'n's
great King,
Hear, nor unaided let the Poet sing,
Inspire a lovely Lay, harmonious Nine,
My Theme th' immortal Gods, a Race divine,
Of Earth, of Heav'n which Lamps of Light
adorn, 5
And of old sable Night, great Parents, born,
And, after, nourish'd by the briny Main:
Hear Goddesses, and aid the ventrous Strain,
Say whence the deathless Gods receiv'd their
Birth,
And next relate the Origin of Earth, 10
Whence the wide Sea that spreads from
Shore to Shore,
Whose Surges foam with Rage, and Billows
roar,
Whence Rivers which in various Channels
flow,
And whence the Stars which light the World
below,
And whence the wide Expanse of Heav'n,
and whence 15
The Gods, to Mortals who their Good dis-
pense.
Say how from them our Honors we receive,
And whence the Powr that they our Wants
relieve,
How they arriv'd to the æthereal Plains,
And took Possession of the fair Domains; 20
With these, Olympian Maids, my Breast in-
spire,
And to the End support the sacred Fire,
In Order all from the Beginning trace,

From the first Parents of the num'rous
Race. . .

The crafty Saturn, once by Gods ador'd, 25
His injur'd Offsprings to the Light restor'd:
First from within he yielded to the Day
The Stone deceitful, and his latest Prey;
This Jove, in Mem'ry of the wond'rous Tale,
Fix'd on Parnassus in a sacred Vale, 30
In Pytho the divine, a Mark to be,
That future Ages may astonish'd see:
And now a greater Task behind remains,
To free his Kindred heav'nborn Race from
Chains,
In an ill Hour by Saturn rashly bound, 35
Who from the Hands of Jove their Freedom
found;
With Zeal, the Gods perform'd a thankful
Part,
The Debt of Gratitude lay next their Heart;
Jove owes to them the Bolts which dreadful
fly,
And the bright Light'ning which illumines the
Sky; 40
To him th' Exchange for Liberty they bore,
Gifts deep in Earth conceal'd, unknown
before;
Now arm'd with them he reigns almighty
Jove,
The Lord of Men below and Gods above.
Clymene, Ocean-born, with beauteous
Feet, 45
And Japhet, in the Bands of Wedlock meet;
From whose Embrace a glorious Offspring
came,
Atlas magnanimous, and great in Fame;

Menœtius thou with lasting Honors crown'd;
 Prometheus for his Artifice renown'd; 50
 And Epimetheus of instedfast Mind,
 Lur'd to false Joys, and to the future blind,
 Who, rashly weak by soft Temptations
 mov'd,
 The Bane of Arts and their Inventors prov'd,
 Who took the Work of Jove, the virgin
 Fair, 55
 Nor saw beneath her Charms the latent
 Snare.
 Blasted by Light'ning from the Hands of
 Jove,
 Menœtius fell in Erebus to rove;
 His dauntless Mind that could not brook
 Command,
 And prone to Ill, provok'd th' almighty
 Hand. 60
 Atlas, so hard Necessity ordains,
 Erect the pond'rous Vault of Stars sustains;
 Not far from the Hesperides he stands,
 Nor from the Load retracts his Head or
 Hands:
 Here was he fix'd by Jove in Council wise, 65
 Who all disposes, and who rules the Skys.
 To the same God Prometheus ow'd his Pains,
 Fast bound with hard inextricable Chains
 To a large Column, in the midmost Part,
 Who bore his Suff'rings with a dauntless
 Heart; 70
 From Jove an Eagle flew with Wings wide
 spread,
 And on his never dying Liver fed;
 What with his rav'nous Beak by Day he tore
 The Night supply'd, and furnish'd him with
 more:
 Great Hercules to his Assistance came, 75
 Born of Alcmena lovely footed Dame;
 And first he made the Bird voracious bleed,
 And from his Chains the Son of Japhet
 freed;
 To this the God consents, th' Olympian Sire,
 Who, for his Son's Renown, suppress'd his
 Ire, 80
 The Wrath he bore against the Wretch who
 strove
 In Counsel with himself, the powrful Jove;
 Such was the mighty Thund'rer's Will, to
 raise
 To greatest Height the Theban Hero's
 Praise.
 When at Mecona a Contention rose, 85
 Men and Immortals to each other Foes,
 The Strife Prometheus offer'd to compose;
 In the Division of the Sacrifice,
 Intending to deceive great Jove the wise;
 He stuff'd the Flesh in the large Ox's Skin, 90
 And bound the Entrails, with the Fat, within,

Next the white Bones, with artful Care,
 dispos'd,
 And in the candid Fat from Sight enclos'd:
 The Sire of Gods and Men, who saw the
 Cheat,
 Thus spoke expressive of the dark Deceit. 95
 In this Division how unjust the Parts,
 O Japhet's Son, of Kings the first in Arts!
 Reproachful spoke the God in Council wise,
 To whom Prometheus full of Guile replys. 99
 O Jove, the greatest of the Powrs divine,
 View the Division, and the Choice be thine.
 Willy he spoke from a deceitful Mind;
 Jove saw his Thoughts, nor to his Heart was
 blind;
 And then the God, in Wrath of Soul, began
 To plot Misfortunes to his Subject Man: 105
 The Lots survey'd, he with his Hands
 embrac'd
 The Parts which were in the white Fat
 incas'd;
 He saw the Bones, and Anger sat confess'd
 Upon his Brow, for Anger seiz'd his Breast.
 Hence to the Gods the od'rous Flames
 aspire 110
 From the white Bones which feed the sacred
 Fire.
 The cloud-compelling Jove, by Japhet's Son
 Enrag'd, to him in Words like these begun.
 O! who in male Contrivance all transcend,
 Thine Arts thou wilt not yet, obdurate, end.
 So spoke th' eternal Wisdom, full of
 Ire, 116
 And from that Hour deny'd the Use of Fire
 To wretched Men, who pass on Earth their
 Time,
 Mindful, Prometheus, of thy artful Crime:
 But Jove in vain conceal'd the splendid
 Flame; 120
 The Son of Japhet, of immortal Fame,
 Brought the bright Sparks clandestine from
 Above
 Clos'd in a hollow Cane; the thund'ring Jove
 Soon, from the Bitterness of Soul, began
 To plot Destruction to the Peace of
 Man. 125

WORKS AND DAYS

I

INVOCATION

Sing, Muses, sing, from the Pierian Grove;
 Begin the Song, and let the Theme be Jove;
 From him ye sprung, and him ye first should
 praise;

From your immortal Sire deduce your Lays;
 To him alone, to his great Will, we owe, 5
 That we exist, and what we are, below.
 Whether we blaze among the Sons of Fame,
 Or live obscurely, and without a Name;
 Or noble, or ignoble, still we prove
 Out Lot determin'd by the Will of Jove. 10
 With Ease he lifts the Peasant to a Crown,
 With the same Ease he casts the Monarch
 down;
 With Ease he clouds the brightest Name
 in Night,
 And calls the meanest to the fairest Light;
 At Will he varies Life thro ev'ry State; 15
 Unnerves the strong, and makes the crooked
 straight.
 Such Jove, who thunders terrible from high,
 Who dwells in Mansions far above the Sky.
 Look down, thou Pow'r Supreme, vouchsafe
 thine Aid,
 And let my Judgement be by Justice
 sway'd; 20
 Oh! hear my Vows, and thine Assistance
 bring,
 While Truths undoubted I to Perses
 sing. . . .

THE FIVE AGES OF MANKIND

Soon as the deathless Gods were born and
 Man
 A mortal Race with Voice endu'd, began,
 The heav'nly Pow'rs from High their Work
 behold, 25
 And the first Age they stile an Age of Gold.
 Men spent a Life like Gods in Saturn's
 Reign,
 Nor felt their mind a Care, nor Body Pain;
 The Fields, as yet untill'd, their Fruits
 afford,
 And fill a sumptuous, and unenvy'd Board. 30
 From Labor free they all Delights enjoy,
 Nor could the Ills of Time their Peace
 destroy.
 They dy, or rather seem to dy, they seem
 From hence transported in a pleasing Dream.
 Thus, crown'd with Happyness their ev'ry
 Day, 35
 Serene, and joyful, pass'd their Lives away.
 When in the Grave this Race of Men was
 lay'd,
 Soon was a World of holy Daemons made.
 Aerial Spirits, by great Jove design'd,
 To be on Earth the Guardians of Man-
 kind; 40
 Invisible to mortal Eyes they go,
 And mark our Actions, good, or bad, below;

Th' immortal Spys with watchful Care pre-
 side,
 And thrice ten thousand round their Charges
 glide.
 They can reward with Glory, or with
 Gold; 45
 A Pow'r they by divine Permission hold.
 Worse than the first, a second Age appears,
 Which the Celestials call the Silver Years.
 The Golden Age's Virtues are no more; 49
 Nature grows weaker than she was before;
 In Strength of Body Mortals much decay,
 And human Wisdom seems to fade away.
 An hundred Years the careful Dames employ,
 Before they form'd to Man th' unpolish'd
 Boy;
 Who when he reach'd his Bloom, his Age's
 Prime, 55
 Found, measur'd by his Joys, but short his
 Time.
 Men, prone to Ill, deny'd the Gods their Due,
 And, by their Follies made their Days but
 few.
 The Altars of the Bless'd neglected stand,
 Without the Off'rings which the Laws de-
 mand; 60
 But angry Jove in Dust this People lay'd,
 Because no Honors to the Gods they pay'd.
 This second Race, when clos'd their Life's
 short Span,
 Was happy deem'd beyond the State of Man;
 Their Names were grateful to their Children
 made, 65
 Each pay'd a Reverence to his Father's
 Shade.
 And now, a third, a Brasen, People rise,
 Unlike the former, Men of monstrous Size.
 Strong Arms extensive from their Shoulders
 grow;
 Their Limbs of equal Magnitude below; 70
 Potent in Arms, and dreadful at the Spear,
 They live injurious, and devoid of Fear.
 On the crude Flesh of Beasts, they feed,
 alone,
 Savage their Nature, and their Hearts of
 Stone;
 Their Houses Brass, of Brass the warlike
 Blade, 75
 Iron was yet unknown, in Brass they trade.
 Furious, robust, impatient for the Fight,
 War is their only Care, and sole Delight.
 To the dark Shades of Death this Race
 descend,
 By civil Discords; an ignoble End! 80
 Strong tho they were, Death quell'd their
 boasted Might,
 And forc'd their stubborn Souls to leave the
 Light.

To these a fourth, a better, Race succeeds,
 Of godlike Heros, fam'd for martial Deeds;
 Them Demigods, at first their matchless
 Worth ⁸⁵
 Proclaims aloud, all thro the boundless
 Earth.
 These, horrid Wars, their Love of Arms,
 destroy;
 Some at the Gates of Thebes, and some at
 Troy.
 These for the Brothers fell, detested Strife!
 For Beauty those, the lovely Grecian Wife. ⁹⁰
 To these does Jove a second Life ordain,
 Some happy Soil far in the distant Main,
 Where live the Hero-shades in rich Repast,
 Remote from Mortals of a vulgar Cast.
 There in the Islands of the Bless'd they
 find, ⁹⁵
 Where Saturn reigns, an endless Calm of
 Mind;
 And there the choicest Fruits adorn the
 Fields,
 And thrice the fertile Year a Harvest yields.
 Oh! would I had my Hours of Life began
 Before this fifth, this sinful, Race of Man; ¹⁰⁰
 Or had I not been call'd to breathe the Day,
 Till the rough Iron Age had pass'd away!
 For now, the Times are such, the Gods
 ordain,
 That ev'ry Moment shall be wing'd with
 Pain;
 Condemn'd to Sorrows, and to Toil, we
 live; ¹⁰⁵
 Rest to our Labour Death alone can give;
 And yet amid the Cares our Lives annoy,
 The Gods will grant some Intervals of Joy;
 But how degenerate is the human State!
 Virtue no more distinguishes the Great; ¹¹⁰
 No safe Reception shall the Stranger find;
 Nor shall the Tys of Blood, or Friendship,
 bind;
 Nor shall the Parent, when his Sons are
 nigh,
 Look with the Fondness of a Parent's Eye;
 Nor to the Sire the Son Obedience pay; ¹¹⁵
 Nor look with Rev'rence on the Locks of
 Grey,
 But, oh! regardless of the Pow'rs divine,
 With bitter Taunts shall load his Life's
 Decline.
 Revenge and Rapine shall Respect command,
 The pious, just, and good, neglected stand. ¹²⁰
 The wicked shall the better Man distress,
 The righteous suffer, and without Redress;
 Strict Honesty, and naked Truth, shall fail,
 The perjurd Villain, in his Arts prevail.
 Hoarse Envy shall, unseen, exert her Voice.
 Attend the wretched, and in Ill rejoice. ¹²⁶

Justice and Modesty at length do fly,
 Rob'd their fair limbs in white, and gain the
 Sky;
 From the wide Earth they reach the bless'd
 Abodes,
 And join the grand Assembly of the Gods; ¹³⁰
 While wretched Men, abandon'd to their
 Grief,
 Sink in their Sorrows, hopeless of Relief.

PRECEPTS

While now my Fable from the Birds I
 bring,
 To the great Rulers of the Earth I sing.
 High in the Clouds a mighty Bird of Prey
 Bore a melodious Nightingale away; ¹³⁶
 And to the Captive, shiv'ring in Despair,
 Thus, cruel, spoke the Tyrant of the Air.
 Why mourns the Wretch in my superior
 Pow'r?
 Thy Voice avails not in the ravish'd Hour;
 Vain are thy Crys; at my despotic Will, ¹⁴¹
 Or I can set thee free, or I can kill.
 Unwisely who provokes his abler Foe,
 Conquest still flies him, and he strives for
 Woe.
 Thus spoke th' Enslaver with insulting
 Pride. ¹⁴⁵
 Oh! Perses, Justice ever be thy Guide;
 May Malice never gain upon thy Will,
 Malice that makes the Wretch more wretched
 still. . . .
 When at your Board your faithful Friend
 you greet,
 Without Reserve, and lib'ral, be the Treat: ¹⁵⁰
 To stint the Wine, a frugal Husband shows,
 When from the Middle of the Cask it flows.
 Do not, by Mirth betray'd, your Brother
 trust,
 Without a Witness, he may prove unjust.
 Alike it is unsafe for Men to be, ¹⁵⁵
 With some too diffident, with some too free.
 Let not a Woman steal your Heart away,
 By tender Looks, and her Apparel gay;
 When your Abode she languishing enquires,
 Command your Heart, and quench the
 kindling Fires; ¹⁶⁰
 If Love she vows, 'tis Madness to believe,
 Turn from the Thief, she charms but to
 deceive:
 Who does too rashly in a Woman trust,
 Too late will find the Wanton prove unjust.
 Take a chaste Matron, Partner of your
 Breast, ¹⁶⁵
 Contented live, of her alone possess'd;
 Then shall you number many Days in Peace,

And, with your Children, see your Wealth
 encrease;
 Then shall a duteous careful Heir survive,
 To keep the Honour of the House alive. 170
 If large Possessions are, in Life, thy View,
 These Precepts, with assiduous Care, pursue.

II

ADVICE TO THE FARMER

A House and Yoke of Oxen, first provide,
 A Maid to guard your Herds, and then a
 Bride;
 The House be furnish'd as thy Need
 demands,
 Nor want to borrow from a Neighbour's
 Hands.
 While to support your Wants abroad you
 roam, 5
 Time glides away, and Work stands still at
 Home.
 Your Bus'ness ne'er defer from Day to Day,
 Sorrows and Poverty attend Delay;
 But lo! the careful Man shall always find
 Encrease of Wealth according to his
 Mind. . . . 10
 From Hill or Field the hardest Holm
 prepare,
 To cut the Part in which you place the
 Share;
 Thence your Advantage will be largely found,
 With that your Oxen long may tear the
 Ground;
 And next, the skilful Husbandman to show, 15
 Fast pin the Handel to the Beam below;
 Let the Draught-beam of sturdy Oak be
 made,
 And for the Handel rob the Laurel Shade,
 Or, if the Laurel you refuse to fell,
 Seek out the Elm, the Elm will serve as
 well. 20
 Two Plows are needful; one let Art bestow,
 And one let Nature to the Service bow;
 If Use, or Accident, the first destroy,
 Its Fellow in the furrow'd Field employ.
 Yoke from the Herd two sturdy Males,
 whose Age 25
 Mature secures them from each other's
 Rage;
 For if too young they will unruly grow,
 Unfinish'd leave the Work, and break the
 Plow:
 These, and your Labour shall the better
 thrive,

Let a good Plowman, year'd to forty, drive;
 And see the careful Husbandman be fed, 31
 With plenteous Morsels, and of wholesome
 Bread:
 The Slave, who numbers fewer Days, you'll
 find
 Careless of Work, and of a rambling Mind,
 Perhaps, neglectful to direct the Plow, 35
 He in one Furrow twice the Seed will sow.
 Observe the Crane's departing Flight in
 Time,
 Who yearly soars to seek a southern Clime,
 Conscious of Cold; when the shrill Voice
 you hear,
 Know the fit Season for the Plow is near; 40
 Then he for whom no Oxen graze the Plains,
 With aking Heart, beholds the winter Rains;
 Be mindful then the sturdy Ox to feed,
 And careful keep within the useful Breed. 44
 You say, perhaps, you will intreat a Friend
 A Yoke of Oxen, and a Plow, to lend:
 He your Request, if wise, will thus refuse,
 I have but two and those I want to use;
 To make a Plow great is th' Expence and
 Care;
 All these you should, in proper Time, pre-
 pare. 50
 Reproofs like these avoid; and, to behold
 Your Fields bright waving with their Ears
 of Gold,
 Let unimprov'd no Hour, in Season, fly,
 But with your Servants plow, or wet, or dry;
 And in the Spring again to turn the Soil 55
 Observe; the Summer shall reward your
 Toil.
 While light and fresh the Glebe insert the
 Grain:
 Then shall your Children smile, nor you
 complain. . . .
 Think then, O! think, how pleasant will it be,
 At Home an annual Support to see; 60
 To view with friendly Eyes your Neighbour's
 Store,
 And to be able to relieve the poor.
 Learn now what Seasons for the Plow to
 shun:
 Beneath the Tropic of the Winter's Sun
 Be well observant not to turn the Ground, 65
 For small Advantage will from thence be
 found:
 How will you sigh when thin your Crop
 appears,
 And the short Stalks support the dusty Ears!
 Your scanty Harvest then, in Baskets pressed,
 Will, by your Folly, be your Neighbour's
 Jest.

THE HOMERIC HYMNS (About 750-500 B.C.)

The thirty-three *Hymns* are not lyrics and not religious, but epic compositions sung by the minstrels as preludes to their longer recitations. They are by various nameless authors, date from 750 to 500 but are nearly all from later than 660, and are of the Homeric rather than the Hesiodic type of epic.

The Elizabethan translation of George Chapman is here used.

A HYMN TO HERMES

Hermes, the son of Jove and Maia, sing,
O Muse, th' Arcadian and Cyllenian king,
They rich in flocks, he heaven enriching still
In messages returned with all his will.
Whom glorious Maia the nymph rich in
hair, 5
Mixing with Jove in amorous affair,
Brought forth to him, sustaining a retreat
From all th' Immortals of the blessed seat,
And living in the same dark cave, where Jove
Informed at midnight the effect of love, 10
Unknown to either man or Deity,
Sweet sleep once having seized the jealous
eye
Of Juno decked with wrists of ivory.
But when great Jove's high mind was consummate,
The tenth month had in heaven confined the
date 15
Of Maia's labor, and into the sight
She brought in one birth labors infinite;
For then she bore a son, that all tried ways
Could turn and wind to wished events assays,
A fair-tongued, but false-hearted, counsellor, 20
Rector of ox-stealers, and for all stealths
bore
A varied finger; speeder of night's spies,
And guide of all her dreams' obscurities;
Guard of door-guardians; and was born to
be,
Amongst th' Immortals, that winged Deity 25
That in an instant should do acts would ask
The powers of others an eternal task.
Born in the morn, he formed his lute at
noon,
At night stole all the oxen of the Sun;
And all this in his birth's first day was
done, 30
Which was the fourth of the increasing
moon.

Because celestial limbs sustained his strains,
His sacred swath-bands must not be his
chains,
So, starting up, to Phœbus' herd he stept,
Found straight the high-roofed cave where
they were kept, 35
And th' entry passing, he th' invention found
Of making lutes; and did in wealth abound
By that invention. . . .

Thus with either hand
He took it up, and instantly took flight
Back to his cave with that his home de-
light. 40
Where (giving to the mountain tortoise vents
Of life and motion) with fit instruments
Forged of bright steel he straight informed
a lute,
Put neck and frets to it, of which a suit
He made of splitted quills, in equal space 45
Imposed upon the neck, and did embrace
Both 'back and bosom. At whose height (as
gins
T' extend and ease the strings) he put in pins.
Seven strings of several tunes he then ap-
plied,
Made of the entrails of a sheep well-dried, 50
And thoroughly twisted. Next he did pro-
vide
A case for all, made of an ox's hide. . . .

And now they reached the odoriferous hill
Of high Olympus, to their Father Jove,
To arbitrate the cause in which they strove. 55
Where, before both, talents of justice were
Proposed for him whom Jove should sentence
clear,
In cause of their contention. And now
About Olympus, ever crowned with snow,
The rumor of their controversy flew. 60
All the Incorruptible, to their view,
On Heaven's steep mountain made returned
repair.

Hermes, and He that light hurls through
the air,
Before the Thunderer's knees stood; who
begun
To question thus far his illustrious Son: 65
'Phœbus! To what end bring'st thou captive
here

Him in whom my mind puts delights so dear?
This new-born infant, that the place supplies
Of Herald yet to all the Deities?

This serious business, you may witness,
draws 70

The Deities' whole Court to discuss the
cause.'

Phœbus replied: 'And not unworthy is
The cause of all the Court of Deities,
For, you shall hear, it comprehends the
weight

Of devastation, and the very height 75

Of spoil and rapine, even of Deities' rights.

Yet you, as if myself loved such delights,
Use words that wound my heart. I bring
you here

An infant, that, even now, admits no peer
In rapes and robberies. Finding out his
place, 80

After my measure of an infinite space,
In the Cyllenian mountain, such a one
In all the art of opprobation,
As not in all the Deities I have seen,
Nor in th' oblivion-marked whole race of
men. 85

In night he drave my oxen from their leas,
Along the lofty roar-resounding seas. . . .

A mortal man, yet, saw him driving on
His prey to Pylos. Which when he had done,
And got his pass signed, with a sacred
fire, 90

In peace, and freely (though to his desire,
Not to the Gods, he offered part of these
My ravished oxen) he retires, and lies,
Like to the gloomy night, in his dim den,
All hid in darkness; and in clouts again 95
Wrapped him so closely, that the sharp-seen
eye

Of your own eagle could not see him lie.
For with his hands the air he rarified
(This way, and that moved) till bright
gleams did glide

About his being, that, if any eye 100
Should dare the darkness, light apposed so
nigh

Might blind it quite with her antipathy.
Which while he wove, in curious care to illude
Th' extreme of any eye that could intrude.
On which relying, he outrageously 105
(When I accused him) trebled his reply:
'I did not see, I did not hear, nor I

Will tell at all, that any other stole
Your broad-browed beeves. Which an im-
postor's soul

Would soon have done, and any author fain
Of purpose only a reward to gain." 111
And thus he colored truth in every lie.'

This said, Apollo sat; and Mercury
The Gods' Commander pleased with this
reply:

'Father! I'll tell thee truth (for I am true, 115
And far from art to lie): He did pursue
Even to my cave his oxen this self day,

The sun new-raising his illustrious ray. . . .
I drave not home his oxen, no, nor prest
Past mine own threshold; for 'tis mani-
fest, 120

I reverence with my soul the Sun, and all
The knowing dwellers in this heavenly Hall,
Love you, observe the least; and 'tis most
clear

In your own knowledge, that my merits bear
No least guilt of his blame. To all which I 125
Dare add heaven's great oath, boldly swear-
ing by

All these so well-built entries of the Blest.
And therefore when I saw myself so prest
With his reproaches, I confess I burned
In my pure gall, and harsh reply returned. 130
Add your aid to your younger then, and free
The scruple fixt in Phœbus' jealousy.'

This said he winked upon his Sire; and
still

His swathbands held beneath his arm; no
will

Discerned in him to hide, but have them
shown. 135

Jove laughed aloud at his ingenious Son,
Quitting himself with art, so likely wrought,
As showed in his heart not a rapinous
thought;

Commanding both to bear atoned minds
And seek out th' oxen; in which search he
binds 140

Hermes to play the guide, and show the Sun
(All grudge exiled) the shroud to which
he won

His fair-eyed oxen; then his forehead bowed
For sign it must be so; and Hermes showed
His free obedience; so soon he inclined 145
To his persuasion and command his mind.

Now, then, Jove's jarring Sons no longer
stood,

But sandy Pylos and th' Alphæan flood
Reached instantly, and made as quick a fall
On those rich-feeding fields and lofty stall 150
Where Phœbus' oxen Hermes safely kept,
Driven in by night. When suddenly he stept
Up to the stony cave, and into light

Drave forth the oxen. Phœbus at first sight
Knew them the same, and saw apart
dispread ¹⁵⁵

Upon a high-raised rock the hides new flead
Of th' oxen sacrificed. Then Phœbus said:
'O thou in crafty counsels undisplaid!
How couldst thou cut the throats, and cast
to earth

Two such huge oxen, being so young a birth,
And a mere infant? I admire thy force, ¹⁶¹
And will, behind thy back. But this swift
course

Of growing into strength thou hadst not
need

Continue any long date, O thou Seed ¹⁶⁴
Of honored Maia! Hermes (to show how
He did those deeds) did forthwith cut and
bow

Strong osiers in soft folds, and strappled
straight

One of his hugest oxen, all his weight
Laying prostrate on the earth at Phœbus'
feet,

All his four cloven hoves easily made to
greet ¹⁷⁰

Each other upwards, all together brought. . . .
In all which he his lute took, and assayed
A song upon him, and so strangely played,
That from his hand a ravishing horror flew.
Which Phœbus into laughter turned, and
grew ¹⁷⁵

Pleasant past measure; tunes so artful clear
Strook even his heart-strings, and his mind
made hear.

His lute so powerful was in forcing love,
As his hand ruled it, that from him it drove
All fear of Phœbus; yet he gave him still ¹⁸⁰
The upper hand; and, to advance his skill
To utmost miracle, he played sometimes
Single awhile; in which, when all the climes
Of rapture he had reached, to make the Sun
Admire enough, O then his voice would
run ¹⁸⁵

Such points upon his play, and did so move,
They took Apollo prisoner to his love. . . .

Thus gave he him his lute, which he
embraced,

And gave again a goad, whose bright head
cast

Beams like the light forth; leaving to his
care ¹⁹⁰

His oxen's keeping. Which, with joyful fare,
He took on him. The lute Apollo took
Into his left hand, and aloft he shook
Delightful sounds up, to which God did
sing.

Then were the oxen to their endless
spring ¹⁹⁵

Turned; and Jove's two illustrious Offsprings
flew

Up to Olympus where it ever snow,
Delighted with their lute's sound all the way,
Whom Jove much joyed to see, and endless
stay

Gave to their knot of friendship. From
which date ²⁰⁰

Hermes gave Phœbus an eternal state
In his affection, whose sure pledge and sign
His lute was, and the doctrine so divine
Jointly conferred on him; which well might
be

True symbol of his love's simplicity. ²⁰⁵
On th' other part, Apollo in his friend
Formed th' art of wisdom, to the binding
end

Of his vowed friendship; and (for further
meed)

Gave him the far-heard fistulary reed. . . .

Thus king Apollo honored Maia's son ²¹⁰
With all the rites of friendship; all whose
love

Had imposition from the will of Jove.

And thus with Gods and mortals Hermes
lived,

Who truly helped but few, but all deceived
With an undifferenting respect, and made ²¹⁵
Vain words and false persuasions his
trade.

His deeds were all associates of the night,
In which his close wrongs cared for no
man's right.

So all salutes to Hermes that are due,
Of whom, and all Gods, shall my Muse sing
true. ²²⁰

II. THE LYRIC (700-450 B.C.)

Following at a distance from the epic, and extending from about 700 B.C. to 450, the age of Pericles and Athenian greatness, came a period of reflective, satiric, and song poetry usually termed elegiac, iambic, and lyric or melic. It may all be classed as lyric. This poetry might be widely diverse in subject and in form, but it had the common characteristic of being individual or personal. It represents a new and widespread poetic movement, and reflects changed and changing conditions in Greek lands as a whole: the growing importance of the mainland, where Thebes, Athens, Megara, and Sparta emerge; the presence of oligarchy, tyranny, sedition, and revolution, and of social disturbance, as well as political. An enumeration of its chief poets with their places of birth and their themes will serve as further characterization: Callinus of Ephesus (about 690 B.C.) arouses his countrymen to arms against their foes from interior Asia Minor; Tyrtæus (675), perhaps of Athens, wrote marching and battle songs for the Spartans at war with Messenia; Archilochus (670), of the islands of Paros and Thasos, like his predecessors, wrote martial elegy, but was more famous for satire in iambics; Simonides of Amorgos (660), was also a satirist, and included women among his subjects; Terpander of Lesbos (660) gave the lyre seven strings instead of four, and thus invented the octave; Alcman of Sparta (660) wrote love lyrics, wedding and processional hymns, and choral songs composed of strophe and antistrophe; Stesichorus of Sicily (620) wrote lyrics with epic subjects, and composed choral songs in strophe, antistrophe, and epode, and was followed by Ibycus of Rhegium in Italy (540); Mimnermus of Smyrna (620) gave elegy a mournful and languorous character in his laments for the passing of youth and pleasure; Alcæus of Lesbos (611-580) wrote spirited lyrics on love, banquets, war, and adventure, and was an exile during the troubles of the State; Sappho, also of Lesbos (610), composed passionate love songs; Arion of Lesbos (600) was a choral poet; Solon (594), the lawgiver of Athens, made elegy the vehicle of martial and civic appeal; Theognis of Megara (540), is represented by 1400 verses of quaint moral, social, and political comment addressed to a young friend; Hipponax of Ephesus (540) was a bitter satirist in iambics; Phocylides of Miletus (540) and Xenophanes of Colophon (510) used elegy for morals and philosophy; Anacreon of Teos (530), courtier at Samos and Athens, was a poet of wine, women, and song; Simonides of Ceos (556-468) wrote elegies and lyrics on a variety of subjects, and was a great figure in the war poetry of Marathon, Salamis, and Thermopylæ; Bacchylides of Syracuse was his nephew, and composed choral lyric; Pindar of Thebes (470) wrote in every variety of the lyric. The dates given are from Jebb's *Primer*, and represent his estimate of each author's *floruit*. Pindar and Sappho will receive separate comment.

TYRTÆUS (675 B.C.)

THE PATRIOT

Ne'er would I praise that man, nor deign to
sing,
First in the race, or strongest at the ring,
Not though he boast a ponderous Cyclops'
force,
Or rival Boreas in his rapid course,
Not though Aurora might his name adore, 5
Though Eastern riches swell his countless
store,
Though power and splendor to his name
belong,

And soft persuasion dwell upon his tongue,
Though all but god-like valor were his
own:

My Muse is sacred to the brave alone; 10
Who can look carnage in the face, and go
Against the foremost warriors of the foe. . . .
He, pierced in front with many a gaping
wound,
Lies, great and glorious, on the bloody
ground,
From every eye he draws one general tear, 15
And a whole nation follows to his bier;
Illustrious youths sigh o'er his early doom,
And late posterity reveres his tomb. . . .
But if he sleep not with the mighty dead,

And living laurels wreath his honored
head, 20
By old, by young, adored, he gently goes
Down a smooth pathway to his long repose.
Unaltering friends still love his hairs of
snow,
And rising elders in his presence bow.
Would ye, like him, the wondering world
engage, 25
Draw the keen blades, and let the battle
rage!

—H., in BLAND'S COLLECTIONS.

ARCHILOCHUS (670 B.C.)

THE ABANDONED SHIELD

The foeman glories in my shield;
I left it in the battle-field;
I threw it down beside the wood,
Unscathed by scars, unstained by blood: 5
And let him glory, since from death
Escaped, I keep my forfeit breath.
I soon may find, at little cost,
As good a shield as that I've lost.

THE CAPTAIN

Boast me not your valiant captain,
Strutting fierce with measured stride,
Glorying in his well-trimmed beard, and
Waving ringlets' clustered pride.
Mine be he, who's short of stature, 5
Firm of foot and bended knee;
Heart of oak in limb and feature,
And of courage bold and free.

ON THE KNEES OF THE GODS

Leave the gods to order all things;
Often from the gulf of woe
They exalt the poor man, groveling
In the gloomy shades below;
Often turn again and prostrate 5
Lay in dust the loftiest head,
Dooming him through life to wander,
Reft of sense and wanting bread.

THE SUPREME MOMENT

Bows will not avail thee,
Darts and slings will fail thee,
When Mars tumultuous rages
On wide-embattled land:

Then with falchions clashing, 5
Eyes with fury flashing,
Man with man engages
In combat hand to hand. . . .
—J. H. MERIVALE.

MIMNERMUS (620 B.C.)

TO HIMSELF

Be young, my heart; others will come to birth
And I must die and be black earth.

—ALEXANDER LOTHIAN.

YOUTH AND AGE

Oh what is life by golden love unblest?
Better be mine the grave's eternal rest.
The furtive kiss, soft pledge and genial tie,
Are flowers of youth, that passing smile
and die:
Old age succeeds, and dulls each finer sense, 5
When all we hope, at most, is reverence.
Age brings misfortune clearer to our sight,
Damps every joy and dims the cheerful light,
And scatters frowns, and thins the silvery
hair,
Hateful to youth, unlovely to the fair. 10
—ROBERT BLAND.

EVILS OF MORTALITY

We too as leaves that, in the vernal hours,
Greet the new sun, refreshed by fruitful
showers,
Rejoice, exulting in our vigorous prime,
Nor good nor evil marks the noiseless time;
But round our birth the gloomy Fates pre-
side, 5
And smile malignant on our fleeting pride;
One with cold age prepared to blast our
bloom,
One armed with death to hide it in the
tomb.
Our better moments smile and pass away, 5
E'en as the sun that shines and sets today; 10
When youth is flown, death only can assuage
And yield a refuge from the ills of age.
All mourn adversity—one, nobly bred,
Toils, a poor slave to him his bounty fed;
One, solitary, seeks the tomb's embrace 15
With no transmitter of his name and race;
While sick and faint, or racked by ceaseless
fears,
Another journeys down the vale of years.
—ROBERT BLAND.

THE UNWEARIED SUN FROM DAY
TO DAY

For the Sun labors every day, nor ever
Do he or his fleet steeds know pleasing
rest
From that bright hour when the rosy Morn,
Leaving her ocean-bed, mounts up to
heaven.
For all across the sea, a lovely bed 5
Of precious gold, the work of Vulcan's
hands,
Conveys the god; passing on rapid wings
Along the water, while he sleeps therein
From the bright region of th' Hesperides,
To th' Ethiopian shore, where his swift
car 10
And fiery horses wait within their stalls
Till bright Aurora comes again and opes
Her rosy portals. Then Hyperion's son
Ascends again his swift untiring car.
—C. D. YONGE.

ALCÆUS (610 B.C.)

LET US DRINK

Why wait we for the torches' lights?
Now let us drink, while day invites.
In mighty flagons hither bring
The deep-red blood of many a vine, 5
That we may largely quaff, and sing
The praises of the god of wine,
The son of Jove and Semele,
Who gave the jocund wine to be
A sweet oblivion to our woes.
Fill, fill the goblet, one and two; 10
Let every brimmer, as it flows,
In sportive chase the last pursue.

THE STORM

Jove descends in sleet and snow,
Howls the vexed and angry deep;
Every stream forgets to flow,
Bound in winter's icy sleep.
Ocean wave and forest hoar
To the blast responsive roar.

Drive the tempest from your door,
Blaze on blaze your hearthstone piling,
And unmeasured goblets pour
Brimful, high with nectar smiling. 10
Then, beneath your poet's head
Be a downy pillow spread.

A WARRIOR'S HALL

Glitters with brass my mansion wide,
The roof is decked on every side
In martial pride;
With helmets ranged in order bright,
And plumes of horse-hair nodding white, 5
A gallant sight—
Fit ornament for warrior's brow—
And 'round the walls in goodly row
Refulgent glow
Stout greaves of brass like burnished gold, 10
And corselets there in many a fold
Of linen rolled;
And shields that in the battle fray
The routed losers of the day
Have cast away. 15
Eubœan falchions too are seen,
With rich embroidered belts between
Of dazzling sheen;
And gaudy surcoats piled around,
And spoils of chiefs in war renowned 20
May there be found.
These, and all else that here you see,
Are fruits of glorious victory
Achieved by me.

THOU TOO SAIL ON

Now here, now there, the wild waves sweep,
Whilst we, betwixt them o'er the deep
In shattered, tempest-beaten bark
With laboring ropes along are driven, 5
The billows dashing o'er our dark
Upheaved deck—in tatter riven
Our sails—whose yawning rents between
The raging sea and sky are seen.
Loose from their hold our anchors burst, 10
And then the third, the fatal wave,
Comes rolling onward like the first,
And doubles all our toil to save.

—J. H. MERIVALE.

SAPPHO (610 B.C.)

Sappho, of Mitylene, capital of the island of
Lesbos, a little to the south of the Hellespont,
the only great woman of Greece whose name
has come down to us, was said by Strabo
in the time of Augustus to be the most won-
derful woman in history, and is still asserted
to be not only one of the greatest of her
sex but one of the first in all poetry. She
is known as a poetess by two almost com-
plete lyrics and by numerous fragments,
whose freshness, passion, and rich beauty

warrant the claims of her admirers; and she gave its name to the Sapphic stanza. There is less agreement on the details of her life than on her excellence as a poetess. She lived about 600 B.C. in the midst of a brilliant society keenly appreciative of pleasure, and was in some way the teacher or trainer of Lesbian young women, her devotion to whom was so passionately expressed in verse that ancient satirists and scandal-mongers assumed an unworthiness in her life. Greek comedy made her into the legendary Sappho who leaped from the Leucadian rock to heal herself of unrequited love for Phaon.

Mr. Leonard's fourteen translations, all but the first hitherto unpublished, render as nearly as possible the original sense, order, and rhythm, relying upon the sheer poetry of Sappho. They will appear in his complete translation. A few specimens by other hands are added, in some of which greater liberty has been assumed.

I

Deathless Aphrodite, throned in flowers,
Daughter of Zeus, O terrible enchantress,
With this sorrow, with this anguish, break
my spirit,
Lady, not longer!

Hear anew the voice! O hear and listen! 5
Come, as in that island dawn thou camest,
Billowing in thy yokéd car to Sappho
Forth from thy father's

Golden house in pity! . . . I remember:
Fleet and fair thy sparrows drew thee,
beating 10
Fast their wings above the dusky harvests,
Down the pale heavens,

Lighting anon! And thou, O blest and
brightest,
Smiling with immortal eyelids, asked me:
'Maiden, what betideth thee? Or wherefore 15
Callest upon me?

'What is here the longing more than other,
Here in this mad heart? And who the lovely
One belovéd thou wouldst lure to loving?
Sappho, who wrongs thee? 20

'See, if now she flies, she soon must follow;
Yes, if spurning gifts, she soon must offer;
Yes, if loving not, she soon must love thee,
Howso unwilling. . . '

Come again to me! O now! Release me! 25
End the great pang! And all my heart
desireth

Now of fulfilment, fulfil! O Aphrodite,
Fight by my shoulder!

II

Peer of the golden gods is he to Sappho,
He, the happy man who sits beside thee,
Heark'ning so divinely close thy lovely
Speech and dear laughter.

This it was that made to flutter wildly 5
Heart of mine in bosom panting wildly! . . .
Oh! I need to see thee but a little,
When, as at lightning,

Voice within me stumbles, tongue is broken,
Tingles all my flesh with subtle fire, 10
Ring my ears with waterfalls and thunders,
Eyes are in midnight,

And a sweat bedews me like a shower,
Tremor hunts my body down and seizes,
Till, as one about to die, I linger 15
Paler than grass is. . . .

III

Stars, so bright about the moon on Lesbos,
How ye'll hide away your lovely fires,
Soon as at the full she greatly lighteth
Earth with her silver.

IV

Round about me hum the winds of autumn,
Cool between the apple boughs: and slumber,
Flowing from the quivering leaves to earth-
ward,
Spreads as a river.

V

Come, our Aphrodite, queen of Cyprus!
Come, and in the golden goblets serve us
Wine of nectar, delicately watered
Only with joyance!

VI

Girls of mine, who made me great in Lesbos,
Gifting me with works of their own weav-
ing . . .

VII

If heart's desire were toward the good and fair,
 If tongue were laboring now no evil speech,
 You'd talk before me upright as a tree,
 With eyes unshamed as starlight.

VIII

Love, like a mountain-wind upon an oak,
 Falling upon me, shakes me leaf and bough.

IX

Off in the twilight hung the low full moon,
 And all the women stood before it grave,
 As round an altar. Thus at holy times
 The Cretan damsels dance melodiously
 With delicate feet about the sacrifice, 5
 Trampling the tender bloom of the soft grass.

X

The moon and seven Pleiades have set;
 It is the midnight now; the hours go by;
 And still I'm lying in my bed alone.

XI

Death shall be death forever unto thee,
 Lady, with no remembrance of thy name
 Then or thereafter; for thou gatherest not
 The roses of Pieria, loving gold
 Above the Muses. Even in Hades' House 5
 Wander thou shalt unmarked, flitting forlorn
 Among the shadowy, averted dead.

XII

Red and sweet as the apple that glows by
 itself in the tree-top,
 Out on a twig in the tree-top alone, and
 forgot by the pickers—
 No, not forgot, as I guess, but out of their
 reach at the harvest.

XIII

Fair and frail as the lily the shepherd folk
 in the mountains
 Bruise under foot, as they pass, and it purples
 the ground with its flowers.

XIV

Ev'ning, thou bringest whatever the splendor
 of morning had scattered:
 Sheep and the goat to the pinfold, and home
 the child to the mother.

—WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.

XV

Blest as the immortal gods is he,
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while
 Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
 And raised such tumults in my breast; 5
 For while I gazed, in transport tost,
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost:

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
 Ran quick through all my vital frame;
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung; 10
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled;
 My blood with gentle horror thrilled;
 My feeble pulse forgot to play;
 I fainted, sank, and died away. 15

—AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

XVI

Through orchard-plots with fragrance
 crowned
 The clear cold fountain murmuring flows;
 And forest leaves with rustling sound
 Invite to soft repose.

—J. H. MERIVALE.

XVII

O Muse, who sitt'st on golden throne,
 Full many a hymn of dulcet tone
 The Teian sage is taught by thee;
 But, goddess, from thy throne of gold,
 The sweetest hymn thou'st ever told 5
 He lately learned and sang for me.

—THOMAS MOORE.

XVIII

Love shook me like the mountain breeze
 Rushing down on the forest trees.

—FREDERICK TENNYSON.

XIX

The silver moon is set;
The Pleiades are gone;
Half the long night is spent, and yet
I lie alone.

—J. H. MERIVALE.

XX

The Moon is gone
And the Pleiads set,
Midnight is nigh;
Time passes on,
And passes; yet
Alone I lie.

—J. M. EDMONDS, in the LOEB LIBRARY.

XXI

Oh, my sweet mother, 'tis in vain,
I cannot weave as once I wove,
So wildered is my heart and brain
With thinking of that youth I love.

—THOMAS MOORE.

XXII

Then, as the broad moon rose on high,
The maidens stood the altar nigh;
And some in graceful measure
The well-loved spot danced round,
With lightsome footsteps treading
The soft and grassy ground.

—MORETON J. WALHOUSE.

XXIII

Like the sweet apple which reddens upon
the topmost bough,
A-top on the topmost twig,—which the
pluckers forgot, somehow,—
Forgot it not, nay, but got it not, for none
could get it till now.

—D. G. ROSSETTI.

XXIV

Like the wild hyacinth flower which on the
hills is found,
Which the passing feet of the shepherds
for ever tear and wound,
Until the purple blossom is trodden in the
ground.

—D. G. ROSSETTI.

XXV

Death is an ill; the Gods at least think so,
Or else themselves had perished long ago.

—J. M. EDMONDS, in the LOEB LIBRARY.

SOLON (594 B.C.)

JUSTICE

Short are the triumphs to injustice given:
Jove sees the end of all: like vapors driven
By early spring's impetuous blast, that sweeps
Along the billowy surface of the deeps,
Or, passing o'er the fields of tender green, 5
Lays in sad ruin all the lovely scene,
Till it reveals the clear celestial blue,
And gives the palace of the gods to view;
Then bursts the sun's full radiance from the
skies,
Where not a cloud can form, nor vapor
rise; 10
—Such is Jove's vengeance: not like human
ire,

Blown in an instant to a scorching fire,
But slow and certain: though it long may lie
Wrapt in the vast concealment of the sky,
Yet never does the dread avenger sleep, 15
And though the sire escape, the son shall
weep.

THE CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS

The force of snow and furious hail is sent
From swelling clouds that load the firma-
ment.
Thence the loud thunders roar, and lightnings
glare
Along the darkness of the troubled air.
Unmoved by storms, old ocean peaceful
sleeps 5
Till the loud tempest swells the angry deeps;
And thus the state, in fell distraction tossed,
Oft by its noblest citizens is lost,
And oft a people, once secure and free,
Their own imprudence dooms to tyranny. 10
My laws have armed the crowd with useful
might,
Have banished honors and unequal right,
Have taught the proud in wealth, and high
in place,
To reverence justice, and abhor disgrace;
And given to both a shield, their guardian
tower 15
Against ambitious aims and lawless power.
—M., in BLAND'S COLLECTIONS.

THEOGNIS (540 B.C.)

OBSERVATIONS

Kurnus, these lines of mine, let them remain
Concealed and secret; a verse of such a
strain

Betrays its author—all the world would know
it!

'This is Theognis, the Megarian poet,
So celebrated and renowned in Greece!' 5
Yet some there are, forsooth, I cannot
please;

Nor ever could contrive, with all my skill,
To gain the common liking and goodwill
Of these my fellow-citizens.—No wonder!
Not even he, the god that wields the thunder,
The sovereign all-wise, almighty Jove, 11
Can please them with his government above:
Some call for rainy weather, some for dry,
A discontented and discordant cry
Fills all the earth, and reaches to the
sky. . . . 15

To rear a child is easy, but to teach
Morals and manners is beyond our reach;
To make the foolish wise, the wicked good,
That science never yet was understood.
The sons of Æsculapius, if their art 20
Could remedy a perverse and wicked heart,
Might earn enormous wages! But, in fact,
The mind is not compounded and compact
Of precept and example; human art
In human nature has no share or part. . . . 25

Our commonwealth preserves its former
frame,
Our common people are no more the same:
They that in skins and hides were rudely
dressed,
Nor dreamt of law, nor sought to be re-
dressed

By rules of right, but in the days of old 30
Flocked to the town, like cattle to the fold,
Are now the brave and wise; and we the
rest,

Their betters nominally, once the best,
Degenerate, debased, timid, and mean! 34
Who can endure to witness such a scene? . . .

I care not for a friend that at my board
Talks pleasantly; the friend that will afford
Faithful assistance with his purse and sword
In need or danger, let that friend be mine!
Fit for a bold and resolute design, 40
Not for a conversation over wine. . . .

Easy discourse with steady sense combined,
Are rare endowments in a single mind, . . .

Blessed, almighty Jove! With deep amaze
I view the world;—and marvel at thy ways!
All our devices, every subtle plan, 46
Each secret act, and all the thoughts of man,
Your boundless intellect can comprehend!
On your award our destinies depend.

How can you reconcile it to your sense 50
Of right and wrong, thus loosely to dispense
Your bounties on the wicked and the good?
How can your laws be known or understood?
When we behold a man faithful and just, 54
Humbly devout, true to his word and trust,
Dejected and oppressed;—whilst the profane,
And wicked, and unjust, in glory reign,
Proudly triumphant, flushed with power and
gain,

What inference can human reason draw?
How can we guess the secret of the law, 60
Or choose the path approved by power
divine?

—JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

ANACREON (530 B.C.)

WHILE THE EVIL DAYS COME

Golden hues of youth are fled;
Hoary locks deform my head.
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.
Withering age begins to trace 5
Sad memorials o'er my face;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom.
This awakes my hourly sighing;
Dreary is the thought of dying. 10
Pluto's is a dark abode,
Sad the journey, sad the road;
And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah, we can return no more!

—THOMAS MOORE.

ANACREONTICS

(Imitations of much later time)

THE BARD OF LOVE

I wish to tune my quivering lyre
To deeds of fame and notes of fire;
To echo, from its rising swell,
How heroes fought and nations fell,
When Atreus' sons advanced to war, 5
Or Tyrian Cadmus roved afar;
But still, to martial strains unknown,

My lyre recurs to love alone.
 Fired with the hope of future fame,
 I seek some nobler hero's name;
 The dying chords are strung anew,
 To war, to war, my harp is due:
 With glowing strings, the epic strain
 To Jove's great son I raise again;
 Alcides and his glorious deeds,
 Beneath whose arms the Hydra bleeds,
 All, all in vain; my wayward lyre
 Wakes silver notes of soft desire.
 Adieu, ye chiefs renowned in arms!
 Adieu the clang of war's alarms!
 To other deeds my soul is strung,
 And sweeter notes shall now be sung;
 My harp shall all its powers reveal,
 To tell the tale my heart must feel;
 Love, love alone my lyre shall claim,
 In songs of bliss and sighs of flame.

—LORD BYRON.

ALL NATURE DRINKS

The black earth drinks the falling rain,
 Trees drink the moistened earth again;
 Ocean drinks the mountain gales;
 Ocean's self the sun inhales;
 And the sun's bright rays as soon
 Are swallowed by the thirsty moon.
 All Nature drinks—if I would sip,
 Why dash the nectar from my lip?
 —M., in BLAND'S COLLECTIONS.

STUNG

Love a bee, that lurked among
 Roses, saw not, and was stung;
 Who for his hurt finger crying,
 Running sometimes, sometimes flying,
 Did to his fair mother hie;
 And, 'Help,' cried he, 'ere I die;
 A snake winged has bitten me,
 Called by country-folks a bee.'
 On which Venus—'If such smart
 Little sting of bee impart,
 How much greater is the pain
 Which, whom thou hast stung, sustain.'
 —T. STANLEY.

THE CICADA

On your verdant throne elate,
 Lovely insect, there in state,
 Nectared dew you sip, and sing,
 Like a little happy king.
 All thou seest so blooming fine,

Lovely insect, all is thine,
 Which the painted fields produce,
 Or the soft-wing hours profuse.
 Swains adore thy guiltless charms;
 None thy blissful revel harms;
 Thee, sweet prophet, all revere;
 Thou foretellst the ripening year.
 Thou by Muses art caressed,
 Thou by golden Phœbus blessed;
 He inspired thy tuneful voice;
 Age ne'er interrupts thy joys.
 Wisest offspring of the earth,
 Thou for nothing car'st but mirth;
 Free from pain, and flesh, and blood,
 Thou'rt almost a little god.

—ADDISON.

MERRY WHILE WE LIVE

The laughing women call me old,
 And bid me in the glass behold
 The ruins of my former state;
 But let the locks my temples bear
 Be gray or black, I little care,
 And leave it to the will of Fate.

Yet this I know—though Nature's call
 Subjects me to the lot of all,
 Still, as my ebbing days decline,
 I'll make the most of my short hours,
 Be bathed in odors, crowned with flowers,
 And drown old care in floods of wine.
 —M., in BLAND'S COLLECTIONS.

SIMONIDES OF CEOS (480 B.C.)

THERMOPYLÆ

Go tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
 That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.
 —BOWLES.

A LULLABY AT SEA

When the wind resounding high
 Blustered from the northern sky;
 When the waves in stronger tide
 Dashed against the vessel's side,
 Her care-worn cheek with tears bedewed,
 Her sleeping infant Danaë viewed;
 And trembling still with new alarms,
 Around him cast a mother's arms.

'My child, what woes doth Danaë weep!
 But thy young limbs are wrapped in sleep.'

In that poor nook all sad and dark,
 While lightnings play around our bark,
 Thy quiet bosom only knows
 The heavy sigh of deep repose.
 The howling wind, the raging sea, 15
 No terror can excite in thee:
 The angry surges wake no care,
 That burst above thy long deep hair.
 But couldst thou feel, what I deplore,
 Then would I bid thee sleep the more. 20
 Sleep on, sweet boy; stilled be the deep!
 Oh! could I lull my woes to sleep!
 Jove, let thy mighty hand o'erthrow
 The baffled malice of my foe;
 And may this child in future years 25
 Avenge his mother's wrongs and tears.'

—LORD DENMAN.

AT THE EURYMEDON

Ne'er since that olden time, when Asia stood
 First torn from Europe by the ocean flood,
 Since hornéd Mars first poured on either
 shore
 The storm of battle, and its wild uproar,
 Hath man by sea and land such glory won, 5
 As for the mighty deed this day was done.
 By land the Medes in myriads press the
 ground;
 By sea a hundred Tyrian ships are drowned,
 With all their martial host; while Asia
 stands
 Deep groaning by, and wrings her helpless 10
 hands.

—J. H. MERIVALE.

BACCHYLIDES (450 B.C.)

PEACE ON EARTH

To mortal men Peace giveth these good
 things:
 Wealth, and the flowers of honey-throated
 song;
 The flame that springs
 On carven altars from fat sheep and kine,
 Slain to the gods in heaven; and, all day
 long, 5
 Games for glad youths, and flutes, and
 wreaths, and circling wine.
 Then in the steely shield swart spiders weave
 Their web and dusky woof:
 Rust to the pointed spear and sword doth
 cleave;
 The brazen trump sounds no alarms; 10
 Nor is sleep harried from our eyes aloof,

But with sweet rest my bosom warms:
 The streets are thronged with lovely men
 and young,
 And hymns in praise of boys like flames to
 heaven are flung.
 —JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

FOR A BOUNTIFUL HARVEST

To Zephyr, kindest wind that swells the
 grain,
 Eudemus consecrates this humble fane;
 For that he listened to his vows, and bore
 On his soft wings the rich autumnal store.
 —ROBERT BLAND.

PINDAR (522-443 B.C.)

Pindar, the greatest lyric poet of antiquity, was born of noble Dorian blood at Cynoscephalæ, near Thebes, of which he was a citizen. He was a frequenter of the great festivals at Olympia and elsewhere, spent some time in youth at Athens, and probably visited the courts of Alexander of Macedon and Hiero of Syracuse. His poems included hymns to various deities, pæans to Apollo and Zeus, chorals to Dionysus, processional, dirges, banquet and dance songs, encomiums, and odes of victory for winners in the national athletic contests at Olympia, Delphi, Nemea, and Corinth. Of the odes of victory, there survive fourteen Olympian odes, twelve Pythian, seven Nemean, and eleven Isthmian, ranging from 502 to 452, and celebrating victors from Thessaly, Thebes, Athens, Ægina, Corinth, Rhodes, Cyrene, and Sicily. Though not the poet of patriotism he was a national poet in the broader sense. The other poems are represented by many fragments.

In form, the normal Pindaric ode is a succession of strophe, antistrophe, and epode, usually repeated several times with absolute correspondence of meter. An English example may be seen in Gray's *Progress of Poesy*. In content, it consists of a beginning poetically alluding to the victor and the occasion, a middle containing an elaborated myth appropriate to the victor's family or city, and an end referring anew to personal circumstance. In execution, it was sung by a chorus of varying size, sometimes perhaps as many as fifty, in unison, accompanied by the lyre, or the lyre and the flute, and by rhythmic movement or dance on the part of the singers; the performance taking place in a temple or hall, before the victor's house, or in the procession escorting the victor into the city on his return from the games. In character, its rush of flashing, changing, and audacious

imagery, its careering language, its color and brightness, the vividness with which it suggests the glories of speed, strength, and alertness, combine to make it an example of wonderful brilliance. We shall never appreciate its effect to the full. 'The glory of his song,' writes Jebb, 'has passed forever from the world with the sound of the rolling harmonies on which it once was borne, with the splendor of rushing chariots and athletic forms around which it threw its radiance, with the white-pillared cities by the Ægean or Sicilian sea in which it wrought its spell, with the beliefs or joys which it ennobled; but those who love his poetry, and who strive to enter into its high places, can still know that they breathe a pure and bracing air, and can still feel vibrating through a clear calm sky the strong pulse of the eagle's wings as he soars with steady eyes against the sun.'

The translation is by ABRAHAM MOORE.

OLYMPIAN I

TO HIERO THE SYRACUSIAN

Victor in the Horse-race

STROPHE I

Water the first of elements we hold;
And, as the flaming fire at night
Glow with its own conspicuous light,
Above proud treasure shines transcendant
gold:

But if, my soul, 'tis thy desire 5
For the Great Games to strike thy lyre,
Look not within the range of day

A star more genial to descry
Than yon warm sun, whose glittering ray
Dims all the spheres that gild the
sky; 10

Nor loftier theme to raise thy strain
Than famed Olympia's crowded plain:
From whence, by gifted minstrels richly
wove,

Th' illustrious hymn, at glory's call, 15
Goes forth to Hiero's affluent hall,
To hail his prosperous throne and sing
Saturnian Jove.

ANTISTROPHE I

Hiero the just, that rules the fertile field,
Where fair Sicilia's pastures feed
Unnumber'd flocks, and for his meed
Culls the sweet flowers that all the virtues
yield;

Nor less renown'd his hand essays 5
To wake the Muse's choicest lays,
Such as the social feast around
Full oft our tuneful band inspire—
But wherefore sleeps the thrilling sound?
Pluck from the peg thy Dorian lyre, 10
If Pisa's palms have charms for thee,
If Phœnicus' victory
Hath roused thee to the rapturous cares of
song;
Tell us how swift the ungoaded steed
By Alpheus urged his furious speed, 15
And bore the distant prize from all the
panting throng.

EPODE I

Proud of his stud, the Syracusian king
Partook the courser's triumph. Through
the plain
By Lydian Pelops won his praises ring—
Pelops of Neptune loved (whose watery
reign
Bounds the wide earth, that trembles at
his might), 5
Pelops, whose form the plastic Fate
replaced,
And from the caldron bright
Drew forth with ivory shoulder graced.
Life teems with wonders: yet, in Reason's
spite,
O'er the fond fascinating fiction, warm 10
From Fancy's pencil, hangs a charm
That more than Nature's self her painted
dreams delight.

STROPHE II

For Taste, whose softening hand hath
power to give
Sweetness and grace to rudest things,
And trifles to distinction brings,
Makes us full oft the enchanting tale
receive
In Truth's disguise as Truth. The day 5
Yet comes, Time's test, that tears away
The veil each flattering falsehood wears.
Beseems us then (for less the blame)
Of those that heed us from the spheres
Becoming marvels to proclaim. 10
Great son of Tantalus, thy fate
Not as the fablers I relate.
Thee with the Gods thy Sire's Siplyian guest,
When they in turn beneath his bower
Purest repast partook, the Power 15
That wields the Trident, seized, and ravished
from the feast.

ANTISTROPHE II

Desire his breast had conquered. Up he
drove
His trembling prize of mortal mold
In radiant car with steeds of gold
To th' highest mansion of all-honored
Jove;
With whom the Boy, from wondering
Ide⁵
Rapt long before, like place supplied.
Her Pelops lost, her vanished son
Soon roused the frantic mother's care;
No tidings came; the search begun
In mystery ended in despair.¹⁰
Forthwith some envious foe was found
Whispering th' unseemly slander round,
How all into the bubbling caldron cast
Thy mangled limbs were seethed, and shred
In fragments on the table spread,¹⁵
While circling Gods looked on and shared
th' abhorred repast.

EPODE II

Far be from me and mine the thought
profane,
That in foul feast celestials could de-
light!
Blasphemous tale! Detraction finds its
bane
E'en in the wrong it works—If mortal
wight
Heaven e'er hath honored, 'twas this
Tantalus;⁵
But soon from ill-digested greatness
sprung
Presumption and abuse:
Thence from his towering fortunes
flung
(Frightful reverse!) he fell. A ponderous
rock
High o'er his head hung threatening (angry
Jove¹⁰
So judged him for his crimes above):
Where day and night he waits, dreading th'
expected shock.

STROPHE III

Thus doomed is he life's hopeless load to
bear,
Torment unceasing! Three beside,
Delinquents there, like pains abide.
He from th' Immortals their ambrosial
fare,
The nectarous flood that crowned their
bowl,⁵

To feast his earth-born comrades, stole;
Food, that, by their celestial grace,
Eternal youth to him had given.
Vain hope, that guilt by time or place
Can 'scape the searching glance of
heaven!¹⁰
For this the blameless Son once more
Back to man's short-lived race they bore;
There, when fresh youth its blooming flower
had blown,
And round his chin th' umbrageous beard
Mature its manlier growth had reared,¹⁵
From Pisa's Prince he sought, his nuptial
couch to crown,

ANTISTROPHE III

The famed Hippodamé; whose charms to
gain,
The fond and furious father's pride,
At night's dark hour alone he hied
To the rough shore of the loud-bellowing
main,
And called the Trident-sceptred God,⁵
Whose form forthwith beside him stood:
'Oh! if th' endearing gifts,' said he,
'The Cyprian sea-born Queen bestows,
Have still, great Neptune, grace with
thee,
Propitiate now thy suppliant's vows.¹⁰
Arrest Œnomaius' brazen spear,
To Elis guide my prompt career,
And bear me on thy swiftest chariot's wheel
Victorious to the goal; for he,
Slayer of suitors ten and three,¹⁵
Still from his daughter's hope withholds the
bridal seal.

EPODE III

'Majestic Danger calls but for the brave,
Trusts not the dastard's arm: then why
should man,
By life's hard lot predestined to the grave,
Waste in the dark th' unprofitable span,
And crouch in Age's corner unre-
nowned,⁵
Heav'n's noblest gifts untasted? Power
divine!
Grant thou th' event be crowned,
This peril shall at least be mine.'
Thus he, with zeal not unregarded, speeds
His ardent prayer. The God his prayer
embraced,¹⁰
Gave him his car with gold enchaced,
And roused th' unwearied plumes that winged
the immortal steeds.

STROPHE IV

CEnomaüs' power th' exulting youth o'er-
throws:

The virgin spouse his arms entwine;
From whose soft intercourse, a line
By all the virtues nursed, six warriors
rose.

Now in rich pomp and solemn state 5
His dust heroic honors wait.
Where Alpheus laves the hallowed glade,
His tomb its ample range displays,
And gifts by many a stranger laid
High on his crowded altar blaze; 10
But most from proud Olympia's drome,
On distant realms, on times to come,
Shines Pelops' fame. There Speed demands
his crown,

Toil-mastering Strength the muscle strains,
And conquerors pass life's proud re-
mains 15
On Virtue's tranquil couch, the slumber of
renown.

ANTISTROPHE IV

Such is the Champion's meed: the constant
good,

That lives beyond the transient hour,
Of all that Heaven on man can shower,
Most fires his hope, most wakes his
gratitude:

But now 'tis mine, the strain to raise, 5
And swell th' Equestrian Hero's praise,
To crown with loud Æolian song

A Prince, whose peer the spacious
earth

Holds not its noblest chiefs among,
Boasts not in wisdom, power and
worth, 10

A host more gifted, to display,
Through all the mazes of the lay.
Hiero, some guardian god thy fame sustains
And makes thee his peculiar care;
If long thy deeds his smiles shall share, 15
A loftier flight I'll soar, and warble sweeter
strains.

EPODE IV

Then high on Cronium's peak my post
shall be;

There, as a poet's glance informs my
soul,

First in the burning race thy steeds to see,
Thy bounding chariot whirl thee to the
goal.

Then shall the Muse her strongest javelin
fling; 5

'Bove all the ranks of greatness at the
top

Shines the consummate king—

Beyond that height lift not thy hope.

Be thine in that bright station long to
bear

Thy upright course; mine, with the con-
quering band, 10

To take my honorable stand,

And 'mong the bards of Greece the palm
of genius wear.

PYTHIAN I

TO HIERO THE ÆTNEAN

Victor in the Chariot-race

STROPHE I

Golden Lyre, Apollo's care,
Thy aid with violet tresses crowned,
Their emblem thee, the Muses share:
The bounding dance obeys, and joy pursues
the sound.

Thy signal wakes the vocal choir, 5
When with the sweet preamble's linger-
ing lay

Thy frame resumes its thrilling sway.
The lanced lightning's everlasting fire
Thou hast extinguished, while by thee
On Jove's own scepter lulled the Feathered
King 10

Forgets his awful ministry,
And hangs from either flank the drooping
wing:

ANTISTROPHE I

Thou his beaked crest around
Hast poured the cloud of darkness soft,
And o'er his beaming eyeballs bound
The lock of thy sweet spell: slumbering he
sits aloft

With ruffling plumes and heaving spine 5
Quelled by thy potent strain. The
furious Mars

Aloof hath left the bristling spears,
And with thy soft mellifluous anodyne
Soothed his relentless heart; for even
The gods themselves thy searching shaft
subdues 10

By skilled Latoïdes aimed in heaven,
Framed in the bosom of the swelling Muse.

EPODE I

But those, whom all-discerning Jove
 Abides not, shudder at the sound
 The chaste Pierian Damsels move,
 On earth or in the restless wave,
 Or where in durance underground 5
 The god's presumptuous foe
 Lies, hundred-headed Typhon; whom the
 cave
 Far-famed by Tarsus bred, now stretched
 below
 Where Cuma's beetling sea-cliffs frown;
 While on his broad and shaggy breast 10
 Sicilia's regions rest,
 And hoary Ætna, pillar of the sphere,
 With her bleak snows through all the year
 Nursed in her angry arms, presses the
 monster down:

STROPHE II

Bursting from whose caverned side
 The living fountains waste their way
 Of unapproachable fire; whose tide
 With clouds of smouldering fume bedims
 the sultry day;
 Reddening at night th' inflamed flood 5
 Rolls off the lifted rocks, and down the
 steep
 Plunges beneath the bellowing deep.
 Meanwhile that Serpent from his dungeon
 rude
 Sends his dread fire-spouts to the air,
 Vulcanian streams portentous to behold! 10
 Strange e'en the traveler's tongue to hear
 Of sights and sounds so dire the tale
 unfold:

ANTISTROPHE II

How on Ætna's burning base
 Beneath her dark umbrageous head
 Chained and immured the rugged place
 Gores all his writhing bulk, that rues that
 restless bed.
 Grant me, Great Jove, thy smiles to know, 5
 Lord of this mountain, whose high front
 commands
 In circuit wide th' abundant lands;
 Graced with whose name the bordering
 state below
 Shares its great founder's large renown,
 By herald's voice at Pytho's listening
 games 10
 Declared; while Hiero's chariot-crown,
 A monarch's meed, th' inspiring note pro-
 claims.

EPODE II

From heaven a fresh propitious gale
 With ardent prayer the seaman craves,
 To wing with speed his parting sail;
 While Hope a prosperous course foretells
 From that good presage o'er the
 waves: 5
 Thus blest with omen fair
 Of earliest fame, while Ætna's realm
 excels,
 The Muse her future glories shall
 declare;
 Her gorgeous feasts, her coursers proud,
 Her choirs to chant the victor's lay—
 O thou, whose radiant sway 11
 Delos and Lycia rules; whose haunt is still
 The mount that pours Castalia's rill;
 Accept thy suppliant's prayer; her streets
 with heroes crowd.

STROPHE III

Good the gods alone dispense,
 All arts, all worth from them we trace;
 And Wit, and Might, and Eloquence
 Are but the gifts divine of bounteous
 Nature's grace.
 But thou this prince's praise to sing 5
 Intent, as some the brazen javelin wield,
 Urge not thy song beside the field,
 But forward far, where rivals ne'er can fling.
 Unchanging Fortune's golden shower,
 With Virtue's goodlier boon, the cloudless
 mind, 10
 Time on his state benignant pour,
 And calm Oblivion shade the toils behind.

ANTISTROPHE III

Still shall Memory's rolls attest
 The wars he waged, the fields he won,
 While patient bravery nerved his breast;
 What honors sent from heaven around their
 temples shone,
 By Grecian hand ne'er plucked before, 5
 To crown their wealth a glorious
 diadem.
 His dauntless mind with pangs extreme,
 Though racked, war's toil, like Philoctetes,
 bore:
 Princes his aid with flattery sought,
 And wooed, by Fortune pressed, his saving
 power. 10
 'Twas thus th' Hellenian heroes brought
 From Lemnian rocks, in Troy's disastrous
 hour,

EPODE III

Pæan's brave son, with wasting wound,
 Though weak and worn, whose fatal
 bow
 Razed Priam's Ilion to the ground.
 He closed the lingering toils of Greece,
 With powerless frame advancing slow;
 For such was Fate's decree.
 Thus may some healing god henceforth
 increase
 Great Hiero's weal, and Opportunity
 Wait on his wish!—For young Dinomenes
 Wake now, my Muse, thy cheering
 lyre, 10
 And sing the conquering sire;
 By sire like him quadrigal chaplets won
 Grieve not, I ween, th' aspiring son;
 Wake, then, for Ætna's king thy grateful
 minstrelsies.

STROPHE IV

Blest with freedom, heav'n bestowed,
 For him sage Hiero planned the place,
 And building on th' Hyllæan code
 Founded their polity. The free Pamphylian
 race,
 From great Alcides sprung, that dwell 5
 On the green skirts of high Taygetus,
 Still hold th' Ægimian law, the Dorian
 use.
 They from the cliffs of Pindus issuing fell
 On sacked Amyclæ's prosperous plain,
 By whose famed border the Tyndarean
 host 10
 Their milk-white steeds illustrious train;
 Such martial sires the tribes of Ætna
 boast.

ANTISTROPHE IV

Mighty Jove, to those, that live
 By fruitful Amena's murmuring tide,
 Subjects and prince, like freedom give,
 By Truth's unerring rule their faultless
 course to guide.
 Inspired by thee, by practice sage, 5
 His son's, his people's steps the sire shall
 lead
 The tranquil paths of Peace to tread.
 Bid, son of Saturn, the Phœnicians' rage
 In calm domestic arts subside,
 Yon Tuscan rout remember in retreat 10
 Their comrade's groans on Cumæ's tide,
 With tarnished ensigns strewed and foun-
 dering fleet.

EPODE IV

Such was the wild promiscuous wreck
 Wrought by the Syracusian stroke,
 Whose captain from the towering deck
 Dashed to the deep their vanquished
 throng,
 And knapped in twain the barbarous
 yoke. 5
 When Athens asks my praise,
 From Salamis I'll date the swelling song;
 Cithæron's field the Spartan's fame shall
 raise,
 Where Persia's boasted archery fell:
 But when, Dinomenes, the lyre 10
 Thy conquering sons inspire,
 Oh, then, from Himeræ's banks the
 glittering bough
 I'll pluck to plant on Virtue's brow,
 And bid those echoing shores their foes'
 disasters tell.

STROPHE V

Wouldst thou foil the censorer's sneer,
 Thy copious theme in narrowest pale
 Confine; nor pall th' impatient ear
 That throbs for fresh delights, and loathes
 the lengthening tale.
 With forced applause, with grief pro-
 found, 5
 The vulgar audience listens to the lays
 That swell the prosperous stranger's
 praise:
 Yet since the flatterer Envy's deadliest
 wound
 Pains not the brave like Pity's tear,
 Cling thou to Good; thy vessel's martial
 throng 10
 With the sure helm of Justice steer
 And on Truth's anvil steel thy guarded
 tongue;

ANTISTROPHE V

Sparks of mischief struck from thee
 Spread far and wide th' authentic flame:
 Thousands observe thy sovereignty;
 A thousand listening ears bear witness to
 thy shame.
 If yet Fame's dulcet voice to hear 5
 Thou long'st, still crowned to stand at
 Virtue's post,
 Oh! shrink not from the worthless cost;
 But, like a brave and liberal captain, spare
 Thy spreading canvass to the wind.

Trust not, my friend, to Flattery's ill-bought
breath: 10

Glory, whose living lamp behind
Departed mortals gilds the shrine of death,

EPODE V

Bids History's pomp on Goodness wait;
And rouses the rewarding strain
To sound the triumphs of the great.
Still Cræsus lives for kindness blest:

On Phalaris, whose remorseless reign 6
The bull and torturing fire

Upheld, the curses of all ages rest:
Him nor the festive band, nor cheering
lyre,

Nor youths in sweet communion joined
With fond remembrance hail!—Above 10
The goodliest gifts of Jove

Fortune the first, Fame claims the second,
place;

The man whose grasp, whose filled embrace
Both Fame and Fortune holds, life's noblest
crown has twined.

ISTHMIAN III

TO MELISSUS OF THEBES

Victor in the Horse-race

STROPHE

The man, by fortune raised, that holds
Unflushed with pride his blameless
course,

Though glory's wreath his front enfolds,
Or wealth with power hath blessed his
stores,

His country's praise to deathless fame shall
give. 5

Yet but from thee th' exalted virtues
flow,

All-bounteous Jove! and they that
know,

And fear thy laws, rejoice and live;

While he that walks sin's wandering
way,

Ends not in bliss the changeful day. 10

ANTISTROPHE

Reward awaits the virtuous deed;

The brave command the grateful lyre;

For them th' applauding Graces lead,

And swell the loud triumphal choir.

Fortune on proud Melissus hath bestowed 5

The twofold boon, that glads his manly
breast;—

First in the cirque his waving crest

With Isthmian wreaths exulting glowed;

Now through the Lion's vale the name

Of Thebes his herald's shouts pro-
claim— 10

EPODE

Him master of the equestrian race

Proclaim; his deeds no kindred name
disgrace;

His grandsire's fame, 'mong chario-
teers of old,

Cleonymus, all tongues have told;

Told how from Labdacus, with affluence
crowned, 5

His mother's sires in happier days

The car quadrigal proudly drove.

But Time, as rolling seasons onward
move,

His altering hand on all things lays:

The sons of gods alone nor chance nor
change can wound. 10

III. HISTORY (550-350 B.C.)

Owing to the popularity of Homer and the convenience of hexameter and elegiac as vehicles for narrative and reflective content, and owing to the lack of national feeling among the separate and scattered little city-states composing the Greek world, the development of an artistic prose did not occur until four centuries after the perfection of the epic. The beginnings of a really literary prose were connected with philosophy and history; yet philosophy was slow to separate itself from verse expression, and we may give to the earliest writers of semi-historical tales, called logographers, among them Hecataeus of Miletus, author of *Genealogies* and *A Tour of the World*, the credit for representing the rise of literary narrative in prose. The universal interest and impulse necessary to its perfection were the nationalization of Greece which was effected by the common danger of the Persian wars, and the rise of Athens to spiritual leadership.

HERODOTUS (484-428 B.C.)

Herodotus, the father of history, born in Halicarnassus, a Greek city in Asia Minor, traveled in Egypt, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, in the Black Sea regions, and in Greece itself, resided at the island of Samos and in Athens, and in 443 went West with the colony that founded Thurii in southern Italy, where he lived until the time of his death. He is neither a scientific historian nor a profound observer, but he is a keenly interested and genial spectator of men and things and events, and in his nine digressive and somewhat formless books has set down in charmingly unforced and even negligent manner a great variety of matter which, trustworthy or untrustworthy, borrowed or of his own research, the result of observation or of hearsay, rarely fails in human interest. The unity of his work and its character as history are after all saved by his absorbing account, in the last five books, of the dramatic clash between Persia and Ionia whose last acts included Marathon, Thermopylae, Salamis, Plataea. The first book, on Croesus of Lydia, Cyrus, and the rise of the Persian empire, the second, on the Persians and Egypt, the third, on Darius and the conquest of Babylon, and the fourth, on the Persians in Scythia and Libya, are the preface and introduction to an account of the greatest of all events in the history of Greece to his time, written by a man who has traveled much, has enjoyed it, is proud of it, and cannot withstand the traveler's temptation to tell of the wonders he has seen and heard.

The selections from Herodotus are reprinted from Mr. A. D. Godley's translation, by permission of the Loeb Classical Library.

HISTORY OF THE PERSIAN WARS

INTRODUCTION

WHAT Herodotus the Halicarnassian has learnt by inquiry is here set forth: in order that so the memory of the past may not be blotted out from among men by time, and that great and marvelous deeds done by Greeks and foreigners and especially the reason why they warred against each other may not lack renown.

The Persian learned men say that the

Phœnicians were the cause of the feud. . . . For my own part, I will not say that this or that story is true, but I will name him whom I myself know to have done unprovoked wrong to the Greeks, and so go forward with my history, and speak of small and great cities alike. For many states that were once great have now become small: and those that were great in my time were small formerly. Knowing therefore that human prosperity never continues in one stay, I will make mention alike of both kinds. . . .

THE STORY OF CRÆSUS, SOLON, AND CYRUS

For this reason, and to see the world, Solon left Athens and visited Amasis in Egypt and Cræsus at Sardis: and when he had come, Cræsus entertained him in his palace. Now on the third or fourth day after his coming Cræsus bade his servants lead Solon round among his treasures, and they showed him all that was there, the greatness and the prosperous state of it; and when he had seen and considered all, Cræsus when occasion served thus questioned him: 'Our Athenian guest, we have heard much of you, by reason of your wisdom and your wanderings, how that you have traveled far to seek knowledge and to see the world. Now therefore I am fain to ask you, if you have ever seen a man more blest than all his fellows.' So Cræsus inquired, supposing himself to be blest beyond all men. But Solon spoke the truth without flattery: 'Such an one, O King,' he said, 'I have seen—Tellus of Athens.' Cræsus wondered at this, and sharply asked Solon, 'How do you judge Tellus to be most blest?' Solon replied: 'Tellus' city was prosperous, and he was the father of noble sons, and he saw children born to all of them and their state well stablished; moreover, having then as much wealth as a man may among us, he crowned his life with a most glorious death: for in a battle between the Athenians and their neighbors at Eleusis he attacked and routed the enemy and most nobly there died; and the Athenians gave him public burial where he fell and paid him great honor.'

Now when Solon had admonished Cræsus by recounting the many ways in which Tellus was blest, the king further asked him whom he placed second after Tellus, thinking that assuredly the second prize at least would be his. Solon answered: 'Cleobis and Biton. These were Argives, and besides sufficient wealth they had such strength of body as I will show. Both were prizewinners; and this story too is related of them. There was a festival of Here toward among the Argives, and their mother must by all means be drawn to the temple by a yoke of oxen. But the oxen did not come in time from the fields; so the young men, being thus thwarted by lack of time, put themselves to the yoke and drew the carriage with their mother sitting thereon: for five and

forty furlongs they drew it till they came to the temple. Having done this, and been seen by the assembly, they made a most excellent end of their lives, and the god showed by these men how that it was better for a man to die than to live. For the men of Argos came round and gave the youths joy of their strength, and so likewise did the women to their mother, for the excellence of her sons. She then in her joy at what was done and said, came before the image of the goddess and prayed that her sons Cleobis and Biton, who had done such great honor to the goddess, should be given the best boon that a man may receive. After the prayer the young men sacrificed and ate of the feast; then they lay down to sleep in the temple itself and never rose up more, but here ended their lives. Then the Argives made and set up at Delphi images of them because of their excellence.'

So Solon gave to Cleobis and Biton the second prize of happiness. But Cræsus said in anger, 'Guest from Athens! is our prosperity, then, held by you so worthless that you match us not even with common men?' 'Cræsus,' said Solon, 'you ask me concerning the lot of man; well I know how jealous is Heaven and how it loves to trouble us. In a man's length of days he may see and suffer many things that he much dislikes. For I set the limit of man's life at seventy years; in these seventy are days twenty-five thousand and two hundred, if we count not the intercalary month. But if every second year be lengthened by a month so that the seasons and the calendar may rightly accord, then the intercalary months are five and thirty, over and above the seventy years: and the days of these months are one thousand and fifty; so then all the days together of the seventy years are seen to be twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty; and one may well say that no one of all these days is like another in that which it brings. Thus then, Cræsus, the whole of man is but chance. Now if I am to speak of you, I say that I see you very rich and the king of many men. But I cannot yet answer your question, before I hear that you have ended your life well. For he who is very rich is not more blest than he who has but enough for the day, unless fortune so attend him that he ends his life well, having all good things about him. Many men of great

wealth are unblest, and many that have no great substance are fortunate. Now the very rich man who is yet unblest has but two advantages over the fortunate man, but the fortunate man has many advantages over the rich but unblest: for this latter is the stronger to accomplish his desire and to bear the stroke of great calamity; but these are the advantages of the fortunate man, that though he be not so strong as the other to deal with calamity and desire, yet these are kept far from him by his good fortune, and he is free from deformity, sickness, and all evil, and happy in his children and his comeliness. If then such a man besides all this shall also end his life well, then he is the man whom you seek, and is worthy to be called blest; but we must wait till he be dead, and call him not yet blest, but fortunate. Now no one (who is but man) can have all these good things together, just as no land is altogether self-sufficing in what it produces: one thing it has, another it lacks, and the best land is that which has most; so too no single person is sufficient for himself: one thing he has, another he lacks; but whoever continues in the possession of most things, and at last makes a gracious end of his life, such a man, O King, I deem worthy of this title. We must look to the conclusion of every matter, and see how it shall end, for there are many to whom heaven has given a vision of blessedness, and yet afterwards brought them to utter ruin.'

So spoke Solon: Cræsus therefore gave him no largess, but sent him away as a man of no account, for he thought that man to be very foolish who disregarded present prosperity and bade him look rather to the end of every matter. . . .

So at the taking of the fortress a certain Persian, not knowing who Cræsus was, came at him with intent to kill him. Cræsus saw him coming, but by stress of misfortune he was past caring, and would as soon be smitten to death as not; but this dumb son, seeing the Persian coming, in his fear and his grief broke into speech and cried, 'Man, do not kill Cræsus!' This was the first word he uttered; and after that for all the days of his life he had power of speech.

So the Persians took Sardis and made Cræsus himself prisoner, he having reigned fourteen years and been besieged fourteen days, and, as the oracle foretold,

brought his own great empire to an end. Having then taken him they led him to Cyrus. Cyrus had a great pyre built, on which he set Cræsus, bound in chains, and twice seven Lydian boys beside him: either his intent was to sacrifice these firstfruits to some one of his gods, or he desired to fulfil a vow, or it may be that, learning that Cræsus was a god-fearing man, he set him for this cause on the pyre, because he would fain know if any deity would save him from being burnt alive. It is related then that he did this; but Cræsus, as he stood on the pyre, remembered even in his evil plight how divinely inspired was that saying of Solon, that no living man was blest. When this came to his mind, having till now spoken no word, he sighed deeply and groaned, and thrice uttered the name of Solon. Cyrus heard it, and bade his interpreters ask Cræsus who was this on whom he called; they came near and asked him; Cræsus at first would say nothing in answer, but presently, being compelled, he said, 'It is one with whom I would have given much wealth that all sovereigns should hold converse.' This was a dark saying to them, and again they questioned him of the words which he spoke. As they were instant, and troubled him, he told them then how Solon, an Athenian, had first come, and how he had seen all his royal state and made light of it (saying thus and thus), and how all had happened to Cræsus as Solon said, though he spoke with less regard to Cræsus than to mankind in general and chiefly those who deemed themselves blest. While Cræsus thus told his story, the pyre had already been kindled and the outer parts of it were burning. Then Cyrus, when he heard from the interpreters what Cræsus said, repented of his purpose. He bethought him that he, being also a man, was burning alive another man who had once been as fortunate as himself; moreover, he feared the retribution, and it came to his mind that there was no stability in human affairs: wherefore he gave command to quench the burning fire with all speed and bring Cræsus and those with him down from the pyre. But his servants could not for all their endeavor now master the fire.

Then (so the Lydians relate), when Cræsus was aware of Cyrus' repentance and saw all men striving to quench the

fire but no longer able to check it, he cried aloud to Apollo, praying that if the god had ever been pleased with any gift of his offering he would now come to his aid and save him from present destruction. Thus with weeping he invoked the god: and suddenly in a clear and windless sky clouds gathered and a storm burst and there was a most violent rain, so that the pyre was quenched. Then indeed Cyrus perceived that Cræsus was a good man and one beloved of the gods; and bringing him down from the pyre, he questioned him, saying, 'What man persuaded you, Cræsus, to attack my country with an army, and be my enemy instead of my friend?' 'O King,' said Cræsus, 'it was I who did it, and brought thereby good fortune to you and ill to myself: but the cause of all was the god of the Greeks, in that he encouraged me to send my army. No man is so foolish as to desire war more than peace: for in peace sons bury their fathers, but in war fathers bury their sons. But I must believe that heaven willed all this so to be.'

So said Cræsus. Then Cyrus loosed him and set him near to himself and took much thought for him, and both he and all that were with him were astonished when they looked upon Cræsus. He for his part was silent, deep in thought. Presently he turned and said (for he saw the Persians sacking the city of the Lydians), 'O King, am I to say to you now what is in my mind, or keep silence?' Cyrus bidding him to say boldly what he would, Cræsus asked, 'Yonder multitude, what is this whereon they are so busily engaged?' 'They are plundering,' said Cyrus, 'your city and carrying off your possessions.' 'Nay,' Cræsus answered, 'not my city, nor my possessions; for I have no longer any share of all this; it is your wealth that they are ravishing.'

Cyrus thought upon what Cræsus said, and bidding the rest withdraw he asked Cræsus what fault he saw in what was being done. 'Since the gods,' replied the Lydian, 'have given me to be your slave, it is right that if I have any clearer sight of wrong done I should declare it to you. The Persians are violent men by nature, and poor withal; if then you suffer them to seize and hold great possessions, you may expect that he who has won most will rise in revolt against you. Now therefore do this, if what I say finds favor with you.

Set men of your guard to watch all the gates; let them take the spoil from those who are carrying it out, and say that it must be paid as tithe to Zeus. Thus shall you not be hated by them for taking their wealth by force, and they for their part will acknowledge that you act justly, and will give up the spoil willingly.'

When Cyrus heard this he was exceedingly pleased, for he deemed the counsel good; and praising him greatly, and bidding his guards to act as Cræsus had counseled, he said: 'Cræsus, now that you, a king, are resolved to act and to speak aright, ask me now for whatever boon you desire forthwith.' 'Master,' said Cræsus, 'you will best please me if you suffer me to send these my chains to that god of the Greeks whom I chiefly honored, and to ask him if it be his custom to deceive those who serve him well.' Cyrus then asking him what was the meaning of this request, Cræsus repeated to him the tale of all his own intent, and the answers of the oracles, and more especially his offerings, and how it was the oracle that had heartened him to attack the Persians; and so saying he once more instantly entreated that he might be suffered to reproach the god for this. At this Cyrus smiled, and replied, 'This I will grant you, Cræsus, and what other boon soever you may at any time ask me.' When Cræsus heard this, he sent men of the Lydians to Delphi, charging them to lay his chains on the threshold of the temple, and to ask if the god were not ashamed that he had persuaded Cræsus to attack the Persians, telling him that he would destroy Cyrus' power; of which power (they should say, showing the chains) these were the firstfruits. Thus they should inquire; and further, if it were the manner of the Greek gods to be thankless.

When the Lydians came, and spoke as they were charged, the priestess (it is said) thus replied: 'None may escape his destined lot, not even a god. Cræsus hath paid for the sin of his ancestor of the fifth generation: who, being of the guard of the Heraclidæ, was led by the guile of a woman to slay his master, and took to himself the royal state of that master, whereto he had no right. And it was the desire of Loxias that the evil hap of Sardis should fall in the lifetime of Cræsus' sons, not his own, but he could

not turn the Fates from their purpose; yet did he accomplish his will and favor Cræsus in so far as they would yield to him: for he delayed the taking of Sardis for three years, and this let Cræsus know, that though he be now taken it is by so many years later than the destined hour. And further, Loxias saved Cræsus from the burning. But as to the oracle that was given him, Cræsus doth not right to complain concerning it. For Loxias declared to him that if he should lead an army against the Persians he would destroy a great empire. Therefore it behooved him, if he would take right counsel, to send and ask whether the god spoke of Cræsus' or of Cyrus' empire. But he understood not that which was spoken, nor made further inquiry: wherefore now let him blame himself. Nay, when he asked that last question of the oracle and Loxias gave him that answer concerning the mule, even that Cræsus understood not. For that mule was in truth Cyrus; who was the son of two persons not of the same nation, of whom the mother was the nobler and the father of lesser estate; for she was a Median, daughter of Astyages king of the Medians: but he was a Persian and under the rule of the Medians, and was wedded, albeit in all regards lower than she, to one that should be his sovereign lady.' Such was the answer of the priestess to the Lydians; they carried it to Sardis and told it to Cræsus; and when he heard it, he confessed that the sin was not the god's, but his own. And this is the story of Cræsus' rule, and of the first overthrow of Ionia.

BABYLON

When Cyrus had brought all the mainland under his sway, he attacked the Assyrians. There are in Assyria many other great cities; but the most famous and the strongest was Babylon, where the royal dwelling had been set after the destruction of Ninus. Babylon was a city such as I will now describe. It lies in a great plain, and is in shape a square, each side an hundred and twenty furlongs in length; thus four hundred and eighty furlongs make the complete circuit of the city. Such is the size of the city of Babylon; and it was planned like no other city whereof we know. Round it runs first a

fosse deep and wide and full of water, and then a wall of fifty royal cubits' thickness and two hundred cubits' height. The royal cubit is greater by three fingers' breadth than the common cubit.

Further, I must show where the earth was used as it was taken from the fosse and in what manner the wall was wrought. As they dug the fosse, they made bricks of the earth which was carried out of the place they dug, and when they had molded bricks enough they baked them in ovens; then using hot bitumen for cement and interposing layers of wattled reeds at every thirtieth course of bricks, they built first the border of the fosse and then the wall itself in the same fashion. On the top, along the edges of the wall, they built houses of a single chamber, facing each other, with space enough between for the driving of a four-horse chariot. There are an hundred gates in the circle of the wall, all of bronze, with posts and lintels of the same. There is another city, called Is, eight days' journey from Babylon, where is a little river, also named Is, a tributary stream of the river Euphrates; from the source of this river Is rise with the water many gouts of bitumen; and from thence the bitumen was brought for the wall of Babylon.

Thus then was this wall built; the city is divided into two parts; for it is cut in half by a rived named Euphrates, a wide, deep, and swift river, flowing from Armenia and issuing into the Red Sea. The ends of the wall, then, on either side are built quite down to the river; here they turn, and hence a fence of baked bricks runs along each bank of the stream. The city itself is full of houses three and four stories high; and the ways which traverse it—those that run crosswise towards the river, and the rest—are all straight. Further, at the end of each road there was a gate in the riverside fence, one gate for each alley; these gates also were of bronze, and these too opened on the river.

These walls are the city's outer armor; within them there is another encircling wall, well-nigh as strong as the other, but narrower. In the midst of one division of the city stands the royal palace, surrounded by a high and strong wall; and in the midst of the other is still to this day the sacred enclosure of Zeus Belus, a square of two furlongs each way, with

gates of bronze. In the center of this enclosure a solid tower has been built, of one furlong's length and breadth; a second tower rises from this, and from it yet another, till at last there are eight. The way up to them mounts spirally outside all the towers; about halfway in the ascent is a halting place, with seats for repose, where those who ascend sit down and rest. In the last tower there is a great shrine; and in it a great and well-covered couch is laid, and a golden table set hard by. But no image has been set up in the shrine, nor does any human creature lie therein for the night, except one native woman, chosen from all women by the god, as say the Chaldeans, who are priests of this god.

THE NILE

When the Nile is in flood, it overflows not only the Delta but also the lands called Libyan and Arabian, in places as far as two days' journey from either bank, and sometimes more than this, sometimes less. Concerning its nature, neither from the priests nor from any others could I learn anything. Yet I was zealous to hear from them why it is that the Nile comes down with a rising flood for an hundred days from the summer solstice, and when this tale of days is complete sinks again with a diminishing stream, so that the river is low for the whole winter till the summer solstice again. Concerning this matter none of the Egyptians could tell me anything, when I asked them what power the Nile has to be contrary in nature to all other rivers. Of the matters aforesaid I wished to know, and asked; also, why no airs blow from it as from every other stream.

But some of the Greeks, wishing to be notable for cleverness, put forward three opinions about this river; of which there are two that I would not even mention, save to show only what they are. One of these will have it that the etesian winds are the cause of the river being in flood, because they hinder the Nile from flowing out into the sea. But there are many times when the etesian winds do not blow, yet the Nile does the same as before. And further, if the etesian winds were the cause, then the other rivers which flow contrary to those winds should be affected

in like manner even as is the Nile, and all the more, inasmuch as being smaller they have a weaker current. Yet there are many rivers in Syria and in Libya, which are nowise in the same case as the Nile.

The second opinion is less grounded on knowledge than that afore-mentioned, though it is more marvelous to the ear: by it, the river effects what it does because it flows from the Ocean, which flows round all the world.

The third opinion is the most plausible by far, yet is of all the most in error. It has no more truth in it than the others. According to this, the Nile flows from where snows melt; but it flows from Libya through the midst of Ethiopia, and issues out into Egypt; how then can it flow from snow, seeing that it comes from the hottest places to lands that are for the most part colder? nay, a man who can reason about such matters will find his chief proof, that there is no likelihood of the river's flowing from snow, in this—that the winds blowing from Libya and Ethiopia are hot. And the second proof is, that the country is ever without rain and frost; but after snow has fallen there must needs be rain within five days; so that were there snow there would be rain in these lands. And the third proof is, that the men of the country are black by reason of the heat. Moreover, kites and swallows live there all the year round, and cranes, flying from the wintry weather of Scythia, come every year to these places to winter there. Now, were there but the least fall of snow in this country through which the Nile flows and whence it rises, none of these things would happen, as necessity proves.

The opinion about the Ocean is grounded in obscurity and needs no disproof; for I know of no river of Ocean; and I suppose that Homer or some older poet invented this name and brought it into his poetry.

If, having condemned the opinions proposed, I must now set forth what I myself think about these obscure matters, I will show what I suppose to be the cause of the Nile being in flood in the summer. During the winter the sun is driven by the storms from his customary course and passes over the inland parts of Libya. Now to make the shortest conclusion, that is all that need be said; for to whatever country this god is nearest, or over it, it is to be thought that that land is the

thirstiest and that the rivers in it are diminished.

But stated at greater length, the truth is as I shall show. In his passage over the inland parts of Libya—the air being ever clear in that region, the land warm and the winds cool—the sun does what he was wont to do in the summer in passing through the middle of the heaven: he draws the water to himself, and having so drawn it, expels it away to the inland regions, and the winds catch it and scatter and dissolve it.

CATS, CROCODILES, AND THE PHŒNIX

There are many household animals; and there would be many more, were it not for what happens to the cats. When the females have kittened they will not consort with the males; and these seek them but cannot get their will of them; so their device is to steal and carry off and kill the kittens (but they do not eat what they have killed). The mothers, deprived of their young and desiring to have more will then consort with the males; for they are creatures that love offspring. And when a fire breaks out very strange things happen to the cats. The Egyptians stand round in a broken line, thinking more of the cats than of quenching the burning; but the cats slip through or leap over the men and spring into the fire. When this happens, there is great mourning in Egypt. Dwellers in a house where a cat has died a natural death shave their eyebrows and no more; where a dog has so died, the head and the whole body are shaven.

Dead cats are taken away into sacred buildings, where they are embalmed and buried, in the town of Bubastis; bitches are buried in sacred coffins by the townsmen, in their several towns; and the like is done with ichneumons. Shrewmice and hawks are taken away to Buto, ibises to the city of Hermes. There are but few bears, and the wolves are little bigger than foxes; both these are buried wherever they are found lying.

I will now show what kind of creature is the crocodile. For the four winter months it eats nothing. It has four feet, and lives both on land and in the water, for it lays eggs and hatches them out on land, and it passes the greater part of the day on dry ground, and the night in

the river, the water being warmer than the air and dew. No mortal creature known to us grows from so small a beginning to such greatness; for its eggs are not much bigger than goose eggs, and the young crocodile is of a bigness answering thereto, but it grows to a length of seventeen cubits and more. It has eyes like pigs' eyes, and great teeth and tusks answering to the bigness of its body. It is the only animal that has no tongue. Nor does it move the lower jaw. It is the only creature that brings the upper jaw down upon the lower. It has also strong claws, and a scaly impenetrable hide on its back. It is blind in the water, but very keen of sight in the air. Since it lives in the water, its mouth is all full within of leeches. All birds and beasts flee from it, except only the sandpiper, with which it is at peace, because this bird does the crocodile a service; for whenever the crocodile comes ashore out of the water and then opens its mouth (and this it does for the most part to catch the west wind), the sandpiper goes into its mouth and eats the leeches; the crocodile is pleased by this service and does the sandpiper no harm.

Some of the Egyptians hold crocodiles sacred, others do not so, but treat them as enemies. The dwellers about Thebes and the lake Mœris deem them to be very sacred. There, in every place one crocodile is kept, trained to be tame; they put ornaments of glass and gold on its ears and bracelets on its forefeet, provide for it special food and offerings, and give the creatures the best of treatment while they live; after death the crocodiles are embalmed and buried in sacred coffins. But about Elephantine they are not held sacred, and are even eaten. The Egyptians do not call them crocodiles, but champsæ. The Ionians called them crocodiles, from their likeness to the lizards which they have in their walls.

There are many and various ways of crocodile hunting; I will write only of that one way which I think most worthy of mention:—The hunter baits a hook with a chine of pork, and lets it float into the midst of the river; he himself stays on the bank with a young live pig, which he beats. Hearing the cries of the pig, the crocodile goes after the sound, and meets the chine, which it swallows; then the hunters pull the line. When the crocodile

is drawn ashore, first of all the hunter smears its eyes over with mud; when this is done the quarry is very easily mastered, which, without that, is no light matter.

River horses are sacred in the province of Papremis, but not elsewhere in Egypt. For their outward form, they are four-footed, with cloven hoofs like oxen; their noses are blunt; they are maned like horses, with tusks showing, and have a horse's tail and a horse's neigh; their bigness is that of the biggest oxen. Their hide is so thick that when it is dried spearshafts are made of it.

Otters also are found in the river, which the Egyptians deem sacred; and they hold sacred that fish too which is called the scale-fish, and the eel. These, and the fox-goose among birds, are said to be sacred to the god of the Nile.

Another bird also is sacred; it is called the phoenix. I myself have never seen it, but only pictures of it; for the bird comes but seldom into Egypt, once in five hundred years, as the people of Heliopolis say. It is said that the phoenix comes when his father dies. If the picture truly shows his size and appearance, his plumage is partly golden and partly red. He is most like an eagle in shape and bigness. The Egyptians tell a tale of this bird's devices which I do not believe. He comes, they say, from Arabia bringing his father to the Sun's temple enclosed in myrrh, and there buries him. His manner of bringing is this: first he molds an egg of myrrh as heavy as he can carry, and when he has proved its weight by lifting it he then hollows out the egg and puts his father in it, covering over with more myrrh the hollow in which the body lies; so the egg being with his father in it of the same weight as before, the phoenix, after enclosing him, carries him to the temple of the Sun in Egypt. Such is the tale of what is done by this bird.

DEATH AND BURIAL

The practice of medicine is so divided among them, that each physician is a healer of one disease and no more. All the country is full of physicians, some of the eye, some of the teeth, some of what pertains to the belly, and some of the hidden diseases.

They mourn and bury the dead as I will

show. Whenever a man of note is lost to his house by death, all the womenkind of the house daub their faces or heads with mud; then, with all the women of their kin, they leave the corpse in the house, and roam about the city lamenting, with their garments girt round them and their breasts showing; and the men too lament in their place, with garments girt likewise. When this is done, they take the dead body to be embalmed.

There are men whose whole business this is and who have this special craft. These, when a dead body is brought to them, show the bringers wooden models of corpses, painted in exact imitation; the most perfect manner of embalming belongs, they say, to One whose name it were profane for me to speak in treating of such matters; the second way, which they show, is less perfect than the first, and cheaper, and the third is the least costly of all. Having shown these, they ask the bringers of the body in which fashion they desire to have it prepared. The bearers, having agreed in a price, go their ways, and the workmen, left behind in their place, embalm the body. If they do this in the most perfect way, they first draw out part of the brain through the nostrils with an iron hook, and inject certain drugs into the rest. Then, making a cut near the flank with a sharp knife of Ethiopian stone, they take out all the intestines, and clean the belly, rinsing it with palm wine and bruised spices; and presently, filling the belly with pure ground myrrh and cassia and any other spices, save only frankincense, they sew it up again. Having done this, they conceal the body for seventy days, embalmed in saltpeter; no longer time is allowed for the embalming; and when the seventy days are past they wash the body and wrap the whole of it in bandages of fine linen cloth, anointed with gum, which the Egyptians mostly use instead of glue; which done, they give back the dead man to his friends. These make a hollow wooden figure like a man, in which they enclose the corpse, shut it up, and preserve it safe in a coffin-chamber, placed erect against a wall.

This is how they prepare the dead who have wished for the most costly fashion; those whose wish was for the middle and less costly way are prepared in another fashion. The embalmers charge their

syringes with cedar oil and therewith fill the belly of the dead man, making no cut, nor removing the intestines, but injecting the drench through the anus and checking it from returning; then they embalm the body for the appointed days; on the last day they let the oil which they poured in pass out again. It has so great power that it brings away the inner parts and intestines all dissolved; the flesh is eaten away by the saltpeter, and in the end nothing is left of the body but skin and bone. Then the embalmers give back the dead body with no more ado.

When they use the third manner of embalming, which is the preparation of the poorer dead, they cleanse the belly with a purge, embalm the body for the seventy days and then give it back to be taken away.

THE PYRAMIDS

Till the time of Rhampsinitus Egypt (so the priests told me) was in all ways well governed and greatly prospered, but Cheops, who was the next king, brought the people to utter misery. For first he shut up all the temples, so that none could sacrifice there; and next, he compelled all the Egyptians to work for him, appointing to some to drag stones from the quarries in the Arabian mountains to the Nile: and the stones being carried across the river in boats, others were charged to receive and drag them to the mountains called Libyan. They worked in gangs of a hundred thousand men, each gang for three months. For ten years the people were afflicted in making the road whereon the stones were dragged, the making of which road was to my thinking a task but a little lighter than the building of the pyramid, for the road is five furlongs long and ten fathoms broad, and raised at its highest to a height of eight fathoms, and it is all of stone polished and carved with figures. The ten years aforesaid went to the making of this road and of the underground chambers on the hill whereon the pyramids stand; these the king meant to be burial-places for himself, and encompassed them with water, bringing in a channel from the Nile. The pyramid itself was twenty years in the making. Its base is square, each side eight hundred feet long, and its height is the same; the whole is of stone polished and most exactly

fitted; there is no block of less than thirty feet in length.

This pyramid was made like a stairway with tiers, courses, or steps. When this, its first form, was completed, the workmen used levers made of short wooden logs to raise the rest of the stones; they heaved up the blocks from the ground on to the first tier of steps; when the stone had been so raised it was set on another lever that stood on the first tier, and a lever again drew it up from this tier to the next. It may be that there was a new lever on each tier of the steps, or perhaps there was but one lever, and that easily lifted, which they carried up to each tier in turn; I leave this uncertain, both ways being told me. But this is certain, that the upper part of the pyramid was the first finished off, then the next below it, and last of all the base and the lowest part. There are writings on the pyramid in Egyptian characters showing how much was spent on purges and onions and garlic for the workmen; and to my sure remembrance the interpreter when he read me the writing said that sixteen hundred talents of silver had been paid. Now if that is so, how much must needs have been expended on the iron with which they worked, and the workmen's food and clothing? seeing that the time aforesaid was spent in building, and the hewing and carrying of the stone and the digging out of the underground parts was, as I suppose, a business of long duration.

MARATHON

And first, while they were yet in the city, the generals sent as a herald to Sparta Phidippides, an Athenian, and one, moreover, that was a runner of long distances and made that his calling. This man, as he said himself and told the Athenians, when he was in the Parthenian hills above Tegea, met with Pan; who, calling to Phidippides by name, bade him say to the Athenians, 'Why is it that ye take no thought for me, that am your friend, and ere now have oft been serviceable to you, and will be so again?' This story the Athenians believed to be true, and when their state won to prosperity they founded a temple of Pan beneath the Acropolis, and for that message sought the god's favor with yearly sacrifices and torch-races.

But now, at the time when he was sent by the generals and said that Pan had appeared to him, this Phidippides was at Sparta on the day after he left Athens; and he came before the rulers and said, 'Lacedæmonians, the Athenians entreat you to send them help, and not suffer a most ancient city of Hellas to be brought into bondage by foreigners; for even now Eretria has been enslaved, and Hellas is the weaker by the loss of a notable city.' Thus Phidippides gave the message where-with he was charged, and the Lacedæmonians resolved to send help to the Athenians; but they could not do this immediately, being loath to break their law; for it was the ninth day of the first part of the month, and they would make no expedition (they said) on the ninth day, when the moon was not full.

So they waited for the full moon. As for the Persians, they were guided to Marathon by Hippias son of Pisistratus. . . .

But the counsels of the Athenian generals were divided; some advised that they should not fight, thinking they were too few to do battle with the Median army, and some, of whom was Miltiades, that they should. Now there was an eleventh that had a vote, namely, that Athenian who had been chosen as polemarch by lot,—for by old Athenian custom the polemarch voted among the generals,—and at this time the polemarch was Callimachus of Aphidnæ; so their counsels being divided and the worse opinion like to prevail, Miltiades betook himself to this man. 'Callimachus,' said he, 'it is for you to-day to choose, whether you will enslave Athens, or free her and thereby leave such a memorial for all posterity as was left not even by Harmodius and Aristogiton. For now is Athens in greater peril than ever since she was first a city; and if her people bow their necks to the Medes, their fate is certain, for they will be delivered over to Hippias; but if our city be saved, she may well grow to be the first of Greek cities. How then this can be brought about, and how it comes that the deciding voice in these matters is yours, I will now show you. We ten generals are divided in counsel, some bidding us to fight and some to forbear. Now if we forbear to fight, it is likely that some great schism will rend and shake the courage of our people till they make friends of the Medes; but if

we join battle before some at Athens be infected by corruption, then let heaven but deal fairly with us, and we may well win in this fight. It is you that all this concerns; all hangs on you; for if you join yourself to my opinion, you make your country free and your city the first in Hellas; but if you choose the side of them that would persuade us not to fight, you will have wrought the very opposite of the blessings whereof I have spoken.'

By this plea Miltiades won Callimachus to be his ally; and with the polemarch's vote added it was resolved to fight. Thereafter the generals whose counsel was for fighting made over to Miltiades the day's right of leading that fell to each severally; he received it, but would not join battle till the day of his own leadership came round.

When his turn came, then were the Athenians arrayed for battle as I shall show: the right wing was commanded by Callimachus the polemarch; for it was then the Athenian custom, that the holder of that office should have the right wing. He being there captain, next to him came the tribes one after another in the order of their numbers; last of all the Plataeans were posted on the left wing. Ever since that fight, when the Athenians bring sacrifices to the assemblies that are held at the five-yearly festivals, the Athenian herald prays that all blessings may be granted to Athenians and Plataeans alike. But now, when the Athenians were arraying at Marathon, it so fell out that their line being equal in length to the Median, the middle part of it was but a few ranks deep, and here the line was weakest, each wing being strong in numbers.

Their battle being arrayed and the omens of sacrifice favoring, straightway the Athenians were let go and charged the Persians at a run. There was between the armies a space of not less than eight furlongs. When the Persians saw them come running they prepared to receive them, deeming the Athenians frenzied to their utter destruction, who being (as they saw) so few were yet charging them at speed, albeit they had no horsemen nor archers. Such was the imagination of the foreigners; but the Athenians, closing all together with the Persians, fought in memorable fashion; for they were the first Greeks, within my knowledge, who charged their enemies at a run, and the first who

endured the sight of Median garments and men clad therein; till then, the Greeks were affrighted by the very name of the Medes.

For a long time they fought at Marathon; and the foreigners overcame the middle part of the line, against which the Persians themselves and the Sacæ were arrayed; here the foreigners prevailed and broke the Greeks, pursuing them inland. But on either wing the Athenians and Plataeans were victorious; and being so, they suffered the routed of their enemies to fly, and drew their wings together to fight against those that had broken the middle of their line; and here the Athenians had the victory, and followed after the Persians in their flight, hewing them down, till they came to the sea. There they called for fire and laid hands on the ships.

In this work was slain Callimachus the polemarch, after doing doughty deeds; there too died one of the generals, Stesilaus son of Thrasylaus; moreover, Cynegirus son of Euphorion fell there, his hand smitten off by an axe as he laid hold of a ship's poop, and many other famous Athenians.

Seven ships the Athenians thus won; with the rest the Persians pushed off from shore, and taking the Eretrian slaves from the island wherein they had left them, sailed round Sunium, hoping to win to the city before the Athenians' coming. There was an accusation rife at Athens that this plan arose from a device of the Alcmeonidae, who, it was said, made a compact with the Persians and held up a shield for them to see when they were now on shipboard.

So they sailed round Sunium; but the Athenians marched back with all speed to defend their city, and outstripped the foreigners in their coming; they came from one precinct of Heracles at Marathon, and encamped in another at Cynosarges. The foreign fleet lay a while off Phalerum, which was then the Athenians' arsenal; there they anchored, and thence sailed away back to Asia.

In this fight at Marathon there were slain of the foreigners about six thousand four hundred men, and of the Athenians a hundred and ninety-two. These are the numbers of them that fell on both sides. And it fell out that a marvelous thing happened: a certain Athenian, Epizelus son of Cuphagoras, while he fought doughtily in the mêlée lost the sight of his eyes,

albeit neither stabbed in any part nor shot, and for the rest of his life continued blind from that day. I heard that he told the tale of this mishap thus: a tall man-at-arms (he said) encountered him, whose beard spread all over his shield; this apparition passed Epizelus by, but slew his neighbor in the line. Such was the tale Epizelus told, as I heard.

XERXES CROSSES THE HELLESPONT

Beginning then from Abydos they whose business it was made bridges across to that headland, the Phœnicians one of flaxen cables, and the Egyptians the second, which was of papyrus. From Abydos to the opposite shore it is a distance of seven furlongs. But no sooner had the strait been bridged than a great storm swept down and brake and scattered all that work.

When Xerxes heard of that, he was very angry, and gave command that the Hellespont be scourged with three hundred lashes, and a pair of fetters be thrown into the sea; nay, I have heard ere now that he sent branders with the rest to brand the Hellespont. This is certain, that he charged them while they scourged to utter words outlandish and presumptuous: 'Thou bitter water,' they should say, 'our master thus punishes thee, because thou didst him wrong albeit he had done thee none. Yea, Xerxes the king will pass over thee, whether thou wilt or no; it is but just that no man offers thee sacrifice, for thou art a turbid and a briny river.' Thus he commanded that the sea should be punished, and that they who had been overseers of the bridging of the Hellespont should be beheaded.

So this was done by those who were appointed to that thankless honor; and new masters of their craft set about making the bridges. The manner of their doing it was as I will show. That they might lighten the strain of the cables, they laid fifty-oared ships and triremes alongside of each other, three hundred and sixty to bear the bridge that was nearest to the Euxine sea, and three hundred and fourteen to bear the other; all lay obliquely to the line of the Pontus and parallel with the current of the Hellespont. Having so laid the ships alongside they let down

very great anchors, both from the end of the ship nearest the Pontus to hold fast against the winds blowing from within that sea, and from the other end, towards the west and the Ægean, to hold against the west and south winds. Moreover they left for passage an opening in the line of fifty-oared ships and triremes, that so he that would might be able to voyage to the Pontus, or out of it. Having so done, they stretched the cables from the land, twisting them taut with wooden windlasses; and they did not as before keep the two kinds apart, but assigned for each bridge two cables of flax and four of papyrus. All these were of the same thickness and fair appearance, but the flaxen were heavier in their proportion, a cubit thereof weighing a talent. When the strait was thus bridged, they sawed balks of wood to a length equal to the breadth of the floating supports, and laid them in order on the taut cables, and having set them alongside they then made them fast. This done, they heaped brushwood on to the bridge, and when this was all laid in order they heaped earth on it and stamped it down; then they made a fence on either side, lest the beasts of burden and horses should be affrighted by the sight of the sea below them.

When the bridges and the work at Athos were ready, and the moles at the canal's entrances, that were built to prevent the surf from silting up the entrances of the digged passage, and the canal itself was reported to be now perfectly made, the army then wintered, and at the beginning of spring was ready and set forth from Sardis to march to Abydos. When they had set forth, the sun left his place in the heaven and was unseen, albeit the sky was without clouds and very clear, and the day was turned into night. When Xerxes saw and took note of that, he was moved to think upon it, and asked the Magians what the vision might signify. They declared to him, that the god was showing to the Greeks the desolation of their cities; for the sun (they said) was the prophet of the Greeks, as the moon was theirs. Xerxes rejoiced exceedingly to hear that, and kept on his march. . . .

All that day they made preparation for the crossing; and on the next they waited till they should see the sun rise, burning all kinds of incense on the bridges, and strewing the way with myrtle boughs. At

sunrise, Xerxes poured a libation from a golden phial into the sea, praying to the sun that no such accident should befall him as to stay him from subduing Europe ere he should reach its farthest borders. After the prayer, he cast the phial into the Hellespont, and a golden bowl withal, and a Persian sword, that which they call 'acinaces.' As to these, I cannot rightly determine whether he cast them into the sea for offerings to the sun, or repented of his scourging of the Hellespont and gave gifts to the sea as atonement.

This done, they crossed over, the foot and horse all by the bridge nearest to the Pontus, and the beasts of burden and the train of service by the bridge towards the Ægean. In the van came the ten thousand Persians, all wearing garlands, and after them the mixed host of divers nations. All that day these crossed, and on the next, first the horsemen and they that bore their spears reversed; these also wore garlands. After them came the sacred horses and the sacred chariot, then Xerxes himself and the spearmen and the thousand horse, and after them the rest of the host. Meanwhile the ships put out and crossed to the opposite shore. But I have heard ere now, that the king crossed last of all.

Having passed over to Europe, Xerxes viewed his army crossing under the lash; seven days and seven nights it was in crossing, with never a rest. There is a tale that, when Xerxes had now crossed the Hellespont, a man of the Hellespont cried, 'O Zeus, why hast thou taken the likeness of a Persian man and changed thy name to Xerxes, leading the whole world with thee to remove Hellas from its place? For that thou mightest have done without these means.'

When all had passed over and they were ready for the road, a great portent appeared among them, whereof Xerxes took no account, though it was easy of interpretation: a mare gave birth to a hare. The meaning of it was easy to guess, being this: Xerxes was to march his army to Hellas with great pomp and pride, but to come back to the same place fleeing for his life. There was another portent, that was shown to him at Sardis: a mule gave birth to a mule, that had double privy parts, both male and female, the male above the other. But of neither sign did he take any account, and journeyed on, his land army with him.

THERMOPYLÆ

So those of the allies who were bidden to go went their ways in obedience to Leonidas, and the Thespians and Thebans alone stayed by the Lacedæmonians; the Thebans indeed against their will and desire, and kept there by Leonidas as hostages; but the Thespians remained with great goodwill. They refused to depart and leave Leonidas and his comrades, but remained there and died with him. Their general was Demophilus son of Diadromes.

Xerxes, having at sunrise offered libations, waited till about the hour of marketing and then made his assault, having been so advised by Epialtes; for the descent from the mountain is more direct and the way is much shorter than the circuit and the ascent. So the foreigners that were with Xerxes attacked; but the Greeks with Leonidas, knowing that they went to their death, advanced now much farther than before into the wider part of the strait. For ere now it was the wall of defence that they had guarded, and all the former days they had withdrawn themselves into the narrow way and fought there; but now they met their enemies outside the narrows, and many of the foreigners were there slain; for their captains came behind the companies with scourges and drove all the men forward with lashes. Many of them were thrust into the sea and there drowned, and more by far were trodden down bodily by each other, none regarding who it was that perished; for inasmuch as the Greeks knew that they must die by the hands of those who came round the mountain, they put forth the very utmost of their strength against the foreigners, in their recklessness and frenzy.

By this time the spears of the most of them were broken, and they were slaying the Persians with their swords. There in that travail fell Leonidas, fighting most gallantly, and with him other famous Spartans, whose names I have learnt for their great worth and desert, as I have learnt besides the names of all the three hundred. There too fell, among other famous Persians, Abrocomes and Hyperanthes, two sons of Darius by Phratagune daughter of Artanes. This Artanes was brother to King Darius, and son of Hystaspes who was the son of Arsames; and when he gave his daughter in marriage to Darius he dowered her with the whole

wealth of his house, she being his only child.

So two brothers of Xerxes fell there in the battle; and there was a great struggle between the Persians and Lacedæmonians over Leonidas' body, till the Greeks of their valor dragged it away and four times put their enemies to flight. Nor was there an end of this mêlée till the men with Epialtes came up. When the Greeks were aware of their coming, from that moment the face of the battle was changed; for they withdrew themselves back to the narrow part of the way, and passing within the wall they took post, all save the Thebans, upon the hillock that is in the mouth of the pass, where now stands the stone lion in honor of Leonidas. In that place they defended themselves with their swords, as many as yet had such, ay and with fists and teeth; till the foreigners overwhelmed them with missile weapons, some attacking them in front and throwing down the wall of defence, and others standing around them in a ring.

Thus did the men of Lacedæmon and Thespiæ bear themselves. Yet the bravest of them all (it is said) was Dieneces, a Spartan, of whom a certain saying is reported: before they joined battle with the Medes, it was told Dieneces by a certain Trachinian that the enemies were so many, that when they shot with their bows the sun was hidden by the multitude of arrows; whereby being no whit dismayed, but making light of the multitude of the Medes, 'Our friend from Trachis,' quoth he, 'brings us right good news, for if the Medes hide the sun we shall fight them in the shade and not in the sunshine.'

This and other sayings of a like temper are recorded of Dieneces, whereby he is remembered. The next after him to earn the palm of valor were, it is said, two Lacedæmonian brothers, Alpheus and Maron, sons of Orsiphantus. The Thespian who gained most renown was one whose name was Dithyrambus, son of Harmatides.

All these, and they that died before any had departed at Leonidas' bidding, were buried where they fell, and there is an inscription over them, which is this:

Four thousand warriors, flower of Pelops' land,
Did here against three hundred myriads stand.

This is the inscription common to all; the Spartans have one for themselves:

Go tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here obedient to their words we lie.

That is for the Lacedæmonians, and this for the seer:

Here fought and fell Megistias, hero
brave,
Slain by the Medes, who crossed Spercheus' wave;
Well knew the seer his doom, but scorned to fly,
And rather chose with Sparta's king to die.

The inscriptions and the pillars were set there in their honor by the Amphictyons, except the epitaph of the diviner Megistias; that inscription was made for him for friendship's sake by Simonides son of Leoprepes.

SALAMIS

Being now wholly master of Athens, Xerxes sent a horseman to Susa to announce his present success to Artabanus. On the next day after the messenger was sent he called together the Athenian exiles who followed in his train, and bade them go up to the Acropolis and offer sacrifice after their manner, whether it was some vision seen of him in sleep that led him to give this charge, or that he repented of his burning of the temple. The Athenian exiles did as they were bidden.

I will now show wherefore I make mention of this: on that Acropolis there is a shrine of Erechtheus the Earthborn (as he is called), wherein is an olive tree, and a salt-pool, which (as the Athenians say) were set there by Poseidon and Athene as tokens of their contention for the land. Now it was so, that the olive tree was burnt with the temple by the foreigners; but on the day after its burning, when the Athenians bidden by the king to sacrifice went up to the temple, they saw a shoot of about a cubit's length sprung from the trunk; which thing they reported.

When it was told to the Greeks at Salamis what had befallen the Athenian Acropolis, they were so panic-struck that some of their captains would not wait till

the matter whereon they debated should be resolved, but threw themselves aboard their ships and hoisted their sails for flight. Those that were left behind resolved that the fleet should fight to guard the Isthmus; and at nightfall they broke up from the assembly and embarked.

Themistocles then being returned to his ship, Mnesiphilus, an Athenian, asked him what was the issue of their counsels. Learning from him that their plan was to sail to the Isthmus and fight in defence of the Peloponnese, 'Then,' said Mnesiphilus, 'if they put out to sea from Salamis, your ships will have no country left wherefor to fight; for everyone will betake himself to his own city, and neither Eurybiades, nor any other man, will be able to hold them, but the armament will be scattered abroad; and Hellas will perish by un wisdom. Nay, if there be any means thereto, go now and strive to undo this plan, if haply you may be able to persuade Eurybiades to change his purpose and so abide here. . . .'

The Greeks, believing at last the tale of the Tenians, made ready for battle. It was now earliest dawn, and they called the fighting men to an assembly, wherein Themistocles made an harangue in which he excelled all others; the tenor of his words was to array all the good in man's nature and estate against the evil; and having exhorted them to choose the better, he made an end of speaking and bade them embark. Even as they so did, came the trireme from Ægina which had been sent away for the Sons of Æacus.

With that the Greeks stood out to sea in full force, and as they stood out the foreigners straightway fell upon them. The rest of the Greeks began to back water and beach their ships; but Aminias of Pallene, an Athenian, pushed out to the front and charged a ship; which being entangled with his, and the two not able to be parted, the others did now come to Aminias' aid and joined battle. This is the Athenian story of the beginning of the fight; but the Æginetans say that the ship which began it was that one which had been sent away to Ægina for the Sons of Æacus. This story also is told,—that they saw the vision of a woman, who cried commands loud enough for all the Greek fleet to hear, uttering first this reproach, 'Sirs, what madness is this? how long will you still be backing water?'

The Phœnicians (for they had the western wing, towards Eleusis) were arrayed opposite to the Athenians, and to the Lacedæmonians the Ionians, on the eastern wing, nearest to Piræus. Yet but few of them fought slackly, as Themistocles had bidden them, and the more part did not so. Many names I could record of ships' captains that took Greek ships; but I will speak of none save Theomestor son of Androdamas and Phylacus son of Histiaæus, Samians both; and I make mention of these alone, because Theomestor was for this feat of arms made by the Persians despot of Samos, and Phylacus was recorded among the king's benefactors and given much land. These benefactors of the king are called in the Persian language, *oro-sangæ*.

Thus it was with these two; but the great multitude of the ships were shattered at Salamis, some destroyed by the Athenians and some by the Æginetans. For since the Greeks fought orderly and in array, but the foreigners were by now disordered and did nought of set purpose, it was but reason that they should come to such an end as befell them. Yet on that day they were and approved themselves by far better men than off Eubœa; all were zealous, and feared Xerxes, each man thinking that the king's eye was on him. . . .

The sea-fight being broken off, the Greeks towed to Salamis all the wrecks that were still afloat in those waters, and held themselves ready for another battle, thinking that the king would yet again use his ships that were left. But many of the wrecks were caught by a west wind and carried to the strand in Attica called Colias; so that not only was the rest of the prophecy fulfilled which had been uttered by Bacis and Musæus concerning that sea-fight, but also that which had been prophesied many years ago by an Athenian oracle-monger named Lysistratus, about the wrecks that were here cast ashore (the import of which prophecy no Greek had noted):

'Also the Colian dames shall roast their barley with oar-blades.'

But this was to happen after the king's departure.

When Xerxes was aware of the calamity that had befallen him, he feared lest the Greeks (by Ionian counsel or their own devising) might sail to the Hellespont to break his bridges, and he might be cut off in Europe and in peril of his life; and so he planned flight. But that neither the Greeks nor his own men might discover his intent, he essayed to build a mole across to Salamis, and made fast a line of Phœnician barges to be a floating bridge and a wall; and he made preparation for war, as though he would fight at sea again. The rest who saw him so doing were fully persuaded that he was in all earnestness prepared to remain there and carry on the war; but none of this deceived Mardonius, who had best experience of Xerxes' purposes.

While Xerxes did thus, he sent a messenger to Persia with news of his present misfortune. Now there is nothing mortal that accomplishes a course more swiftly than do these messengers, by the Persians' skilful contrivance. It is said that as many days as there are in the whole journey, so many are the men and horses that stand along the road, each horse and man at the interval of a day's journey; and these are stayed neither by snow nor rain nor heat nor darkness from accomplishing their appointed course with all speed. The first rider delivers his charge to the second, the second to the third, and thence it passes on from hand to hand, even as in the Greek torch-bearers' race in honor of Hephæstus. This riding-post is called in Persia, *angareion*.

When the first message came to Susa, telling that Xerxes had taken Athens, it gave such delight to the Persians who were left at home that they strewed all the roads with myrtle boughs and burnt incense and gave themselves up to sacrificial feasts and jollity; but the second, coming on the heels of the first, so confounded them that they all rent their tunics, and cried and lamented without ceasing, holding Mardonius to blame; and it was not so much in grief for their ships that they did this as because they feared for Xerxes himself.

THUCYDIDES (471-400 B.C.)

Thucydides the Athenian, well educated, living in highly intellectual times, forty years old at the outbreak of the Peloponnesian war (431-404), smitten by the plague in 430 and recovering, in 424 commander of seven ships in an attempt to relieve Amphipolis in Thrace, because of his failure exiled for twenty years, associating, as he says, no less with Peloponnesians than with Athenians as he observed the course of events—was well qualified by experience for the writing of his eight famous books, not quite finished when death came upon him. To his experience were added a keenness of intellect, a philosophical earnestness, and a gift of rugged, concentrated, and vigorous expression that gave his work, in spite of its austere sobriety, a deeply emotional character. Thucydides is one of the gravest, the most impartial, the most impersonal, and the most reserved of historians, yet the story of the great war as it flows from his pen, with its panorama of operations yearly on land and sea, its characterizations of men and movements in the forty-one careful speeches placed in the mouths of representative figures, and, above all, its tragic turns of fortune, is one of the world's most moving narratives. It has none of the gossip, inconsequential digression and sunny negligence that conciliate the reader of Herodotus. It has the stateliness and solemnity, the moral austerity, the vividness of action and speech, the catastrophic changes, the pathos, and the universality, of great tragedy. It is not only an assemblage of facts on which we may rely, and the first scientific history, but, because together with ordinary fact it takes account of the virtues and vices of mankind as determinant factors in history, it is a great human document, and has deserved its place as a model for the historian.

The translation by Charles Forster Smith, lifelong student and teacher of Thucydides, preserves admirably the gravity and reserve of the original, and is especially successful in the elevated passages. Loeb Library extracts are used with the consent of the translator.

THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR

THE AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

THUCYDIDES, an Athenian, wrote the history of the war waged by the Peloponnesians and the Athenians against one another. He began the task at the very outset of the war, in the belief that it would be great and noteworthy above all the wars that had gone before, inferring this from the fact that both powers were then at their best in preparedness for war in every way, and seeing the rest of the Hellenic race taking sides with one state or the other, some at once, others planning to do so. For this was the greatest movement that had ever stirred the Hellenes, extending also to some of the Barbarians, one might say even to a very large part of mankind. Indeed, as to the events of the period just preceding this, and those of a still earlier date, it was impossible to get clear information on account of lapse of time; but from evidence which, on pushing my inquiries to the furthest point, I find that I can trust, I think that they were not really great either as regards the wars then waged or in other particulars.

As to the speeches that were made by different men, either when they were about to begin the war or when they were already engaged therein, it has been difficult to recall with strict accuracy the words actually spoken, both for me as regards that which I myself heard, and for those who from various other sources have brought me reports. Therefore the speeches are given in the language in which, as it seemed to me, the several speakers would express, on the subjects under consideration, the sentiments most befitting the occasion, though at the same time I have adhered as closely as possible to the general sense of what was actually said. But as to the facts of the occurrences of the war, I have thought it my duty to give them, not as ascertained from any chance informant nor as seemed to me probable, but only after investigating with the greatest possible accuracy each detail, in the case both of the events in which I myself participated and of those regarding which I got my information from others. And the endeavor to ascertain these facts was a laborious task, because those who were eye-witnesses of the several events did not

give the same reports about the same things, but reports varying according to their championship of one side or the other, or according to their recollection. And it may well be that the absence of the fabulous from my narrative will seem less pleasing to the ear; but whoever shall wish to have a clear view both of the events which have happened and of those which will some day, in all human probability, happen again in the same or a similar way—for these to adjudge my history profitable will be enough for me. And, indeed, it has been composed, not as a prize-essay to be heard for the moment, but as a possession for all time.

The greatest achievement of former times was the Persian war, and yet this was quickly decided in two sea-fights and two land-battles. But the Peloponnesian war was protracted to a great length, and in the course of it disasters befell Hellas the like of which had never occurred in any equal space of time. Never had so many cities been taken and left desolate, some by the Barbarians, and others by Hellenes themselves warring against one another; while several, after their capture, underwent a change of inhabitants. Never had so many human beings been exiled, or so much human blood been shed, whether in the course of the war itself or as the result of civil dissensions. And so the stories of former times, handed down by oral tradition, but very rarely confirmed by fact, ceased to be incredible: about earthquakes, for instance, for they prevailed over a very large part of the earth and were likewise of the greatest violence; eclipses of the sun, which occurred at more frequent intervals than we find recorded of all former times; great droughts also in some quarters with resultant famines; and lastly—the disaster which wrought most harm to Hellas and destroyed a considerable part of the people—the noisome pestilence. For all these disasters fell upon them simultaneously with this war. And the war began when the Athenians and Peloponnesians broke the thirty years' truce, concluded between them after the capture of Eubœa. The reasons why they broke it and the grounds of their quarrel I have first set forth, that no one may ever have to inquire for what cause the Hellenes became involved in so great a war. The truest explanation, although it has been the least often advanced, I be-

lieve to have been the growth of the Athenians to greatness, which brought fear to the Lacedæmonians and forced them to war. But the reasons publicly alleged on either side which led them to break the truce and involved them in the war were as follows.

10 ATHENIANS AND SPARTANS CHARACTERIZED

Then the Lacedæmonians sent out a summons to all the other allies who claimed to have suffered any wrong at the hands of the Athenians, and calling their own customary assembly bade them speak. Others came forward and stated their several complaints, and particularly the Megarians, who presented a great many other grievances, and chiefly this, that they were excluded from the harbors throughout the Athenian dominions and from the Athenian market, contrary to the treaty. Lastly the Corinthians, after they had first allowed the others to exasperate the Lacedæmonians, spoke as follows:—

‘That spirit of trust which marks your domestic policy, O Lacedæmonians, and your relations with one another, renders you more mistrustful if we bring any charge against others, and thus while this quality gives you sobriety, yet because of it you betray a want of understanding in dealing with affairs abroad. For example, although we warned you time and again of the injury the Athenians were intending to do us, you refused to accept the information we kept giving you, but preferred to direct your suspicions against the speakers, feeling that they were actuated by their own private interests. And this is the reason why you did not act before we got into trouble, but it is only when we are in the midst of it that you have summoned these allies, among whom it is especially fitting that we should speak, inasmuch as we have the gravest accusations to bring, insulted as we have long been by the Athenians and neglected by you. And if they were wronging Hellas in some underhand way, you might have needed additional information on the ground of your ignorance; but as the case stands, what need is there of a long harangue, when you see that they have enslaved some of us and are plotting against others, notably against your own

allies, and that they have long been making their preparations with a view to the contingency of war? For otherwise they would not have purloined Corcyra, which they still hold in despite of us, and would not be besieging Potidæa—one of these being a most strategic point for operations on the Thracian coast, while the other would have furnished a very large fleet to the Peloponnesians.

And the blame for all this belongs to you, for you permitted them in the first instance to strengthen their city after the Persian war, and afterwards to build their Long Walls, while up to this very hour you are perpetually defrauding of their freedom not only those who have been enslaved by them, but now even your own allies also. For the state which has reduced others to slavery does not in a more real fashion enslave them than the state which has power to prevent it, and yet looks carelessly on, although claiming as its preëminent distinction that it is the liberator of Hellas. And now at last we have with difficulty managed to come together, though even now without a clearly defined purpose. For we ought no longer to be considering whether we are wronged, but how we are to avenge our wrongs. For where men are men of action, it is with resolved plans against those who have come to no decision, it is at once and without waiting, that they advance. We know too by what methods the Athenians move against their neighbors—that it is here a little and there a little. And as long as they think that, owing to your want of perception, they are undetected, they are less bold; but once let them learn that you are aware but complaisant, and they will press on with vigor. For indeed, O Lacedæmonians, you alone of the Hellenes pursue a passive policy, defending yourselves against aggression, not by the use of your power, but by your intention to use it; and you alone propose to destroy your enemies' power, not at its inception, but when it is doubling itself. And yet you had the reputation of running no risks; but with you, it would seem, repute goes beyond reality. For example, the Persian, as we ourselves know, came from the ends of the earth as far as the Peloponnesus before your forces went forth to withstand him in a manner worthy of your power; and now you regard with indifference the Athenians who are not afar

off, as the Persian was, but near at hand, and instead of attacking them yourselves, you prefer to ward them off when they attack, and incur hazard by joining in a struggle with opponents who have become far more powerful. Yet you know that the Barbarian failed mostly by his own fault, and that in our struggles with the Athenians themselves we have so far often owed our successes rather to their own errors than to any aid received from you; indeed, it is the hopes they have placed in you that have already ruined more than one state that was unprepared just because of trust in you. And let no one of you think that these things are said more out of hostile feeling than by way of complaint; for complaint is against friends that err, but accusation against enemies that have inflicted an injury.

And besides, we have the right, we think, if any men have, to find fault with our neighbors, especially since the interests at stake for us are important. To these interests it seems to us at least that you are insensible, and that you have never even fully considered what sort of men the Athenians are with whom you will have to fight, and how very, how utterly, different they are from you. For they are given to innovation and quick to form plans and to put their decisions into execution, whereas you are disposed merely to keep what you have, to devise nothing new, and, when you do take action, not to carry to completion even what is indispensable. Again, they are bold beyond their strength, venturesome beyond their better judgment, and sanguine in the face of dangers; while your way is to do less than your strength warrants, to distrust even what your judgment is sure of, and when dangers come to despair of deliverance. Nay more, they are prompt in decision, while you are dilatory; they stir abroad, while you are perfect stay-at-homes; for they expect by absence from home to gain something, while you are afraid that, if you go out after something, you may imperil even what you have. If victorious over their enemies, they pursue their advantage to the utmost; if beaten, they fall back as little as possible. Moreover, they use their bodies in the service of their country as though they were the bodies of quite other men, but their minds as though they were wholly their own, so as to accomplish anything on her behalf. And

whenever they have conceived a plan but fail to carry it to fulfilment, they think themselves robbed of a possession of their own; and whenever they go after a thing and obtain it, they consider that they have accomplished but little in comparison with what the future has in store for them; but if it so happens that they try a thing and fail, they form new hopes instead and thus make up the loss. For with them alone is it the same thing to hope for and to attain when once they conceive a plan, for the reason that they swiftly undertake whatever they determine upon. In this way they toil, with hardships and dangers, all their life long; and least of all men they enjoy what they have because they are always seeking more, because they think their only holiday is to do their duty, and because they regard untroubled peace as a far greater calamity than laborious activity. Therefore if a man should sum up and say that they were born neither to have peace themselves nor to let other men have it, he would simply speak the truth.

'And yet, although you have such a state ranged against you, O Lacedæmonians, you go on delaying and forget that a peaceful policy suffices long only for those who, while they employ their military strength only for just ends, yet by their spirit show plainly that they will not put up with it if they are treated with injustice; whereas you practise fair dealing on the principle of neither giving offense to others nor exposing yourselves to injury in self-defense. But it would be difficult to carry out such a policy successfully if you had as neighbor a state just like yourselves; whereas now, as we have just shown, your practices are old-fashioned as compared with theirs. But in politics, as in the arts, the new must always prevail over the old. It is true that when a state is at peace the established practices are best left unmodified, but when men are compelled to enter into many undertakings there is need of much improvement in method. It is for this reason that the government of the Athenians, because they have undertaken many things, has undergone greater change than yours.

'Here, then, let your dilatoriness end; at this moment succor both the Potidæans and the rest of your allies, as you promised to do, by invading Attica without delay, that you may not betray your friends

and kinsmen to their bitterest enemies, and drive the rest of us in despair to seek some other alliance. If we took such a course we should be committing no wrong either in the sight of the gods we have sworn by or of men of understanding; for treaties are broken not by those who when left unsupported join others, but by those who fail to succor allies they have sworn to aid. But if you mean to be zealous allies we will stay; for in that case we should be guilty of impiety if we changed our friends, nor should we find others more congenial. In view of these things, be well advised, and make it your endeavor that the Peloponnesian league shall be no weaker under your leadership than when you inherited it from your fathers. . . .'

But Archidamus their king, a man reputed to be both sagacious and prudent, came forward and spoke as follows:

'I have both myself, Lacedæmonians, had experience in my day of many wars, and I see men among you who are as old as I am; no one of them, therefore, is eager for war through lack of experience, as would be the case with most men, nor because he thinks it a good or a safe thing. And you would find that this war about which you are now deliberating is likely to prove no trifling matter, if one should reflect upon it soberly. For in a contest with the Peloponnesians or the neighboring states our power is of the same type with theirs and we can be upon them quickly at every point; but when opposed to men whose territory is far away, who besides are beyond all others experienced in seamanship and are best equipped in all other respects, with wealth both private and public, ships, horses, arms and a larger population than is to be found in any other single district in Hellas, who have, moreover, numerous allies subject to tribute—against such men why should we lightly take up arms? In what do we place our trust that we should attack them unprepared? In our ships? But there we are inferior; and if we train and make ourselves ready to encounter them, that will take time. In our wealth then? But in that respect we are still more deficient, neither having money in the treasury of the state nor finding it easy to raise money from our private resources by taxation.

'Perhaps some of us are emboldened by our superiority in hoplites and numbers, which enables us freely to invade and lay

waste their territory. But there is other territory in plenty over which they hold sway, and they will import by sea whatever they need. And if, on the other hand, we try to induce their allies to revolt, we shall have in addition to protect them with a fleet, since they are chiefly islanders. What then will be the character of the war we shall be waging? Unless we can either win the mastery on the sea or cut off the revenues by which they support their navy, we shall get the worst of it. And, if it comes to that, we can no longer even conclude an honorable peace, especially if it is believed that we rather than they began the quarrel. For we assuredly must not be buoyed up by any such hope as that the war will soon be over if we but ravage their territory. I fear rather that we shall even bequeath it to our children, so improbable it is that the Athenians, high spirited as they are, will either make themselves vassals to their land, or, like novices, become panic-stricken at the war. . . .

'And let no man think it pusillanimous that many states should hesitate to attack a single city. For they also have allies not less numerous than ours who pay tribute; and war is a matter not so much of arms as of money, for it is money alone that makes arms serviceable, especially when an inland opposes a maritime power. Let us therefore provide ourselves with money first, instead of being carried away prematurely by the eloquence of our allies; and, just as it is we who shall bear the greater part of the responsibility for the consequences, whether for good or evil, so let it be our task also calmly to get some forecast of them.

'And so be not ashamed of the slowness and dilatoriness for which they censure us most; for speed in beginning may mean delay in ending, because you went into the war without preparation, and, moreover, in consequence of our policy we have ever inhabited a city at once free and of fairest fame. And, after all, this trait in us may well be in the truest sense intelligent self-control, for by reason of it we alone do not become insolent in prosperity or succumb to adversity as much as others do; and when men try to goad us by praise into dangerous enterprises against our better judgment, we are not carried away by their flattery, or, if anyone goes so far as to attempt to provoke us to action by in-

vective, we are none the more moved to compliance through vexation. Indeed, it is because of our orderly temper that we are brave in war and wise in counsel—brave in war, because self-control is the chief element in self-respect, and respect of self, in turn, is the chief element in courage; and wise in counsel, because we are educated too rudely to despise the laws and with too much severity of discipline to disobey them, and not to be so ultraclever in useless accomplishments as to disparage our enemy's military preparations in brave words and then fail to go through with the business with corresponding deeds, but rather to consider that the designs of our neighbors are very much like our own and that what may befall from fortune cannot be determined by speeches. But it is our way always to make our preparations by deeds, on the presumption that we go against opponents who are wise in counsel; and we ought never to build our hopes on the chance that they are going to make mistakes, but on the belief that we ourselves are taking safe precautions. And we must not believe that man differs much from man, but that he is best who is trained in the severest discipline.

'These are the practices which our fathers bequeathed to us and we ourselves have maintained from the beginning to our profit; let us not abandon them, nor allow ourselves in a small portion of one day to be hurried into a decision which involves many lives, much money, many cities and a good name; but let us deliberate at our leisure. And this course is permitted to us more than to the supporters of the other view because of our strength. And send envoys to the Athenians to take up the question of Potidaea, and also to take up the matters wherein our allies claim that they are wronged. The chief reason for this is that they are ready to submit to arbitration, and it is not lawful to proceed forthwith against one who offers arbitration as though against a wrong-doer. But all the while prepare yourselves for the war. This decision will be best for yourselves and will inspire most fear in your foes.'

Thus spoke Archidamus, and finally Sthenelaidas, one of the ephors at that time, came forward and addressed the Lacedæmonians as follows:

'The long speeches of the Athenians I cannot understand; for though they in-

indulged in much praise of themselves, they
 nowhere denied that they are wronging
 our allies and the Peloponnesus. And yet,
 if they conducted themselves well against
 the Persians in former times but are now
 conducting themselves ill toward us, they
 deserve two-fold punishment, because they
 used to be good and have become bad.
 But we are the same now as we were then,
 and if we are in our right minds, we
 shall not permit our allies to be wronged
 or even put off avenging their wrongs,
 since they cannot longer put off suffering
 them. Others, indeed, may have money
 in abundance and ships and horses, but we
 have brave allies, and they must not be
 delivered over to the Athenians; nor must
 we seek redress by means of legal pro-
 cesses and words when it is not in word
 only that we ourselves are being injured,
 but we must avenge them speedily and
 with all our might. And let no man tell
 us that it befits us to deliberate when a
 wrong is being done us; nay, it befits
 rather those who intend to do us a wrong
 to deliberate a long time. Vote, there-
 fore, Lacedæmonians, for the war as be-
 seems the dignity of Sparta, and do not
 permit the Athenians to become too great;
 and let us not prove false to our allies,
 but let us with the favor of the gods go
 against the wrong-doer.'

When Sthenelaidas had thus spoken, he
 himself, since he was an ephor, put the
 vote to the assembly of the Lacedæmon-
 ians. Now in their voting they usually
 decide by shout and not by ballot, but
 Sthenelaidas said that he could not dis-
 tinguish which shout was the louder, and
 wishing to make the assembly more eager
 for war by a clear demonstration of their
 sentiment, he said: 'Whoever of you,
 Lacedæmonians, thinks that the treaty has
 been broken and the Athenians are doing
 wrong, let him rise and go to yonder spot
 (pointing to a certain spot), and whoever
 thinks otherwise, to the other side.' Then
 they rose and divided, and those who
 thought the treaty had been broken were
 found to be in a large majority.

THE UNBURIED SOLDIER

In the course of the same winter the
 Athenians, following the custom of their
 fathers, celebrated at the public expense
 the funeral rites of the first who had fallen

in this war. The ceremony is as follows.
 The bones of the departed lie in state for
 the space of three days in a tent erected
 for that purpose, and each one brings to
 his own dead any offering he desires. On
 the day of the funeral coffins of cypress
 wood are borne on wagons, one for each
 tribe, and the bones of each are in the
 coffin of his tribe. One empty bier, cov-
 ered with a pall, is carried in the proces-
 sion for the missing whose bodies could
 not be found for burial. Any one who
 wishes, whether citizen or stranger, may
 take part in the funeral procession, and
 the women who are related to the de-
 ceased are present at the burial and make
 lamentation. The coffins are laid in the
 public sepulchre, which is situated in the
 most beautiful suburb of the city; there
 they always bury those fallen in war,
 except indeed those who fell at Mara-
 thon; for their valor the Athenians judged
 to be preëminent and they buried them on
 the spot where they fell. But when the
 remains have been laid away in the earth,
 a man chosen by the state, who is re-
 garded as best endowed with wisdom and
 is foremost in public esteem, delivers over
 them an appropriate eulogy. After this
 the people depart. In this manner they
 bury; and throughout the war, whenever
 occasion arose, they observed this custom.
 Now over these, the first victims of the
 war, Pericles son of Xanthippus was
 chosen to speak. And when the proper
 time came, he advanced from the sepulchre
 and took his stand upon a platform which
 had been built high in order that his voice
 might reach as far as possible in the
 throng, and spoke as follows:

THE FUNERAL ORATION

'Most of those who have spoken here in
 the past have commended the law-giver
 who added this oration to our ceremony,
 feeling that it is meet and right that it
 should be spoken at their burial over those
 who have fallen in war. To me, however,
 it would have seemed sufficient, when men
 have proved themselves brave by valiant
 acts, by act only to make manifest the
 honors we render them—such honors as
 to-day you have witnessed in connection
 with these funeral ceremonies solemnized
 by the state—and not that the valor of
 many men should be hazarded on one man

to be believed or not according as he spoke well or ill. For it is a hard matter to speak in just measure on an occasion where it is with difficulty that belief in the speaker's accuracy is established. For the hearer who is cognizant of the facts and partial to the dead will perhaps think that scant justice has been done in comparison with his own wishes and his own knowledge, while he who is not so informed, whenever he hears of an exploit which goes beyond his own capacity, will be led by envy to think there is some exaggeration. And indeed eulogies of other men are tolerable only in so far as each hearer thinks that he too has the ability to perform any of the exploits of which he hears; but whatever goes beyond that at once excites envy and unbelief. However, since our forefathers approved of this practice as right and proper, I also, rendering obedience to the law, must endeavor to the best of my ability to satisfy the wishes and beliefs of each of you.

I shall speak first of our ancestors, for it is right and at the same time fitting, on an occasion like this, to give them this place of honor in recalling what they did. For this land of ours, in which the same people have never ceased to dwell in an unbroken line of successive generations, they by their valor transmitted to our times a free state. And not only are they worthy of our praise, but our fathers still more; for they, adding to the inheritance which they received, acquired the empire we now possess and bequeathed it, not without toil, to us who are alive to-day. And we ourselves here assembled, who are now for the most part still in the prime of life, have further strengthened the empire in most respects and have provided our city with all resources, so that it is sufficient for itself both in peace and in war. The military exploits whereby our several possessions were acquired, whether in any case it were we ourselves or our fathers that valiantly repelled the onset of war, Barbarian or Hellenic, I will not recall, for I have no desire to speak at length among those who know. But I shall first set forth by what sort of training we have come to our present position, and with what political institutions and as the result of what manner of life our empire became great, and afterwards proceed to the praise of these men; for I think that on the present occasion such a recital will

be not inappropriate and that the whole throng, both of citizens and of strangers, may with advantage listen to it.

'We live under a form of government which does not emulate the institutions of our neighbors; on the contrary, we are ourselves a model which some follow, rather than the imitators of other peoples. It is true that our government is called a democracy, because its administration is in the hands, not of the few, but of the many; yet while as regards the law all men are on an equality for the settlement of their private disputes, as regards the value set on them it is as each man is in any way distinguished that he is preferred to public honors, not because he belongs to a particular class, but because of personal merits; nor, again, on the ground of poverty is a man barred from a public career by obscurity of rank if he but has it in him to do the state a service. And not only in our public life are we liberal, but also as regards our freedom from suspicion of one another in the pursuits of every-day life; for we do not feel resentment at our neighbor if he does as he likes, nor yet do we put on sour looks which, though harmless, are painful to behold. But while we thus avoid giving offense in our private intercourse, in our public life we are restrained from lawlessness chiefly through reverent fear, for we render obedience to those in authority and to the laws, and especially to those laws which are ordained for the succor of the oppressed and those which, though unwritten, bring upon the transgressor a disgrace which all men recognize.

'Moreover, we have provided for the spirit many relaxations from toil; we have games and sacrifices regularly throughout the year and homes fitted out with good taste and elegance; and the delight we each day find in these things drives away sadness. And our city is so great that all the products of all the earth flow in upon us, and ours is the happy lot to gather in the good fruits of our own soil with no more home-felt security of enjoyment than we do those of other lands.

'We are also superior to our opponents in our system of training for warfare, and this in the following respects. In the first place, we throw our city open to all the world and we never by exclusion acts debar any one from learning or seeing anything which an enemy might profit by

observing if it were not kept from his sight; for we place our dependence, not so much upon prearranged devices to deceive, as upon the courage which springs from our own souls when we are called to action. And again, in the matter of education, whereas they from early childhood by a laborious discipline make pursuit of manly courage, we with our unrestricted mode of life are none the less ready to meet any equality of hazard. And here is the proof: When the Lacedæmonians invade our territory they do not come alone but bring all their confederates with them, whereas we, going by ourselves against our neighbors' territory, generally have no difficulty, though fighting on foreign soil against men who are defending their own homes, in overcoming them in battle. And in fact our united forces no enemy has ever yet met, not only because we are constantly attending to the needs of our navy, but also because on land we send our troops on many enterprises; but if they by chance engage with a division of our forces and defeat a few of us, they boast that they have repulsed us all, and if the victory is ours, they claim that they have been beaten by us all. If, then, by taking our ease rather than by laborious training and depending on a courage which springs more from manner of life than compulsion of laws, we are ready to meet dangers, the gain is all ours, in that we do not borrow trouble by anticipating miseries which are not yet at hand, and when we come to the test we show ourselves fully as brave as those who are always toiling; and so our city is worthy of admiration in these respects, as well as in others.

'For we are lovers of beauty yet with no extravagance and lovers of wisdom yet without weakness. Wealth we employ rather as an opportunity for action than as a subject for boasting; and with us it is not a shame for a man to acknowledge poverty, but the greater shame is for him not to do his best to avoid it. And you will find united in the same persons an interest at once in private and in public affairs, and in others of us who give attention chiefly to business, you will find no lack of insight into political matters. For we alone regard the man who takes no part in public affairs, not as one who minds his own business, but as good for nothing, and we Athenians decide public

questions for ourselves or at least endeavor to arrive at a sound understanding of them, in the belief that it is not debate that is a hindrance to action, but rather not to be instructed by debate before the time comes for action. For in truth we have this point also of superiority over other men, to be most daring in action and yet at the same time most given to reflection upon the ventures we mean to undertake; with other men, on the contrary, boldness means ignorance and reflection brings hesitation. And they would rightly be adjudged most courageous who, realizing most clearly the pains no less than the pleasures involved, do not on that account turn away from danger. Again, in nobility of spirit, we stand in sharp contrast to most men; for it is not by receiving kindness, but by conferring it, that we acquire our friends. Now he who confers the favor is a firmer friend, in that he is disposed, by continued goodwill toward the recipient, to keep the feeling of obligation alive in him; but he who owes it is more listless in his friendship, knowing that when he repays the kindness it will count, not as a favor bestowed, but as a debt repaid. And, finally, we alone confer our benefits without fear of consequences, not upon a calculation of the advantage we shall gain, but with confidence in the spirit of liberality which actuates us.

'In a word, then, I say that our city as a whole is the school of Hellas, and that, as it seems to me, each individual amongst us could in his own person, with the utmost grace and versatility, prove himself self-sufficient in the most varied forms of activity. And that this is no mere boast inspired by the occasion, but actual truth, is attested by the very power of our city, a power which we have acquired in consequence of these qualities. For Athens alone among her contemporaries, when put to the test, is superior to the report of her, and she alone neither affords to the enemy who comes against her cause for irritation at the character of the foe by whom he is defeated, nor to her subject cause for complaint that his masters are unworthy. Many are the proofs which we have given of our power and assuredly it does not lack witnesses, and therefore we shall be the wonder not only of the men of to-day but of after times; we shall need no Homer to sing our praise nor

any other poet whose verses may perhaps delight for the moment but whose presentation of the facts will be discredited by the truth. Nay, we have compelled every sea and every land to grant access to our daring, and have everywhere planted everlasting memorials both of evil to foes and of good to friends. Such, then, is the city for which these men nobly fought and died, deeming it their duty not to let her be taken from them; and it is fitting that every man who is left behind should suffer willingly for her sake.

'It is for this reason that I have dwelt upon the greatness of our city; for I have desired to show you that we are contending for a higher prize than those who do not enjoy such privileges in like degree, and at the same time to let the praise of these men in whose honor I am now speaking be made manifest by proofs. Indeed, the greatest part of their praise has already been spoken; for when I lauded the city, that was but the praise where-with the brave deeds of these men and men like them have already adorned her; and there are not many Hellenes whose fame would be found, like theirs, evenly balanced with their deeds. And it seems to me that such a death as these men died gives proof enough of manly courage, whether as first revealing it or as affording its final confirmation. Aye, even in the case of those who in other ways fell short of goodness, it is but right that the valor with which they fought for their country should be set before all else; for they have blotted out evil with good and have bestowed a greater benefit by their service to the state than they have done harm by their private lives. And no one of these men either so set his heart upon the continued enjoyment of wealth as to become a coward, or put off the dreadful day, yielding to the hope which poverty inspires, that if he could but escape it he might yet become rich; but, deeming the punishment of the foe to be more desirable than these things, and at the same time regarding such a hazard as the most glorious of all, they chose, accepting the hazard, to be avenged upon the enemy and to relinquish these other things, trusting to hope the still obscure possibilities of success, but in action, as to the issue that was before their eyes, confidently relying upon themselves. And then when the moment of combat came, thinking it better

to defend themselves and suffer death rather than to yield and save their lives, they fled, indeed, from the shameful word of dishonor, but with life and limb stood stoutly to their task, and in the brief instant ordained by fate, at the crowning moment not of fear but of glory, they passed away.

'And so these men then bore themselves after a manner that befits our city; but you who survive, though you may pray that it be with less hazard, should resolve that you will have a spirit to meet the foe which is no whit less courageous; and you must estimate the advantage of such a spirit not alone by a speaker's words, for he could make a long story in telling you—what you yourselves know as well as he—all the advantages that are to be gained by warding off the foe. Nay rather you must daily fix your gaze upon the power of Athens and become lovers of her, and when the vision of her greatness has inspired you, reflect that all this has been acquired by men of courage who knew their duty and in the hour of conflict were moved by a high sense of honor, who, if ever they failed in any enterprise, were resolved that at least their country should not find herself deserted by their valor, but freely sacrificed to her the fairest offering it was in their power to give. For they gave their lives for the common weal, and in so doing won for themselves the praise which grows not old and the most distinguished of all sepulchres—not that in which they lie buried, but that in which their glory survives in everlasting remembrance, celebrated on every occasion which gives rise to word of eulogy or deed of emulation. For the whole world is the sepulchre of famous men, and it is not the epitaph upon monuments set up in their own land that alone commemorates them, but also in lands not their own there abides in each breast an unwritten memorial of them, planted in the heart rather than graven on stone. Do you, therefore, now make these men your examples, and judging freedom to be happiness and courage to be freedom, be not too anxious about the dangers of war. For it is not those that are in evil plight who have the best excuse for being unsparing of their lives, for they have no hope of better days, but rather those who run the risk, if they continue to live, of the opposite reversal of

fortune, and those to whom it makes the greatest difference if they suffer a disaster. For to a manly spirit more bitter is humiliation associated with cowardice than death when it comes unperceived in close company with stalwart deeds and public hopes.

'Wherefore, I do not commiserate the parents of these men, as many of you as are present here, but will rather try to comfort them. For they know that their lives have been passed amid manifold vicissitudes; and it is to be accounted good fortune when men win, even as these now, a most glorious death—and you a like grief—and when life has been meted out to them to be happy in no less than to die in. It will be difficult, I know, to persuade you of the truth of this, when you will constantly be reminded of your loss by seeing others in the enjoyment of blessings in which you too once took delight; and grief, I know, is felt, not for the want of the good things which a man has never known, but for what is taken away from him after he has once become accustomed to it. But those of you who are still of an age to have offspring should bear up in the hope of other children; for not only to many of you individually will the children that are born hereafter be a cause of forgetfulness of those who are gone, but the state also will reap a double advantage—it will not be left desolate and it will be secure. For they cannot possibly offer fair and impartial counsel who, having no children to hazard, do not have an equal part in the risk. But as for you who have passed your prime, count as gain the greater portion of your life during which you were fortunate and remember that the remainder will be short; and be comforted by the fair fame of these your sons. For the love of honor alone is untouched by age, and when one comes to the ineffectual period of life it is not "gain" as some say, that gives the greater satisfaction, but honor.

'But for such of you here present as are sons and brothers of these men, I see the greatness of the conflict that awaits you—for the dead are always praised—and even were you to attain to surpassing virtue, hardly would you be judged, I will not say their equals, but even a little inferior. For there is envy of the living on account of rivalry, but that which has been removed from our path is honored

with a good-will that knows no antagonism.

'If I am to speak also of womanly virtues, referring to those of you who will henceforth be in widowhood, I will sum up all in a brief admonition: Great is your glory if you fall not below the standard which nature has set for your sex, and great also is hers of whom there is least talk among men whether in praise or in blame.

'I have now spoken, in obedience to the law, such words as I had that were fitting, and those whom we are burying have already in part also received their tribute in our deeds; besides, the state will henceforth maintain their children at the public expense until they grow to manhood, thus offering both to the dead and to their survivors a crown of substantial worth as their prize in such contests. For where the prizes offered for virtue are greatest, there are found the best citizens. And now, when you have made due lament, each for his own dead, depart.'

Such were the funeral ceremonies that took place during this winter, the close of which brought the first year of this war to an end.

THE GREAT PLAGUE

At the very beginning of summer the Peloponnesians and their allies, with two-thirds of their forces as before, invaded Attica, under the command of Archidamus, son of Zeuxidamus, king of the Lacedæmonians, and establishing themselves proceeded to ravage the country. And before they had been many days in Attica the plague began for the first time to show itself among the Athenians. It is said, indeed, to have broken out before in many places, both in Lemnos and elsewhere, though no pestilence of such extent nor any scourge so destructive of human lives is on record anywhere. For neither were physicians able to cope with the disease, since they at first had to treat it without knowing its nature, the mortality among them being greatest because they were most exposed to it, nor did any other human art avail. And the supplications made at sanctuaries, or appeals to oracles and the like, were all futile, and at last men desisted from them, overcome by the calamity.

The disease began, it is said, in Ethiopia beyond Egypt, and then descended into Egypt and Libya and spread over the greater part of the King's territory. Then it suddenly fell upon the city of Athens, and attacked first the inhabitants of the Peiræus, so that the people there even said that the Peloponnesians had put poison in their cisterns; for there were as yet no public fountains there. But afterwards it reached the upper city also, and from that time the mortality became much greater. Now any one, whether physician or layman, may, each according to his personal opinion, speak about its probable origin and state the causes which, in his view, were sufficient to have produced so great a departure from normal conditions: but I shall describe its actual course, explaining the symptoms, from the study of which a person should be best able, having knowledge of it beforehand, to recognize it if it should ever break out again. For I had the disease myself and saw others sick of it. . . .

Such, then, was the general nature of the disease; for I pass over many of the unusual symptoms, since it chanced to affect one man differently as compared with another. And while the plague lasted there were none of the usual complaints, though if any did occur it ended in this. Sometimes death was due to neglect, but sometimes it occurred in spite of careful nursing. And no one remedy was found, I may say, which was sure to bring relief to those applying it—for what helped one man hurt another—and no constitution, as it proved, was of itself sufficient against it, whether as regards physical strength or weakness, but it carried off all without distinction, even those tended with all medical care. And the most dreadful thing about the whole malady was not only the despondency of the victims, when they once became aware that they were sick, for their minds straightway yielded to despair and they gave themselves up for lost instead of resisting, but also the fact that they became infected by nursing one another and died like sheep. And this caused the heaviest mortality; for if, on the one hand, they were restrained by fear from visiting one another, the sick perished uncared for, so that many houses were left empty through lack of anyone to do the nursing; or if, on the other hand, they visited the sick, they perished, espe-

cially those who made any pretensions to goodness. For these made it a point of honor to visit their friends without sparing themselves at a time when the very relatives of the dying, overwhelmed by the magnitude of the calamity, were growing weary even of making their lamentations. But still it was more often those who had recovered who had pity for the dying and the sick, because they had learnt what it meant and were themselves by this time confident of immunity; for the disease never attacked the same man a second time, at least not with fatal results. And they were not only congratulated by everybody else, but themselves, in the excess of their joy at the moment, cherished also a fond fancy with regard to the rest of their lives that they would never be carried off by any other disease.

But in addition to the trouble under which they already labored, the Athenians suffered further hardship owing to the crowding into the city of the people from the country districts; and this affected the new arrivals especially. For since no houses were available for them and they had to live in huts that were stifling in the hot season, they perished in wild disorder. Bodies of dying men lay one upon another, and half-dead people rolled about in the streets and, in their longing for water, near all the fountains. The temples, too, in which they had quartered themselves were full of the corpses of those who had died in them; for the calamity which weighed upon them was so overpowering that men, not knowing what was to become of them, became careless of all law, sacred as well as profane. And the customs which they had hitherto observed regarding burial were all thrown into confusion, and they buried their dead each one as he could. And many resorted to shameless modes of burial because so many members of their households had already died that they lacked the proper funeral materials. Resorting to other people's pyres, some, anticipating those who had raised them, would put on their own dead and kindle the fire; others would throw the body they were carrying upon one which was already burning and go away.

In other respects also the plague first introduced into the city a greater lawlessness. For where men hitherto practised

concealment, that they were not acting purely after their pleasure, they now showed a more careless daring. They saw how sudden was the change of fortune in the case both of those who were prosperous and suddenly died, and of those who before had nothing but in a moment were in possession of the property of the others. And so they resolved to get out of life the pleasures which could be had speedily and would satisfy their lusts, regarding their bodies and their wealth alike as transitory. And no one was eager to practise self-denial in prospect of what was esteemed honor, because everyone thought that it was doubtful whether he would live to attain it, but the pleasure of the moment and whatever was in any way conducive to it came to be regarded as at once honorable and expedient. No fear of gods or law of men restrained; for, on the one hand, seeing that all men were perishing alike, they judged that piety and impiety came to the same thing, and, on the other, no one expected that he would live to be called to account and pay the penalty of his misdeeds. On the contrary, they believed that the penalty already decreed against them, and now hanging over their heads, was a far heavier one, and that before this fell it was only reasonable to get some enjoyment out of life.

Such then was the calamity that had befallen them by which the Athenians were sore pressed, their people dying within the walls and their land being ravaged without. And in their distress they recalled, as was natural, the following verse which their older men said had long ago been uttered:

'A Dorian war shall come and pestilence with it.'

A dispute arose, however, among the people, some contending that the word used in the verse by the ancients was not *λοιμός*, 'pestilence,' but *λιμός*, 'famine,' and the view prevailed at the time that 'pestilence' was the original word; and quite naturally, for men's recollections conformed to their sufferings. But if ever another Dorian war should visit them after the present war and a famine happened to come with it, they would probably, I fancy, recite the verse in that way.

THE FLEET DEPARTS FOR SYRACUSE

After that, when it was already mid-summer, the departure for Sicily was made. Orders had been given beforehand for most of the allies, as well as for the provision-ships and smaller boats and all the rest of the armament that went with them, to assemble at Corcyra, with the intention that from there they should all cross the Ionian Gulf to the promontory of Iapygia in one body. But the Athenians themselves and the allies that were present went down to the Peiræus at dawn on a day appointed and proceeded to man the ships for the purpose of putting to sea. And with them went down also the general throng, everyone, we may almost say, that was in the city, both citizens and strangers, the natives to send off each their own, whether friends or kinsmen or sons, going at once in hope and with lamentations—hope that they would make conquests in Sicily, lamentations that they might never see their friends again, considering how long was the voyage from their own land on which they were being sent.

And at this crisis, when under impending dangers they were now about to take leave of one another, the risks came home to them more than when they were voting for the expedition; but still their courage revived at the sight of their present strength because of the abundance of everything they saw before their eyes. The strangers on the other hand and the rest of the multitude had come for a spectacle, in the feeling that the enterprise was noteworthy and surpassing belief.

For this first armament that sailed for Sicily was the costliest and most splendid, belonging to a single city and with a purely Hellenic force, that had ever up to that time set sail. In number of ships, however, and of hoplites the expedition against Epidaurus under Pericles, and the same one afterwards under Hagnon against Potidæa, was not inferior; for in that voyage four thousand Athenian hoplites and three hundred knights and one hundred triremes had participated, and from Lesbos and Chios fifty triremes, and allied troops besides in large numbers. But they had set off for a short voyage with a poor equipment; whereas this expedition, as one likely to be of long duration, was fitted

out for both kinds of service, according as there might be need of either, with ships and also with land-forces. The fleet was built up at great expense on the part both of the trierarchs and of the city: the state giving a drachma per day for each sailor and furnishing sixty empty warships and forty transports, with crews to man them of the very best; the trierarchs giving bounties to the thranitæ or uppermost bench of the sailors in addition to the pay from the state, and using, besides, figure-heads and equipments that were very expensive; for each one strove to the utmost that his own ship should excel all others both in fine appearance and in swiftness of sailing. The land-forces were picked out of the best lists, and there was keen rivalry among the men in the matter of arms and personal equipment. And so it came about that among themselves there was emulation, wherever each was assigned to duty, and the whole thing seemed more like a display of wealth and power before the rest of the Hellenes than an undertaking against enemies. For if one had reckoned the public expenditure on the part of the state and the private outlay of those who made the expedition—on the part of the city, both what it had already advanced and what it was sending in the hands of the generals, and on the part of private individuals whatever a man had expended on his own person or, if trierarch, on his ship, and what they were going to spend still, and, besides, the money we may suppose that everyone, even apart from the pay he received from the state, provided for himself as traveling expenses, counting upon an expedition of long duration, and all the articles for barter and sale merchant or soldier took with him on the voyage—it would have been found that many talents in all were taken from the city. And the fame of the armament was noised abroad, not less because of amazement at its boldness and the splendor of the spectacle than on account of its overwhelming force as compared with those whom they were going against; and also because it was the longest voyage from home as yet attempted and undertaken with the highest hopes for the future as compared with their present resources.

When the ships had been manned and everything had at last been put aboard which they were to take with them on the

voyage, the trumpeter proclaimed silence, and they offered the prayers that were customary before putting out to sea, not ship by ship but all together, led by a herald, the mariners as well as the officers throughout the whole army making libations with golden and silver cups from wine they had mixed. And the rest of the throng of people on the shore, both the citizens and all others present who wished the Athenians well, also joined in the prayers. And when they had sung the pæan and had finished the libations, they put off, and sailing out at first in single column they then raced as far as Ægina. The Athenian fleet, then, was pressing on to reach Corcyra, where the rest of the armament of the allies was assembling.

THE DEFEAT AT SYRACUSE

But the Syracusans and their allies, who had already put out with about the same number of ships as before, were now on guard at the exit with a squadron of them and also round the rest of the harbor, their purpose being to fall upon the Athenians simultaneously from all directions; and at the same time their troops on land came up to help them wherever the Athenians' ships put to shore. In command of the Syracusan fleet were Sicanus and Agatharchus, each having a wing of the main fleet, while Pythen and the Corinthians held the center. Now when the Athenian fleet drew near the barrier they charged and in the first onset had the better of the ships stationed there, and they set about trying to break the chains which fastened the boats together; but afterwards, when the Syracusans and their allies bore down upon them from all directions, the battle no longer raged next to the barrier only, but was becoming general all over the harbor. And it was obstinately fought, beyond any of the battles that had gone before. For on both sides much zeal was shown on the part of the sailors to make the charge whenever the order was given, and on the part of the pilots much pitting of skill against skill and mutual rivalry; and the marines took good care, whenever ship collided with ship, that the service on deck should not fall short of the skill of the rest; and everyone was eager to show himself foremost at the post of duty to which he had himself been assigned. And since many ships had come

into the conflict in a small space—for never did so many ships fight in so small a space, both sides together falling little short of two hundred—attacks with the beak were few because it was not possible to back water or to break through the line. But chance collisions were more frequent, as ship fell foul of ship in the attempt to flee or in making a charge upon another ship. And as long as a ship was bearing down, the men on the decks of the opposing ship used against it javelins and arrows and stones without stint; but when they came to close quarters, the marines fought hand to hand in the attempt of each side to board the ships of the other. And it happened in many places, on account of the narrowness of the space, that while the ships of one side were ramming the enemy they were also being rammed themselves, and that two ships, sometimes even more, had unavoidably got entangled about one; it also devolved upon the pilots to make defence on one side and plan attack on the other, not at one point at a time, but at many points and in every direction; and the great din arising from the collision of many ships not only caused consternation, but also prevented the men from hearing the orders of their boat-swains. For there was constant exhortation and shouting on the part of the boat-swains on either side, both in carrying out their duties and as the rivalry of the moment inspired them; on the Athenian side they shouted to their men to force the passage out, and, if they would win a safe return to their fatherland, now, if ever hereafter, to set themselves zealously to the task; on the side of the Syracusans and their allies they cried that it would be glorious to prevent the enemy's escape, and, by winning the victory, to exalt the honor each of his own native land. Moreover, the generals on each side, if they saw any ship in any part of the field drawing back when it was not absolutely necessary to do so, would call out the name of the trierarch and demand, the Athenian generals whether they were withdrawing because they considered the land of bitterest foes to be now more their own than the sea which Athens had acquired with no little toil, and the Syracusan, whether, when they knew clearly that the Athenians were eager to escape no matter how, they would themselves flee before men who were in flight.

And the armies on the shore on both sides, so long as the fighting at sea was evenly balanced, underwent a mighty conflict and tension of mind, the men of Sicily being anxious to enhance the glory they had already won, while the invaders were afraid that they might fare even worse than at present. For the Athenians their all was staked upon their fleet, and their fear for the outcome like unto none they had ever felt before; and on account of the different positions which they occupied on the shore they necessarily had different views of the fighting. For since the spectacle they were witnessing was near at hand and not all were looking at the same point at the same time, if one group saw the Athenians prevailing anywhere, they would take heart and fall to invoking the gods not to rob them of their safe return; while those whose eyes fell upon a portion that was being defeated uttered shrieks of lamentation, and by the mere sight of what was going on were more cowed in spirit than the men who were actually fighting. Others, again, whose gaze was fixed on some part of the field where the battle was evenly balanced, on account of the long-drawn uncertainty of the conflict were in a continual state of most distressing suspense, their very bodies swaying, in the extremity of their fear, in accord with their opinion of the battle; for always they were within a hair's breadth of escaping or of perishing. And in the same Athenian army one might hear, so long as the combatants were fighting on equal terms, every kind of cry at the same time—wailing, shouting, 'We are winning,' 'We are beaten,' and all the divers kinds of cries that a great army in great danger would be constrained to utter. The men also on board the Athenian ships were affected in a similar way, until at last the Syracusans and their allies, after the fighting had been maintained a long time, routed the Athenians and pressing on triumphantly, with loud cries and exhortations, pursued them to the land. Thereupon as regards the naval force such ships as had not been captured in deep water were driven to shore, some to one place, some to another, and the men tumbled out of the ships and rushed for the camp; as for the army on land, their emotions were no longer at variance, but with one impulse all broke forth into wailing and groaning, being scarcely able to bear

what was happening, and ran along the shore, some to the ships, in order to help their comrades, some to what remained of their wall, in order to guard it; while still others, and these the greater number, were now concerned only about themselves and how they might be saved. And at the moment there reigned a consternation greater than any had felt before. These men had now suffered a fate not unlike that which they had themselves inflicted upon the Lacedæmonians at Pylos; for when their fleet had been destroyed there, the men who had crossed over to the island were also as good as lost to them. And so at the present time the Athenians could have no hope of getting safely away by land unless something quite extraordinary should happen.

The battle having been thus stubbornly fought and many men and ships lost on both sides, the Syracusans and their allies were victorious and gathered up their wrecks and their dead and after that sailed home and set up a trophy. The Athenians, however, were so affected by the magnitude of their present ills that they did not even give a thought to wrecks or dead, or ask leave to take them up, but were planning an immediate retreat during the night. But Demosthenes went to Nicias and proposed that they should man once more what remained of their fleet and force their way out, if they could, at day-break, saying that a larger number of seaworthy ships still were left to them than to the enemy; for there yet remained to the Athenians about sixty, but to their opponents less than fifty. Nicias agreed to this proposal, and the general desired to man the ships at once; but the sailors refused to embark, because they were utterly dejected by their defeat and felt that it was no longer possible for them to win. So they were now unanimously of the opinion that they must make their retreat by land.

THE END OF THE EXPEDITION

At length, when the dead now lay in heaps one upon the other in the river, and the army had perished utterly, part in the river, and part—if any got safely across—at the hands of the cavalry, Nicias surrendered himself to Gylippus, having more confidence in him than in the Syracusans; and he bade him and the

Lacedæmonians do with himself whatever they pleased, but to stop slaughtering the rest of the soldiers. Whereupon Gylippus at last gave orders to make prisoners; and those of the survivors who had not been secretly appropriated by the Syracusan soldiers—and these were many—were brought in a body to Syracuse alive. They also sent men in pursuit of the three hundred who had got through the guards the night before, and captured them. Now that part of the army which was collected into the common stock was not large, but that which was secretly taken by the soldiers was large, and all Sicily was filled with them, inasmuch as they had not been taken by capitulation, as had the force under Demosthenes. Besides, no small number had been killed; for the slaughter at the river had been very great—in fact, not inferior to any in this Sicilian war. And in the other frequent encounters which occurred on the march not a few had lost their lives. Notwithstanding all this, many escaped, some at the time, others afterwards, having become slaves and then making their escape; and the refuge for these was Catana.

When the forces of the Syracusans and their allies had been brought together, they took with them as many of the captives as they could and the booty and returned to the city. All the rest of the prisoners they had taken of the Athenians and their allies they sent down into the stone-quarries, thinking it the safest way to keep them; but Nicias and Demosthenes they put to the sword, though against the wish of Gylippus. For he thought that it would be a glorious achievement if, in addition to his other successes, he could bring the generals of the enemy home to the Lacedæmonians. And it so happened that the one, Demosthenes, was regarded by the Lacedæmonians as their bitterest foe, on account of what had taken place on the island of Sphacteria and at Pylos; the other, for the same reason, as a very good friend; for Nicias had eagerly desired that the Lacedæmonian prisoners taken on the island should be released, when he urged the Athenians to make peace. For these reasons the Lacedæmonians were friendly towards him, and it was not least on that account that he trusted in Gylippus and surrendered himself to him. But it was said that some of the Syracusans were afraid, seeing that they had been in com-

munication with him, lest, if he were subjected to torture on that account, he might make trouble for them in the midst of their success; and others, especially the Corinthians, were afraid, lest, as he was wealthy, he might by means of bribes make his escape and cause them fresh difficulties; they therefore persuaded their allies and put him to death. For this reason, then, or for a reason very near to this, Nicias was put to death—a man who, of all the Hellenes of my time, least deserved to meet with such a calamity, because of his course of life that had been wholly regulated in accordance with virtue.

The prisoners in the stone-quarries were at first treated harshly by the Syracusans. Crowded as they were in large numbers in a deep and narrow place, at first the sun and the suffocating heat caused them distress, there being no roof; while the nights that followed were, on the contrary, autumnal and cold, so that the sudden change engendered illness. Besides, they were so cramped for space that they had to do everything in the same place; moreover, the dead were heaped together upon one another, some having died from wounds or because of the change in temperature or like causes, so that there was a stench that was intolerable. At the same time they were oppressed by both hunger and thirst—the Syracusans having for eight months given them each only a half-pint of water and a pint of food a day; and of all the other ills which men thrown into such a place would be likely to suffer there was none that did not befall them. Now for some seventy days they lived in this way all together; then all the rest, except the Athenians and any Siceliots and Italiots that had joined the expedition, were sold. The total number of prisoners taken, though it is difficult to speak with accuracy, was nevertheless not fewer than six thousand.

This event proved to be the greatest of all that happened in the course of the war, and, as it seems to me, of all Hellenic events of which we have record—for the victors most splendid, for the vanquished most disastrous. For the vanquished, beaten utterly at every point and having suffered no slight ill in any respect—having met, as the saying goes, with utter destruction—land-force and fleet and everything perished, and few out of many came back home.

Such was the course of events in Sicily.

XENOPHON (About 430-354 B.C.)

The work of Xenophon, country gentleman of Attica; devoted pupil of Socrates; participator in the Greek mercenary expedition of 401 under Cyrus in the fruitless attempt to dethrone the latter's brother Artaxerxes of Persia; returned adventurer unwelcome at Athens; soldier in the Spartan army against Persia in 396 and against the Athenians in 394; for twenty years landholder and writer near Olympia, where Sparta had rewarded him with an estate, can hardly be called history, though it is of distinct historical interest. It comprises the *Apology*, the *Memorabilia*, the *Symposium*, and the *Æconomicus*, all in memory of Socrates; the *Anabasis*, his account of the Persian expedition; the *Hellenica*, a sequel to Thucydides; the *Cyropædia*, or *Education of Cyrus the Great*; the *Hiero*, a dialogue between Simonides of Ceos and Hiero of Syracuse on the life of the ruler; the *Constitution of Sparta*, in praise of Lacedæmon; the *Cynegeticus*, a treatise on hunting; and treatises on horsemanship and cavalry tactics. He is called the earliest writer of the essay. His wide and varied experiences, covering much time and space in an important era, his interest in human character and conduct and his appreciation of human motives, his genial and somewhat simple nature, his easy expression, make him one of the pleasantest and most illuminating of the ancient authors.

ANABASIS

PREPARATIONS FOR THE CAMPAIGN

Of Darius and Parysatis were born two sons, the elder Artaxerxes, and the younger Cyrus. After Darius had fallen sick, and suspected that the end of his life was approaching, he was desirous that both of his sons should attend him. The elder then happened to be present; Cyrus he sent for from the province of which he had made him satrap. He had also appointed him commander of all the forces that muster in the plain of Castolus.

Cyrus accordingly went up, taking with him Tissaphernes, as a friend, and having also with him three hundred heavy-armed Greeks, and Xenias of Parrhasia, their captain.

But when Darius was dead, and Artaxerxes was placed upon the throne, Tissaphernes brought an accusation against Cyrus before his brother, saying that he was plotting against him. Artaxerxes was induced to give credit to it, and had Cyrus arrested with the intention of putting him to death; but his mother, having begged his life, sent him back to his province.

When Cyrus had departed, after being thus in danger and disgrace, he began to consider by what means he might cease to be subject to his brother, and make

himself king, if he could, in his stead. Parysatis, their mother, was well disposed toward Cyrus, as she loved him better than Artaxerxes, who was on the throne. 5 Whatever messengers from the king came to visit him, he let none of them go till he had inclined them to be friends to himself, rather than the monarch. He also paid such attention to the barbarians that were with him, that they were in a condition to take the field, and well inclined toward himself. His Greek force he collected as secretly as he could, that he might surprise the king as little prepared as possible. 15

IN THE DESERT

Cyrus now advanced through Arabia, having the Euphrates on his right, five days' march through the desert, a distance of thirty-five parasangs. In this region the ground was entirely a plain, level as the sea. It was covered with wormwood, and whatever other kinds of shrub or reed grew on it, were all odoriferous as perfumes. But there were no trees. There were wild animals, however, of various kinds; the most numerous were wild asses; there were also many ostriches, as well as bustards and antelopes; and these animals the horsemen of the army sometimes hunted. The wild asses, when any one pursued them, would start forward

a considerable distance, and then stand still; (for they ran much more swiftly than the horse;) and again, when the horse approached, they did the same; and it was impossible to catch them, unless the horsemen, stationing themselves at intervals, kept up the pursuit with a succession of horses. The flesh of those that were taken resembled venison, but was more tender. An ostrich no one succeeded in catching; and those horsemen who hunted that bird, soon desisted from the pursuit; for it far outstripped them in its flight, using its feet for running, and its wings, raising them like a sail. The bustards might be taken, if a person started them suddenly; for they fly but a short distance, like partridges, and soon tire. Their flesh is very delicious.

Marching through this region, they came to the river Mascas, the breadth of which is a plethrum. Here was a large deserted city, of which the name was Corsote, and which was entirely surrounded by the Mascas. Here they staid three days, and furnished themselves with provisions.

Thence he proceeded, thirteen days' march through the desert, a distance of ninety parasangs, still keeping the Euphrates on the right, and arrived at a place called the Gates. In this march many of the beasts of burden perished of hunger; for there was neither grass, nor any sort of tree, but the whole country was completely bare. The inhabitants, who quarried and fashioned millstones near the river, took them to Babylon, and sold them, and lived upon corn which they bought with the money.

Corn, too, failed the army, and it was not possible to buy any, except in the Lydian market among Cyrus's Barbarian troops.

THE DEATH OF CYRUS

When this flight of the enemy took place, Cyrus's six hundred became dispersed in the eagerness of pursuit; only a very few remaining with him, chiefly those who were called 'partakers of his table.'

While accompanied by these, he perceived the king and the close guard around him; when he immediately lost his self-command, and exclaiming, 'I see the man,' rushed upon him, struck him on the breast, and wounded him through the breast-plate, as Ctesias, the physician, relates, stating

that he himself dressed the wound. As Cyrus was in the act of striking, some one hit him violently with a javelin under the eye; and how many of those about the king were killed, (while they thus fought, the king, and Cyrus, and their respective followers in defense of each), Ctesias relates; for he was with him; on the other side, Cyrus himself was killed and eight of his principal officers lay dead upon his body. Artapates, the most faithful servant to him of all his scepter-bearers, when he saw Cyrus fall, is said to have leaped from his horse, and thrown himself upon the body of his master; and some say, that the king ordered some one to kill him on the body of Cyrus; but others relate, that he drew his cimeter, and killed himself upon the body; for he had a golden cimeter by his side, and also wore a chain and bracelets, and other ornaments, like the noblest of the Persians; since he was honored by Cyrus for his attachment and fidelity to him.

THE CHARACTER OF CLEARCHUS

The generals who were thus made prisoners, were taken up to the king, and put to death by being beheaded.

One of them, Clearchus, by the general consent of all who were acquainted with him, appears to have been a man well qualified for war, and extremely fond of military enterprise . . . who, when he might have lived in peace without disgrace or loss, chose war in preference; when he might have spent his time in idleness, voluntarily underwent toil for the sake of military adventure; and when he might have enjoyed riches in security, chose rather, by engaging in warfare, to diminish their amount. He was indeed led by inclination to spend his money in war, as he might have spent it in pursuits of gallantry, or any other pleasure; to such a degree was he fond of war. He appears also to have been qualified for military undertakings, as he liked perilous adventure, was ready to march day and night against the enemy, and was possessed of great presence of mind in circumstances of difficulty, as those who were with him on all such occasions were universally ready to acknowledge.

For commanding troops he was said to be qualified in as great a degree as was consistent with his temper; for he was

excelled by no one in ability to contrive how an army might have provisions, and to procure them; and he was equally fitted to impress on all around him the necessity of obeying Clearchus.

This he effected by severity; for he was of a stern countenance and harsh voice; and he always punished violently, and sometimes in anger, so that he occasionally repented of what he had done. He punished too on principle, for he thought that there could be no efficiency in an army undisciplined by chastisement. He is also reported to have said that a soldier ought to fear his commander more than the enemy, if he would either keep guard well, or abstain from doing injury to friends, or march without hesitation against foes. In circumstances of danger, accordingly, the soldiers were willing to obey him implicitly, and wished for no other leader; for they said that the sternness in his countenance then assumed an appearance of cheerfulness, and that what was severe in it seemed undauntedness against the enemy; so that it appeared indicative of safety, and not of austerity. But when they were out of danger, and were at liberty to betake themselves to other chiefs, they deserted him in great numbers; for he had nothing attractive in him, but was always forbidding and repulsive, so that the soldiers felt toward him as boys toward their master. Hence it was, that he never had any one who followed him out of friendship and attachment to his person; though such as followed him from being appointed to the service by their country, or from being compelled by want or other necessity, he found extremely submissive to him. And when they began under his command to gain victories over the enemy, there were many important circumstances that concurred to render his troops excellent soldiers; for their perfect confidence against the enemy had its effect, and their dread of punishment from him rendered them strictly observant of discipline. Such was his character as a commander. But he was said to have been by no means willing to be commanded by others. When he was put to death, he was about fifty years of age.

COLD, SNOW, AND HUNGER

Hence they proceeded three days' journey through a desert tract of country, a

distance of fifteen parasangs, to the river Euphrates, and passed it without being wet higher than the middle. The sources of the river were said not to be far off. From hence they advanced three days' march, through much snow and a level plain, a distance of fifteen parasangs; the third day's march was extremely troublesome, as the north wind blew full in their faces, completely parching up everything and benumbing the men. One of the augurs, in consequence, advised that they should sacrifice to the wind; and a sacrifice was accordingly offered; when the vehemence of the wind appeared to every one manifestly to abate. The depth of the snow was a fathom; so that many of the baggage-cattle and slaves perished with about thirty of the soldiers. They continued to burn fires through the whole night, for there was plenty of wood at the place of encampment. But those who came up late could get no wood; those therefore who had arrived before, and had kindled fires, would not admit the late comers to the fire unless they gave them a share of the corn or other provisions that they had brought. Thus they shared with each other what they respectively had. In the places where the fires were made, as the snow melted, there were formed large pits that reached down to the ground; and here there was accordingly opportunity to measure the depth of the snow.

From hence they marched through snow the whole of the following day, and many of the men contracted the *bulimia*. Xenophon, who commanded in the rear, finding in his way such of the men as had fallen down with it, knew not what disease it was. But as one of those acquainted with it told him that they were evidently affected with *bulimia*, and that they would get up if they had something to eat, he went round among the baggage, and, wherever he saw anything eatable, he gave it out, and sent such as were able to run to distribute it among those diseased, who, as soon as they had eaten, rose up and continued their march. As they proceeded, Cheirisophus came, just as it grew dark, to a village, and found, at a spring in front of the rampart, some women and girls belonging to the place fetching water. The women asked them who they were; and the interpreter answered, in the Persian language, that they were people going

from the king to the satrap. They replied that he was not there, but about a parasang off. However, as it was late, they went with the water-carriers within the rampart, to the head man of the village; and here Cheirisophus, and as many of the troops as could come up, encamped; but of the rest, such as were unable to get to the end of the journey, spent the night on the way without food or fire; 10 and some of the soldiers lost their lives on that occasion. Some of the enemy too, who had collected themselves into a body, pursued our rear, and seized any of the baggage-cattle that were unable to proceed, fighting with one another for the possession of them. Such of the soldiers, also, as had lost their sight from the effects of the snow, or had had their toes mortified by the cold, were left behind. 20 It was found to be a relief to the eyes against the snow, if the soldiers kept something black before them on the march, and to the feet, if they kept constantly in motion, and allowed themselves no rest, and if they took off their shoes in the night; but as to such as slept with their shoes on, the straps worked into their feet, and the soles were frozen about them; for when their old shoes had failed them, 30 shoes of raw hides had been made by the men themselves from the newly skinned oxen. From such unavoidable sufferings, some of the soldiers were left behind, who, seeing a piece of ground of a black appearance, from the snow having disappeared there, conjectured that it must have melted; and it had in fact melted in the spot from the effect of a fountain, which was sending up vapor in a woody hollow close at hand. Turning aside thither, they sat down and refused to proceed further.

THE SEA, THE SEA!

On the fifth day they came to the mountain; and the name of it was Theches. When the men who were in the front had mounted the height, and looked down upon the sea, a great shout proceeded from them; and Xenophon and the rear-guard, on hearing it, thought that some new enemies were assailing the front, for in the rear, too, the people from the country that they had burned were following them, and the rear-guard, by placing an ambuscade, had killed some, and taken others prisoners, and had captured about

twenty shields made of raw ox-hides with the hair on. But as the noise still increased, and drew nearer, and as those who came up from time to time kept running at full speed to join those who were continually shouting, the cries becoming louder as the men became more numerous, it appeared to Xenophon that it must be something of very great moment. Mounting his horse, therefore, and taking with him Lycius and the cavalry, he hastened forward to give aid, when presently they heard the soldiers shouting, 'The sea, the sea!' and cheering on one another. They then all began to run, the rear-guard as well as the rest, and the baggage-cattle and horses were put to their speed; and when they had all arrived at the top, the men embraced one another, and their generals and captains, with tears in their eyes. Suddenly, whoever it was that suggested it, the soldiers brought stones, and raised a large mound, on which they laid a number of raw ox-hides, staves, and 25 shields taken from the enemy. The shields the guide himself hacked in pieces, and exhorted the rest to do the same.

—J. S. WATSON.

THE EDUCATION OF CYRUS

CYRUS A GREAT RULER

The thought once occurred to us how many republics have been overthrown by people who preferred to live under any form of government other than a republican, and again, how many monarchies and how many oligarchies in times past have been abolished by the people. We reflected, moreover, how many of those individuals who have aspired to absolute power have either been deposed once for 45 all and that right quickly; or if they have continued in power, no matter for how short a time, they are objects of wonder as having proved to be wise and happy men. Then, too, we had observed, we thought, that even in private homes some people who had rather more than the usual number of servants and some also who had only a very few were nevertheless, though nominally masters, quite unable to assert their authority over even those few.

And in addition to this, we reflected that cowherds are the rulers of their cat-

tle, that grooms are the rulers of their horses, and that all who are called herdsmen might properly be regarded as the rulers of the animals over which they are placed in charge. Now we noticed, as we thought, that all these herds obeyed their keepers more readily than men obey their rulers. For the herds go wherever their keeper directs them and graze in those places to which he leads them and keep out of those from which he excludes them. They allow their keeper, moreover, to enjoy, just as he will, the profits that accrue from them. And then again, we have never known of a herd conspiring against its keeper, either to refuse obedience to him or to deny him the privilege of enjoying the profits that accrue. At the same time, herds are more intractable to strangers than to their rulers and those who derive profit from them. Men, however, conspire against none sooner than against those whom they see attempting to rule over them.

Thus, as we meditated on this analogy, we were inclined to conclude that for man, as he is constituted, it is easier to rule over any and all other creatures than to rule over men. But when we reflected that there was one Cyrus, the Persian, who reduced to obedience a vast number of men and cities and nations, we were then compelled to change our opinion and decide that to rule men might be a task neither impossible nor even difficult, if one should only go about it in an intelligent manner. At all events, we know that people obeyed Cyrus willingly, although some of them were distant from him a journey of many days, and others of many months; others, although they had never seen him, and still others who knew well that they never should see him. Nevertheless they were all willing to be his subjects.

But all this is not so surprising after all, so very different was he from all other kings, both those who have inherited their thrones from their fathers and those who have gained their crowns by their own efforts; the Scythian king, for instance, would never be able to extend his rule over any other nation besides his own, although the Scythians are very numerous, but he would be well content if he could maintain himself in power over his own people; so the Thracian king with his Thracians, the Illyrian with his Illyrians,

and so also all other nations, we are told. Those in Europe, at any rate, are said to be free and independent of one another even to this day. But Cyrus, finding the nations in Asia also independent in exactly the same way, started out with a little band of Persians and became the leader of the Medes by their full consent and of the Hyrcanians by theirs; he then conquered Syria, Assyria, Arabia, Cappadocia, both Phrygias, Lydia, Caria, Phoenicia, and Babylonia; he ruled also over Bactria, India, and Cilicia; and he was likewise king of the Sacians, Paphlagonians, Magadidæ, and very many other nations, of which one could not even tell the names; he brought under his sway the Asiatic Greeks also; and, descending to the sea, he added both Cyprus and Egypt to his empire.

He ruled over these nations, even though they did not speak the same language as he, nor one nation the same as another; for all that, he was able to cover so vast a region with the fear which he inspired, that he struck all men with terror and no one tried to withstand him; and he was able to awaken in all so lively a desire to please him, that they always wished to be guided by his will. Moreover, the tribes that he brought into subjection to himself were so many that it is a difficult matter even to travel to them all, in whatever direction one begin one's journey from the palace, whether toward the east or the west, toward the north or the south.

Believing this man to be deserving of all admiration, we have therefore investigated who he was in his origin, what natural endowments he possessed, and what sort of education he had enjoyed, that he so greatly excelled in governing men. Accordingly, what we have found out or think we know concerning him we shall now endeavor to present.

EDUCATION IN PERSIA

The boys go to school and spend their time in learning justice; and they say that they go there for this purpose, just as in our country they say that they go to learn to read and write. And their officers spend the greater part of the day in deciding cases for them. For, as a matter of course, boys also prefer charges against one another, just as men do, of theft, rob-

bery, assault, cheating, slander, and other things that naturally come up; and when they discover any one committing any of these crimes, they punish him; and they punish also any one whom they find accusing another falsely. And they bring one another to trial also charged with an offence for which people hate one another most but go to law least, namely, that of ingratitude; and if they know that any one is able to return a favor and fails to do so, they punish him also severely. For they think that the ungrateful are likely to be most neglectful of their duty toward their gods, their parents, their country, and their friends; for it seems that shamelessness goes hand in hand with ingratitude; and it is that, we know, which leads the way to every moral wrong.

They teach the boys self-control also; and it greatly conduces to their learning self-control that they see their elders also living temperately day by day. And they teach them likewise to obey the officers; and it greatly conduces to this also that they see their elders implicitly obeying their officers. And besides, they teach them self-restraint in eating and drinking; and it greatly conduces to this also that they see that their elders do not leave their posts to satisfy their hunger until the officers dismiss them; and the same end is promoted by the fact that the boys do not eat with their mothers but with their teachers, from the time the officers so direct. Furthermore, they bring from home bread for their food, cress for a relish, and for drinking, if any one is thirsty, a cup to draw water from the river. Besides this, they learn to shoot and to throw the spear.

This, then, is what the boys do until they are sixteen or seventeen years of age, and after this they are promoted from the class of boys and enrolled among the young men.

Now the young men in their turn live as follows: for ten years after they are promoted from the class of boys they pass the nights, as we said before, about the government buildings. This they do for the sake of guarding the city and of developing their powers of self-control; for this time of life, it seems, demands the most watchful care. And during the day, too, they put themselves at the disposal of the authorities, if they are needed for

any service to the state. Whenever it is necessary, they all remain about the public buildings. But when the king goes out hunting, he takes out half the garrison; and this he does many times a month. Those who go must take bows and arrows and, in addition to the quiver, a saber or bill in its scabbard; they carry along also a light shield and two spears, one to throw, the other to use in case of necessity in a hand-to-hand encounter. They provide for such hunting out of the public treasury; and as the king is their leader in war, so he not only takes part in the hunt himself but sees to it that the others hunt, too. The state bears the expense of the hunting for the reason that the training it gives seems to be the best preparation for war itself. For it accustoms them to rise early in the morning and to endure both heat and cold, and it gives them practice in taking long tramps and runs, and they have to shoot or spear a wild beast whenever it comes in their way. And they must often whet their courage when one of the fierce beasts shows fight; for, of course, they must strike down the animal that comes to close quarters with them, and they must be on their guard against the one that threatens to attack them. In a word, it is not easy to find any quality required in war that is not required also in the chase.

When they go out hunting they carry along a lunch, more in quantity than that of the boys, as is proper, but in other respects the same; but they would never think of lunching while they are busy with the chase. If, however, for some reason it is necessary to stay longer on account of the game or if for some other reason they wish to continue longer on the chase, then they make their dinner of this luncheon and hunt again on the following day until dinner time; and these two days they count as one, because they consume but one day's provisions. This they do to harden themselves, in order that, if ever it is necessary in war, they may be able to do the same. Those of this age have for relish the game that they kill; if they fail to kill any, then cresses. Now, if any one thinks that they do not enjoy eating, when they have only cresses with their bread, or that they do not enjoy drinking when they drink only water, let him remember how sweet barley bread and wheaten bread taste when one is

hungry, and how sweet water is to drink when one is thirsty.

The divisions remaining at home, in their turn, pass their time shooting with the bow and hurling the spear and practising all the other arts that they learned when they were boys, and they continually engage in contests of this kind with one another. And there are also public contests of this sort, for which prizes are offered; and whatever division has the greatest number of the most expert, the most manly, and the best disciplined young men, the citizens praise and honor not only its present chief officer but also the one who trained them when they were boys. And of the youths who remain behind, the authorities employ any that they may need, whether for garrison duty or for arresting criminals or for hunting down robbers, or for any other service that demands strength or dispatch.

Such, then, is the occupation of the youths. And when they have completed their ten years, they are promoted and enrolled in the class of the mature men.

CYRUS AND HIS GRANDFATHER

Such was the education that Cyrus received until he was twelve years old or a little more; and he showed himself superior to all the other boys of his age both in mastering his tasks quickly and in doing everything in a thorough and manly fashion. It was at this period of his life that Astyages sent for his daughter and her son; for he was eager to see him, as he had heard from time to time that the child was a handsome boy of rare promise. Accordingly, Mandane herself went to her father and took her son Cyrus with her.

As soon as she arrived and Cyrus had recognized in Astyages his mother's father, being naturally an affectionate boy he at once kissed him, just as a person who had long lived with another and long loved him would do. Then he noticed that his grandfather was adorned with pencilings beneath his eyes, with rouge rubbed on his face, and with a wig of false hair—the common Median fashion. For all this is Median, and so are their purple tunics, and their mantles, the necklaces about their necks, and the bracelets on their wrists, while the Persians at home even to this day have much plainer clothing and a more frugal way of life. So, observing

his grandfather's adornment and staring at him, he said: 'Oh mother, how handsome my grandfather is!' And when his mother asked him which he thought more handsome, his father or his grandfather, Cyrus answered at once: 'Of the Persians, mother, my father is much the handsomest; but of the Medes, as far as I have seen them either on the streets or at court, my grandfather here is the handsomest by far.'

Then his grandfather kissed him in return and gave him a beautiful dress to wear and, as a mark of royal favor, adorned him with necklaces and bracelets; and if he went out for a ride anywhere, he took the boy along upon a horse with a gold-studded bridle, just as he himself was accustomed to go. And as Cyrus was a boy fond of beautiful things and eager for distinction, he was pleased with his dress and greatly delighted at learning to ride; for in Persia, on account of its being difficult to breed horses and to practise horsemanship because it is a mountainous country, it was a very rare thing even to see a horse.

And then again, when Astyages dined with his daughter and Cyrus, he set before him dainty side-dishes and all sorts of sauces and meats, for he wished the boy to enjoy his dinner as much as possible, in order that he might be less likely to feel homesick. And Cyrus, they say, observed: 'How much trouble you have at your dinner, grandfather, if you have to reach out your hands to all these dishes and taste of all these different kinds of food!'

'Why so?' said Astyages. 'Really now, don't you think this dinner much finer than your Persian dinners?'

'No, grandfather,' Cyrus replied to this; 'but the road to satiety is much more simple and direct in our country than with you; for bread and meat take us there; but you, though you make for the same goal as we, go wandering through many a maze, up and down, and only arrive at last at the point that we long since have reached.'

'But, my boy,' said Astyages, 'we do not object to this wandering about; and you also,' he added, 'if you taste, will see that it is pleasant.'

'But, grandfather,' said Cyrus, 'I observe that even you are disgusted with these viands.'

'And by what, pray, do you judge, my

boy,' asked Astyages, 'that you say this?'

'Because,' said he, 'I observe that when you touch bread, you do not wipe your hand on anything; but when you touch any of these other things you at once cleanse your hand upon your napkin, as if you were exceedingly displeased that it had become soiled with them.'

'Well then, my boy,' Astyages replied to this, 'if that is your judgment, at least regale yourself with meat, that you may go back home a strong young man.' And as he said this, he placed before him an abundance of meat of both wild and domestic animals.

And when Cyrus saw that there was a great quantity of meat, he said: 'And do you really mean to give me all this meat, grandfather, to dispose of as I please?'

'Yes, by Zeus,' said he, 'I do.'

Thereupon Cyrus took some of the meat and proceeded to distribute it among his grandfather's servants, saying to them in turn: 'I give this to you, because you take so much pains to teach me to ride; to you, because you gave me a spear, for at present this is all I have to give; to you, because you serve my grandfather so well; and to you, because you are respectful to my mother.' He kept on thus, while he was distributing all the meat that he had received.

'But,' said Astyages, 'are you not going to give any to Sacas, my cupbearer, whom I like best of all?' Now Sacas, it seems, chanced to be a handsome fellow who had the office of introducing to Astyages those who had business with him and of keeping out those whom he thought it not expedient to admit.

And Cyrus asked pertly, as a boy might do who was not yet at all shy, 'Pray, grandfather, why do you like this fellow so much?'

And Astyages replied with a jest: 'Do you not see,' said he, 'how nicely and gracefully he pours the wine?' Now the cupbearers of those kings perform their office with fine airs; they pour in the wine with neatness and then present the goblet, conveying it with three fingers, and offer it in such a way as to place it most conveniently in the grasp of the one who is to drink.

'Well, grandfather,' said he, 'bid Sacas give me the cup, that I also may deftly pour for you to drink and thus win your favor, if I can.'

And he bade him give it. And Cyrus took the cup and rinsed it out well, exactly as he had often seen Sacas do, and then he brought and presented the goblet to his grandfather, assuming an expression somehow so grave and important, that he made his mother and Astyages laugh heartily. And Cyrus himself also with a laugh sprang up into his grandfather's lap and kissing him said: 'Ah, Sacas, you are done for; I shall turn you out of your office; for in other ways,' said he, 'I shall play the cupbearer better than you and besides I shall not drink up the wine myself.'

Now, it is a well known fact that the kings' cupbearers, when they proffer the cup, draw off some of it with the ladle, pour it into their left hand, and swallow it down—so that, if they should put poison in, they may not profit by it.

Thereupon Astyages said in jest: 'And why, pray, Cyrus, did you imitate Sacas in everything else but did not sip any of the wine?'

'Because, by Zeus,' said he, 'I was afraid that poison had been mixed in the bowl. And I had reason to be afraid; for when you entertained your friends on your birthday, I discovered beyond a doubt that he had poured poison into your company's drink.'

'And how, pray,' said he, 'did you discover that, my son?'

'Because, by Zeus,' said he, 'I saw that you were unsteady both in mind and in body. For in the first place you yourselves kept doing what you never allow us boys to do; for instance, you kept shouting, all at the same time, and none of you heard anything that the others were saying; and you fell to singing, and in a most ridiculous manner at that, and though you did not hear the singer, you swore that he sang most excellently; and though each one of you kept telling stories of his own strength, yet if you stood up to dance, to say nothing of dancing in time, why, you could not even stand up straight. And all of you quite forgot—you, that you were king; and the rest, that you were their sovereign. It was then that I also for my part discovered, and for the first time, that what you were practising was your boasted "equal freedom of speech"; at any rate, never were any of you silent.'

'But, my boy,' Astyages said, 'does not your father get drunk, when he drinks?'

'No, by Zeus,' said he.
 'Well, how does he manage it?'
 'He just quenches his thirst and thus suffers no further harm.'

ABRADATAS AND PANTHEA

Early on the following day Cyrus was sacrificing, and the rest of the army, after breakfasting and pouring libations, proceeded to array themselves with many fine tunics and corselets and helms. And they armed their horses also with frontlets and breastplates; the saddle-horses also they armed with thigh-pieces and the chariot teams with side-armor. And so the whole army flashed with bronze and was resplendent in purple.

And Abradatas's chariot with its four poles and eight horses was adorned most handsomely; and when he came to put on his linen corselet, such as they used in his country, Panthea brought him one of gold, also a helmet, arm-pieces, broad bracelets for his wrists—all of gold—and a purple tunic that hung down in folds to his feet, and a helmet-plume of hyacinth dye. All these she had had made without her husband's knowledge, taking the measure for them from his armor. And when he saw them he was astonished and turning to Panthea, he asked: 'Tell me, wife, you did not break your own jewels to pieces, did you, to have this armor made for me?'

'No, by Zeus,' answered Panthea, 'at any rate, not my most precious jewel; for you, if you appear to others as you seem to me, shall be my noblest jewel.'

With these words, she began to put the armor on him, and though she tried to conceal them, the tears stole down her cheeks.

And when Abradatas was armed in his panoply he looked most handsome and noble, for he had been favored by nature and, even unadorned, was well worth looking at; and taking the reins from his groom he was now making ready to mount his chariot. But at this moment Panthea bade all who stood near to retire and then she said: 'Abradatas, if ever any woman loved her husband more than her own life, I think you know that I, too, am such a one. Why then, should I tell of these things one by one? For I think that my conduct has given you better proof of it than any words I now might say. Still,

with the affection that you know I have for you, I swear to you by my love for you and yours for me that, of a truth, I would far rather go down into the earth with you, if you approve yourself a gallant soldier, than live disgraced with one disgraced: so worthy of the noblest lot have I deemed both you and myself. And to Cyrus I think we owe a very large debt of gratitude, because, when I was his prisoner and allotted to him, he did not choose to keep me either as his slave or as a freewoman under a dishonorable name, but took me and kept me for you as one would a brother's wife. And then, too, when Araspas, who had been charged with my keeping, deserted him, I promised him that if he would let me send to you, a far better and truer friend than Araspas would come to him, in you.'

Thus she spoke; and Abradatas, touched by her words, laid his hand upon her head and lifting up his eyes toward heaven prayed, saying: 'Grant me, I pray, almighty Zeus, that I may show myself a husband worthy of Panthea and a friend worthy of Cyrus, who has shown us honor.'

As he said this, he mounted his car by the doors in the chariot-box. And when he had entered and the groom closed the box, Panthea, not knowing how else she could now kiss him good-bye, touched her lips to the chariot-box. And then at once his chariot rolled away, but she followed after, unknown to him, until Abradatas turned round and saw her and said: 'Have a brave heart, Panthea, and farewell! And now go back.'

Then the eunuchs and maid-servants took her and conducted her to her carriage, where they bade her recline, and hid her completely from view with the hood of the carriage. And the people, beautiful as was the sight of Abradatas and his chariot, had no eyes for him, until Panthea was gone. . . .

And Abradatas also lost no more time, but shouting, 'Now, friends, follow me,' he swept forward, showing no mercy to his horses but drawing blood from them in streams with every stroke of the lash. And the rest of the chariot-drivers also rushed forward with him. And the opposing chariots at once broke into flight before them; some, as they fled, took up their dismounted fighting men, others left theirs behind.

But Abradatas plunged directly through them and hurled himself upon the Egyptian phalanx; and the nearest of those who were arrayed with him also joined in the charge. Now, it has been demonstrated on many other occasions that there is no stronger phalanx than that which is composed of comrades that are close friends; and it was shown to be true on this occasion. For it was only the personal friends 10 and mess-mates of Abradatas who pressed home the charge with him, while the rest of the charioteers, when they saw that the Egyptians with their dense throng withstood them, turned aside after the fleeing 15 chariots and pursued them. But in the place where Abradatas and his companions charged, the Egyptians could not make an opening for them because the men on either side of them stood firm; consequently, those of the enemy who stood upright were struck in the furious charge of the horses and overthrown, and those who fell were crushed to pieces by the horses and the wheels, they and their arms; 25 and whatever was caught in the scythes—everything, arms and men, was horribly mangled.

As in this indescribable confusion the wheels bounded over the heaps of every sort, Abradatas and others of those who went with him into the charge were thrown to the ground, and there, though they proved themselves men of valor, they were cut down and slain. . . .

And when he had called to him certain of his aides who were present, Cyrus said: 'Tell me, has any one of you seen Abradatas? For I wonder why, in view of the fact that he used often to come to us, 40 he is now nowhere to be seen.'

'Sire,' answered one of the aides, 'he is no longer alive, but he fell in the battle as he hurled his chariot against the ranks of the Egyptians, while the rest, they say, all but himself and his companions, turned aside when they saw the dense host of the Egyptians. And even now his wife, I am told, has taken up his body for burial, placed it in the carriage in which she herself used to ride, and brought it to some place here by the river Pactolus. And his eunuchs and servants, so they say, are digging a grave upon a certain hill for his dead body. But his wife, they say, has decked her husband with what she possessed and now sits upon the ground, holding his head in her lap.'

Upon hearing this, Cyrus smote his thigh, mounted his horse at once, and rode with a regiment of cavalry to the scene of sorrow. He left orders for 5 Gadatas and Gobryas to follow him with the most beautiful ornaments they could get for the man who had fallen beloved and brave. And he ordered those who had in charge the herds that were taken with the army to bring both cattle and horses and many sheep besides to the place where they should hear that he was, that he might sacrifice them in honor of Abradatas.

And when he saw the lady sitting upon the ground and the corpse lying there, he wept over his loss and said: 'Alas, O brave and faithful soul, hast thou then gone and left us?' And with the words he clasped his hand, and the dead man's 20 hand came away in his grasp; for the wrist had been severed by a saber in the hands of an Egyptian. And Cyrus was still more deeply moved at seeing this; and the wife wept aloud; but taking the hand from Cyrus, she kissed it and fitted it on again as best she could and said: 'The rest of his limbs also you will find in the same condition, Cyrus; but why should you see it? And I am in no small degree to blame that he has suffered so, and you, Cyrus, perhaps not less than I. For it was I that, in my folly, urged him to do his best to show himself a worthy friend to you; and as for him, I know 35 that he never had a thought of what might happen to him, but only of what he could do to please you. And so,' she said, 'he has indeed died a blameless death, while I who urged him to it sit here alive!'

For some time Cyrus wept in silence and then he said aloud: 'Well, lady, he indeed has met the fairest of ends, for he has died in the very hour of victory; but do you accept these gifts from me'— 45 for Gobryas and Gadatas had come with many beautiful ornaments—'and deck him with them. And then, let me assure you that in other ways also he shall not want for honors, but many hands shall rear to him a monument worthy of us, and sacrifice shall be made over it, such as will 50 befit a man so valiant.'

'And you,' he continued, 'shall not be left friendless, but on account of your 55 goodness and all your worth, I shall show you all honor; and besides, I will commend to you some one to escort you to the place where you yourself desire to go. Only

let me know to whom you wish to be conducted.'

'Ah, Cyrus,' Panthea answered, 'do not fear; I shall never hide from you who it is to whom I wish to go.'

When he had said this, Cyrus went away, his heart full of pity for the woman, as he thought what a husband she had lost, and for the man, that he must leave such a wife and never see her more. The lady then desired the eunuchs to retire, 'until,' she said, 'I have bewailed my husband here, as I desire.' But her nurse she told to stay with her, and she charged her to cover her and her husband, when she, too, was dead, with the same cloak. The nurse, however, pleaded earnestly with her not to do so; but when her prayers proved of no avail and she saw her mistress becoming angered, she sat down and burst into tears. Panthea then drew out a dagger, with which she had provided herself long before, and plunged it into her heart, and laying her head upon her husband's bosom she breathed her last.

THE TAKING OF BABYLON

At last the ditches were completed. Then, when he heard that a certain festival had come round in Babylon, during which all Babylon was accustomed to drink and revel all night long, Cyrus took a large number of men, just as soon as it was dark, and opened up the heads of the trenches at the river. As soon as that was done, the water flowed down through the ditches in the night, and the bed of the river, where it traversed the city, became passable for men.

When the problem of the river was thus solved, Cyrus gave orders to his Persian colonels, infantry and cavalry, to marshal their regiments two abreast and come to him, and the rest, the allies, to follow in their rear, drawn up as before. They came, according to orders, and he bade his aids, both foot and horse, get into the dry channel of the river and see if it was possible to march in the bed of the river. And when they brought back word that it was, he called together the generals of both infantry and cavalry and spoke as follows:

'My friends,' said he, 'the river has made way for us and given us an entrance into the city. Let us, therefore, enter in with dauntless hearts, fearing nothing and re-

membering that those against whom we are now to march are the same men that we have repeatedly defeated, and that, too, when they were all drawn up in battle line with their allies at their side, and when they were all wide awake and sober and fully armed; whereas now we are going to fall upon them at a time when many of them are asleep, many drunk, and none of them in battle array. And when they find out that we are inside the walls, in their panic fright they will be much more helpless still than they are now.

'But if any one is apprehensive of that which is said to be a source of terror to those invading a city—namely, that the people may go up on the house-tops and hurl down missiles right and left, you need not be in the least afraid of that; for if any do go up upon their houses, we have a god on our side, Hephestus. And their porticoes are very inflammable, for the doors are made of palm-wood and covered with bituminous varnish which will burn like tinder; while we, on our side, have plenty of pine-wood for torches, which will quickly produce a mighty conflagration; we have also plenty of pitch and tow, which will quickly spread the flames everywhere, so that those upon the house-tops must either quickly leave their posts or quickly be consumed.

'But come, to arms! and with the help of the gods I will lead you on. And do you, Gadatas and Gobryas, show the streets, for you are familiar with them. And when we get inside the walls, lead us by the quickest route to the royal palace.'

'Aye,' answered Gobryas and his staff, 'in view of the revelry, it would not be at all surprising if the gates leading to the palace were open, for all the city is feasting this night. Still, we shall find a guard before the gates, for one is always posted there.'

'We must lose no time, then,' said Cyrus. 'Forward, that we may catch the men as unprepared as we can.'

When these words were spoken, they advanced. And of those they met on the way, some fell by their swords, some fled back into their houses, some shouted to them; and Gobryas and his men shouted back to them, as if they were fellow-revelers. They advanced as fast as they could and were soon at the palace. And Gobryas and Gadatas and their troops

found the gates leading to the palace locked, and those who had been appointed to attack the guard fell upon them as they were drinking by a blazing fire, and without waiting they dealt with them as with foes. But, as a noise and tumult ensued, those within heard the uproar, and at the king's command to see what the matter was, some of them opened the gates and ran out. And when Gadatas and his men saw the gates open they dashed in in pursuit of the others as they fled back into the palace, and dealing blows right and left they came into the presence of the king; and they found him already risen with his dagger in his hand. And Gadatas and Gobryas and their followers overpowered him; and those about the king perished also, one where he had sought some shelter, another while running away, another while actually trying to defend himself with whatever he could.

Cyrus then sent the companies of cavalry around through the streets and gave them orders to cut down all whom they found out of doors, while he directed those who understood Assyrian to proclaim to those in their houses that they should stay there, for if any one should be caught outside, he would be put to death.

While they were thus occupied, Gadatas and Gobryas came up; and first of all they did homage to the gods, seeing that they had avenged themselves upon the wicked king, and then they kissed Cyrus's hands and his feet with many tears of joy.

THE LAST WORDS OF CYRUS

'And do you think that the honors paid to the dead would continue, if their souls had no part in any of them? I am sure I do not; nor yet, my sons, have I ever convinced myself of this—that only as long as it is contained in a mortal body is the soul alive, but when it has been freed from it, is dead; for I see that it is the soul that endues mortal bodies with life, as long as it is in them. Neither have I been able to convince myself of this—that the soul will want intelligence just when it is separated from this unintelligent body; but when the spirit is set free, pure and untrammelled by matter, then it is likely to be most intelligent. And when man is resolved into his primal elements, it is clear that every part returns to kindred matter, except the soul; that

alone cannot be seen, either when present or when departing.

'Consider again,' he continued, 'that there is nothing in the world more nearly akin to death than is sleep; and the soul of man at just such times is revealed in its most divine aspect and at such times, too, it looks forward into the future; for then, it seems, it is most untrammelled by the bonds of the flesh.

'Now if this is true, as I think it is, and if the soul does leave the body, then do what I request of you and show reverence for my soul. But if it is not so, and if the soul remains in the body and dies with it, then at least fear the gods, eternal, all-seeing, omnipotent, who keep this ordered universe together, unimpaired, ageless, unerring, indescribable in its beauty and its grandeur; and never allow yourselves to do or purpose anything wicked or unholy.

'Next to the gods, however, show respect also to all the race of men as they continue in perpetual succession; for the gods do not hide you away in darkness, but your works must ever live on in the sight of all men; and if they are pure and untainted with unrighteousness, they will make your power manifest among all mankind. But if you conceive any unrighteous schemes against each other, you will forfeit in the eyes of all men your right to be trusted. For no one would be able any longer to trust you—not even if he very much desired to do so—if he saw either of you wronging that one who has the first claim to the other's love.

'Now, if I am giving you sufficient instructions as to what manner of men you ought to be one towards the other—well and good; if not, then you must learn it from the history of the past, for this is the best source of instruction. For, as a rule, parents have always been friends to their children, brothers to their brothers; but ere now some of them have been at enmity one with another. Which-ever, therefore, of these two courses you shall find to have been profitable, choose that, and you would counsel well.

'But of this, perhaps, enough.

'Now as to my body, when I am dead, my sons, lay it away neither in gold nor in silver nor in anything else, but commit it to the earth as soon as may be. For what is more blessed than to be united with the earth, which brings forth and nourishes all things beautiful and all things

good? I have always been a friend to man, and I think I should gladly now become a part of that which does him so much good.

'But I must conclude,' he said; 'for my soul seems to me to be slipping away from those parts of my body, from which, as it appears, it is wont to begin its departure. So if any one wishes to take my hand or desires to look into my face while I yet live, let him come near; but after I have covered myself over, I beg of you, my children, let no one look upon my body, not even yourselves.

'Invite, however, all the Persians and our allies to my burial, to joy with me in that I shall henceforth be in security such that no evil can ever again come nigh me, whether I shall be in the divine presence or whether I shall no longer have any being; and to all those who come show all the courtesies that are usual in honor of a man that has been blessed of fortune, and then dismiss them.

'Remember also this last word of mine,' he said: 'if you do good to your friends, you will also be able to punish your enemies. And now farewell, my children, and say farewell to your mother as from me. And to all my friends, both present and absent, I bid farewell.'

After these words, he shook hands with them all, covered himself over, and so died.

—WALTER MILLER, in Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

ECONOMICUS; or, HOME ECONOMICS

HOUSEHOLDS AND MANAGEMENT

I once heard Socrates also discoursing on the management of a household, after the following manner: 'Tell me,' said he, 'Critobulus, is domestic management the name of an art, as that of healing, or of working in brass, or of building?' 'It appears so to me,' said Critobulus. 'And as we can specify concerning these arts, what is the business of each, can we also specify concerning domestic management, what is its business?' 'It appears, at least,' said Critobulus, 'that it is the business of a good householder to regulate his house well.' 'And as to another man's

house,' said Socrates, 'if the owner should intrust it to him, might he not be able, if he pleased, to regulate it as well as his own? He who is skilled in building can do for another equally well what he can do for himself; and surely he who is skilled in domestic management may act similarly.' 'It appears so to me, Socrates.' 'Is it possible then,' said Socrates, 'for one who knows this art, and happens to have no property of his own, to earn money by managing the house of another, as an architect earns money by building a house?' 'Yes, doubtless,' said Critobulus, 'he might earn a large sum of money, if, taking a house under his charge, he can fulfil the duties which it requires, and augment the value of it by adding largely to its resources.'

'But what is it that the term house gives us to understand? Is it the same as the mere building, or is whatever a man possesses, besides the mere building, included under the term house?' 'It seems to me,' replied Critobulus, 'that everything a person has, even though it be not in the same country with the possessor, is comprehended under the term house, or personal property. . . .'

ISCHOMACHUS TALKS WITH HIS YOUNG WIFE

'And as to what you asked me besides, Socrates, I assuredly do not spend my life indoors; for,' added he, 'my wife is quite capable herself of managing what is to be done in my house.' 'But,' said I, 'Ischomachus, I would very gladly be permitted to ask you whether you instructed your wife yourself, so that she might be qualified as she ought to be, or whether, when you received her from her father and mother, she was possessed of sufficient knowledge to manage what belongs to her.' 'And how, my dear Socrates,' said he, 'could she have had sufficient knowledge when I took her, since she came to my house when she was not fifteen years old, and had spent the preceding part of her life under the strictest restraint, in order that she might see as little, hear as little, and ask as few questions as possible? Does it not appear to you to be quite sufficient, if she did but know, when she came, how to take wool and make a garment, and had seen how to apportion the tasks of spinning among the maid-servants? for as

to what concerns the appetite, Socrates,' added he, 'which seems to me a most important part of instruction both for a man and for a woman, she came to me extremely well instructed.' 'But as to other things, Ischomachus,' said I, 'did you yourself instruct your wife, so that she should be qualified to attend to the affairs belonging to her?' 'Not, indeed,' replied Ischomachus, 'until I had offered sacrifice, and prayed that it might be my fortune to teach, and hers to learn, what would be best for both of us.' 'Did your wife, then,' said I, 'join with you in offering sacrifice, and in praying for these blessings?' 'Certainly,' answered Ischomachus, 'and she made many vows to the gods that she would be such as she ought to be, and showed plainly that she was not likely to disregard what was taught her.' 'In the name of the gods, Ischomachus, tell me,' said I, 'what you began to teach her first; for I shall have more pleasure in hearing you give this account, than if you were to give me a description of the finest gymnastic or equestrian games.' 'Well, then, Socrates,' returned Ischomachus, 'when she grew familiarized and domesticated with me, so that we conversed freely together, I began to question her in some such way as this: 'Tell me, my dear wife, have you ever considered with what view I married you, and with what object your parents gave you to me? For that there was no want of other persons with whom we might have shared our respective beds must, I am sure, be evident to you as well as to me. But when I considered for myself, and your parents for you, whom we might select as the best partner for a house and children, I preferred you, and your parents, as it appears, preferred me, out of those who were possible objects of choice. If, then, the gods should ever grant children to be born to us, we shall then consult together, with regard to them, how we may bring them up as well as possible; for it will be a common advantage to both of us to find them of the utmost service as supporters and maintainers of our old age. At present, however, this is our common household; for I deposit all that I have as in common between us, and you put everything that you have brought into our common stock. Nor is it necessary to consider which of the two has contributed the greater share; but we ought to feel assured that whichever

of us is the better manager of our common fortune will give the more valuable service.' To these remarks, Socrates, my wife replied, 'In what respect could I coöperate with you? What power have I? Everything lies with you. My duty, my mother told me, was to conduct myself discreetly.' 'Yes, by Jupiter, my dear wife,' replied I, 'and my father told me the same. But it is the part of discreet people, as well husbands as wives, to act in such a manner that their property may be in the best possible condition, and that as large additions as possible may be made to it by honorable and just means.'

THE MORALITY AND HYGIENE OF COSMETICS

'On hearing that his wife had made him such a reply,' proceeded Socrates, 'I said, 'By Juno, Ischomachus, you show us that your wife is possessed of a manly understanding.' 'And accordingly,' returned Ischomachus, 'I wish to give you other instances of her extreme nobleness of mind, in matters in which she complied with my wishes after hearing them only once.' 'Of what nature were they?' said I; 'pray tell us; for it is a far greater pleasure to hear of the merit of a living woman, than if Zeuxis were to exhibit to me the most beautiful representation of a woman in a painting.' Ischomachus then proceeded to say, 'Seeing her one day, Socrates, painted over with a great deal of white lead, that she might appear still fairer than she really was, and with a great deal of vermilion, that her complexion might seem more rosy than its natural hue, and having on high-heeled shoes, that she might seem tall beyond her real stature, 'Tell me,' said I, 'my dear wife, whether you would consider me, as a sharer of my fortunes with you, more worthy of your love, if I should show you what I really possessed, and should neither boast that I have more than really belongs to me, nor conceal any portion of what I have; or if, on the contrary, I should endeavor to deceive you by saying that I have more than is really mine, and by showing you counterfeit money, and necklaces of gilt wood, and purple garments of a fading color, pretending that they are of the true quality?' She instantly replying, said, 'Hush! may you never act in such a way; for if you were to do so, I could never

love you from my heart.' 'Then,' said I, 'my dear wife, were we not united that we might have personal intimacy with one another?' 'People say so at least,' replied she. 'Whether, then,' said I, 'should I seem, as an intimate associate, more worthy of your love, if, in presenting my person to you, I should take care, by paying due attention to it, that it be healthy and strong, and should by that means appear to you, as would really be the case, of a good complexion, or if, on the contrary, I should paint myself with vermilion, tinge my eyelids with purple, and then present myself before you, and associate with you, deceiving you all the time, and offering you vermilion to see and touch instead of my own natural skin?' 'Certainly,' replied she, 'I should not touch vermilion with greater pleasure than I should touch yourself, nor should I look upon purple dye with greater pleasure than on your own color, nor should I see your eyes painted with greater pleasure than in their natural condition.' 'Consider accordingly that I also, my dear wife,' Ischomachus said that he told her, 'am not better pleased with the color of white lead and red dye than with your own; but as the gods have made horses the most beautiful objects of contemplation to horses, oxen to oxen, and sheep to sheep, so men think that the human body in its natural state is the most agreeable object of contemplation to men. Such deceits may indeed impose, to a certain extent, on comparative strangers, without being discovered; but if those who live together in intimacy attempt to deceive one another, they must certainly be found out; for they will either expose themselves when they rise from their beds, before they make their toilet, or they will be detected by perspiration, or will be unmasked by tears, or will, assuredly, be betrayed in bathing.' 'And what in the

name of the gods,' said I, 'did she answer to these remarks?' 'Her only answer was,' said he, 'that she never afterwards practised any such art, but took care to appear in a natural and becoming manner. She even asked me if I could recommend her any course by which she might render herself really good looking, and not merely make herself be thought so. I then, my dear Socrates,' continued he, 'advised her not to sit continually like a slave, but to take upon herself, with the help of the gods, to preside at the loom like a mistress, and to teach others what she knew better than they, and to learn what she did not know so well; I recommended her also to overlook the bread-maker, to attend to the housekeeper as she was measuring out her articles, and to go about and examine whether everything was in the place in which it ought to be; for such occupations, it appeared to me, would be at once a discharge of her duties and a means of exercise. I told her, too, that it would be good exercise to wet and knead the bread, and to shake out and put up the clothes and bed-coverings. I assured her that if she thus exercised herself she would take her food with a better appetite, would enjoy better health, and would assume a more truly excellent complexion. A wife's look, indeed, when it seems, compared with that of a servant, more pure and healthy, and when she is dressed more becomingly, is something attractive to a husband, especially when a desire of pleasing him, instead of serving him from compulsion, is manifested. But women who are always seated to keep up their dignity, cause themselves to be numbered among such as are decked out merely for show, and appear under false colors. And now, Socrates,' added he, 'my wife regulates her conduct, be assured, as I taught her, and as I now tell you.'

—J. S. WATSON.

IV. DRAMA (534-250 B.C.)

TRAGEDY (534-405 B.C.)

Greek tragedy originated early in the sixth century B.C. from the liturgy of Dionysus, god of wine and of vegetation in general, somewhat as modern drama arose from the Christian liturgy, by the expansion of a detail first into sung or chanted dialogue, and finally into costumed acting. The beginning, according to Aristotle, was in the dithyramb, or choral hymn sung at the altar of Dionysus. The evolution of tragedy had progressed so far by 534 B.C. that when the Greater or City Dionysiac Festival was instituted a contest in tragic drama was established by the Athenian state as one of its main features. Its path to perfection and the end of original production was marked by the names of Epigenes and Thespis, about 536, two of the earliest contributors to its art, Phrynichus, 512-476, who introduced female characters in the chorus parts and elaborated the choric dance, Chœrilus, who invented masks and improved the costumes, Æschylus, who added a second actor and increased the action, Sophocles, who added the third actor and refined the proportion of the choral interlude to the acted parts, and Euripides, who liberalized dramatic content by the humanization of plot, character, and sentiment.

A tragedy was composed of (1) the prologue, all the action up to the appearance of the chorus; (2) the parade, or chorus entry and song; (3) the episodes, or action; (4) the choral interludes, odes sung by a rhythmically moving chorus of twelve to fifteen, who sustained the part of the city's elders, priests, women, or other characteristic group; and (5) the exode, or final scene, at the end of which the stage was empty. Three tragedies, sometimes forming a trilogy on the same subject, were performed each day for three days at the Greater Dionysia, about Easter time, in the theater on the south slope of the Acropolis, the fourth day being given to comedy. A jury awarded first and second prizes.

ÆSCHYLUS (525-456 B.C.)

Æschylus, Athenian, soldier of Marathon, actor, traveler, courtier, wrote some eighty tragedies, of which *The Persians*, *The Seven Against Thebes*, *Prometheus Bound*, *The Suppliants*, *Agamemnon*, *The Libation-pourers*, and *The Eumenides* survive. His plays, especially *Agamemnon*, are distinguished by characters of heroic stature, by sublimity of sentiment and language, and by beauty of lyric parts. There is a Hebrew quality in the religious thought of *Agamemnon*, and a Shakespearean amplitude in its characters.

AGAMEMNON

The scene is before Agamemnon's palace at Argos in the dead of night. Ten years have passed since the expedition sailed for Troy, the tidings of the city's capture are instantly expected by the watchman on the roof, who dreads what may occur when the King returns home, where not everybody has remained faithful to him. The other characters are Queen Clytæmnestra, a Herald, Cassandra, Ægisthus, the queen's paramour, the Chorus of Argive elders. The text of the play, somewhat reduced, is here reprinted with the permission of the publishers, George Routledge and Sons, from the translation of E. H. Plumptre.

WATCHMAN

I ask the Gods a respite from these toils,
This keeping at my post the whole year
round,
Wherein, upon the Atreidæ's roof reclined,
Like dog, upon my elbow, I have learnt

To know night's goodly company of stars, 5
And those bright lords that deck the firmament,
And winter bring to men, and harvest-tide;
And now I watch for sign of beacon-torch,
The flash of fire that bringeth news from
Troia,

And tidings of its capture. So prevails 10
A woman's manly-purposed, hoping heart;
And when I keep my bed of little ease,
Drenched with the dew, unvisited by dreams,
(For fear, instead of sleep, my comrade is,
So that in sound sleep ne'er I close mine
eyes,) 15

And when I think to sing a tune, or hum,
(My medicine of song to ward off sleep,)
Then weep I, wailing for this house's chance,
No more, as erst, right well administered.
Well! may I now find blest release from
toils, 20

When fire from out the dark brings tidings
good.—

[*Springs up suddenly.*]

Hail! thou torch-bearer of the night, that
shedd'st

Light as of morn, and bringest full array
Of many choral bands in Argos met,
Because of this success. Hurrah! hurrah! 25
So clearly tell I Agamemnon's queen,
With all speed rising from her couch to raise
Shrill cry of triumph o'er this beacon-fire
Throughout the house, since Iliion's citadel
Is taken, as full well that bright blaze
shows. 30

I, for my part, will dance my prelude now;
For I shall score my lord's new turn of luck,
This beacon-blaze may throw of triple six.
Well, would that I with this mine hand may
touch

The dear hand of our king when he comes
home! 35

As to all else, the word is 'Hush!' An ox
Rests on my tongue; had the house a voice
'Twould tell too clear a tale. I'm fain to
speak

To those who know, forget with those who
know not. [Exit

Enter Chorus of twelve Argive elders, chanting as they march

Lo! the tenth year now is passing 40
Since, of Priam great avengers,
Menelaos, Agamemnon,
Double-throned and doubled-sceptred,
Power from sovran Zeus deriving—
Mighty pair of the Atræidæ— 45
Raised a fleet of thousand vessels
Of the Argives from our country,
Potent helpers in their warfare,
Shouting cry of Ares fiercely;
E'en as vultures shriek who hover, 50
Wheeling, whirling o'er their eyrie,
In wild sorrow for their nestlings,
With their oars of stout wings rowing,

Having lost the toil that bound them
To their callow fledglings' couches. 55
But on high One,—or Apollo,
Zeus, or Pan,—the shrill cry hearing,
Cry of birds that are his clients,
Sendeth forth on men transgressing,
Erinnyes, slow but sure avenger; 60
So against young Alexandros
Atreus' sons the great King sendeth,
Zeus, of host and guest protector:
He, for bride with many a lover,
Will to Danaï give and Troïans 65
Many conflicts, men's limbs straining,
When the knee in dust is crouching,
And the spear-shaft in the onset
Of the battle snaps asunder.
But as things are now, so are they, 70
So, as destined, shall the end be.
Nor by tears, nor yet libations
Shall he soothe the wrath unbending
Caused by sacred rites left fireless.
We, with old frame little honored, 75
Left behind that host are staying,
Resting strength that equals childhood's
On our staff: for in the bosom
Of the boy, life's young sap rushing, 80
Is of old age but the equal;
Ares not as yet is found there:
And the man in age exceeding,
When the leaf is sere and withered,
Goes with three feet on his journey;
Not more Ares-like than boyhood, 85
Like a day-seen dream he wanders.

Enter CLYTEMNESTRA, followed by a procession of torch-bearers

Ch. Thou, of Tyndareus the daughter,
Queen of Argos, Clytæmnestra,
What has happened? what news cometh?
What perceiving, on what tidings 90
Leaning, dost thou put in motion
All this solemn, great procession?
Of the Gods who guard the city,
Those above and those beneath us,
Of the heaven, and of the market, 95
Lo! with thy gifts blaze the altars;
And through all the expanse of Heaven,
Here and there, the torch-fire rises,
With the flowing, pure persuasion
Of the holy unguent nourished, 100
And the chrism rich and kingly
From the treasure-store's recesses.
Telling what of this thou canst tell,
What is right for thee to utter,
Be a healer of my trouble, 105
Trouble now my soul disturbing,
While anon fond hope displaying

Sacrificial signs propitious,
Wards off care that no rest knoweth,
Sorrow mind and heart corroding. . . 110
[*The Queen passes*]

O Zeus—whate'er He be,
If that Name please Him well,
By that on Him I call:
Weighing all other names I fail to guess
Aught else but Zeus, if I would cast aside, 115
Clearly, in every deed,
From off my soul this idle weight of care.

Nor He who erst was great,
Full of the might to war,
Avails now; He is gone; 120
And He who next came hath departed too,
His victor meeting; but if one to Zeus,
High triumph-praise should sing,
His shall be all the wisdom of the wise;

Yea, Zeus, who leadeth men in wisdom's
way, 125
And fixeth fast the law,
That pain is gain;
And slowly dropping on the heart in sleep
Comes woe-recording care,
And makes the unwilling yield to wiser
thoughts: 130
And doubtless this too comes from grace of
Gods,
Seated in might upon their awful thrones.

And then of those Achæan ships the chief,
The elder, blaming not
Or seer or priest; 135
But tempered to the fate that on him
smote. . .

When that Achæan host
Were vexed with adverse winds and failing
stores,
Still kept where Chalkis in the distance lies,
And the vexed waves in Aulis ebb and
flow; 140

And breezes from the Strymon sweeping
down,
Breeding delays and hunger, driving forth
Our men in wandering course,
On seas without a port.
Sparing nor ships, nor rope, nor sailing
gear, 145
With doubled months wore down the Argive
host;

And when, for that wild storm,
Of one more charm far harder for our chiefs
The prophet told, and spake of Artemis,
In tone so piercing shrill, 150

The Atreidæ smote their staves upon the
ground,
And could not stay their tears.

And then the old king lifted up his voice,
And spake, 'Great woe it is to disobey;—
Great too to slay my child, 155
The pride and joy of home,
Polluting with the streams of maiden's blood
Her father's hands upon the altar steps.
What course is free from ill?
How lose my ships and fail of mine allies? 160
'Tis meet that they with strong desire should
seek

A rite the winds to soothe,
E'en though it be with blood of maiden pure;
May all end well at last!

So when he himself had harnessed 165
To the yoke of Fate unbending,
With a blast of strange, new feeling,
Sweeping o'er his heart and spirit,
Aweless, godless, and unholy,
He his thoughts and purpose altered 170
To full measure of all daring,
(Still base counsel's fatal frenzy,
Wretched primal source of evils,
Gives to mortal hearts strange boldness,)
And at last his heart he hardened 175
His own child to slay as victim,
Help in war that they were waging,
To avenge a woman's frailty,
Victim for the good ship's safety.

All her prayers and eager callings, 180
On the tender name of Father,
All her young and maiden freshness,
They but set at nought, those rulers,
In their passion for the battle.
And her father gave commandment 185
To the servants of the Goddess,
When the prayer was o'er, to lift her,
Like a kid, above the altar,
In her garments wrapt, face down-
wards,—

Yea, to seize with all their courage, 190
And that o'er her lips of beauty
Should be set a watch to hinder
Words of curse against the houses,
With the gag's strength silence-working.

And she upon the ground 195
Pouring rich folds of veil in saffron dyed,
Cast at each one of those who sacrificed
A piteous glance that pierced,
Fair as a pictured form;
And wishing,—all in vain,— 200
To speak; for oftentimes
In those her father's hospitable halls

She sang, a maiden pure with chastest song,
 And her dear father's life
 That poured its threefold cup of praise, to
 God, 205
 Crowned with all choicest good,
 She with a daughter's love
 Was wont to celebrate.

What then ensued mine eyes
 Saw not, nor may I tell, but Calchas' arts 210
 Were found not fruitless. Justice turns the
 scale
 For those to whom through pain
 At last comes wisdom's gain.
 But for our future fate,
 Since help for it is none, 215
 Good-bye to it before it comes, and this
 Has the same end as wailing premature;
 For with to-morrow's dawn
 It will come clear; may good luck crown our
 fate! . . .

Enter CLYTÆMNESTRA

Ch. I come, O Clytæmnestra, honoring 220
 Thy majesty: 'tis meet to pay respect
 To a chief's wife, the man's throne empty
 left:
 But whether thou hast heard good news, or
 else
 In hopes of tidings glad dost sacrifice,
 I fain would hear, yet will not silence
 blame. 225

Cl. May Morning, as the proverb runs,
 appear
 Bearing glad tidings from his mother Night!
 Joy thou shalt learn beyond thy hope to hear;
 For Argives now have taken Priam's city.

Ch. What? Thy words sound so strange
 they flit by me. 230

Cl. The Achæans hold Troïa. Speak I
 clear enough?

Ch. Joy creeps upon me, drawing forth
 my tears.

Cl. Of loyal heart thine eyes give token
 true.

Ch. What witness sure hast thou of these
 events?

Cl. Full clear (how else?) unless the God
 deceive. 235

Ch. Reliest thou on dreams or visions
 seen?

Cl. I place no trust in mind weighed down
 with sleep.

Ch. Hath then some wingless omen
 charmed thy soul?

Cl. My mind thou scorn'st, as though
 'twere but a girl's.

Ch. What time has passed since they the
 city sacked? 240

Cl. This very night, the mother of this
 morn.

Ch. What herald could arrive with speed
 like this?

Cl. Hephæstos flashing forth bright flames
 from Ida:

Beacon to beacon from that courier-fire
 Sent on its tidings; Ida to the rock 245
 Hermæan named, in Lemnos: from the isle
 The height of Athos, dear to Zeus, received
 A third great torch of flame, and lifted up,
 So as on high to skim the broad sea's back,
 The stalwart fire rejoicing went its way; 250
 The pine-wood, like a sun, sent forth its light
 Of golden radiance to Makistos' watch;
 And he, with no delay, nor unawares
 Conquered by sleep, performed his courier's
 part:

Far off the torch-light, to Euripos' straits 255
 Advancing, tells it to Messapion's guards:
 They, in their turn, lit up and passed it on,
 Kindling a pile of dry and aged heath.
 Still strong and fresh the torch, not yet
 grown dim,

Leaping across Asôpos' plain in guise 260
 Like a bright moon, towards Kithæron's rock,
 Roused the next station of the courier flame.
 And that far-traveled light the sentries there
 Refused not, burning more than all yet
 named:

And then the light swooped o'er Gorgôpis'
 lake, 265

And passing on to Ægiplanctos' mount,
 Bade the bright fire's due order tarry not;
 And they, enkindling boundless store, send on
 A mighty beard of flame, and then it passed
 The headland e'en that looks on Saron's
 gulf, 270

Still blazing. On it swept, until it came
 To Arachnæan heights, the watch-tower
 near;

Then here on the Atreidæ's roof it swoops,
 This light, of Ida's fire no doubtful heir.
 Such is the order of my torch-race games;
 One from another taking up the course, 276
 But here the winner is both first and last;
 And this sure proof and token now I tell
 thee,

Seeing that my lord hath sent it me from
 Troïa.

Ch. I to the Gods, O Queen, will pray
 hereafter, 280

But fain would I hear all thy tale again,
 E'en as thou tell'st, and satiate my wonder.

Cl. This very day the Achæans Troïa hold.
 I trow full diverse cry pervades the town:

Pour in the same vase vinegar and oil, 285
 And you would call them enemies, not
 friends;
 And so from conquerors and from captives
 now
 The cries of varied fortune one may hear.
 For these, low-fallen on the carcases 289
 Of husbands and of brothers, children too
 By aged fathers, mourn their dear ones'
 death,
 And that with throats that are no longer free.
 And those the hungry toil of sleepless guard,
 After the battle, at their breakfast sets;
 Not billeted in order fixed and clear, 295
 But just as each his own chance fortune
 grasps,
 They in the captive houses of the Trojans
 Dwell, freed at last from all the night's chill
 frosts,
 And dews of heaven, for now, poor wretches,
 they
 Will sleep all night without the sentry's
 watch; 300
 And if they reverence well the guardian Gods
 Of that new-conquered country, and their
 shrines,
 Then they, the captors, will not captured be.
 Ah! let no evil lust attack the host,
 Conquered by greed, to plunder what they
 ought not: 305
 For yet they need return in safety home,
 Doubling the goal to run their backward race.
 But should the host come sinning 'gainst the
 Gods,
 Then would the curse of those that perished
 Be watchful, e'en though no quick ill might
 fall. 310
 Such thoughts are mine, mere woman
 though I be.
 May good prevail beyond all doubtful
 chance!
 For I have got the blessing of great joy. . . .
 [Exit]

The Chorus sings of Helen

Ch. She, leaving to her countrymen at
 home
 Wild din of spear and shield and ships of
 war, 315
 And bringing, as her dower,
 To Ilion doom of death,
 Passed very swiftly through the palace gates,
 Daring what none should dare;
 And many a wailing cry 320
 They raised, the minstrel prophets of the
 house,
 'Woe for that kingly home!

Woe for that kingly home and for its chiefs!
 Woe for the marriage-bed and traces left
 Of wife who loved her lord! 325
 There stands he silent; foully wronged and
 yet
 Uttering no word of scorn,
 In deepest woe perceiving she is gone;
 And in his yearning love
 For one beyond the sea, 330
 A ghost shall seem to queen it o'er the house;
 The grace of sculptured forms
 Is loathed by her lord,
 And in the penury of life's bright eyes
 All Aphrodite's charm 335
 To utter wreck has gone.

And phantom shades that hover round in
 dreams
 Come full of sorrow, bringing vain delight;
 For vain it is, when one
 Sees seeming shows of good, 340
 And gliding through his hands the dream is
 gone,
 After a moment's space,
 On wings that follow still
 Upon the path where sleep goes to and fro.
 Such are the woes at home 345
 Upon the altar hearth, and worse than these.
 But on a wider scale for those who went
 From Hellas' ancient shore,
 A sore distress that causeth pain of heart
 Is seen in every house. 350
 Yea, many things there are that touch the
 quick:
 For those whom each did send
 He knoweth; but, instead
 Of living men, there come to each man's
 home
 Funeral urns alone, 355
 And ashes of the dead.

For Ares, trafficking for golden coin
 The lifeless shapes of men,
 And in the rush of battle holding scales,
 Sends now from Ilion 360
 Dust from the funeral pyre,
 A burden sore to loving friends at home,
 And bitterly bewailed,
 Filling the brazen urn
 With well-smoothed ashes in the place of
 men; 365
 And with high praise they mourn
 This hero skilled and valiant in the fight,
 And that who in the battle nobly fell,
 All for another's wife:
 And other words some murmur secretly; 370
 And jealous discontent
 Against the Atreidæ, champions in the suit,

Creeps on all stealthily;
And some around the wall,
In full and goodly form have sepulture 375
There upon Ilion's soil,
And their foes' land inters its conquerors. . . .

A Herald is seen approaching

Ch. Soon we shall know the sequence of
the torches
Light-giving, and of all the beacon-fires,
If they be true; or if, as 'twere a dream, 380
This sweet light coming hath beguiled our
minds.
I see a herald coming from the shore,
With olive boughs o'ershadowed, and the
dust,
Dry sister-twin of mire, announces this,
That neither without voice, nor kindling
blaze 385
Of wood upon the mountains, he will signal
With smoke from fire, but either he will
come,
With clear speech bidding us rejoice, or
else—
The word opposed to this I much dislike.
Nay, may good issue good beginnings crown!
Who for our city utters other prayers, 391
May he himself his soul's great error reap!
H. Hail, soil of this my Argive fatherland.
Now in the light of the tenth year I reach
thee,
Though many hopes are shattered, gaining
one. 395
For never did I think in Argive land
To die, and share the tomb that most I
craved.
Now hail! thou land; and hail! thou light
of day:
Zeus our great ruler, and thou Pythian king,
No longer darting arrows from thy bow. 400
Full hostile wast thou by Scamandros' banks,
Now be thou Saviour, yea, and Healer found,
O king Apollo! and the Gods of war,
These I invoke; my patron Hermes too, 404
Dear herald, whom all heralds reverence,—
Those heroes, too, that sent us,—graciously
To welcome back the host that war has
spared.
Hail, O ye royal dwellings, home beloved!
Ye solemn thrones, and Gods who face the
sun!
If e'er of old, with cheerful glances now 410
After long time receive our king's array.
For he is come, in darkness bringing light
To you and all, our monarch, Agamemnon.
Salute him with all grace; for so 'tis meet,
Since he hath dug up Troia with the spade 415

Of Zeus the Avenger, and the plain laid
waste;
Fallen their altars and the shrines of Gods;
The seed of all the land is rooted out,
This yoke of bondage casting over Troia,
Our chief, the elder of the Atreidæ, comes, 420
A man full blest and worthiest of high honor
Of all that are. For neither Paris' self,
Nor his accomplice city now can boast
Their deed exceeds its punishment. For he,
Found guilty on the charge of rape and
theft, 425
Hath lost his prize and brought his father's
house,
With lands and all, to waste and utter wreck;
And Priam's sons have double forfeit paid.
Ch. Joy, joy, thou herald of the Achæan
host!
H. All joy is mine: I shrink from death no
more. 430
Ch. Did love for this thy fatherland so try
thee?
H. So that mine eyes weep tears for very
joy.
Ch. Disease full sweet then this ye suffered
from . . .
H. How so? When taught, I shall thy
meaning master.
Ch. Ye longed for us who yearned for you
in turn. 435
H. Say'st thou this land its yearning host
yearned o'er?
Ch. Yea, so that oft I groaned in gloom
of heart.
H. Whence came these bodings that an
army hates?
Ch. Silence I've held long since a charm
for ill.
H. How, when your lords were absent,
feared ye any? 440
Ch. To use thy words, death now would
welcome be.
H. Good is the issue; but in so long time
Some things, one well might say, have prospered well,
And some give cause for murmurs. Save
the Gods,
Who free from sorrow lives out all his
life? 445
For should I tell of toils, and how we lodged
Full hardly, seldom putting in to shore,
And then with couch full hard. . . . What
gave us not
Good cause for mourning? What ill had we
not 449
As daily portion? And what passed on land,
That brought yet greater hardship: for our
beds

Were under our foes' walls, and meadow
mists
From heaven and earth still left us wringing
wet,
A constant mischief to our garments, making
Our hair as shaggy as the beasts'. And if 455
One spoke of winter frosts that killed the
birds,
By Ida's snow-storms made intolerable,
Or heat, when Ocean in its noontide couch
Windless reclined and slept without a
wave. . . .
But why lament o'er this? Our toil is past;
Past too is theirs who in the warfare fell, 461
So that no care have they to rise again.
Why should I count the number of the dead,
Or he that lives mourn o'er a past mischance?
To change and chance I bid a long Farewell:
With us, the remnant of the Argive host, 466
Good fortune wins, no ills as counterpoise.
So it is meet to this bright sun we boast,
Who travel homeward over land and sea:
'The Argive host who now have captured
Troia, 470
These spoils of battle to the Gods of Hellas
Hang on their pegs, enduring prize and joy.'
Hearing these things we ought to bless our
country
And our commanders; and the grace of Zeus
That wrought this shall be honored. My
tale's told. 475
Ch. Thy words o'ercome me, and I say not
nay;
To learn good keeps youth's freshness with
the old.
'Tis meet these things should be a special
care
To Clytemnestra and the house, and yet 479
That they should make me sharer in their joy.

Enter CLYTEMNESTRA

Cl. I long ago for gladness raised my
cry,
When the first fiery courier came by night,
Telling of Troia taken and laid waste:
And then one girding at me spake, 'Dost
think,
Trusting in beacons, Troia is laid waste? 485
This heart elate is just a woman's way.'
In words like these they made me out dis-
traught;
Yet still I sacrificed, and with a strain
Shrill as a woman's, they, now here, now
there,
Throughout the city hymns of blessing
raised 490
In shrines of Gods, and lulled to gentle sleep

The fragrant flame that on the incense fed.
And now why need'st thou lengthen out thy
words?
I from the king himself the tale shall learn;
And that I show all zeal to welcome back 495
My honored lord on his return (for what
Is brighter joy for wife to see than this,
When God has brought her husband back
from war,
To open wide her gates?) tell my lord this,
'To come with all his speed, the city's idol;
And 'may he find a faithful wife at home, 501
Such as he left her, noble watch-dog still
For him, and hostile to his enemies;
And like in all things else, who has not
broken
One seal of his in all this length of time.' 505
No pleasure have I known, nor scandal ill
With any other more than . . . stains on
bronze.
Such is my vaunt, and being full of truth,
Not shameful for a noble wife to speak. . . .
[Exit

H. It is not meet a day of tidings good 510
To mar with evil news. Apart for each
Is special worship. But when courier brings
With louring face the ills men pray against,
And tells a city that its host has fallen,
That for the State there is a general
wound, 515
That many a man from many a home is
driven,
As banned by double scourge that Ares
loves,
Woe doubly-barbed, Death's two-horse
chariot this . . .
When with such griefs as freight a herald
comes,
'Tis meet to chant the Erinnyes' dolorous
song; 520
But for glad messenger of good deeds
wrought
That bring deliverance, coming to a town
Rejoicing in its triumph, . . . how shall I
Blend good with evil, telling of a storm
That smote the Achæans, not without God's
wrath? 525
For they a compact swore who erst were
foes,
Ocean and Fire, and their pledges gave,
Wrecking the ill-starred army of the
Argives;
And in the night rose ill of raging storm:
For Thracian tempests shattered all the
ships, 530
Each on the other. Some thus crashed and
bruised,
By the storm stricken and the surging foam

Of wind-tost waves, soon vanished out of sight,

Whirled by an evil pilot. And when rose
The sun's bright orb, behold, the Ægæan
sea 535

Blossomed with wrecks of ships and dead
Achæans.

And as for us and our uninjured ship,
Surely 'twas some one stole or begged us off,
Some God, not man, presiding at the helm;
And on our ship with good will Fortune
sat, 540

Giver of safety, so that nor in haven
Felt we the breakers, nor on rough rock-
beach

Ran we aground. But when we had escaped
The hell of waters, then in clear, bright day,
Not trusting in our fortune, we in thought 545
O'er new ills brooded of our host destroyed,
And eke most roughly handled. And if still
Breathe any of them they report of us
As having perished. How else should they
speak?

And we in our turn deem that they are
so. 550

God send good ending! Look you, first and
chief,

For Menelaos' coming; and indeed,
If any sunbeam know of him alive
And well, by help of Zeus who has not willed
As yet to blot out all the regal race, 555
Some hope there is that he'll come back
again.

Know, hearing this, that thou the truth hast
heard.

[Exit

Ch. Who was it named her with such
wondrous truth?

(Could it be One unseen,
In strange prevision of her destined work, 560
Guiding the tongue through chance?)

Who gave that war-wed, strife-upstirring one
The name of Helen, ominous of ill?

For all too plainly she
Hath been to men, and ships, 565

And towers, as doom of Hell.

From bower of gorgeous curtains forth she
sailed

With breeze of Zephyr Titan-born and
strong;

And hosts of many men,
Hunters that bore the shield, 570

Went on the track of those who steered their
boat

Unseen to leafy banks of Simois,

On her account who came,
Dire cause of strife with bloodshed in her
train. . . .

There lives an old saw, framed in ancient
days, 575

In memories of men, that high estate
Full-grown brings forth its young, nor child-
less dies,

But that from good success
Springs to the race a woe insatiable.
But I, apart from all, 580

Hold this my creed alone:
For impious act it is that offspring breeds,
Like to their parent stock:
For still in every house

That loves the right their fate for ever-
more 585

Rejoiceth in an issue fair and good.

But Recklessness of old
Is wont to breed another Recklessness,
Sporting its youth in human miseries,
Or now, or then, when'er the fixed hour
comes: 590

That in its youth, in turn,
Doth full-flushed Lust beget,
And that dread demon-power unconquerable,
Daring that fears not God,—
Two curses black within the homes of men,
Like those that gendered them. 596

But Justice shineth bright
In dwellings that are dark and dim with
smoke,

And honors life law-ruled,
While gold-decked homes conjoined with
hands defiled 600

She with averted eyes
Hath left, and draweth near
To holier things, nor worships might of
wealth,

If counterfeit its praise;
But still directeth all the course of things 605
Towards its destined goal. . . .

AGAMEMNON is seen approaching in his
chariot, followed by another chariot,
in which CASSANDRA is standing,
carrying her prophet's wand in her
hand, and by a great train of sol-
diers bearing trophies.

Ag. First Argos, and the Gods who guard
the land,

'Tis right to greet; to them in part I owe
This my return, and vengeance that I took
On Priam's city. Not on hearsay proof 610
Judging the cause, with one consent the Gods
Cast in their votes into the urn of blood
For Ilium's ruin and her people's death;
I' the other urn Hope touched the rim alone,

Still far from being filled full. And even
yet 615

The captured city by its smoke is seen,
The incense clouds of Atë live on still;
And, in the act of dying with its prey,
From richest store the dust sends savors
sweet. . . .

And now will I to home and household
hearth 620

Move on, and first give thanks unto the Gods
Who led me forth, and brought me back
again.

Since Victory follows, long may she remain!

Enter CLYTEMNESTRA, followed by female attendants carrying purple tapestry

CL. Ye citizens, ye Argive senators,
I will not shrink from telling you the tale 625
Of wife's true love. As time wears on one
drops

All over-ness. Not learning it from
others,

I will narrate my own unhappy life,
The whole long time my lord at Ilion stayed.
For first, that wife should sit at home alone
Without her husband is a monstrous grief, 631
Hearing full many an ill report of him,
Now one and now another coming still,
Bringing news home, worse trouble upon
bad.

Yea, if my lord had met as many wounds 635
As rumor told of, floating to our house,
He had been riddled more than any net;
And had he died, as tidings still poured in,
Then he, a second Geryon with three lives,
Had boasted of a threefold coverlet 640
Of earth above, (I will not say below him,)
Dying one death for each of those his forms;
And so, because of all these ill reports,
Full many a noose around my neck have
others

Loosed by main force, when I had hung
myself. 645

And for this cause no son is with me now,
Holding in trust the pledges of our love,
As he should be, Orestes. Wonder not;
For now a kind ally doth nurture him, 649
Strophios the Phokian, telling me of woes
Of twofold aspect, danger on thy side
At Ilion, and lest loud-voiced anarchy
Should overthrow thy council, since 'tis still
The wont of men to kick at those who fall.
No trace of guile bears this excuse of mine;
As for myself, the fountains of my tears 656
Have flowed till they are dry, no drop re-
mains,

And mine eyes suffer from o'er-late repose,
Watching with tears the beacons set for thee,
Left still unheeded. And in dreams full
oft

I from my sleep was startled by the gnat 661
With thin wings buzzing, seeing in the night
Ills that stretched far beyond the time of
sleep.

Now, having borne all this, with mind at
ease,

I hail my lord as watch-dog of the fold, 665
The stay that saves the ship, of lofty roof
Main column-prop, a father's only child,
Land that beyond all hope the sailor sees,
Morn of great brightness following after
storm,

Clear-flowing fount to thirsty traveler. 670
Yes, it is pleasant to escape all straits:

With words of welcome such as these I
greet thee;

May jealous Heaven forgive them! for we
bore

Full many an evil in the past; and now,
Dear husband, leave thy car, nor on the
ground, 675

O King, set thou the foot that Ilion trampled.
Why linger ye, ye maids, whose task it was
To strew the pathway with your tapestries?
Let the whole road be straightway purple-
strown,

That Justice lead to home he looked not for.
All else my care, by slumber not subdued, 681
Will with God's help work out what fate
decrees.

Ag. O child of Leda, guardian of my
home,
Thy speech hath with my absence well
agreed—

For long indeed thou mad'st it—but fit praise
Is boon that I must seek at other hands. 686
I pray thee, do not in thy woman's fashion
Pamper my pride, nor in barbaric guise
Prostrate on earth raise full-mouthed cries
to me;

Make not my path offensive to the Gods 690
By spreading it with carpets. They alone
May claim that honor; but for mortal men
To walk on fair embroidery, to me
Seems nowise without peril. So I bid you
To honor me as man, and not as God. 695
Apart from all foot-mats and tapestry
My fame speaks loudly; and God's greatest
gift

Is not to err from wisdom. We must bless
Him only who ends life in fair estate.
Should I thus act throughout, good hope
were mine. 700

Cl. Nay, say not this my purposes to thwart.

Ag. Know I change not for the worse my purpose.

Cl. In fear, perchance, thou vowèd'st thus to act.

Ag. If any, I, with good ground spoke my will.

Cl. What think'st thou Priam, had he wrought such deeds . . . ? 705

Ag. Full gladly he, I trow, had trod on carpets.

Cl. Then shrink not thou through fear of men's dispraise.

Ag. And yet a people's whisper hath great might.

Cl. Who is not envied is not enviable.

Ag. 'Tis not a woman's part to crave for strife. 710

Cl. True, yet the prosperous e'en should sometimes yield.

Ag. Dost thou then prize that victory in the strife?

Cl. Nay, list; with all good-will yield me this boon.

Ag. Well, then, if thou wilt have it so, with speed

Let some one loose my buskins (servants they 715

Doing the foot's true work), and as I tread Upon these robes sea-purpled, may no wrath From glance of Gods smite on me from afar! Great shame I feel to trample with my foot This wealth of carpets, costliest work of looms; 720

So far for this. This stranger [*pointing to CASSANDRA*] lead thou in

With kindness. On him who gently wields His power God's eye looks kindly from afar. None of their own will choose a bondslave's life;

And she, the chosen flower of many spoils, Has followed with me as the army's gift. 726 But since I turn, obeying thee in this, I'll to my palace go, on purple treading.

Cl. There is a sea,—and who shall drain it dry?

Producing still new store of purple juice, 730 Precious as silver, staining many a robe.

And in our house, with God's help, O my king,

'Tis ours to boast our palace knows no stint. Trampling of many robes would I have vowed,

Had that been ordered me in oracles, 735 When for my lord's return I then did plan My votive gifts. For while the root lives on, The foliage stretches even to the house,

And spreads its shade against the dog-star's rage;

So when thou comest to thy hearth and home, 740

Thou show'st that warmth hath come in winter time;

And when from unripe clusters Zeus matures The wine, then is there coolness in the house, If the true master dwelleth in his home.

Ah, Zeus! the All-worker, Zeus, work out for me 745

All that I pray for; let it be thy care

To look to what Thou purposest to work.

Exeunt AGAMEMNON, walking on the tapestry, CLYTEMNESTRA, and her attendants

Ch. Why thus continually

Do haunting phantoms hover at the gate

Of my foreboding heart? 750

Why floats prophetic song, unbought, unbidden?

Why doth no steadfast trust

Sit on my mind's dear throne,

To fling it from me as a vision dim?

Long time hath passed since stern-ropes of our ships 755

Were fastened on the sand, when our great host

Of those that sailed in ships

Had come to Ilion's towers:

And now from these mine eyes

I learn, myself reporting to myself, 760

Their safe return; and yet

My mind within itself, taught by itself,

Chanteth Erinny's dirge,

The lyreless melody,

And hath no strength of wonted confidence.

Not vain these inner pulses, as my heart 766 Whirls eddying in breast oracular.

I, against hope, will pray

It prove false oracle. . . .

Re-enter CLYTEMNESTRA

Cl. [*to CASSANDRA, who has remained in the chariot during the choral ode*]

Thou too—I mean Cassandra—go within; 770 Since Zeus hath made it thine, and not in wrath,

To share the lustral waters in our house, Standing with many a slave the altar nigh Of Zeus, who guards our goods. Now get thee down

From out this car, nor look so over proud. They say that e'en Alcmena's son endured 776

Being sold a slave, constrained to bear the yoke:

And if the doom of this ill chance should come,

Great boon it is to meet with lords who own

Ancestral wealth. But whoso reap full crops They never dared to hope for, these in all, ⁷⁸¹

And beyond measure, to their slaves are harsh:

From us thou hast what usage doth prescribe.

Ch. So ends she, speaking words full clear to thee:

And seeing thou art in the toils of fate, ⁷⁸⁵

If thou obey, thou wilt obey; and yet,

Perchance, obey thou wilt not.

Cl. Nay, but unless she, like a swallow, speaks

A barbarous tongue unknown, I speaking now

Within her apprehension, bid obey. ⁷⁹⁰

Ch. [*to CASSANDRA, still standing motionless*] Go with her. What she bids is now the best;

Obey her: leave thy seat upon this car.

Cl. I have no leisure here to stay without:

For as regards our central altar, there

The sheep stand by as victims for the fire; ⁷⁹⁵

For never had we hoped such thanks to give:

If thou wilt do this, make no more delay;

But if thou understandest not my words,

Then wave thy foreign hand in lieu of speech.

[*CASSANDRA shudders, but makes no sign*

Ch. The stranger seems a clear interpreter ⁸⁰⁰

To need. Her look is like a captured deer's.

Cl. Nay, she is mad, and follows evil thoughts,

Since, leaving now her city, newly captured, She comes, and knows not how to take the curb,

Ere she foam out her passion in her blood. ⁸⁰⁵

I will not bear the shame of uttering more.

[*Exit*

Ch. And I—I pity her, and will not rage:

Come, thou poor sufferer, empty leave thy car;

Yield to thy doom, and handsel now the yoke.

[*CASSANDRA leaves the chariot, and bursts into a cry of wailing*

Ca. Woe! woe, and well-a-day! ⁸¹⁰
Apollo! O Apollo!

Ch. Why criest thou so loud on Loxias?

The wailing cry of mourner suits not him. . . .

Ca. Ah me! O daring one! what work'st thou here,

Who having in his bath ⁸¹⁵

Tended thy spouse, thy lord, then . . . How tell the rest?

For quick it comes, and hand is following hand,

Stretched out to strike the blow.

Ch. Still I discern not; after words so dark

I am perplexed with thy dim oracles. ⁸²⁰

Ca. Ah, horror, horror! What is this I see?

Is it a snare of Hell?

Nay, the true net is she who shares his bed,

Who shares in working death.

Ha! let the Band insatiable in hate ⁸²⁵

Howl for the race its wild exulting cry

O'er sacrifice that calls

For death by storm of stones. . . .

Ah, for the doom of clear-voiced nightingale!

The Gods gave her a body bearing wings, ⁸³⁰

And life of pleasant days

With no fresh cause to weep:

But for me waiteth still

Stroke from the two-edged sword.

Ch. From what source hast thou these dread agonies ⁸³⁵

Sent on thee by thy God,

Yet vague and little meaning; and thy cries

Dire with ill-omened shrieks

Dost utter as a chant,

And blendest with them strains of shrillest grief? ⁸⁴⁰

Whence treadest thou this track

Of evil-boding path of prophecy?

Ca. Woe for the toil and trouble, toil and trouble

Of city that is utterly destroyed!

Woe for the victims slain ⁸⁴⁵

Of herds that roamed the fields,

My father's sacrifice to save his towers!

No healing charm they brought

To save the city from its present doom:

And I with hot thoughts wild myself shall cast ⁸⁵⁰

Full soon upon the ground.

Ch. This that thou utterest now

With all before agrees.

Some Power above dooms thee with purpose ill,

Down-swooping heavily, ⁸⁵⁵

To utter with thy voice

Sorrows of deepest woe and bringing death.

And what the end shall be
Perplexes in the extreme.

Ca. Nay, now no more from out of maiden
veils 860

My oracle shall glance, like bride fresh wed;
But seems as though 'twould rush with
speedy gales

In full, clear brightness to the morning
dawn;

So that a greater war than this shall surge
Like wave against the sunlight. Now I'll
teach 865

No more in parables. Bear witness ye,
As running with me, that I scent the track
Of evil deeds that long ago were wrought:
For never are they absent from this house,
That choral band which chants in full
accord, 870

Yet no good music; good is not their theme.
And now, as having drunk men's blood,
and so

Grown wilder, bolder, see, the revelling
band,

Erinnyes of the race, still haunt the halls,
Not easy to dismiss. And so they sing, 875
Close cleaving to the house, its primal woe,
And vent their loathing in alternate strains
On marriage-bed of brother ruthless found
To that defiler. Miss I now, or hit, 879
Like archer skilled? or am I seeress false,
A babbler vain that knocks at every door?
Yea, swear beforehand, ere I die, I know
(And not by rumor only) all the sins
Of ancient days that haunt and vex this
house.

Ch. How could an oath, how firm soe'er
confirmed, 885

Bring aught of healing? Lo, I marvel at
thee,

That thou, though born far off beyond the
sea,

Should'st tell an alien city's tale as clear
As though thyself had stood by all the while.

Ca. The seer Apollo set me to this task. 890

Ch. Was he a God, so smitten with desire?

Ca. There was a time when shame re-
strained my speech.

Ch. True; they who prosper still are shy
and coy.

Ca. He wrestled hard, breathing hot love
on me.

Ch. And were ye one in act whence chil-
dren spring? 895

Ca. I promised Loxias, then I broke my
vow.

Ch. Wast thou e'en then possessed with
arts divine?

Ca. E'en then my country's woes I prophe-
sied.

Ch. How wast thou then unscathed by
Loxias' wrath?

Ca. I for that fault with no man gained
belief. 900

Ch. To us, at least, thou seem'st to speak
the truth.

Ca. [*wildly, as in an ecstasy.*] Ah, woe is
me! Woe's me! Oh, ills on ills!

Again the dread pang of true prophet's gift
With preludes of great evil dizzies me. 904
See ye those children sitting on the house
In fashion like to phantom forms of dreams?
Infants who perished at their own kin's
hands,

Their palms filled full with meat of their
own flesh,

Loom on my sight, the heart and entrails
bearing,

(A sorry burden that!) on which of old 910
Their father fed. And in revenge for this,
I say a lion, dwelling in his lair,
With not a spark of courage, stay-at-home,
Plots 'gainst my master, now he's home re-
turned,

(Yes, mine—for still I must the slave's yoke
bear;) 915

And the ship's ruler, Ilion's conqueror,
Knows not what things the tongue of that
lewd bitch

Has spoken and spun out in welcome smooth,
And, like a secret Atè, will work out
With dire success: thus 'tis she plans: the
man 920

Is murdered by the woman. By what
name

Shall I that loathèd monster rightly call?
An Amphisbæna? or a Skylla dwelling
Among the rocks, the sailors' enemy?
Hades' fierce raging mother, breathing out
Against her friends a curse implacable? 926
Ah, how she raised her cry, (oh, daring
one!)

As for the rout of battle, and she feigns
To hail with joy her husband's safe return!
And if thou dost not credit this, what
then? 930

What will be will. Soon, present, pitying me
Thou'lt own I am too true a prophetess.

Ch. Thyestes' banquet on his children's
flesh

I know and shudder at, and fear o'ercomes
me,

Hearing not counterfeits of fact, but truths;
Yet in the rest I hear and miss my path. 936

Ca. I say thou'lt witness Agamemnon's
death.

Ch. Hush, wretched woman, close those lips of thine!
Ca. For this my speech no healing God's at hand.
Ch. True, if it must be; but may God avert it! 940
Ca. Thou utterest prayers, but others murder plot.
Ch. And by what man is this dire evil wrought?
Ca. Sure, thou hast seen my bodings all amiss.
Ch. I see not his device who works the deed. 945
Ca. And yet I speak the Hellenic tongue right well.
Ch. So does the Pythian, yet her words are hard.
Ca. [*In another frenzy.*] Ah me, this fire! It comes upon me now!
 Ah me, Apollo, wolf-slayer! woe is me!
 This biped lioness who takes to bed 950
 A wolf in absence of the noble lion,
 Will slay me, wretched me. And, as one
 Mixing a poisoned draught, she boasts that she
 Will put my price into her cup of wrath,
 Sharpening her sword to smite her spouse
 with death, 955
 So paying him for bringing me. Oh, why
 Do I still wear what all men flout and scorn,
 My wand and seeress wreaths around my neck?
 Thee, ere myself I die I will destroy: [*breaks her wand*]
 Perish ye thus: [*casting off her wreaths*] I
 soon shall follow you. . . . 960
 So I these gates of Hades now address,
 And pray for blow that bringeth death at once,
 That so with no fierce spasm, while the blood
 Flows in calm death, I then may close mine eyes. . . .
 [*Goes toward the door of the palace*]
Ch. What cometh now? What fear oppresseth thee? 965
Ca. The house is tainted with the scent of death.
Ch. How so? This smells of victims on the hearth.
Ca. Nay, it is like the blast from out a grave.
Ch. No Syrian ritual tell'st thou for our house.
Ca. Well then I go, and e'en within will
 wait 970
 My fate and Agamemnon's. And for me,

Enough of life. Ah, friends! Ah! not for nought
 I shrink in fear, as bird shrinks from the brake.
 When I am dead do ye this witness bear, 974
 When in revenge for me, a woman, Death
 A woman smites, and man shall fall for man
 In evil wedlock wed. This friendly office,
 As one about to die, I pray you do me. . . .
 [*Enters palace*]
Ch. 'Tis true of all men that they never set
 A limit to good fortune; none doth say, 980
 As bidding it depart,
 And warding it from palaces of pride,
 'Enter thou here no more.'
 To this our lord the Blest Ones gave to take
 Priam's city; and he comes 985
 Safe to his home and honored by the Gods;
 But if he now shall pay
 The forfeit of blood-guiltiness of old,
 And, dying, so work out for those who died,
 By his own death another penalty, 990
 Who then of mortal men,
 Hearing such things as this,
 Can boast that he was born
 With fate from evil free?
Ag. [*from within.*] Ah, me! I am struck
 down with deadly stroke. 995
Ch. Hush! who cries out with deadly
 stroke sore smitten?
Ag. Ah me, again! struck down a second
 time! [*Dies*]
Ch. By the king's groans I judge the deed
 is done, . . .

Enter CLYTEMNESTRA from the palace,
in robes with stains of blood, followed by soldiers and attendants.
The open doors show the corpses of
AGAMEMNON and CASSANDRA, the
former lying in a silvered bath.

Cl. Though many words before to suit the
 time
 Were spoken, now I shall not be ashamed
 The contrary to utter: How could one 1001
 By open show of enmity to foes
 Who seemed as friends, fence in the snares
 of death
 Too high to be o'erleapt? But as for me,
 Not without forethought for this long time
 past, 1005
 This conflict comes to me from triumph
 old
 Of his, though slowly wrought. I stand
 where I

Did smite him down, with all my task well done.
 So did I it, (the deed deny I not,) That he could nor avert his doom nor flee: I cast around him drag-net as for fish, ¹⁰¹¹
 With not one outlet, evil wealth of robe: And twice I smote him, and with two deep groans
 He dropped his limbs: And when he thus fell down
 I gave him yet a third, thank-offering true ¹⁰¹⁵
 To Hades of the dark, who guards the dead. So fallen, he gasps out his struggling soul, And breathing forth a sharp, quick gush of blood,
 He showers dark drops of gory rain on me, Who no less joy felt in them than the corn, ¹⁰²⁰
 When the blade bears, in glad shower given of God.
 Since this is so, ye Argive elders here, Ye, as ye will, may hail the deed, but I Boast of it. And were't fitting now to pour Libation o'er the dead, 'twere justly done, ¹⁰²⁵
 Yea more than justly; such a goblet full Of ills hath he filled up with curses dire At home, and now has come to drain it off.
Ch. We marvel at the boldness of thy tongue
 Who o'er thy husband's corpse speak'st vaunt like this. ¹⁰³⁰
Cl. Ye test me as a woman weak of mind; But I with dauntless heart to you that know Say this, and whether thou dost praise or blame,
 Is all alike:—here Agamemnon lies, My husband, now a corpse, of this right hand, ¹⁰³⁵
 As artist just, the handiwork: so stands it. . . .
Ch. Yea, thou art stout of heart, and speak'st big words;
 And maddened is thy soul As by a murderous hate;
 And still upon thy brow ¹⁰⁴⁰
 Is seen, not yet avenged, The stain of blood-spot foul;
 And yet it needs must be, One day thou, reft of friends,
 Shalt pay the penalty of blow for blow. ¹⁰⁴⁵
Cl. Now hear thou too my oaths of solemn dread:
 By my accomplished vengeance for my child, By Atë and Erinnyes, unto whom I slew him as a victim, I look not That fear should come beneath this roof of mine, ¹⁰⁵⁰

So long as on my hearth Ægisthos kindles The flaming fire, as well disposed to me As he hath been aforetime. He to us Is no slight shield of stoutest confidence. There lies he, [*pointing to the corpse,*] one who foully wronged his wife, ¹⁰⁵⁵
 The darling of the Chryseids at Troia; And there [*pointing to CASSANDRA*] this captive slave, this augress,
 His concubine, this seeress trustworthy, Who shared his bed, and yet was as well known
 To the sailors as their benches! . . . They have fared ¹⁰⁶⁰
 Not otherwise than they deserved: for he Lies as you see. And she who, like a swan, Has chanted out her last and dying song, Lies close to him she loved, and so has brought
 The zest of a new pleasure to my bed. . . . ¹⁰⁶⁵

Enter ÆGISTHOS.

Æ. Hail, kindly light of day that vengeance brings!
 Now I can say the Gods on high look down, Avenging men, upon the woes of earth, Since lying in the robes the Erinnyes wove I see this man, right welcome sight to me, ¹⁰⁷⁰
 Paying for deeds his father's hand had wrought.
 Atreus, our country's ruler, this man's father, Drove out my sire Thyestes, his own brother, (To tell the whole truth,) quarreling for rule,
 An exile from his country and his home. ¹⁰⁷⁵
 And coming back a suppliant on the hearth, The poor Thyestes found a lot secure, Nor did he, dying, stain the soil with blood, There in his home. But this man's godless sire,
 Atreus, more prompt than kindly in his deeds, ¹⁰⁸⁰
 On plea of keeping festal day with cheer, To my sire banquet gave of children's flesh, His own. The feet and finger-tips of hands He, sitting at the top, apart concealed;
 And straight the other, in his blindness taking ¹⁰⁸⁵
 The parts that could not be discerned, did eat
 A meal which, as thou see'st, perdition works For all his kin. And learning afterwards The deed of dread, he groaned and backward fell,
 Vomits the feast of blood, and imprecates ¹⁰⁹⁰
 On Pelops' sons a doom intolerable, And makes the o'erturning of the festive board,

With fullest justice, as a general curse,
That so might fall the race of Pleisthenes.
And now thou see'st how here accordingly
This man lies fallen; I, of fullest right, ¹⁰⁹⁶
The weaver of the plot of murderous doom.
For me, a babe in swaddling-clothes, he
banished

With my poor father, me, his thirteenth
child;

And Vengeance brought me back, of full
age grown: ¹¹⁰⁰

And e'en far off I wrought against this man,
And planned the whole scheme of this dark
device.

And so e'en death were now right good for
me,

Seeing him into the nets of Vengeance fallen.

Ch. I honor not this arrogance in guilt, ¹¹⁰⁵
Ægisthos. Thou confessest thou hast slain
Of thy free will our chieftain here,—that
thou

Alone did'st plot this murder lamentable;
Be sure, I say, thy head shall not escape
The righteous curse a people hurls with
stones. ¹¹¹⁰

Æ. Dost thou say this, though seated on
the bench

Of lowest oarsmen, while the upper row
Commands the ship? But thou shalt find,
though old,

How hard it is at such an age to learn,
When the word is, 'keep temper.' But a
prison ¹¹¹⁵

And fasting pains are admirably apt,
As prophet-healers even for old age.

Dost see, and not see this? Against the
pricks

Kick not, lest thou perchance should'st smart
for it.

Cl. Nay, let us not do other evil deeds, ¹¹²⁰
Thou dearest of all friends. An ill-starred
harvest

It is to have reaped so many. Enough of
woe:

Let no more blood be shed: Go thou—[*to
the Chorus*—go ye,

Ye aged sires, to your allotted homes, ¹¹²⁴
Ere ye do aught amiss and dree your weird:
This that we have done ought to have
sufficed;

But should it prove we've had enough of ills,
We will accept it gladly, stricken low
In evil doom by heavy hand of God.
This is a woman's counsel, if there be ¹¹³⁰
That deigns to hear it.

Æ. But that these should fling
The blossoms of their idle speech at me,
And utter words like these, so tempting Fate,
And fail of counsel wise, and flout their
master !

Ch. It suits not Argives on the vile to
fawn. ¹¹³⁵

Æ. Be sure, hereafter I will hunt thee
down.

Ch. Not so, if God should guide Orestes
back.

Æ. Right well I know how exiles feed on
hopes.

Ch. Prosper, wax fat, do foul wrong—'tis
thy day.

Æ. Know thou shalt pay full price for this
thy folly. ¹¹⁴⁰

Ch. Be bold, and boast, like cock beside
his mate.

Cl. Nay, care not thou for these vain
howlings; I

And thou together, ruling o'er the house,
Will settle all things rightly. [*Exeunt*

SOPHOCLES (495-406 B.C.)

Sophocles participated in the public life of Athens as military, financial, and religious functionary, and was one of the oligarchy which assumed the government in 411 during the discouragements following the failure of the Syracusan expedition and favored a peace with Sparta. Of attractive person and genial temperament, a skilful writer and an inventive playwright, he was for sixty years the favorite of Athens, and wrote about one hundred plays, of which seven survive: *Œdipus the King*, *Œdipus at Colonus*, *Antigone*, *Ajax*, *Electra*, *Philoctetes*, and *The Women of Trachis*. His tragedies are characterized by purity and finish of language, beautiful regularity in the choral odes, ideal proportion of lyric to episodic parts, concentration and unity, idealism in sentiment, and an easy sureness in both plot and execution. *Œdipus the King* is probably the world's most perfectly constructed and most finished tragedy.

Œdipus the King is here reprinted with the consent of the publishers, George Routledge and Sons, from the translation of E. H. Plumptre.

ŒDIPUS THE KING

The oracle having declared that if a son were born to them the king would die by his hand, Laius and Jocasta, the king and queen of Thebes, exposed their babe to die on the mountains. Picked up by a shepherd, he was reared by Polybus and Merope of Corinth as a son, until, grown to manhood and led to suspect his parentage, he inquired of the god at Delphi and was told that he should slay his father and marry his mother. Turning his back forever on Corinth in order to escape this destiny, he met and killed his father Laius in a quarrel on the highway, and went on to Thebes, where his wit enabled him to rescue the state from the persecution of the sphinx, and where he married the queen his mother. At the opening of the play, Œdipus has been king for many years and has sons and daughters approaching maturity. A plague is on the state, and the queen's brother Creon has been sent to Delphi to consult as to the cause and the remedy.

The scene is at an altar before the palace, where suppliant priests and boys are gathered.

Enter ŒDIPUS.

Œ. Why sit ye here, my children, youngest brood

Of Cadmos famed of old, in solemn state,
Your hands thus wreathed with the sup-
pliants' boughs?

And all the city reeks with incense smoke,
And all re-echoes with your hymns and
groans;

And I, my children, counting it unmeet
To hear report from others, I have come

Myself, whom all name Œdipus the Great.—
Do thou, then, aged Sire, since thine the
right

To speak for these, tell clearly how ye
stand,

In terror or submission; speak to me
As willing helper. Heartless should I be
To see you prostrate thus, and feel no ruth.

Priest. Yea, Œdipus, thou ruler of my
land,

Thou seest our age, who sit as suppliants,
bowed

Around thine altars; some as yet too weak
For distant flight, and some weighed down
with age,

Priest, I, of Zeus, and these the chosen
youth:

And in the market-places of the town
The people sit and wail, with wreath in
hand,

By the two shrines of Pallas, or the grave,
Where still the seer Ismenos prophesies,
For this our city, as thine eyes may see,
Is sorely tempest-tossed, nor lifts its head
From out the surging sea of blood-flecked
waves,

All smitten in the ripening blooms of earth,
All smitten in the herds that graze the
fields,

Yea, and in timeless births of woman's fruit:
And still the God, fire-darting Pestilence,
As deadliest foe, upon our city swoops,
And desolates the home where Cadmos dwelt,
And Hades dark grows rich in sighs and
groans.

It is not that we deem of thee as one

Equaled with Gods in power, that we sit
here,

These little ones and I, as suppliants prone; 35
But, judging thee, in all life's shifting scenes,
Chiefest of men, yea, and of chiefest skill
In communings with Heaven. For thou
did'st come

And freed'st this city, named of Cadmos old,
From the sad tribute which of yore we
paid 40

To that stern songstress, all untaught of us,
And all unprompted; but by gift of God,
Men think and say, thou did'st our life
upraise.

And now, dear Œdipus, most honored lord,
We pray thee, we thy suppliants, find for us
Some succor, whether voice of any God, 46
Or any man brings knowledge to thy soul;
For still I see, with those whom life has
trained

To long-tried skill, the issues of their
thoughts

Live and are mighty. Come then, noblest
one, 50

Raise up our city; come, take heed to it;
As yet this land, for all thy former zeal,
Calls thee its saviour: do not give us cause
So to remember this thy reign, as men
Who, having risen, then fall low again; 55
But raise our state to safety. Omens good
Were then with thee; thou did'st thy work,
and now

Be equal to thyself! If thou wilt rule,
As thou dost sway, this land wherein we
dwell,

'Twere better far to rule o'er living men 60
Than o'er a realm dispeopled. Nought avails,
Or tower or ship, when men are not within.

Œ. O children, wailing loud, ye come with
wish

Well-known, not unknown; well I know that
ye

Are smitten, one and all, with taint of
plague, 65

And yet though smitten, none that taint of
plague

Feels, as I feel it. Each his burden bears,
His own and not another's; but my heart
Mourns for the state, for you, and for
myself;

And, lo, ye wake me not as plunged in
sleep, 70

But find me weeping, weeping many tears,
And treading many paths in wandering
thought;

And that one way of health I, seeking,
found,

This have I acted on. Menœkeus' son,

Creon, my kinsman, have I sent to seek 75
The Pythian home of Phœbus, there to learn
The words or deeds wherewith to save the
state;

And even now I measure o'er the time,
And ask, 'How fares he?' grieving, for he
stays,

Most strangely, far beyond the appointed
day; 80

But when he comes, I should be base indeed,
Failing to do whate'er the God declares.

Pr. Well hast thou spoken! And these
bring me word,

That Creon comes advancing on his way.

Œ. O king Apollo, may he come with
chance 85

That brings deliverance, as his looks are
bright.

Pr. If one may guess, he's glad. He had
not come

Crowned with rich wreaths of fruitful laurel
else.

Œ. Soon we shall know. Our voice can
reach him now.

Say, prince, our well-beloved, Menœkeus'
son, 90

What sacred answer bring'st thou from the
God?

Enter CREON.

Cr. A right good answer! E'en our evil
plight,

If all goes well, may end in highest good.

Œ. What were the words? Nor full of
eager hope,

Nor trembling panic, list I to thy speech. 95

Cr. I, if thou wish, am ready, these being
by,

To tell thee all, or go within the gates.

Œ. Speak out to all. I sorrow more for
them

Than for the woe which touches me alone.

Cr. I then will speak what from the God
I heard: 100

King Phœbos bids us chase the plague away
(The words were plain) now cleaving to our
land,

Nor cherish guilt which still remains un-
healed.

Œ. But with what rites? And what the
deed itself?

Cr. Or drive far off, or blood for blood
repay; 105

That guilt of blood is blasting all the state.

Œ. But whose fate is it that He pointeth
to?

Cr. Once, O my king, ere thou did'st guide
our state,

Our sovereign Laios ruled o'er all the land.

Æ. So have I heard, for him I never
saw. 110

Cr. Now the God clearly bids us, he being
dead,

To take revenge on those who shed his blood.

Æ. Yes; but where are they? How to
track the course

Of guilt all shrouded in the doubtful past?

Cr. In this our land, so said He; those
who seek 115

Shall find; unsought, we lose it utterly.

Æ. Was it at home, or in the field, or else
In some strange land that Laios met his
doom?

Cr. He went, so spake he, pilgrim-wise
afar,

And never more came back as forth he
went. 120

Æ. Was there no courier, none who shared
his road,

Who knew what, learning, one might turn
to good?

Cr. Dead were they all, save one who fled
for fear,

And he knew nought to tell but one small
fact.

Æ. [Interrupting.] And what was that?
One fact might teach us much, 125

Had we but one small starting-point of hope.

Cr. He used to tell that robbers fell on
him,

Not man for man, but with outnumbering
force.

Æ. How could the robber e'er have dared
this deed,

Unless some bribe from hence had tempted
him? 130

Cr. So men might think; but Laios having
died,

There was no helper for us in our ills.

Æ. What ill then hindered, when your
sovereignty

Had fallen thus, from searching out the
truth?

Cr. The Sphinx, with her dark riddle, bade
us look 135

At nearer facts, and leave the dim obscure.

Æ. Well, be it mine to track them to their
source.

Right well hath Phœbos, and right well hast
thou,

Shown for the dead your care, and ye shall
find,

As is most meet, in me a helper true, 140

Aiding at once my country and the God.

It is not for the sake of friends remote,

But for mine own, that I dispel this pest;

For he that slew him, whosoe'er he be,
Will wish, perchance, with such a blow to
smite 145

Me also. Helping him, I help myself.

And now, my children, rise with utmost
speed

From off these steps, and raise your sup-
pliant boughs;

And let another call my people here, 149
The race of Cadmos, and make known
that I

Will do my taskwork to the uttermost:

So, as God wills, we prosper, or we fail.

Pr. Rise then, my children, 'twas for
this we came,

For these good tidings which those lips have
brought,

And Phœbos, who hath sent these oracles, 155
Pray that He come to save, and heal our
plague.

[Exeunt CREON, Priest, and Suppliants.

Enter Chorus of Theban Citizens.

Ch. O word of Zeus, glad-voiced, with
what intent

From Pytho, bright with gold,
Cam'st thou to Thebes, our city of high
fame?

For lo! I faint for fear, 160

Through all my soul I quiver in suspense,
(Hear, Io Pæan! God of Delos, hear!)

In brooding dread, what doom, of present
growth,

Or as the months roll on, thy hand will
work;

Tell me, O deathless Voice, thou child of
golden hope! 165

Thee first, Zeus-born Athena, thee I call,

Divine and deathless One,

And next thy sister, Goddess of our land,

Our Artemis, who sits,

Queen of our market, on encircled throne; 170

And Phœbos, the far-darter! O ye Three,

Shine on us, and deliver us from ill!

If e'er before, when storms of woe oppressed,

Ye stayed the fiery tide, O come and help us
now!

Ah me, ah me, for sorrows numberless 175

Press on my soul;

And all the host is smitten, and our thoughts

Lack weapons to resist.

For increase fails of fruits of goodly earth,

And women sink in childbirth's wailing pangs,

And one by one, as flit 181

The swift-winged birds through air,

So, flitting to the shore of Him who dwells
Down in the darkling West,
Fleeter than mightiest fire, ¹⁸⁵
Thou see'st them passing on.

Yea, numberless are they who perish thus;
And on the earth,
Still breeding plague, unpitied infants lie,
Cast out all ruthlessly; ¹⁹⁰
And wives and mothers, grey with hoary
age,
Some here, some there, by every altar mourn,
With woe and sorrow crushed,
And chant their wailing plaint.
Clear thrills the sense their solemn Pæan
cry, ¹⁹⁵
And the sad anthem song;
Hear, golden child of Zeus,
And send us bright-eyed help. . . .

Æ. Thou prayest, and for thy prayers, if
thou wilt hear ²⁰⁰
My words, and treat the dire disease with
skill,
Thou shalt find help and respite from thy
pain,—

My words, which I, a stranger to report,
A stranger to the deed, will now declare:
For I myself should fail to track it far, ²⁰⁵
Finding no trace to guide my steps aright.
But now, as I have joined you since the deed,
A citizen with citizens, I speak
To all the sons of Cadmos. Lives there one
Who knows of Laios, son of Labdacos, ²¹⁰
The hand that slew him; him I bid to tell
His tale to me; and should it chance he
shrinks

From raking up the charge against himself,
Still let him speak; no heavier doom is his
Than to depart uninjured from the land; ²¹⁵
Or, if there be that knows an alien arm
As guilty, let him hold his peace no more;
I will secure his gain and thanks beside.
But if ye hold your peace, if one through
fear,

Or for himself, or friend, shall hide this
thing, ²²⁰

What then I purpose let him hear from me:
That man I banish, whosoe'er he be,
From out this land whose power and throne
are mine;

And none may give him shelter, none speak
to him,

Nor join with him in prayers and sacrifice, ²²⁵
Nor give him share in holy lustral stream;
But all shall thrust him from their homes,
declared

Our curse and our pollution, as but now

The Pythian God's prophetic word has
shown:

With acts like this, I stand before you
here, ²³⁰

A helper to the God and to the dead.
All this I charge you do, for mine own sake,
And for the God's, and for this land that
pines,

Barren and god-deserted. Wrong 'twould be
E'en if no voice from heaven had urged
us on, ²³⁵

That ye should leave the stain of guilt un-
cleansed,

Your noblest chief, your king himself, being
slain.

Yea, rather, seek and find. And since I
reign,

Wielding the might his hand did wield
before,

Filling his couch, and calling his wife
mine, ²⁴⁰

Yea, and our offspring too, but for the fate
That fell on his, had grown in brotherhood;
But now an evil chance on his head swooped;
And therefore will I strive my best for him,
As for my father, and will go all lengths ²⁴⁵
To seek and find the murderer, him who slew
The son of Labdacos, and Polydore,
And earlier Cadmos, and Agenor old;
And for all those who hearken not, I pray
The Gods to give them neither fruit of
earth, ²⁵⁰

Nor seed of woman, but consume their lives
With this dire plague, or evil worse than this.
And for the man who did the guilty deed,
Whether alone he lurks, or leagued with
more,

I pray that he may waste his life away, ²⁵⁵
For vile deeds, vilely dying; and for me,
If in my house, I knowing it, he dwells,
May every curse I spake on my head
fall. . . .

Ch. Fain would I speak the thoughts that
second stand.

Æ. Though there be third, shrink not from
speaking out.

Ch. One man I know, a prince whose in-
sight deep ²⁶⁰

Sees clear as princely Phœbos, and from him,
Teiresias, one might learn, O king, the truth.

Æ. That too is done. No loiterer I in this,
For I, on Creon's hint, two couriers sent
To summon him, and wonder that he comes
not. ²⁶⁵

Ch. Old rumors are there also, dark and
dumb.

Æ. And what are they? I weigh the
slightest word.

Ch. 'Twas said he died by some chance
traveler's hand.

Æ. I, too, heard that. But none the eye-
witness sees.

Ch. If yet his soul be capable of awe, ²⁷⁰
Hearing thy curses, he will shrink from
them.

Æ. Words fright not him, who doing,
knows no fear.

Ch. Well, here is one who'll put him to
the proof.

For lo! they bring the seer inspired of God,
With whom alone of all men truth abides. ²⁷⁵

Enter TEIRESIAS, blind and guided by a boy.

Æ. Teiresias! thou whose mind em-
bracest all,

Told or untold, of heaven or paths of earth;
Thou knowest, although thou see'st not, what
a pest

Dwells on us, and we find in thee, O prince,
Our one deliverer, yea, our only help. ²⁸⁰

For Phœbos (if the couriers told thee not)
Sent back this word to us, who sent to ask,

That this one way was open to escape
From this fell plague,—if those who Laïos
slew,

We in our turn discovering should slay, ²⁸⁵
Or drive them forth as exiles from the land.

Thou, therefore, grudge not either sign from
birds,

Or any other path of prophecy;
But save the city, save thyself, save me;

Save from the curse the dead has left be-
hind; ²⁹⁰

On thee we hang. To use our means, our
power,

In doing good, is noblest service owned.

T. Ah me! ah me! how dread is wisdom's
gift,

When no good issue waiteth on the wise!
I knew it all too well, and then forgot, ²⁹⁵

Or else I had not on this journey come.

Æ. What means this? How despondingly
thou com'st!

T. Let me go home! for thus thy lot shalt
thou,

And I mine own, bear easiest, if thou yield.

Æ. No loyal words thou speak'st, nor true
to Thebes ³⁰⁰

Who reared thee, holding back this oracle.

T. I see thy lips speak words that profit
not:

And lest I too a like fault should commit . . .

Æ. Now, by the Gods, unless thy reason
fails,

Refuse us not, who all implore thy help. ³⁰⁵

T. Ah! Reason fails you all, but ne'er
will I

Say what thou bidd'st, lest I thy troubles
show.

Æ. What mean'st thou, then? Thou
know'st and wilt not tell,

But wilt betray us, and the state destroy?

T. I will not pain myself nor thee. Why,
then, ³¹⁰

All vainly question? Thou shalt never
know.

Æ. Oh, basest of the base! (for thou
would'st stir

A heart of stone;) and wilt thou never tell,
But still abide relentless and unmoved?

T. My mood thou blamest, but thou dost
not know ³¹⁵

What dwelleth with thee while thou chidest
me.

Æ. And who would not feel anger, hear-
ing words

Like those with which thou dost the state
insult?

T. Well! come they will, though I should
hold my peace.

Æ. If come they must, thy duty is to
speak. ³²⁰

T. I speak no more. So, if thou wilt, rage
on,

With every mood of wrath most desperate.

Æ. Yes; I will not refrain, so fierce my
wrath,

From speaking all my thought. I think that
thou

Did'st plot the deed, and do it, though the
blow ³²⁵

Thy hands, it may be, dealt not. Had'st
thou seen,

I would have said it was thy deed alone.

T. And has it come to this? I charge thee,
hold

To thy late edict, and from this day forth
Speak not to me, nor yet to these, for
thou, ³³⁰

Thou art the accursèd plague-spot of the
land.

Æ. Art thou so shameless as to vent such
words,

And dost thou think to 'scape scot-free for
this?

T. I have escaped. The strength of truth
is mine.

Æ. Who prompted thee? This comes not
from thine art. ³³⁵

T. 'Twas thou. Thou mad'st me speak
against my will.

Æ. What say'st thou? Speak again, that
I may know.

T. Did'st thou not know before? Or dost thou try me?
 Æ. I could not say I knew it. Speak again.
 T. I say thou art the murderer whom thou seek'st. 340
 Æ. Thou shalt not twice revile, and go unharmed.
 T. And shall I tell thee more to stir thy rage?
 Æ. Say what thou pleasest. 'Twill be said in vain.
 T. I say that thou, in vilest intercourse 344
 With those that dearest are, dost blindly live,
 Nor see'st the depth of evil thou hast reached.
 Æ. And dost thou think to say these things unscathed?
 T. I doubt it not, if truth retain her might.
 Æ. That might is not for thee; thou can'st not claim it,
 Blind in thine ears, thy reason, and thine eyes. 350
 T. How wretched thou, thus hurling this reproach!
 Such, all too soon, will all men hurl at thee.
 Æ. In one long night thou liv'st, and can'st not hurt,
 Or me, or any man who sees the light.
 T. 'Tis not thy doom to owe thy fall to me; 355
 Apollo is enough, be His the task.
 Æ. Are these devices Creon's, or thine own?
 T. It is not Creon harms thee, but thyself.
 Æ. O wealth, and sovereignty, and noblest skill
 Surpassing skill in life so envy-fraught, 360
 How great the ill-will dogging all your steps!
 If for the sake of kingship, which the state
 Hath given, unasked for, freely in mine hands,
 Creon the faithful, found my friend through-
 out,
 Now seeks with masked attack to drive me forth, 365
 And hires this wizard, plotter of foul schemes,
 A vagrant mountebank, whose sight is clear
 For pay alone, but in his art stone-blind.
 Is it not so? When wast thou true seer found?
 Why, when the monster with her song was here, 370
 Spak'st thou no word our countrymen to help?
 And yet the riddle lay above the ken

Of common men, and called for prophet's skill.
 And this thou show'dst thou had'st not, nor by bird,
 Nor any God made known; but then I came, 375
 I, Ædipus, who nothing know, and slew her,
 With mine own counsel winning, all untaught
 By flight of birds. And now thou would'st expel me,
 And think'st to take thy stand by Creon's throne.
 But, as I think, both thou and he that plans 380
 With thee, will hunt this mischief to your cost;
 And but that I must think of thee as old,
 Thou had'st learnt wisdom, suffering what thou plann'st.
 Ch. Far as we dare to guess, we think his words,
 And thine, O Ædipus, in wrath are said. 385
 Not such as these we need, but this to see,
 How best to solve the God's great oracles.
 T. King though thou be, I claim an equal right
 To make reply. That power, at least, is mine:
 For I am not thy slave, but Loxias'; 390
 Nor shall I stand on Creon's patronage:
 And this I say, since thou my blindness mock'st,
 That thou, though seeing, failest to perceive
 Thy evil plight, nor where thou liv'st, nor yet
 With whom thou dwellest. Know'st thou even this, 395
 Whence thou art sprung? All ignorant thou sinn'st
 Against thine own, beneath, and on the earth:
 And soon a two-edged Curse from sire and mother,
 With foot of fear, shall chase thee forth from us,
 Now seeing all things clear, then all things dark. 400
 And will not then each creek repeat thy wail,
 Each valley of Kithæron echoing ring,
 When thou discern'st the marriage, fatal port,
 To which thy prosperous voyage brought thy bark?
 And other ills, in countless multitude, 405
 Thou see'st not yet, shall make thy lot as one
 With sire's and child's. Vent forth thy wrath then loud,

On Creon, and my speech. There lives not
man

Whose life shall waste more wretchedly than
thine.

Œ. Can this be longer borne! Away with
thee! 410

A curse light on thee! Wilt thou not de-
part?

Wilt thou not turn and from this house go
back?

T. I had not come, had'st thou not called
me here.

Œ. I knew not thou would'st speak so
foolishly;

Else I had hardly fitted thee to my house. 415

T. We then, so seems it thee, are fools
from birth,

But, unto those who gave thee birth, seem
wise.

[Turns to go.

Œ. [Starting forward.] What? Stay thy
foot. What mortal gave me birth?

T. This day shall give thy birth, and work
thy doom.

Œ. What riddles dark and dim thou lov'st
to speak. 420

T. Yes. But thy skill excels in solving
such.

Œ. Scoff thou at that in which thou'lt find
me strong.

T. And yet this same success has worked
thy fall.

Œ. I little care, if I have saved the state.

T. Well, then, I go. Do thou, boy, lead
me on! 425

Œ. Let him lead on. Most hateful art
thou near;

Thou can'st not pain me more when thou
art gone.

T. I go then, having said the things I
came

To say. No fear of thee compels me. Thine
Is not the power to hurt me. And I say, 430

This man whom thou dost seek with hue-
and-cry,

As murderer of Laios, he is here,
In show an alien sojourner, but in truth

A homeborn Theban. No delight to him
Will that discovery bring. Blind, having

seen, 435

Poor, having rolled in wealth,—he, with a
staff

Feeling his way, to a strange land shall go!
And to his sons shall he be seen at once

Father and brother, and of her who bore
him

Husband and son, sharing his father's bed, 440
His father's murd'rer. Go thou then within,

And brood o'er this, and, if thou find'st me
fail,

Say that my skill in prophecy is gone.

[Exeunt ŒDIPUS and TEIRESIAS

Ch. Who was it that the rock oracular

Of Delphi spake of, working

With bloody hands of all dread deeds most
dread? 445

Time is it now for him,

Swifter than fastest steed to bend his flight;

For, in full armor clad,

Upon him darts, with fire

And lightning flash, the radiant Son of Zeus,

And with Him come in train 451

The dread and awful Powers,

The Destinies that fail not of their aim. . . .

Fearfully, fearfully the augur moves me.

Nor answering, aye nor no! 455

And what to say I know not, but float on,

And hover still in hopes,

And fail to scan things present or to come.

For not of old, nor now,

Learnt I what cause of strife at variance set

The old Labdakid race 461

With him, the child and heir of Polybos,

Nor can I test the tale,

And take my stand against the well-earned
fame

Of Œdipus, my lord, 465

As champion of the old Labdakid race,

For deaths obscure and dark! . . .

Enter CREON.

Cr. I come, ye citizens, as having learnt

Our sovereign, Œdipus, accuses me

Of dreadful things I cannot bear to hear. 470

For if, in these calamities of ours,

He thinks he suffers wrongly at my hands,

In word or deed, aught tending to his hurt,

I set no value on a life prolonged,

While this reproach hangs on me; for its
harm 475

Affects not slightly, but is direst shame,

If through the town my name as villain rings,

By thee and by my friends, a villain called.

Ch. But this reproach, it may be, came
from wrath

All hasty, rather than from calm, clear
mind. 480

Cr. And who informed him that the seer,
seduced

By my devices, spoke his lying words?

Ch. The words were said, but with what
mind I know not.

Cr. And was it with calm eyes and judg-
ment calm,

This charge was brought against my name
and fame? 485

Ch. I cannot say. To what our rulers do
I close my eyes. But here he comes himself.

Enter ŒDIPUS.

Œ. Ho, there! is't thou? And does thy
boldness soar

So shameless as to come beneath my roof,
When thou, 'tis clear, dost plot against my
life, 490

And seek'st to rob me of my sovereignty?
Is it, by all the Gods, that thou hast seen
Or cowardice or folly in my soul,
That thou hast laid thy plans? Or thought-
est thou

That I should neither see thy sinuous wiles, 495
Nor, knowing, ward them off? This scheme
of thine,

Is it not wild, backed nor by force nor
friends,

To seek the power which force and wealth
must grasp?

Cr. Dost know what thou wilt do? For
words of thine

Hear like words back, and as thou hearest,
judge. 500

Œ. Cunning of speech art thou. But I am
slow

Of thee to learn, whom I have found my foe.

Cr. Of this, then, first, hear what I have
to speak. . . .

Œ. But this, then, say not, that thou art
not vile.

Cr. If that thou thinkest self-willed pride
avails, 505

Apart from judgment, know thou art not
wise.

Œ. If that thou think'st, thy kinsman in-
juring,

To do it unchastised, thou art not wise.

Cr. In this, I grant, thou speakest right;
but tell,

What form of injury hast thou to endure? 510

Œ. Did'st thou, or did'st thou not, thy
counsel give,

Some one to send to fetch this reverend
seer?

Cr. And even now by that advice I hold!

Œ. How long a time has passed since Laios
chanced . . . [Pauses.

Cr. Chanced to do what? I understand
not yet. 515

Œ. Since he was smitten with the deadly
blow?

Cr. The years would measure out a long,
long tale.

Œ. And was this seer then practising his
art?

Cr. Full wise as now, and equal in repute.

Œ. Did he at that time say a word of
me? 520

Cr. Not one, while I, at any rate, was by.

Œ. What? Held ye not your quest upon
the dead?

Cr. Of course we held it, but we nothing
heard.

Œ. How was it he, this wise one, spoke
not then?

Cr. I know not, and, not knowing, hold my
peace. 525

Œ. Thy deed thou know'st, and with clear
mind could'st speak!

Cr. What is't! I'll not deny it, if I know.

Œ. Were he not leagued with thee he ne'er
had talked

Of felon deed by me on Laios done.

Cr. If he says this, thou know'st it. I of
thee 530

Desire to learn, as thou hast learnt of me.

Œ. Learn then; on me no guilt of blood
shall rest.

Cr. Well, then,—my sister? dost thou own
her wife?

Œ. I cannot meet this question with denial.

Cr. Rul'st thou this land in equal right
with her? 535

Œ. Her every wish she doth from me
receive.

Cr. And am not I co-equal with you twain?

Œ. Yes; and just here thou show'st thy-
self false friend.

Cr. Not so, if thou would'st reason with
thyself,

As I will reason. First reflect on this; 540

Supposest thou that one would rather choose
To reign with fears than sleep untroubled

sleep,
His power being equal? I, for one, prize
less

The name of king than deeds of kingly
power;

And so would all who learn in wisdom's
school. 545

Now without fear I have what I desire. . . .

Why then should I leave this to hunt for
that?

My mind, retaining reason, ne'er could act
The villain's part. I was not born to love

Such thoughts, nor join another in the act;
And as a proof of this, go thou thyself, 551

And ask at Pytho whether I brought back,
In very deed, the oracles I heard.

And if thou find me plotting with the seer,
In common concert, not by one decree, 555

But two, thine own and mine, put me to death.

But charge me not with crime on shadowy proof. . . .

Ch. To one who fears to fall, his words seem good;

O king, swift counsels are not always safe.

Œ. But when a man is swift in wily schemes, 560

Swift must I be to baffle plot with plot;

And if I stand and wait, he wins the day, And all my state to rack and ruin goes.

Cr. What seek'st thou, then? to drive me from the land?

Œ. Not so. I seek thy death, not banishment. 565

Cr. When thou show'st first what grudge I bear to thee.

Œ. And say'st thou this defying, yielding not?

Cr. I see your mind is gone.

Œ. My right I mind.

Cr. Mine has an equal claim.

Œ. Nay, thou art vile.

Cr. And if thy mind is darkened . . . ?

Œ. Still obey!

Cr. Nay, not a tyrant king. 570

Œ. O country mine!

Cr. That country, too, is mine, not thine alone.

Ch. Cease, O my princes! In good time I see

Jocasta coming hither from the house;

And it were well with her to hush this brawl. 575

Enter JOCASTA.

J. Why, O ye wretched ones, this strife of tongues

Raise ye in your unwisdom, nor are shamed, Our country suffering, private griefs to stir?

Come thou within; and thou, O Creon, go; Bring not a trifling sore to mischief great! 580

Cr. My sister! Œdipus thy husband claims The right to do me one of two great wrongs, To thrust me from my fatherland, or slay me.

Œ. 'Tis even so, for I have found him, wife,

Against my life his evil wiles devising. 585

Cr. May I ne'er prosper, but accursed die, If I have done the things he says I did!

J. Oh, by the Gods, believe him, Œdipus! Respect his oath, which calls the Gods to hear;

And reverence me, and these who stand by thee. 590

Ch. Harken, my king! Be calmer, I implore!

Œ. What wilt thou that I yield?

Ch. Oh, have respect To one not weak before, who now is strong, In this his oath.

Œ. And know'st thou what thou ask'st?

Ch. I know right well.

Œ. Say on, then, what thou wilt. 595

Ch. Hurl not to shame, on grounds of mere mistrust,

The friend on whom no taint of evil hangs.

Œ. Know then that, seeking this, thou seek'st, in truth,

To work my death, or else my banishment.

Ch. Nay, by the Sun-God, Helios, chief of Gods! 600

May I, too, die, of God and man accursed,

If I wish aught like this! But on my soul, Our wasting land dwells heavily; ills on ills Still coming, new upon the heels of old.

Œ. Let him depart then, even though I die, 605

Or from my country be thrust forth in shame:

Thy face, not his, I view with pitying eye; For him, what'er he be, is nought but hate.

Cr. Thou'rt loth to yield, 'twould seem, and wilt be vexed

When this thy wrath is over: moods like thine 610

Are fitly to themselves most hard to bear.

Œ. Wilt thou not go, and leave me?

Cr. I will go, By thee misjudged, but known as just by these. [Exit.

Ch. Why, lady, art thou slow to lead him in?

J. I fain would learn how this sad chance arose. 615

Ch. Blind haste of speech there was, and wrong will sting.

J. From both of them?

Ch. Yea, both.

J. And what said each?

Ch. Enough for me, enough, our land laid low,

It seems, to leave the quarrel where it stopped.

Œ. See'st thou, thou good in counsel, what thou dost, 620

Slighting my cause, and toning down thy zeal?

Ch. My chief, not once alone I spoke, Unwise, unapt for wisdom should I seem,

Were I to turn from thee aside,

Who, when my country rocked in storm, 625 Did'st right her course. Ah! if thou can'st,

Steer her well onward now.

J. Tell me, my king, what cause of fell debate
Has bred this discord, and provoked thy soul.

Æ. Thee will I tell, for thee I honor more 630
Than these. 'Twas Creon and his plots against me.

J. Say then, if clearly thou can'st tell the strife.

Æ. He says that I am Laios' murderer.

J. Of his own knowledge, or by some one taught?

Æ. A scoundrel seer suborning. For himself, 635
He takes good care to free his lips from blame.

J. Leave now thyself, and all thy thoughts of this,

And list to me, and learn how little skill
In art prophetic mortal man may claim;
And of this truth, I'll give thee one short proof. 640

There came to Laios once an oracle,
(I say not that it came from Phœbus' self,
But from his servants,) that his fate was fixed

By his son's hand to fall—his own and mine;
And him, so rumor runs, a robber band 645
Of aliens slay, where meet the three great roads.

Nor did three days succeed the infant's birth,
Before, by other hands, he cast him forth,
Piercing his ankles, on a lonely hill. 649
Here, then, Apollo failed to make the boy
His father's murderer; nor by his son's hands,

Doom that he dreaded, did our Laios die;
Such things divining oracles proclaimed;
Therefore regard them not. Whate'er the God

Desires to search He will himself declare. 655

Æ. [*Trembling.*] Ah, as but now I heard thee speak, my queen,
Strange whirl of soul, and rush of thoughts o'ercome me.

J. What vexing care bespeaks this sudden change?

Æ. I thought I heard thee say that Laios fell,

Smitten to death where meet the three great roads. 660

J. So was it said, and still the rumors hold.

Æ. Where was the spot in which this matter passed?

J. They call the country Phocis, and the roads

From Delphi and from Daulia there converge.

Æ. And what the interval of time since then? 665

J. But just before thou camest to possess
And rule this land the tidings reached our city.

Æ. Great Zeus! what fate hast thou decreed for me?

J. What thought is this, my Ædipus, of thine?

Æ. Ask me not yet, but Laios, tell of him, 670

His build, his features, and his years of life.

J. Tall was he, and the white hairs snowed his head,

And in his form not much unlike to thee.

Æ. Woe, woe is me! so seems it I have plunged

All blindly into curses terrible. 675

J. What sayest thou? I fear to look at thee.

Æ. I tremble lest the seer has seen indeed:
But thou can'st clear it, answering yet once more.

J. And I too fear, yet what thou ask'st I'll tell.

Æ. Went he in humble guise, or with a troop 680

Of spearmen, as becomes a man that rules?

J. Five were they altogether, and of them
One was a herald, and one chariot bore him.

Æ. Woe! woe! 'tis all too clear. And who was he

That told these tidings to thee, O my queen? 685

J. A servant who alone escaped with life.

Æ. And does he chance to dwell among us now?

J. Not so; for from the time when he returned,

And found thee bearing sway, and Laios dead,

He, at my hand, a suppliant, implored 690

This boon, to send him to the distant fields

To feed his flocks, as far as possible
From this our city. And I sent him forth;

For though a slave, he might have claimed yet more.

Æ. Ah! could we fetch him quickly back again! 695

J. That may well be. But why dost thou wish this?

Æ. I fear, O queen, that words best left unsaid

Have passed these lips, and therefore wish to see him.

J. Well, he shall come. But some small
claim have I,

O king, to learn what touches thee with
woe. 700

Œ. Thou shalt not fail to learn it, now
that I

Have gone so far in bodings. Whom should I
More than to thee tell all the passing
chance?

I had a father, Polybos of Corinth,
And Merope of Doris was my mother, 705
And I was held in honor by the rest
Who dwelt there, till this accident befel,
Worthy of wonder, of the heat unworthy
It roused within me. Thus it chanced: A
man

At supper, in his cups, with wine o'ertaken,
Reviles me as a spurious changeling boy; 711
And I, sore vexèd, hardly for that day
Restrained myself. And when the morrow
came

I went and charged my father and my
mother

With what I thus had heard. They heaped
reproach 715

On him who stirred the matter, and I
soothed

My soul with what they told me; yet it
teased,

Still vexing more and more; and so I went,
Unknown to them, to Pytho, and the God
Sent me forth shamed, unanswered in my
quest; 720

And other things He spake, dread, dire, and
dark,

That I should join in wedlock with my
mother,

Beget a brood that men should loathe to
look at,

Be murderer of the father that begot me.
And, hearing this, I straight from Corinth
fled, 725

The stars thenceforth the land-marks of my
way,

And fled where never more mine eyes might
see

The shame of those dire oracles fulfilled;
And as I thought I reached the spot where
he,

This king, thou tell'st me, met the fatal
blow. 730

And now, O lady, I will tell the truth.
Wending my steps that way where three
roads meet,

There met me first a herald, and a man
Like him thou told'st of, riding on his car,
Drawn by young colts. With rough and
hasty force 735

They drove me from the road,—the driver
first,

And that old man himself; and then in rage
I strike the driver, who had turned me back,
And when the old man sees it, watching me
As by the chariot side I passed, he struck 740
My forehead with a double-pointed goad.

But we were more than quits, for in a trice
With this right hand I struck him with my
staff,

And he rolls backward from his chariot's
seat.

And then I slay them all. And if it chance 745
That Laios and this stranger are akin,

What man more wretched than this man who
speaks?

What man more harassed by the vexing
Gods?

He whom none now, or alien, or of Thebes,
May welcome to their house, or speak to
him, 750

But thrust him forth an exile. And 'twas I,
None other, who against myself proclaimed
These curses. And the bed of him that died
I with my hands, by which he fell, defile.

Am I not born to evil, all unclean? 755
If I must flee, yet still in flight my doom

Is never more to see the friends I love,
Nor tread my country's soil; or else to bear
The guilt of incest, and my father slay,
Yea Polybos, who begat and brought me
up. 760

Would not a man say right who said that
here

Some cruel God was pressing hard on me?
Not that, not that, at least, thou Presence,
pure

And awful, of the Gods; may I ne'er look
On such a day as that, but far away 765
Depart unseen from all the haunts of men,
Before such great pollution comes on me.

Ch. We, too, O king, are grieved, yet hope
thou on,

Till thou hast asked the man who then was
by.

Œ. And this indeed is all the hope I
have, 770

Waiting until that shepherd-slave appear.

J. And when he comes, what ground for
hope is there?

Œ. I'll tell thee. Should he now repeat the
tale

Thou told'st me, I, at least, stand free from
guilt.

J. What special word was that thou
heard'st from me? 775

Œ. Thou said'st he told that robbers slew
his lord,

And should he give their number as the same
Now as before, it was not I who slew him,
For one man could not be the same as many,
But if he speak of one man, all alone, ⁷⁸⁰
Then, all too plain, the deed cleaves fast to
me.

J. But know, the thing was said, and
clearly said,
And now he cannot from his word draw
back.

Not I alone, but the whole city, heard it; ⁷⁸⁴
And should he now retract his former tale,
Not then, my husband, will he rightly show
The death of Laios, who, as Loxias told,
By my son's hands should die; and yet, poor
boy,

He killed him not, but perished long ago,
So I, at least, for all their oracles, ⁷⁹⁰
Will never more cast glance or here, or
there.

Æ. Thou reasonest well. Yet send a mes-
senger

To fetch that peasant. Be not slack in this.

J. I will make haste. But let us now go in;
I would do nothing that displeaseth thee. ⁷⁹⁵
[*Exeunt*

Ch. O that 'twere mine to keep
An awful purity,
In words and deeds whose laws on high are
set

Through heaven's clear æther spread,
Whose birth Olympus boasts, ⁸⁰⁰
Their one, their only sire,
Whom man's frail flesh begat not,
Nor in forgetfulness
Shall lull to sleep of death;
In them our God is great, ⁸⁰⁵
In them He grows not old for evermore.

But pride begets the mood
Of wanton, tyrant power;
Pride filled with many thoughts, yet filled
in vain,

Untimely, ill-advised, ⁸¹⁰
Scaling the topmost height,
Falls to the abyss of woe,
Where step that profiteth
It seeks in vain to take.
I ask our God to stay ⁸¹⁵
The labors never more
That work our country's good;
I will not cease to call on God for aid. . . .

Enter JOCASTA, followed by Attendants.

J. Princes of this our land, across my soul
There comes the thought to go from shrine
to shrine

Of all the Gods, these garlands in my hand,
And waving incense; for our Ædipus
Vexes his soul too wildly with all woes, ⁸²⁵
And speaks not as a man should speak who
scans

New issues by experience of the old,
But hangs on every breath that tells of fear.
And since I find that my advice avails not,
To thee, Lykeian King, Apollo, first ⁸³⁰
I come,—for thou art nearest,—suppliant
With these devotions, trusting thou wilt
work

Some way of healing for us, free from guilt;
For now we shudder, all of us, seeing him,
The good ship's pilot, stricken down with
fear. ⁸³⁵

Enter MESSENGER.

M. May I inquire of you, O strangers,
where
To find the house of Ædipus the king,
And, above all, where he is, if ye know?

Ch. This is the house, and he, good sir,
within,
And here stands she, the mother of his
children. ⁸⁴⁰

M. Good fortune be with her and all her
kin,
Being, as she is, his true and honored wife.
J. Like fortune be with thee, my friend.

Thy speech,
So kind, deserves no less. But tell me why
Thou comest, what thou hast to ask or
tell. ⁸⁴⁵

M. Good news to thee, and to thy husband,
lady.

J. What is it, then? and who has sent thee
here?

M. I come from Corinth, and the news
I'll tell
May give thee joy. How else? Yet thou
may'st grieve.

J. What is the news that has this twofold
power? ⁸⁵⁰

M. The citizens that on the Isthmus dwell
Will make him sovereign. So the rumor ran.

J. What! Does old Polybos hold his own
no more?

M. Nay, nay. Death holds him in his
sepulchre.

J. What say'st thou? Polybos, thy king,
is dead? ⁸⁵⁵

M. If I speak false, I bid you take my life.
J. Go, maiden, at thy topmost speed, and
tell

Thy master this. Now, oracles of Gods,
Where are ye now? Long since my Ædipus

Fled, fearing lest his hand should slay the man;
And now he dies by fate, and not by him.

Enter ŒDIPUS.

Œ. Mine own Jocasta, why, O dearest one, Why hast thou sent to fetch me from the house?

J. List this man's tale, and, when thou hearest, see
The plight of those the God's dread oracles.

Œ. Who then is this, and what has he to tell?

J. He comes from Corinth, and he brings thee word
That Pólybos thy father lives no more.

Œ. What say'st thou, friend? Tell me thy tale thyself.

M. If I must needs report the story clear,

Know well that he has gone the way of death.

Œ. Was it by plot, or chance of some disease?

M. An old man's frame a little stroke lays low.

Œ. By some disease, 'twould seem, he met his death.

M. Yes, that, and partly worn by lingering age.

Œ. Ha! ha! Why now, my queen, should we regard

The Pythian hearth oracular, or birds
In mid-air crying? By their auguries,
I was to slay my father. And he dies,
And the grave hides him; and I find myself

Handling no sword; . . . unless for love of me

He pined away, and so I caused his death.
So Polybos is gone, and bears with him,
To Hades 'whelmed, those worthless oracles.

J. Did I not tell thee this long time ago?

Œ. Thou did'st, but I was led away by fears.

J. Dismiss them, then, for ever from thy thoughts!

Œ. And yet that 'incest'; must I not fear that?

J. Why should we fear, when chance rules everything,

And foresight of the future there is none; 'Tis best to live at random, as one can.

But thou, fear not that marriage with thy mother:

Many ere now have dreamt of things like this,
But who cares least about them bears life best.

Œ. Right well thou speakest all things, save that she

Still lives that bore me, and I can but fear,
Seeing that she lives, although thou speakest well.

J. And yet great light comes from thy father's grave.

Œ. Great light I own; yet while she lives I fear.

M. Who is this woman about whom ye fear?

Œ. 'Tis Merope, old sir, who lived with Polybos.

M. And what leads you to think of her with fear?

Œ. A fearful oracle, my friend, from God.

M. Can'st tell it? or must others ask in vain?

Œ. Most readily: for Loxias said of old That I should with my mother wed, and then
With mine own hands should spill my father's blood.

And therefore Corinth long ago I left,
And journeyed far, right prosperously I own;—

And yet 'tis sweet to see one's parents' face.

M. And did this fear thy steps to exile lead?

Œ. I did not wish to take my father's life.

M. Why, then, O king, did I, with good-will come,

Not free thee from this fear that haunts thy soul?

Œ. Yes, and for this thou shalt have worthy thanks.

M. For this, indeed, I chiefly came to thee; That I on thy return might prosper well.

Œ. And yet I will not with a parent meet.

M. 'Tis clear, my son, thou know'st not what thou dost.

Œ. What is't? By all the Gods, old man, speak out.

M. If 'tis for them thou fearest to return.

Œ. I fear lest Phœbos prove himself too true.

M. Is it lest thou should'st stain thy soul through them?

Œ. This self-same fear, old man, for ever haunts me,

M. And know'st thou not there is no cause for fear?

Œ. Is there no cause if I was born their son?

M. None is there. Polybos was nought to thee.
Æ. What say'st thou? Did not Polybos beget me?
M. No more than he thou speak'st to; just as much.
Æ. How could a father's claim become as nought? 930
M. Well, neither he begat thee nor did I.
Æ. Why then did he acknowledge me as his?
M. He at my hands received thee as a gift.
Æ. And could he love another's child so much?
M. Yes; for his former childlessness wrought on him. 935
Æ. And gav'st thou me as foundling or as bought?
M. I found thee in Kithæron's shrub-grown hollow.
Æ. And for what cause did'st travel thitherwards?
M. I had the charge to tend the mountain flocks.
Æ. Wast thou a shepherd, then, and seeking hire? 940
M. E'en so, my son, and so I saved thee then.
Æ. What evil plight then did'st thou find me in?
M. The sinews of thy feet would tell that tale.
Æ. Ah, me! why speak'st thou of that ancient wrong?
M. I freed thee when thy insteps both were pierced. 945
Æ. A foul disgrace I had in swaddling-clothes.
M. Thus from this chance there came the name thou bearest.
Æ. [*Starting.*] Who gave the name, my father or my mother?
M. I know not. He who gave thee better knows.
Æ. Did'st thou then take me from another's hand, 950
 Not finding me thyself?
M. Not I, indeed;
 Another shepherd made a gift of thee.
Æ. Who was he? Know'st thou how to point him out?
M. They called him one of those that Laios owned.
Æ. Mean'st thou the former sovereign of this land? 955
M. E'en so. He fed the flocks of him thou nam'st.

Æ. And is he living still that I might see him?
M. You, his own countrymen, should know that best.
Æ. Is there of you who stand and listen here
 One who has known the shepherd that he tells of, 960
 Or seeing him upon the hills or here?
 If so, declare it; 'tis full time to know.
Ch. I think that this is he whom from the fields
 But now thou soughtest. But Jocasta here
 Could tell thee this with surer word than I. 965
Æ. Think'st thou, my queen, the man whom late we sent for
 Is one with him of whom this stranger speaks?
J. [*With forced calmness.*] Whom did he speak of?
 Care not thou for it,
 Nor even wish to keep his words in mind.
Æ. I cannot fail, once getting on the scent, 970
 To track at last the secret of my birth.
J. Ah, by the Gods, if that thou valu'st life
 Inquire no more. My misery is enough.
Æ. Take heart; though I should prove thrice base-born slave,
 Born of thrice base-born mother, thou art still 975
 Free from all stain.
J. Yet, I implore thee, pause!
 Yield to my counsels, do not do this deed.
Æ. I may not yield, nor fail to search it out.
J. And yet best counsels give I, for thy good.
Æ. What thou call'st best has long been grief to me. 980
J. May'st thou ne'er know, ill-starred one, who thou art!
Æ. Will some one bring that shepherd to me here?
 Leave her to glory in her high descent.
J. Woe! woe! ill-fated one! my last word this,
 This only, and no more for evermore. 985
[Rushes out.]
Ch. Why has thy queen, O *Ædipus*, gone forth
 In her wild sorrow rushing? Much I fear
 Lest from such silence evil deeds burst out.
Æ. Burst out what will; I seek to know my birth,
 Low though it be, and she perhaps is shamed 990

(For, like a woman, she is proud of heart)
At thoughts of my low birth; but I, who
count
Myself the child of Fortune, fear no shame;
My mother she, and she has prospered me.
And so the months that span my life have
made me 995
Both low and high; but whatsoe'er I be,
Such as I am I am, and needs must on
To fathom all the secret of my birth.

Ch. If the seer's gift be mine,
Or skill in counsel wise, 1000
Thou, O Kithæron, by Olympos high,
When next our full moon comes,
Shalt fail not to resound
With cry that greets thee, fellow-citizen,
Mother and nurse of Œdipus; 1005
And we will on thee weave our choral dance,
As bringing to our princes glad good news.
Hail, hail! O Phoebos, grant that what we do
May meet thy favoring smile.

Who was it bore thee, child, 1010
Of Nymphs whose years are long,
Or drawing near the mighty Father, Pan,
Who wanders o'er the hills,
Or Loxias' paramour,
Who loves the high lawns of the pasturing
flocks? 1015
Or was it He who rules
Kyllene's height; or did the Bacchic god,
Whose dwelling is upon the mountain peaks,
Receive thee, gift of Heliconian nymphs,
With whom He loves to sport? 1020

Œ. If I must needs conjecture, who as yet
Ne'er met the man, I think I see the shep-
herd,
Whom this long while we sought for. In
his age
He this man matches. And I see besides,
My servants bring him. Thou perchance
can'st speak 1025
From former knowledge yet more certainly.
Ch. I know him, king, be sure; for this
man stood,
If any, known as Laios' herdsman true.

Enter SHEPHERD.

Œ. Thee first I ask, Corinthian stranger,
say,
Is this the man?
M. The very man thou seek'st. 1030
Œ. Ho there! old man. Come hither, look
on me,
And tell me all. Did Laios own thee once?
S. His slave I was, not bought, but reared
at home.

Œ. What was thy work, or what thy mode
of life?
S. Near all my life I followed with the
flock. 1035
Œ. And in what regions did'st thou chiefly
dwell?
S. Now 'twas Kithæron, now on neighbor-
ing fields.
Œ. Know'st thou this man? Did'st ever
see him there?
S. What did he do? Of what man speak-
est thou?
Œ. This man now present. Did ye ever
meet? 1040
S. I cannot say off-hand from memory.
M. No wonder that, my lord. But I'll re-
mind him
Right well of things forgotten. Well I know
He needs must know when on Kithæron's
fields,
He with a double flock, and I with one, 1045
I was his neighbor during three half years,
From springtide till Arcturos rose; and I
In winter to mine own fold drove my flocks,
And he to those of Laios. [*To Shepherd.*]
Answer me,
Speak I, or speak I not, the thing that
was? 1050
S. Thou speak'st the truth, although long
years have passed.
M. Come, then, say on. Dost know thou
gav'st me once
A boy, that I might rear him as my child?
S. What means this? Wherefore askest
thou of that?
M. Here stands he, fellow! that same tiny
boy. 1055
S. A curse befall thee! Wilt not hold thy
tongue?
Œ. Rebuke him not, old man; thy words
need more
The language of rebuker than do his.
S. Say, good my lord, what fault do I
commit?
Œ. This, that thou tell'st not of the child
he asks for. 1060
S. Yes, for he nothing knows, and wastes
his pains.
Œ. For favor thou speak'st not, but shalt
for pain. [*Strikes him.*]
S. By all the Gods, hurt not an old man
weak.
Œ. Will no one bind his hands behind his
back?
S. Oh wretched me! And what then wilt
thou learn? 1065
Œ. Gav'st thou this man the boy of whom
he asks?

S. I gave him. Would that I that day had died.

Æ. Soon thou wilt come to that if thou speak'st wrong.

S. Nay, much more shall I perish if I speak.

Æ. This fellow, as it seems, would tire us out. 1070

S. Not so. I said long since I gave it him.

Æ. Whence came it? Was the child thine own or not?

S. Mine own 'twas not, from some one else I had it.

Æ. Which of our people, or from out what home?

S. Oh, by the Gods, my master, ask no more! 1075

Æ. Thou diest if I question this again.

S. Some one it was of Laios' household born.

Æ. Was it a slave, or some one kin to him?

S. Ah me, I stand upon the very brink Where most I dread to speak.

Æ. And I to hear: 1080

And yet I needs must hear it, come what may.

S. The boy was said to be his son; but, she,

Thy queen within, could tell the whole truth best.

Æ. What! was it she who gave it?

S. Yea, O king!

Æ. And to what end?

S. To make away with it. 1085

Æ. And dared a mother—?

S. Auguries dark she feared.

Æ. What were they?

S. E'en that he his sire should kill.

Æ. Why then did'st thou to this old man resign him?

S. I pitied him, O master, and I thought That he would bear him to another land, 1090

Whence he himself had come. But him he saved

For direst evil. For if thou be he Whom this man speaks of, thou art evil-starred.

Æ. Woe! woe! woe! woe! all cometh clear at last.

O light, may this my last glance be on thee, 1095

Who now am seen owing my birth to those To whom I ought not, and with whom I ought not

In wedlock living, whom I ought not slaying.

[Exit.]

Ch. Ah, race of mortal men,
How as a thing of nought 1100
I count ye, though ye live;
For who is there of men
That more of blessing knows,
Than just a little while
To seem to prosper well, 1105
And, having seemed, to fall?
With thee as pattern given,
Thy destiny, e'en thine,
Ill-fated Ædipus,
I count nought human blest. . . . 1110

Time, who sees all things, he hath found thee out,
Against thy will, and long ago condemned
The wedlock none may wed,
Begetter and begotten.
Ah, child of Laios! would 1115
I ne'er had seen thy face!
I mourn with wailing lips,
Mourn sore exceedingly.
'Tis simplest truth to say,
By thee from death I rose, 1120
By thee in death I sleep.

Enter SECOND MESSENGER.

M. Ye chieftains, honored most in this our land
What deed ye now will hear of, what will see,
How great a wailing will ye raise, if still
Ye truly love the house of Labdacos! 1125
For sure I think that neither Istros' stream
Nor Phasis' floods could purify this house,
Such horrors does it hold. But soon 'twill show
Evils self-chosen, not without free choice:
These self-sought sorrows ever pain men most. 1130

Ch. The ills we knew before lacked nothing meet
For plaint and moaning. Now, what add'st thou more?

M. Quickest for me to speak, and thee to learn;
Our sacred queen Jocasta,—she is dead.

Ch. Ah, crushed with many sorrows! How and why? 1135

M. Herself she slew. The worst of all that passed
I must omit, for none were there to see.
Yet, far as memory suffers me to speak,
That sorrow-stricken woman's end I'll tell;
For when to passion yielding, on she passed 1140
Within the porch, straight to the couch she rushed,

Her bridal bed, with both hands tore her hair,
 And as she entered, dashing through the doors,
 Calls on her Laios, dead long years ago,
 Remembering that embrace of long ago, ¹¹⁴⁵
 Which brought him death, and left to her who bore,
 With his own son a hateful motherhood.
 And o'er her bed she wailed, where she had borne
 Spouse to her spouse, and children to her child;
 And how she perished after this I know not; ¹¹⁵⁰
 For Œdipus struck in with woeful cry,
 And we no longer looked upon her fate,
 But gazed on him as to and fro he rushed.
 For so he raves, and asks us for a sword,
 Wherewith to smite the wife that wife was none, ¹¹⁵⁵
 The womb polluted with accursèd births,
 Himself, his children,—so, as thus he raves,
 Some spirit shows her to him (none of us,
 Who stood hard by had done so): with a shout
 Most terrible, as some one led him on, ¹¹⁶⁰
 Through the two gates he leapt, and from the wards
 He slid the hollow bolt, and rushes in;
 And there we saw his wife had hung herself,
 By twisted cords suspended. When her form
 He saw, poor wretch! with one wild, fearful cry, ¹¹⁶⁵
 The twisted rope he loosens, and she fell,
 Ill-starred one, on the ground. Then came a sight
 Most fearful. Tearing from her robe the clasps,
 All chased with gold, with which she decked herself,
 He with them struck the pupils of his eyes, ¹¹⁷⁰
 With words like these—'Because they had not seen
 What ills he suffered and what ills he did,
 They in the dark should look, in time to come,
 On those whom they ought never to have seen,
 Nor know the dear ones whom he fain had known.' ¹¹⁷⁵
 With such like wails, not once or twice alone,
 Raising his eyes, he smote them, and the balls,
 All bleeding, stained his cheek, nor poured
 they forth
 Gore drops slow trickling, but the purple shower

Fell fast and full, a pelting storm of blood. ¹¹⁸⁰
 Such were the ills that sprang from both of them,
 Not on one only, wife and husband both.
 His ancient fortune, which he held of old,
 Was truly fortune: but for this day's doom
 Wailing and woe, and death and shame, all forms ¹¹⁸⁵
 That man can name of evil, none have failed.
Ch. What rest from suffering hath the poor wretch now?
M. He calls to us to ope the bolts, and show
 To all in Thebes his father's murderer,
 His mother's . . . Foul and fearful were the words ¹¹⁹⁰
 He spoke; I dare not speak them. Then he said
 That he would cast himself adrift, nor stay
 At home accursèd, as himself had cursèd.
 Some stay he surely needs, or guiding hand,
 For greater is the ill than he can bear, ¹¹⁹⁵
 And this he soon will show thee, for the bolts
 Of the two gates are opening, and thou'lt see
 A sight to touch e'en hatred's self with pity.

The doors of the Palace are thrown open, and ŒDIPUS is seen within.

Ch. Oh, fearful sight for men to look upon!
 Most fearful of all woes ¹²⁰⁰
 I hitherto have known! What madness strange
 Has come on thee, thou wretched one?
 What Power with one fell swoop,
 Ills heaping upon ills,
 Than greatest greater yet, ¹²⁰⁵
 Has marked thee for its prey? . . .
Æ. Ah, woe! ah, woe! ah, woe!
 Woe for my misery! . . .
 Dread Power, with crushing might
 Thou leaped'st on my head. . . . ¹²¹⁰
Ch. O man of fearful deeds, how could'st thou bear
 Thine eyes to outrage? What Power stirred thee to it?
Æ. Apollo, oh, my friends, the God, Apollo,
 Who worketh out all these, my bitter woes:
 Yet no man's hand but mine has smitten them. ¹²¹⁵
 What need for me to see,
 When nothing's left that's sweet to look upon?
Ch. Too truly dost thou speak the thing that is.

Æ. Yea, what remains to see,
 Or what to love, or hear, 1220
 With any touch of joy?
 Lead me away, my friends, with utmost
 speed
 Lead me away, the foul polluted one,
 Of all men most accursed,
 Most hateful to the Gods. 1225
Ch. Ah, wretched one, alike in soul and
 doom,
 I fain could wish that I had never known
 thee.
Æ. Ill fate be his who from the fetters
 freed
 The child upon the hills,
 And rescued me from death, 1230
 And saved me,—thankless boon!
 Ah! had I died but then,
 Nor to my friends nor me had been such
 woe.
Ch. I, too, could fain wish that.
Æ. Yes; then I had not been 1235
 My father's murderer:
 Nor had men pointed to me as the man
 Wedded with her who bore him.
 But now all godless, born of impious stock,
 In incest joined with her who gave me
 birth;— 1240
 Yea, if there be an evil worse than all,
 It falls on *Ædipus*!
Ch. I may not say that thou art well-
 advised,
 For better wert thou dead than living blind.
Æ. Persuade me not, nor counsel give to
 show 1245
 That what I did was not the best to do. . . .
 Yea, if I could but stop the stream of
 sound,
 And dam mine ears against it, I would do it,
 Sealing my carcase vile, that I might live
 Both blind, and hearing nothing. Sweet
 'twould be 1250
 To keep my soul beyond the reach of ills.
 Why, O Kithæron, did'st thou shelter me,
 Nor kill me out of hand? I had not shown,
 In that case, all men whence I drew my
 birth.
 O Polybos, and Corinth, and the home 1255
 Of old called mine, how strange a growth
 ye reared,
 All fair outside, all rotten at the core;
 For vile I stand, descended from the vile.
 Ye threefold roads and thickets half con-
 cealed,
 The copse, the narrow pass where three
 ways meet, 1260
 Which at my hands did drink my father's
 blood,

Remember ye, what deeds I did in you,
 What, hither come, I did?—O marriage rites
 That gave me birth, and, having borne me,
 gave
 To me in turn an offspring, and ye
 showed 1265
 Fathers, and sons, and brothers, all in one,
 Mothers, and wives, and daughters, hateful
 names,
 All foulest deeds that men have ever done.
 But, since, where deeds are evil, speech is
 wrong,
 With utmost speed, by all the Gods, or slay
 me, 1270
 Or drive me forth, or hide me in the sea,
 Where never more your eyes may look on
 me. . . .
 But with utmost speed
 Convey me in; for nearest kin alone
 Can meetly see and hear their kindred's
 ills. 1275
Ch. The man for what thou need'st is
 come in time,
 Creon, to counsel, and to act, for now
 He in thy stead is left our state's one guide.
Æ. Ah, me! what language shall I hold
 to him,
 What trust at his hands claim? In all the
 past 1280
 I showed myself to him most vile and base.

Enter CREON.

Cr. I have not come, O *Ædipus*, to scorn,
 Nor to reproach thee for thy former crimes.
Æ. Oh, by the Gods! since thou, beyond
 my hopes,
 Dost come all noble unto me all base, 1285
 One favor grant. I seek thy good, not mine.
Cr. And what request seek'st thou so wist-
 fully?
Æ. Cast me with all thy speed from out
 this land,
 Where nevermore a man may speak to me!
Cr. Be sure, I would have done so, but I
 wished 1290
 To learn what now the God will bid us do.
Æ. The oracle was surely clear enough
 That I the parricide, the pest, should die.
Cr. So ran the words. But in our present
 need
 'Tis better to learn surely what to do. 1295
Æ. And will ye ask for one so vile as I?
Cr. Yea, thou, too, now would'st trust the
 voice of God.
Æ. And this I charge thee, yea, and sup-
 plicate;
 For her within, provide what tomb thou wilt,

For for thine own most meetly thou wilt
care; 1300
But never let this city of my fathers
Be sentenced to receive me as its guest. . . .
But for my two poor girls, all desolate,
To whom my table never brought a meal
Without my presence, but whate'er I
touched 1305
They still partook of with me;—care for
these;
Yea, let me touch them with my hands, and
weep
With them my sorrows. Grant it, O my
prince,
O born of noble nature!
Could I but touch them with my hands, I
feel 1310
Still I should have them mine, as when I
saw.

Enter ANTIGONE and ISMENE.

What say I? What is this?
Do I not hear, ye Gods, their dear, loved
tones,
Broken with sobs, and Creon, pitying me,
Hath sent the dearest of my children to me?
Is it not so? 1316
Cr. It is so. I am he who gives thee this,
Knowing the joy thou had'st in them of
old.
Œ. A blessing on thee! May the Powers
on high
Guard thy path better than they guarded
mine!
Where are ye, O my children? Come, oh,
come 1320
To these your brother's hands, that now
have brought
Your father's once bright eyes to this fell
pass,
Who, O my children, blind and knowing
nought,
Became your father e'en by her who bore me.
I weep for you (for sight is mine no more),
Picturing in mind the sad and dreary life 1326

Which waits you at men's hands in years to
come. . . .
Unwedded, childless. Thou, Menœkeus' son,
Since thou alone art left a father to them,
(For we their parents perish utterly), 1330
Suffer them not to wander husbandless,
Nor let thy kindred beg their daily bread,
Nor make them sharers with me in my
woe. . . .
Cr. Enough of tears. Go thou within the
house.
Œ. I needs must yield, however hard it
be. 1335
Cr. In their right season all things prosper
best.
Œ. Know'st thou my wish?
Cr. Speak and I then shall know.
Œ. That thou should'st send me far away
from home.
Cr. Thou askest what the Gods alone can
give.
Œ. As for the Gods, above all men they
hate me. 1340
Cr. And therefore it may chance thou
gain'st thy wish.
Œ. And dost thou promise?
Cr. When I mean them not,
I am not wont to utter idle words.
Œ. Lead me, then, hence.
Cr. Go thou, but leave the girls.
Œ. Ah, take them not from me!
Cr. Thou must not think 1345
To hold the sway in all things all thy life:
The sway thou had'st did not abide with
thee.
Ch. Ye men of Thebes, behold this Œdipus,
Who knew the famous riddle and was noblest,
Whose fortune who saw not with envious
glances? 1350
And, lo! in what a sea of direst trouble
He now is plunged. From hence the lesson
learn ye,
To reckon no man happy till ye witness
The closing day; until he pass the border
Which severs life from death, unscathed by
sorrow.

EURIPIDES (480-405 B.C.)

Euripides, born on the day of Salamis, incipient athlete and painter, philosopher and friend of Socrates, author of over ninety dramas and victor only five times, died at Amphipolis after withdrawal from Athens and a residence at the court of Macedon. Nineteen of his plays survive, among which the favorites include *Alcestis*, *Medea*, *The Trojan Women*, *Electra*, *Hecuba*, *The Bacchantes*, *Hippolytus*, and *Iphigenia among the Taurians*. As examples of high art, they do not reach the level of Sophocles and Æschylus, and their author was attacked by the conservatives of his generation on the ground of moral and religious innovation, but the tenderness and depth of his humanity, together with a simplicity and picturesqueness of language, counteracted the charge, and gave him a place in the hearts of men which he has never ceased to hold. It was said long ago that Æschylus represented men as divine beings, Sophocles as idealized human beings, and Euripides as they really were. Mrs. Browning's verses are a fuller statement of his power:

Our Euripides the human,
With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touchings of things common
Till they rose to meet the spheres.

13

Alcestis is not Euripides' best or most tragic play, but because of its beauty in theme and sentiment it is not far from being his most attractive play, and it is the more profitably chosen to represent him because Robert Browning's analysis and interpretation of it in *Balaustion's Adventure* brings to the surface a wealth of spiritual meaning.

ALCESTIS

The scene is before the palace of Admetus, king of Pheræ and favored of Apollo, who in bygone days during his banishment to earth found the king a friend and protector. At the behest of the god, the Fates have granted Admetus the privilege of living beyond the natural term of life, but on condition that a member of his family shall offer to die in his place. All have refused but Alcestis, his wife, and the day and hour for her sacrifice have arrived. Apollo and Orcus appear in the prologue, and the other characters are Hercules, Pheres the father of the king, Attendants, and the Chorus of Pheræan neighbors.

APOLLO.

Thy royal house, Admetus, yet again
I visit, where a slave among thy slaves
Thy table, though a god, I deigned to praise;
To this compelled by Jove, who slew my son,
The healing sage, launching against his
breast
The flaming thunder; hence enraged I killed
The Cyclops, that prepared his fiery bolts.

For this a penal task my vengeful sire
Assigned me, to a mortal doomed a slave
Perforce; I hither came, and fed his herds, 10
Who friendly entertained me, guarding then,
And to this day, his hospitable house.
Holy the house, and holy is its lord,
The son of Pheres; him from death I saved
The Fates beguiling; for those ancient
powers 15
Assented that Admetus should escape
Death then approaching, would some other
go,
Exchanged for him, to the dark realms be-
neath.
His friends, his father, e'en the aged dame
That gave him birth, were asked in vain;
not one 20
Was found, his wife except; for him she
willed
To die, and view no more th' ethereal light.
She in the house, supported in their arms,
Now sighs out her last breath: for she must
die.
And this the fate-appointed day: for this, 25
Dear as it is, I leave the friendly mansion,
Lest there pollution find me. But I see
Orcus advancing near, priest of the dead;

He to the house of Pluto will conduct her;
 Observant of the stated time he comes, 30
 True to the day when she perform must die.

ORCUS, APOLLO.

O. Why art thou here? Why dost thou
 make this house
 Thy haunt, Apollo? Thou dost wrong, again,
 Th' infernal realms defrauding of their
 honors,
 Torn from them, or delayed. Sufficed it
 not 35
 T' have snatched Admetus from his doom,
 the Fates
 With fraudulent arts deluding? Now again,
 Armed with thy bow, why dost thou guard
 his wife,
 Daughter of Pelias, bound by solemn vow,
 Saving her husband's life, to die for him? 40
 A. Fear not; thy right I reverence and
 just claim.
 O. What means thy bow, if thou revere the
 right?
 A. It ever is my wont to bear these arms.
 O. Ay, and unjustly to defend this house.
 A. I mourn th' afflictions of the man I
 love. 45
 O. Wouldst thou defraud me of this second
 dead?
 A. The first by violence I took not from
 thee.
 O. How on earth then walks he now alive?
 A. Ransomed by her, for whom thou now
 art come.
 O. And I will lead her to the realms
 below. 50
 A. Take her: I know not if I might per-
 suade thee.
 O. Him, whom I ought, to seize; for that
 prepared.
 A. No: but t' involve in death ripe, linger-
 ing age.
 O. Full well I understand thy speech and
 zeal.
 A. May then Alcestis to that age be
 spared? 55
 O. No: honor, be assured, delights e'en
 me.
 A. Thou canst but take a single life, no
 more.
 O. Greater my glory when the youthful
 die.
 A. More sumptuous obsequies await her
 age.
 O. This were a law in favor of the rich. 60
 A. What secret meaning hath thy wis-
 dom here?

O. They with their wealth would pur-
 chase to die old.
 A. Wilt thou not then indulge me with
 this grace?
 O. Not I indeed: go to: thou knowest my
 manners.
 A. Hostile to mortals, hateful to the gods. 65
 O. Thou canst not have all that thou
 shouldst not have.
 A. Yet, ruthless as thou art, soon wilt
 thou cease
 This contest; such a man to Pheres' house
 Comes, to the frozen continent of Thrace
 Sent by Eurystheus for the savage steeds 70
 Yoked to the tyrant's car. He, in this
 house
 A welcome guest t' Admetus, will by force
 Take his wife from thee; and no thanks
 from me
 Will be thy due; yet what I now entreat
 Then thou wilt yield, and I shall hate thee
 still. 75
 O. Say what thou wilt, nothing the more
 for that
 Shalt thou from me obtain: this woman goes,
 Be sure of that, to Pluto's dark domain.
 I go, and with this sword assert my claim,
 For sacred to th' infernal gods that head, 80
 Whose hair is hallowed, by this charmed
 blade.

Enter CHORUS, in Two Parts.

1. Before this royal mansion all is still:
 What may this melancholy silence mean?
 2. And not a friend is nigh, from whom
 to learn
 Whether we ought to wail the queen now
 dead, 85
 Or lives she yet, yet sees the light of heaven,
 For conjugal affection justly deemed
 By me, by all, the noblest of her sex.
 1. Hear you a cry, hear you a clash of
 hands
 Within, or lamentations for the dead? 90
 2. Not e'en a servant holds his station here
 Before the gates. O, 'midst this awful gloom
 Appear, bright Pæan, and dispel the storm!
 1. If she were dead, they would not be
 thus silent;
 Nor could the body vanish from the house. 95
 2. Whence is thy confidence? My fears
 o'ercome me.
 1. A wife so honored would Admetus bear
 Without due pomp in silence to her tomb?
 2. Nor vase of fountain water do I see
 Before the doors, as custom claims, to
 bathe 100

The corse; and none hath on the portal
placed

His locks, in solemn mourning for the dead
Usually shorn; nor does the younger train
Of females raise their sorrowing voices high.

1. Yet this the fatal day, when she must
leave

The light of heaven. 106

2. Why dost thou mention this?
O, thou hast touched my heart, hast touched
my soul.

1. When on the good afflictions fall, to
grieve
Becomes the man that hath been prized as
honest.

CHORUS.

In vain, our pious vows are vain: 110

Make we the flying sail our care,
The light bark bounding o'er the main,
To what new realm shall we repair?

To Lycia's hallowed strand?

Or where in solitary state, 115

'Midst thirsty deserts wild and wide
That close him round on ev'ry side,
Prophetic Ammon holds his awful seat?

What charm, what potent hand
Shall save her from the realms beneath? 120

He comes, the ruthless tyrant Death:

I have no priest, no altar more,
Whose aid I may implore.

O that the son of Phœbus now
Lived to behold th' ethereal light! 125

Then might she leave the seats below,
Where Pluto reigns in cheerless night.

The Sage's potent art,

Till thund'ring Jove's avenging power
Hurled his red thunders at his breast, 130

Could from the yawning gulf releast
To the sweet light of life the dead restore.

Who now shall aid impart?

To ev'ry god at ev'ry shrine
The king hath paid the rites divine: 135

But vain his vows, his pious care;
And ours is dark despair.

Enter FEMALE ATTENDANT.

Ch. But of the female train one from the
house

Comes bathed in tears: what tidings shall I
hear?

To weep, if aught of ill befalls thy lords, 140
Becomes thee: I would know if yet she lives,
Or sinks beneath the ruthless power of
death.

At. As living I may speak of her, and dead.

Ch. Living and dead at once, how may that
be?

At. E'en now she sinks in death, and
breathes her last. 145

Ch. Unhappy king, of what a wife bereft!

At. Nor knows our lord his suffering, ere
it comes.

Ch. Is there no hope then yet to save her
life?

At. Th' inevitable day of fate is come.

Ch. Have you prepared what the sad case
requires? 150

At. Each honor that may grace her
obsequies.

Ch. Illustrious in her death, the best of
wives:

The sun in his wide course sees not her
equal.

At. The best of wives indeed; who will
gainsay it?

What could the brightest pattern of her
sex 155

Do more? What greater proof give of the
honor

She bears her husband, than a ready will
To die for him! This all the city knows.

How in the house she hath demeaned her-
self

Will claim thy admiration. When she knew
The destined day was come, in fountain
water 160

She bathed her lily-tinctured limbs, then took
From her rich chests of odorous cedar
formed

A splendid robe, and her most radiant dress;
Thus gorgeously arrayed she stood before

The hallowed flames, and thus addressed her
prayer: 165

'O queen, I go to the infernal shades,
Yet, ere I go, with reverence let me breathe

My last request—Protect my orphan children,
Make my son happy with the wife he loves,

And wed my daughter to a noble hus-
band: 170

Nor let them, like their mother, to the tomb
Untimely sink, but in their native land

Be blest through lengthened life to honored
age.'

Then to each altar in the royal house
She went, and crowned it, and addressed

her vows, 175

Plucking the myrtle bough: nor tear, nor
sigh

Came from her, neither did th' approaching
ill

Change the fresh beauties of her vermeil
cheek.

Her chamber then she visits, and her bed;
 There her tears flowed, and thus she spoke:
 'O bed, 180
 To which my wedded lord, for whom I die,
 Led me a virgin bride, farewell! To thee
 No blame do I impute, for me alone
 Hast thou destroyed. Disdaining to betray
 Thee, and my lord, I die. To thee shall
 come 185
 Some other woman, not more chaste, per-
 chance
 More happy.' As she lay, she kissed the
 couch,
 And bathed it with a flood of tears: that
 passed,
 She left her chamber, then returned, and oft
 She left it, oft returned, and on the
 couch 190
 Fondly, each time she entered, cast herself.
 Her children, as they hung upon her robes
 Weeping, she raised, and clasped them to
 her breast
 Each after each, as now about to die.
 Each servant through the house burst into
 tears 195
 In pity of their mistress; she to each
 Stretched her right hand; nor was there one
 so mean
 To whom she spoke not, and admitted him
 To speak to her again. Within the house
 These are our griefs. Admetus must have
 died, 200
 Have perished; but escaping is immersed
 In sorrows, which his heart shall ne'er forget.
Ch. Well may the groan burst from him,
 thus to lose
 A wife with every excellence adorned.
At. He weeps indeed, and in his arm sup-
 ports 205
 His much-loved wife, entreats her not to
 leave him,
 Asking impossibilities. She wastes
 And fades with her disease; her languid
 limbs
 Supporting on his hand, yet while some
 breath
 Of life remains she wishes to behold 210
 The radiance of the sun, 'tis her last view,
 As never before to see his golden orb.
 I go to tell them thou art here: not all
 Bear to their lords that firm unshaken faith
 T' attend them in their ills; but thou of
 old 215
 Hast to this house approved thyself a friend.
Ch. Supreme of gods, is there no remedy
 To these afflictions, from the storms of fate
 No refuge to our lords? Some means of
 safety

Hast thou assigned? Or must these locks
 be shorn, 220
 And sorrow robe me in her sable weeds?
At. Too plain, my friends, too plain: yet
 to the gods
 Breathe we our vows, for great their power
 to save.
 O royal Pæan, for Admetus' ills 224
 Find some relief; assist him, O assist him!
 As thou before didst save him, save him
 now
 From death; repress the tyrant's murd'rous
 haste! [Exit
Ch. Alas, alas! Woe, woe is me! Thou
 son
 Of Pheres, wilt thou bear to live, deprived
 Of such a wife? Will not despair un-
 sheath 230
 The self-destroying sword? Will it not find
 Some means of violent death? This day
 thy wife—
 Dear should I say? nay, dearest to thy soul—
 Shalt thou see dead. But she comes forth,
 and with her
 Her husband. Groan, thou land of Pheres,
 raise 235
 The cry of mourning; for the best of women
 Wastes with disease, and drooping to the
 earth
 Sinks to th' infernal Pluto's dreary realms. . . .
Enter ALCESTIS, ADMETUS, EUMELUS.
Al. Thou sun, and thou fair light of day,
 ye clouds
 That in quick eddies whirl along the sky! 240
Ad. Sees thee and me most wretched, yet
 in nought
 Offending 'gainst the gods that thou shouldst
 die.
Al. O earth, ye tow'ered roofs, thou bridal
 bed
 Raised in Iolcos, my paternal seat!
Ad. O thou poor sufferer, raise thee, leave
 me not; 245
 Entreat the powerful gods to pity thee.
Al. I see the two-oared boat, the Stygian
 barge;
 And he, that wafts the dead, grasps in his
 hand
 His pole, and calls me, 'Why dost thou
 delay?
 Haste thee; thou lingerest; all is ready
 here. 250
 Charon impatient speeds me to begone.'
Ad. A melancholy voyage this to me.
 O thou unhappy, what a fate is ours!
Al. He drags me, some one drags me to
 the gates

That close upon the dead; dost thou not
see him, ²⁵⁵

How stern he frowns beneath his gloomy
brows,

Th' impetuous Pluto? What wouldst thou
with me?

Off, let me go! Ah, what a dreary path,
Wretched, most wretched, must I downwards
tread!

Ad. To thy friends mournful, most to me,
and these ²⁶⁰

Thy children, who with me this sorrow
share.

Al. No longer hold me up, hold me no
longer;

Here lay me down: I have not strength to
stand:

Death is hard by, dark night creeps o'er my
eyes.

My children, O my children, now no more, ²⁶⁵
Your mother is no more: farewell! May you
More happy see the golden light of heaven!

Ad. Ah, what a mournful word is this!
To me

Than any death more painful. By the gods,
Forsake me not. Shouldst thou be taken
from me, ²⁷⁰

I were no more; in thee I live; thy love,
Thy sweet society my soul reveres.

Al. Thou seest, Admetus, what to me the
Fates

Assign; yet, ere I die, I wish to tell thee
What lies most near my heart. I honored
thee, ²⁷⁵

And in exchange for thine my forfeit life
Devoted; now I die for thee, though free
Not to have died, but from Thessalia's chiefs
Preferring whom I pleased in royal state
To have lived happy here: I had no will ²⁸⁰
To live bereft of thee with these poor
orphans;

I die without reluctance, though the gifts
Of youth are mine to make life grateful to
me.

Yet he that gave thee birth, and she that
bore thee,

Deserted thee, though well it had beseeemed
them ²⁸⁵

With honor to have died for thee, t' have
saved

Their son with honor, glorious in their death.
They had no child but thee, they had no
hope

Of other offspring shouldst thou die; and I
Might thus have lived, thou mightst have
lived, till age ²⁹⁰

Crept slowly on, nor wouldst thou heave the
sigh

Thus of thy wife deprived, nor train alone
Thy orphan children. But some god ap-
pointed

It should be thus: thus be it. Thou to me
Requite this kindness; never shall I ask ²⁹⁵
An equal retribution, nothing bears

A value high as life: yet my request
Is just, thou wilt confess it; for thy love
To these our children equals mine, thy
soul

If wisdom tempers. In their mother's house
Let them be lords: wed not again, to set ³⁰¹
A stepdame o'er my children, some base
woman

That wants my virtues; she through jealousy
Will work against their lives, because to thee
I bore them: do not this, I beg thee do not;
For to the offspring of a former bed ³⁰⁶
A stepdame comes sharp as a serpent's tooth.
My son, that holds endearing converse with
thee,

Hath in his father a secure protection.
But who, my daughter, shall with honor
guide ³¹⁰

Thy virgin years? What woman shalt thou
find,

New-wedded to thy father, whose vile arts
Will not with slanderous falsehoods taint thy
name,

And blast thy nuptials in youth's freshest
bloom?

For never shall thy mother see thee led ³¹⁵
A bride, nor at thy throes speak comfort to
thee,

Then present when a mother's tenderness
Is most alive: for I must die; the ill
Waits not a day, but quickly shall I be
Numbered amongst the dead. Farewell, be
happy; ³²⁰

And thou, my husband, mayst with honor
boast

Thou hast been wedded to a virtuous wife;
And you, my children, glory in your mother.

Ch. Fear not: I boldly pledge my faith
that this

He will perform, if reason holds her seat. ³²⁵

Ad. This shall be done, let not such fears
disturb thee,

It shall be done; for living thou wast mine,
And dead thou only shalt be called my wife.
Never in thy dear place Thessalian bride
Shall call me husband: no, nor other
woman, ³³⁰

Though from a line of ancient kings she
draws

Her noble blood, and boasts each peerless
grace

Of native beauty. I am blest with children,

Nor wish I more; in these I pray the gods
I may have joy, since all my joy in thee 335
Is lost. This mourning not one single year,
But to my life's last period, shall be borne.
How hateful are my parents! for their words
Alone were friendly, not their deeds; whilst
thou,

Paying the dearest forfeit for my life, 340
Hast saved me. Shall I ever cease to mourn,
Deprived of such a wife? Hence I renounce
The feast, the cheerful guest, the flow'ry
wreath
And song that used to echo through my
house.

For never will I touch the lyre again, 345
Nor to the Libyan flute's sweet measures
raise

My voice: with thee all my delights are dead.
Thy beauteous figure, by the artist's hand
Skilfully wrought, shall in my bed be laid;
By that reclining, I will clasp it to me, 350
And call it by thy name, and think I hold
My dear wife in my arms, and have her
yet,

Though now no more I have her: cold
delight

I ween; yet thus th' affliction of my soul
Shall I relieve, and visiting my dreams 355
Shalt thou delight me; for to see a friend
Is grateful to the soul, come when he will,
Though an unreal vision of the night. . .
But there await me till I die; prepare
A mansion for me, as again with me 360
To dwell; for in thy tomb will I be laid
In the same cedar, by thy side composed;
For ev'n in death I will not be disjoined
From thee, who hast alone been faithful to
me.

Ch. For her dear sake thy sorrows will I
share 365
As friend with friend; and she is worthy
of it.

Al. You hear, my children, what your
father's words
Have promised, not to wed another woman
To your discomfort, nor dishonor me.

Ad. I now repeat it; firm shall be my
faith. 370

Al. On this, receive thy children from my
hands.

Ad. A much-loved gift, and from a much-
loved hand.

Al. Be now, instead of me, a mother to
them.

Ad. If they lose thee, it must indeed be so.

Al. When I should live, I sink among the
dead. 375

Ad. Ah me, what shall I do bereft of thee!

Al. Time will abate thy grief, the dead is
nothing.

Ad. O lead me, by the gods, lead me down
with thee.

Al. Enough, it is enough that I die for
thee.

Ad. O fate, of what a wife dost thou de-
prive me! 380

Al. A heavy weight hangs on my darkened
eye.

Ad. If thou forsake me, I am lost indeed.

Al. As one that is no more I now am
nothing.

Ad. Ah, raise thy face: do not forsake
thy children.

Al. It must be so perforce: farewell, my
children! 385

Ad. Look on them, but a look!

Al. I am no more.

Ad. How dost thou? Wilt thou leave us
then?

Al. Farewell!

Ad. And what a wretch, what a lost wretch
am I!

Ch. She's gone; thy wife, Admetus, is no
more.

Eu. O my unhappy fate! 390

My mother sinks to the dark realms of night,
Nor longer views this golden light;
But to the ills of life exposed
Leaves my poor orphan state.

Her eyes, my father, see, her eyes are closed,
And her hand nerveless falls. 396

Yet hear me, O my mother, hear my cries,
It is thy son that calls,

Who prostrate on the earth breathes on thy
lips his sighs.

Ad. On one that hears not, sees not: I
and you 400

Must bend beneath affliction's heaviest load.

Eu. Ah, she hath left my youth:

My mother, my dear mother, is no more,

Left me my sufferings to deplore;

Who shall my sorrows soothe? 405

Thou too, my sister, thy full share shalt know
Of grief, thy heart to rend.

Vain, O my father, vain thy nuptial vows,

Brought to this speedy end;

For, when my mother died, in ruin sunk thy
house. 410

Ch. Admetus, thou perforce must bear
these ills:

Thou'rt not the first, nor shalt thou be the
last

Of mortal men, to lose a virtuous wife:

For know, death is a debt we all must pay.

Ad. I know it well; not unawares thy
ill 415

Falls on me; I foresaw, and mourned it long.
But I will bear the body hence; attend:
And, whilst you wait, raise with alternate
voice

The pæan to the ruthless god that rules.
Below: and through my realms of Thessaly
I give command that all in solemn grief 421
For this dear woman shear their locks, and
wear

The sable garb of mourning; from your
steeds,

Whether in pairs they whirl the car, or bear
Single the rider's rein, their waving manes 425
Cut close; nor through the city be the sound
Of flute or lyre for twelve revolving moons.
Never shall I entomb one dearer to me,
Or one more kind: these honors from my
hands

She merits, for she only died for me. 430
[*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS.

Immortal bliss be thine,
Daughter of Pelias in the realms below,
Immortal pleasures round thee flow,
Though never there the sun's bright beams
shall shine.

Be the black-browed Pluto told, 435
And the Stygian boatman old,
Whose rude hands grasp the oar, the rudder
guide,

The dead conveying o'er the tide,
Let him be told, so rich a freight before
His light skiff never bore; 440

Tell him that o'er the joyless lakes
The noblest of her sex her dreary passage
takes. . . .

When, to avert his doom,
His mother in the earth refused to lie;
Nor would his ancient father die 445
To save his son from an untimely tomb;
Though the hand of time had spread
Hoar hairs o'er each aged head;
In youth's fresh bloom, in beauty's radiant
glow,

The darksome way thou daredst to go,
And for thy youthful lord's to give thy life. 451
Be mine so true a wife;

Though rare the lot: then should I prove
Th' indissoluble bond of faithfulness and
love.

Enter HERCULES.

H. Ye strangers, citizens of Pheræ, say 455
If I shall find Admetus in the house.

Ch. There is the son of Pheres, Hercules.
But what occasion, tell us, brought thee
hither

To Thessaly; to Pheræ why this visit?

H. A toil imposed by the Tirynthian
king. 460

Ch. And whither roving? On what jour-
ney bound?

H. For the four steeds that whirl the
Thracian's car.

Ch. How to be won; art thou a stranger
there?

H. A stranger, never on Bistonian ground.

Ch. These horses are not won without
strong contest. 465

H. The toil, whate'er it be, I could not
shun.

Ch. He must be slain, or death awaits
thee there.

H. Not the first contest this I have
essay'd.

Ch. Shouldst thou o'ercome their lord,
what is the prize?

H. His coursers to Eurystheus I shall
lead. 470

Ch. No slight task in their mouths to place
the curb.

H. I shall, though from their nostrils they
breathe fire.

Ch. With their fierce jaws they rend the
flesh of men.

H. So feeds the mountain savage, not the
horse.

Ch. Their mangers shalt thou see all
stained with blood. 475

H. From whom does he that bred them
draw his race?

Ch. From Mars this king of golden-
shielded Thrace.

H. How is this toil assigned me by my
fate,

In enterprise so hazardous and high
Engaged, that always with the sons of Mars
I must join battle? With Lycaon first, 481
With Cygnus next; now with these furious
steeds

And their proud lord another contest waits
me:

But never shall Alcmena's son be seen
To tremble at the fierceness of a foe. 485

Ch. But, see, the sceptred ruler of this
land,

Admetus, from his house advances to thee.

Enter ADMETUS.

Ad. Hail, son of Jove, of Perseus' noble
blood.

H. Hail thou, Admetus, king of Thessaly.

Ad. I am no stranger to thy friendly wishes. 490

H. Why are thy locks in sign of mourning shorn?

Ad. 'Tis for one dead, whom I must this day bury.

H. The god avert thy mourning for a child!

Ad. My children, what I had, live in my house.

H. Thy aged father, haply he is gone. 495

Ad. My father lives, and she that bore me lives.

H. Lies then thy wife Alcestis 'mongst the dead?

Ad. Of her I have in double wise to speak.

H. As of the living speakst thou, or the dead?

Ad. She is, and is no more: this grief afflicts me. 500

H. This gives no information, dark thy words.

Ad. Knowst thou not then the destiny assigned her?

H. I know that she submits to die for thee.

Ad. To this assenting is she not no more?

H. Lament her not too soon; await the time. 510

Ad. She's dead; one soon to die is now no more.

H. It differs wide to be, or not to be.

Ad. Such are thy sentiments, far other mine.

H. But wherefore are thy tears? What friend is dead?

Ad. A woman; of a woman made I mention. 515

H. Of foreign birth, or one allied to thee?

Ad. Of foreign birth, but to my house most dear.

H. How in thy house then did she chance to die?

Ad. Her father dead, she came an orphan hither.

H. Would I had found thee with no grief oppressed. 520

Ad. With what intent dost thou express thee thus?

H. To seek some other hospitable hearth.

Ad. Not so, O king; come not so great an ill.

H. To those that mourn a guest is troublesome.

Ad. Dead are the dead: but enter thou my house. 525

H. Shame that with those who weep a guest should feast.

Ad. We have apartments separate, to receive thee.

H. Permit me to depart, much will I thank thee.

Ad. It must not be; no, to another house Thou must not turn aside. Go thou before; 530
Ope those apartments of the house which bear

A different aspect; give command to those Whose charge it is to spread the plenteous table,

And bar the doors between: the voice of woe

Unseemly heard afflicts the feasting guest. 535

Ch. What wouldst thou do, Admetus? Such a grief

Now lying heavy on thee, canst thou bear T' admit a guest? Doth this bespeak thee wise?

Ad. If from my house or city I should drive

A coming guest, wouldst thou commend me more? 540

Thou wouldst not: my affliction would not thus

Be less, but more unhospitable I;

And to my former ills this further ill

Be added, I should hear my mansion called The stranger-hating house. Besides, to me

His hospitable doors are always open, 546
Whene'er I tread the thirsty soil of Argos.

Ch. Why didst thou then conceal thy present grief,

A stranger friend arriving, as thou sayst?

Ad. My gate he would not enter, had he known 550

Of my affliction aught: yet acting thus

Some may perchance deem me unwise, nor hold me

Worthy of praise; yet never shall my house Know to dishonor or reject a guest.

[Exit.

CHORUS.

Yes, liberal house, with princely state 555

To many a stranger, many a guest

Oft hast thou oped thy friendly train,

Oft spread the hospitable feast.

Beneath thy roof Apollo deigned to dwell,

Here strung his silver-sounding shell, 560

And mixing with thy menial train

Deigned to be called the shepherd of the plain:

And as he drove his flocks along,

Whether the winding vale they rove,

Or linger in the upland grove, 565

He tuned the pastoral pipe or rural song. . . .

Hence is thy house, Admetus, graced
 With all that Plenty's hand bestows,
 Near the sweat-streaming current placed
 That from the lake of Bœbia flows. 570
 Far to the west extends the wide domain,
 Rich-pastured mead and cultured plain;
 Its bound, the dark Molossian air,
 Where the Sun stations his unharnessed car,
 And stretching to his eastern ray, 575
 Where Pelion rising in his pride
 Frowns o'er th' Ægean's portless tide,
 Reaches from sea to sea thy ample sway. . . .

Enter ADMETUS.

Ad. Ye citizens of Phæræ, present here,
 Benevolent to me, my dead adorned 580
 With every honor, the attendant train
 Are bearing to the tomb and funeral pyre.
 Do you, for ancient usage so requires,
 Address her as she takes her last sad way.
Ch. Thy father Pheres! See, his aged foot
 Advances; his attendants in their hands 586
 Bear gorgeous presents, honors to the dead.

Enter PHERES.

P. I come, my son, joint sufferer in thy
 griefs;
 For thou hast lost a good and virtuous wife,
 None will gainsay it; but thou must per-
 force 590
 Endure this, though severe. These orna-
 ments
 Receive, and let her go beneath the earth:
 These honors are her due, since for thy life
 She died, my son; nor would she I should be
 Childless, nor suffered me bereft of thee 595
 To waste in grief my sad remains of life.
 The life of all her sex hath she adorned
 With added luster by this generous deed.
 O thou, that hast preserved my son, and
 raised
 Our sinking glories, hail! E'en in the house
 Of Pluto be thou blest! Such marriages 601
 Pronounce I good; others of little worth.
Ad. Thou comest not to these obsequies
 by me
 Invited, nor thy presence do I deem
 Friendly. She never in thy ornaments 605
 Shall be arrayed, nor wants she aught of
 thine
 To grace her funeral rites. Then was the
 time
 To show thy social sorrow, when my life
 The Fates demanded: thou couldst stand
 aloof,
 Old as thou art, and give a younger up 610

To die; and wouldst thou now bewail her
 death?
Art thou my father? No; nor she, who says
 She brought me forth, my mother, though
 so called;
 But the base offspring of some slave thy wife
 Stole me, and put me to her breast. Thy
 deeds 615
 Show what thou art by plain and evident
 proof:
 And never can I deem myself thy son,
 Who passest all in mean and abject spirit.
 At such an age, just trembling on the verge
 Of life, that wouldst not—nay, thou daredst
 not—die 620
 For thine own son: but you could suffer her,
 Though sprung from foreign blood. With
 justice then
 Her only as my father must I deem,
 Her only as my mother; yet this course
 Mightst thou have run with glory, for thy
 son 625
 Daring to die; brief was the space of life
 That could remain to thee. I then had lived
 My destined time; she too had lived, **nor**
 thus
 Of her forsaken should I wail my loss. . . .
Ch. Forbear; enough the present weight
 of woe. 630
 My son, exasperate not a father's mind.
P. Me as some worthless Lydian dost thou
 rate,
 My son, or Phrygian slave bought with thy
 gold?
 Dost thou not know I am Thessalian born,
 Of a Thessalian father, truly free? 635
 Opprobrious are thy words, reviling me
 With youthful insolence, not quitted so.
 I gave thee birth, thence lord of my fair
 house;
 I gave thee nurture, that indeed I owed thee,
 But not to die for thee: such law from
 nature 640
 Received I not, that fathers for their sons
 Should die, nor does Greece know it. For
 thyself,
 Whether misfortune press thee, or thy state
 Be happier, thou wast born: thou hast from
 me
 Whate'er behoves thee: o'er an ample
 realm 645
 Thou now art king, and I shall leave thee
 more,
 A large extent of lands; for from my father
 These I received. In what then have I
 wronged thee?
 Or what deprived thee? Die not thou for me,
 Nor I for thee. Is it to thee a joy 650

To view the light of heaven? and dost thou think

Thy father joys not in it? Long I deem
The time below? But little is the space
Of life, yet pleasant. Thou, devoid of shame,
Hast struggled not to die, and thou dost live 655

Passing the bounds of life assigned by fate,
By killing her. My mean and abject spirit
Thou dost rebuke, O thou most timid wretch,
Vanquished e'en by a woman, who for thee,
Her young and beauteous husband, freely died. 660

A fine device that thou mightst never die,
Couldst thou persuade who at the time might be

Thy wife to die for thee; yet canst thou load
Thy friends with vile reproach, if they decline
To do it, base and timid as thou art. 665
But hold thy peace; and think, if life be dear
To thee, it must be dear to all. On us,
If thou wilt throw reproaches, thou shalt hear

Enough of thy ill deeds, and nothing false.

Ch. Too much of ill already hath been spoken: 670

Forbear, old man, nor thus revile thy son.

Ad. Say what thou wilt, I have declared
my thoughts:

But if it gives thee pain to hear the truth,
Much it behoved thee not to wrong me thus.

P. Had I died for thee, greater were the wrong. 675

Ad. Is death alike then to the young and old?

P. With one life ought we live, and not with two.

Ad. Mayst thou then live a greater age than Jove!

P. And dost thou, nothing injured, curse thy parents?

Ad. I saw thee fondly coveting long life. 680

P. Her, that died for thee, wilt thou not entomb?

Ad. These are the tokens of thy abject spirit.

P. By us she died not, that thou wilt not say.

Ad. Ah, mayst thou some time come to want my aid!

P. Wed many wives, that more may die for thee. 685

Ad. On thee be that reproach, thou wouldst not die.

P. Sweet is this light of heaven, sweet is this light.

Ad. Base is thy thought, unworthy of a man.

P. Would it not joy thee to entomb my age?

Ad. Die when thou wilt, inglorious wilt thou die. 690

P. An ill report will not affect me dead.

Ad. Alas, alas, how shameless is old age!

P. She was not shameless, but thou foundst her mad.

Ad. Begone, and suffer me t' entomb the dead.

P. I go; thou shalt entomb her, as thyself 695

Her murderer. Look for vengeance from her friends.

Acastus is no man, if his hands fail

Dearly t' avenge on thee his sister's blood.

Ad. Why get thee gone, thou and thy worthy wife;

Grow old together, as you well deserve, 700

Childless, your son yet living; never more

Meet me beneath this roof. Go! Were it decent

To interdict thee by the herald's voice,

I would forbid thee ever set thy foot

Within this mansion of thy ancestors, 705

But let us go, since we must bear our ill,

And place her body on the funeral pyre.

Ch. O thou unhappy, nobly daring woman,

Most generous, brightest excellence, farewell!

Courteous my Hermes and th' infernal king 710

Receive thee: in those realms if aught of grace

Awaits the virtuous, be those honors thine,

And be thy seat nigh Pluto's royal bride.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ATTENDANT.

At. To many a guest ere now, from various realms

Arriving, in this mansion have I spread

The hospitable feast; but at this hearth 715

A viler than this stranger never shared

The bounty of Admetus: though he saw

My lord oppressed with grief, it checked him not,

He boldly entered; nor with sober cheer

Took the refreshment offered, though he knew 720

Th' affliction of the house. If what he would

We brought not on the instant, he enforced

His harsh commands; and, grasping in his hands

A goblet wreathed with ivy, filled it high

With the grape's purple juice, and quaffed it off 725

Untempered, till the glowing wine inflamed
him;

Then, binding round his head a myrtle
wreath,

Howls dismal discord; two displeasing strains
We heard, his harsh notes, who in nought
revered

Th' afflictions of Admetus, and the voice ⁷³⁰
Of sorrow through the family that wept
Our mistress; yet our tearful eyes we showed
not,

Admetus so commanded, to the guest.
My office bids me wait, and in the house
Receive this stranger, some designing knave,
Or ruffian robber: she meantime is borne ⁷³⁶
Out of the house, nor did I follow her,
Nor stretched my hand lamenting my lost
mistress:

She was a mother to me, and to all
My fellow-servants; from a thousand ills ⁷⁴⁰
She saved us, with her gentleness appeasing
Our lord when angry: justly do I hate
This stranger then, who came amidst our
grief.

Enter HERCULES.

H. You fellow, why that grave and
thoughtful look?

Ill it becomes a servant's countenance ⁷⁴⁵
To frown on strangers, whom he should
receive

With cheerfulness. A good friend of thy
lord

Is present: all the welcome he can get
From thee, a sullen and contracted brow,
Mourning a loss that touches not this
house. ⁷⁵⁰

Come hither, that thou mayst be wiser,
friend;

Knowst thou the nature of all mortal things?
Not thou, I ween; how shouldst thou? Hear
from me

By all of human race death is a debt
That must be paid, and none of mortal
men ⁷⁵⁵

Knows whether till to-morrow life's short
space

Shall be extended: such the dark events
Of fortune; never to be learned, nor traced
By any skill. Instructed thus by me

Bid pleasure welcome, drink, the life
allowed ⁷⁶⁰

From day to day esteem thine own, all else
Fortune's. To Venus chief address thy
vows—

Of all the heavenly powers she, gentle queen,
Kindest to man, and sweetest: all besides
Reckless let pass, and listen to my words, ⁷⁶⁵

If thou seest reason in them, as I think
Thou dost: then bid excessive grief farewell,
And drink with us; master these present ills,
And bind thy brows with garlands; well I
know

The circling bowl will waft thy spirits to
bliss, ⁷⁷⁰

Now sunk in dark and sullen melancholy.
Since we are mortal, be our minds intent
On mortal things; to all the grave, whose
brows

With cares are furrowed, let me judge for
thee,

Life is no life, but a calamity. ⁷⁷⁵

At. These things we know; but what be-
comes us now

Ill suits with festal revelry and mirth.

H. A woman dies, one unrelated; check
Thy grief: the lords of this fair mansion
live.

At. Live! Knowst thou not th' afflictions
of this house?

H. Unless thy lord in something hath de-
ceived me. ⁷⁸⁰

At. Liberal his mind, too liberal to the
guest.

H. No: for a stranger dead he hath done
well.

At. No stranger, but a near domestic loss.

H. Is it some sorrow which he told not
me?

At. Go thou with joy; ours are our lord's
afflictions. ⁷⁸⁵

H. These are not words that speak a for-
eign loss.

At. If such, thy revelry had not displeased
me.

H. Then by my friendly host I much am
wronged.

At. Thy coming was unseasonable; this
house

Wanted no guest: thou seest our locks all
shorn, ⁷⁹⁰

Our grief and sable vests.

H. Who then is dead?
One of his children, or his aged father?

At. His wife Alcestis, stranger, is no more.

H. What sayst thou? And e'en so could
you receive me?

At. It shamed him to reject thee from his
house. ⁷⁹⁵

H. O wretch, of what a wife art thou
bereft!

At. Not she alone, we all are lost with her.

H. I might have thought this when I saw
his eye

Flowing with tears, his locks shorn off, and
grief

Marked on his face: but he persuaded me, ⁸⁰⁰
 Saying that one of foreign birth he mourned,
 And bore her to the tomb: unwillingly
 Ent'ring these gates I feasted in the house,
 My hospitable friend with such a grief
 Oppressed; nay more, I reveled, and my
 head ⁸⁰⁵

With garlands shaded: but the fault was
 thine,

Who didst not tell me that a woe like this
 Thy house afflicted. But inform me where
 She is interred: where shall I find her tomb?

At. Right in the way that to Larissa leads
 Without the city wilt thou find her tomb. ⁸¹¹

H. Now my firm heart, and thou, my
 daring soul,

Show what a son the daughter of Electryon,
 Alcmena of Tirynthia, bore to Jove.

This lady, new in death, behoves me save, ⁸¹⁵
 And, to Admetus rend'ring grateful service,
 Restore his lost Alcestis to his house.

This sable-vested tyrant of the dead
 My eye shall watch, not without hope to find
 him

Drinking th' oblations nigh the tomb. If
 once ⁸²⁰

Seen from my secret stand I rush upon him,
 These arms shall grasp him till his panting
 sides

Labor for breath; and who shall force him
 from me,

Till he gives back this woman? Should I fail
 To seize him there, as coming not to taste ⁸²⁵
 The spilt blood's thickening foam, I will
 descend

To the drear house of Pluto and his queen,
 Which the sun never cheers, and beg her
 thence,

Assured that I shall lead her back, and place
 her

In my friend's hands, whose hospitable
 heart ⁸³⁰

Received me in his house, nor made excuse,
 Though pierced with such a grief; this he
 concealed

Through generous thoughts and reverence to
 his friend.

Who in Thessalia bears a warmer love
 To strangers? Who, through all the realms
 of Greece? ⁸³⁵

It never shall be said this generous man
 Received in me a base and worthless wretch.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ADMETUS.

Ad. Ah me! Ah me! How mournful this
 approach!

How hateful to my sight this widowed house!

Ah, whither shall I go? where shall I rest? ⁸⁴⁰
 What shall I say? or what forbear to say?
 How may I sink beneath this weight of woe?
 To misery was I born, wretch that I am;

I envy now the dead, I long for them,
 Long to repose me in that house. No more ⁸⁴⁵
 With pleasure shall I view the sun's fair
 beams,

No more with pleasure walk upon this earth:
 So dear an hostage death has rent from me,
 And yielded to th' infernal king his prey.

Ch. Go forward, yet go forward; to thy
 house ⁸⁵⁰

Retire.
Ad. Ah me!

Ch. Thy sufferings do indeed
 Demand these groans.

Ad. O miserable me!
Ch. Thy steps are set in sorrow, well I
 know,

But all thy sorrow nought avails the dead.
Ad. Wretch that I am!

Ch. To see thy wife no more, ⁸⁵⁵
 No more to see her face, is grief indeed.

Ad. O, thou hast touched on that which
 deepest wounds

My mind: what greater ill can fall on man
 Than of a faithful wife to be deprived?
 O that I ne'er had wedded, in the house ⁸⁶⁰
 Had ne'er dwelt with her! The unmarried
 state

I envy, and deem those supremely blest
 Who have no children; in one single life
 To mourn is pain that may be well endured.
 To see our children wasting with disease, ⁸⁶⁵
 To see death ravaging our nuptial bed,
 This is not to be borne, when we might pass
 Our lives without a child, without a wife.

Ch. Fate comes, resistless Fate.
Ad. Unhappy me!

Ch. But to thy sorrows wilt thou put no
 bounds? ⁸⁷⁰

Ad. Woe, woe, woe!

Ch. A ponderous weight indeed
 To bear, yet bear them. Thou art not the
 first

That lost a wife: misery, in different forms
 To different men appearing, seizes all.

Ad. Ye lasting griefs, ye sorrows for our
 friends ⁸⁷⁵

Beneath the earth! Ah, why did ye restrain
 me?

I would have cast myself into the tomb,
 The gaping tomb, and lain in death with her,
 The dearest, best of women; there for one
 Pluto had coupled two most faithful souls,
 Together passing o'er th' infernal lake. ⁸⁸¹

Ch. I had a friend, by birth allied to me,

Whose son, and such a son as claimed his
tears,

Died in the prime of youth, his only child;
Yet with the firmness of a man he bore 885
His grief, though childless, and declining age
Led him with hasty steps to hoary hairs.

Ad. Thou goodly mansion, how shall I
endure

To enter thee, how dwell beneath thy roof,
My state thus sunk! Ah me, how changed
from that, 890

When 'midst the pines of Pelion blazing
round,

And hymeneal hymns, I held my way,
And led my loved Alcestis by her hand:
The festal train with many a cheerful shout
Saluted her, now dead, and me, and hailed
Our union happy, as descended each 896
From generous blood and high-born an-
cestry.

Now for the nuptial song, the voice of woe—
For gorgeous robes, this black and mournful
garb—

Attends me to my halls, and to my couch, 900
Where solitary sorrow waits me now.

Ch. This sorrow came upon thee 'midst a
state

Of happiness, a stranger thou to ills:
Yet is thy life preserved: thy wife is dead,
Leaving thy love; is there aught new in
this? 905

Many hath death reft of their wives before.

Ad. My friends, I deem the fortune of my
wife

Happier than mine, though otherwise it
seems;

For never more shall sorrow touch her breast,
And she with glory rests from various ills. 910
But I, who ought not live, my destined
hour

O'erpassing, shall drag on a mournful life,
Late taught what sorrow is. How shall I
bear

To enter here? To whom shall I address
My speech? Whose greeting renders my
return 915

Delightful? Which way shall I turn?
Within

In lonely sorrow shall I waste away,
As widowed of my wife I see my couch,
The seats deserted where she sate, the rooms
Wanting her elegance. Around my knees 920
My children hang, and weep their mother
lost:

These too lament their mistress now no more.
This is the scene of misery in my house:

Abroad, the nuptials of Thessalia's youth 924
And the bright circles of assembled dames

Will but augment my grief: ne'er shall I
bear

To see the loved companions of my wife.
And if one hates me, he will say, 'Behold
The man, who basely lives, who dared not die,
But, giving through the meanness of his
soul 930

His wife, avoided death, yet would be deemed
A man: he hates his parents, yet himself
Had not the spirit to die.' These ill reports
Cleave to me: why then wish for longer life,
On evil tongues thus fallen, and evil
days? 935

CHORUS.

My vent'rous foot delights
To tread the Muses' arduous heights;
Their hallowed haunts I love t' explore,
And listen to their lore:

Yet never could my searching mind 940
Aught, like necessity, resistless find;
No herb of sovereign power to save,
Whose virtues Orpheus joyed to trace,
And wrote them in the rolls of Thrace;
Nor all that Phœbus gave, 945
Instructing the Asclepian train,
When various ills the human frame assail,
To heal the wound, to soothe the pain,
'Gainst her stern force avail. . . .

And now, with ruin pleased, 950
On thee, O king, her hands have seized,
And bound thee in her iron chain:
Yet her fell force sustain.

For from the gloomy realms of night
No tears recall the dead to life's sweet
light; 955
No virtue, though to heaven allied,
Saves from th' inevitable doom:
Heroes and sons of gods have died,
And sunk into the tomb.

Dear, whilst our eyes her presence blest,
Dear, in the gloomy mansions of the dead; 961
Most generous she, the noblest, best
Who graced thy nuptial bed. . . .

Enter HERCULES.

H. I would speak freely to my friend,
Admetus,
Nor what I blame keep secret in my breast. 965
I came to see thee amidst thy ills, and
thought

I had been worthy to be proved thy friend.
Thou toldst me not the obsequies prepared
Were for thy wife, but in thy house receivdst
me

As if thou grievdst for one of foreign birth.

I bound my head with garlands, to the gods 971
 Pouring libations in thy house with grief
 Oppressed. I blame this: yes, in such a state
 I blame this: yet I come not in thine ills
 To give thee pain; why I return in brief 975
 Will I unfold. This woman from my hands
 Receive to thy protection, till returned
 I bring the Thracian steeds, having there
 slain

The proud Bistonian tyrant; should I fail,
 Be that mischance not mine, for much I
 wish 980

Safe to revisit thee, yet should I fail,
 I give her to the safeguard of thy house.
 For with much toil she came into my hands.
 To such as dare contend some public games,
 Which well deserved my toil, I find pro-
 posed, 985

I bring her thence, she is the prize of con-
 quest;

For slight assays each victor led away
 A courser; but for those of harder proof
 The conqueror was rewarded from the herd,
 And with some female graced: victorious
 there, 990

A prize so noble it were base to slight.
 Take her to thy protection, not by stealth
 Obtained, but the reward of many toils;
 The time perchance may come when thou wilt
 thank me.

Ad. Not that I slight thy friendship, or
 esteem thee 995

Other than noble, wished I to conceal
 My wife's unhappy fate; but to my grief
 It had been added grief, if thou hadst sought
 Elsewhere the rites of hospitality;
 Suffice it that I mourn ills which are mine. 1000
 This woman, if it may be, give in charge,
 I beg thee, king, to some Thessalian else,
 That hath not cause like me to grieve; in
 Phææ

Thou mayst find many friends; call not my
 woes

Fresh to my memory; never in my house 1005
 Could I behold her but my tears would flow;
 To sorrow add not sorrow; now enough
 I sink beneath its weight. Where should her
 youth

With me be guarded? for her gorgeous
 vests

Proclaim her young; if mixing with the
 men 1010

She dwell beneath my roof, how shall her
 fame,

Conversing with the youths, be kept un-
 sullied?

It is not easy to restrain the warmth
 Of that intemperate age; my care for thee

Warns me of this. Or if from them re-
 moved 1015

I hide her in th' apartments late my wife's,
 How to my bed admit her? I should fear
 A double blame; my citizens would scorn me
 As light, and faithless to the kindest wife
 That died for me, if to her bed I took 1020
 Another blooming bride; and to the dead
 Behoves me pay the highest reverence
 Due to her merit. And thou, lady, know,
 Whoe'er thou art, that form, that shape, that
 air

Resembles my Alcestis. By the gods, 1025
 Remove her from my sight. It is too much,
 I cannot bear it: when I look on her,
 Methinks I see my wife; this wounds my
 heart,

And calls the tears fresh gushing from my
 eyes.

This is the bitterness of grief indeed. 1030
Ch. I cannot praise thy fortune; but be-
 hoves thee

To bear with firmness what the gods assign.
H. O that from Jove I had the power to
 bring

Back from the mansions of the dead thy
 wife

To heaven's fair light, that grace achieving
 for thee! 1035

Ad. I know thy friendly will. But how
 can this

Be done? The dead return not to this light.
H. Check then thy swelling griefs; with
 reason rule them.

Ad. How easy to advise, but hard to
 bear! 1040

H. What would it profit shouldst thou al-
 ways groan?

Ad. I know it; but I am in love with grief.
H. Love to the dead calls forth the cease-
 less tear.

Ad. O, I am wretched more than words
 can speak.

H. A good wife hast thou lost, who can
 gainsay it? 1045

Ad. Never can life be pleasant to me more.
H. Thy sorrow now is new, time will abate
 it.

Ad. Time, sayst thou? Yes, the time that
 brings me death.

H. Some young and lovely bride will bid
 it cease.

Ad. No more: what sayst thou? Never
 could I think— 1050

H. Wilt thou still lead a lonely, widowed
 life?

Ad. Never shall other woman share my
 bed.

H. And think'st thou this will aught avail the dead?

Ad. This honor is her due, where'er she be.

H. This hath my praise, though near allied to frenzy. 1055

Ad. Praise me, or not, I ne'er will wed again.

H. I praise thee that thou'rt faithful to thy wife.

Ad. Though dead, if I betray her may I die!

H. Well, take this noble lady to thy house.

Ad. No, by thy father Jove let me entreat thee. 1060

H. Not to do this would be the greatest wrong.

Ad. To do it would with anguish rend my heart.

H. Let me prevail; this grace may find its meed.

Ad. O that thou never hadst received this prize!

H. Yet in my victory thou art victor with me. 1065

Ad. 'Tis nobly said: yet let this woman go.

H. If she must go, she shall: but must she go?

Ad. She must, if I incur not thy displeasure.

H. There is a cause that prompts my earnestness.

Ad. Thou hast prevailed, but much against my will. 1070

H. The time will come when thou wilt thank me for it.

Ad. Well, if I must receive her, lead her in.

H. Charge servants with her! No, that must not be.

Ad. Lead her thyself then, if thy will incline thee.

H. No, to thy hand alone will I commit her. 1075

Ad. I touch her not; but she hath leave to enter.

H. I shall entrust her only to thy hand.

Ad. Thou dost constrain me, king, against my will.

H. Venture to stretch thy hand, and touch the stranger's.

Ad. I touch her, as I would the headless Gorgon. 1080

H. Hast thou her hand?

Ad. I have.

H. Then hold her safe.

Hereafter thou wilt say the son of Jove
Hath been a generous guest: view now her face,

See if she bears resemblance to thy wife,
And thus made happy bid farewell to grief. 1085

Ad. O gods, what shall I say? 'Tis marvelous,

Exceeding hope. See I my wife indeed?
Or doth some god distract me with false joy?

H. In very deed dost thou behold thy wife.

Ad. See that it be no phantom from beneath. 1090

H. Make not thy friend one that evokes the shades.

Ad. And do I see my wife, whom I entombed?

H. I marvel not that thou art diffident.

Ad. I touch her; may I speak to her as living?

H. Speak to her; thou hast all thy heart could wish. 1095

Ad. Dearest of women, do see I again
That face, that person? This exceeds all hope:

I never thought that I should see thee more.

H. Thou hast her; may no god be envious to thee.

Ad. O, be thou blest, thou generous son of Jove! 1100

Thy father's might protect thee! Thou alone
Hast raised her to me; from the realms below
How hast thou brought her to the light of life?

H. I fought with him that lords it o'er the shades.

Ad. Where with the gloomy tyrant didst thou fight? 1105

H. I lay in wait, and seized him at the tomb.

Ad. But wherefore doth my wife thus speechless stand?

H. It is not yet permitted that thou hear
Her voice addressing thee, till from the gods
That rule beneath she be unsanctified 1110
With hallowed rites, and the third morn return.

But lead her in: and as thou'rt just in all
Besides, Admetus, see thou reverence strangers.

Farewell: I go t' achieve the destined toil
For the imperial son of Sthenelus. 1115

Ad. Abide with us, and share my friendly hearth.

H. That time will come again; this demands speed.

Ad. Success attend thee; safe mayst thou return.

Now to my citizens I give in charge, 1119
And to each chief, that for this blest event

They institute the dance, let the steer bleed,
 And the rich altars, as they pay their vows,
 Breathe incense to the gods; for now I
 rise
 To better life, and grateful own the blessing.
Ch. With various hand the gods dispense
 our fates: 1125

Now showering various blessings, which our
 hopes
 Dared not aspire to; now controlling ills
 We deemed inevitable; thus the god
 To these hath given an end exceeding thought.
 Such is the fortune of this happy day. 1130
—M. WODHULL.

COMEDY (465-250 B.C.)

COMEDY had its origin in the *comus*, or procession of Dionysus, as tragedy in the dithyramb. Being of lighter and less dignified nature, it was not until about 465, or seventy years after tragedy, that it was adopted by the state and became part of the great spring festivals. The significant names in its history are Epicharmus of Sicily, 540-450, who probably reduced to more artistic and literary form a hitherto rude style of play, Sophron of Syracuse, the writer of the coarse type of comedy called the mime, Susarion of Attica, who between 581 and 562 received a prize for contributions whose nature is uncertain, and three predecessors of Aristophanes who were the first important writers after the state adopted comedy, Eupolis, Crates, and Cratinus. The titles of the earlier plays, which resemble the titles of Aristophanes, show them to have been of a fantastic and a satiric tendency. Aristophanes, about 454-388, developed both tendencies, and brought to perfection this type, which is called Old Comedy. It was succeeded by Middle Comedy, in which the objects of satire were very infrequently personal or contemporary, and New Comedy, which held the mirror up to fourth and third century Athenian manners.

ARISTOPHANES (454-388 B.C.)

Aristophanes, aristocrat and conservative, keen-witted, and a highly gifted poetic genius, developed both the fantasy and the satire of Old Comedy, but without relieving it of the coarseness bequeathed by his predecessors. Eleven of the forty or more plays survive which kept him popular in Athens for two score years. Three are ludicrous representations of women acting in affairs of court and state, three, *The Acharnians*, *Peace*, and *The Knights*, are plays on the war question, two, *The Wasps* and *The Birds*, are satires on Athenian weaknesses, *The Clouds* is an attack on Socrates and the new teaching, *The Frogs* is a satire on Euripides in which Æschylus does not go entirely free, and *Plutus* is an allegory on riches. Aristophanes was an inspired fun-maker, but his genius for exquisite poetry was not second to his wit.

THE BIRDS

The scene is in a wild country place. Two Athenians, whose names are Talkover and Hopeful, tired of the ways of the city, have left it in search of a refuge among the birds. The chorus consists of twenty-four fantastic figures representing birds. The play is best described as a poetic and satiric extravaganza.

John Hookham Frere's admirable translation of the play is here used, with a few omissions.

EUELPIDES (*speaking to his Jackdaw.*)

Right on, do ye say? to the tree there in the distance?

PEISTHETAIROS (*speaking first to his Raven, and then to his companion.*)

Plague take ye! Why, this creature calls us back!

E. What use can it answer tramping up and down?

We're lost, I tell ye: our journey's come to nothing.

P. To think of me traveling a thousand stadia

With a Raven for my adviser!

E. Think of me too, Going at the instigation of a Jackdaw, To wear my toes and my toenails to pieces!

P. I don't know even the country, where we've got to.

E. And yet you expect to find a country here,

A country for yourself!

P. Truly, not I. . .

E. Oh dear! We're come to ruin, utter ruin!

P. Then go that way, can't ye?—'the Road to Ruin!'

E. He has brought us to a fine pass, that crazy fellow,

Philocrates the poulterer; he pretended 15
To enable us to find where Tereus lives;

The King that was, the Hoopoe that is now;
Persuading us to buy these creatures of him,
That Raven there for three-pence, and this
other,

This little Tharrelides of a Jackdaw,— 20
He charged a penny for: but neither of 'em
Are fit for anything but to bite and scratch.

(*Speaking to his Jackdaw*)

Well, what are ye after now? gaping and
poking!

You've brought us straight to the rock.

Where would you take us?

There's no road here!

P. No, none, not even a path. 25

E. Nor don't your Raven tell us anything?

P. She's alter'd somehow—she croaks differently.

E. But which way does she point? What
does she say?

P. Say? Why, she says, she'll bite my
fingers off.

E. Well, truly it's hard upon us, hard
indeed, 30

To go with our own carcasses to the crows,
And not be able to find 'em after all.

For our design, most excellent spectators. . .
We have deem'd it fitting to betake ourselves
To these our legs, and make our person
scarce. 35

Not through disgust or hatred or disdain
Of our illustrious birthplace, which we deem
Glorious and free; with equal laws ordain'd
For fine and forfeiture and confiscation;
With taxes universally diffused; 40
And suits and pleas abounding in the Courts.

For grasshoppers sit only for a month
Chirping upon the twigs; but our Athenians
Sit chirping and discussing all the year,
Perch'd upon points of evidence and law. 45

Therefore we trudge upon our present
travels,

With these our sacrificial implements,
To seek some easier unlitigious place,
Meaning to settle there and colonize. 49
Our present errand is in search of Tereus,
(The Hoopoe that is now) to learn from him
If in his expeditions, flights, and journeys,
He ever chanced to light on such a spot.

P. Holloh!

E. What's that?

P. My raven here points upwards.
—Decidedly!

E. Aye, and here's my Jackdaw, too, 55
Gaping as if she saw something above.—

Yes,—I'll be bound for it; this must be the
place:

We'll make a noise, and know the truth of it.

P. Then 'kick against the rock.'

E. Knock you your head
Against the rock!—and make it a double
knock! 60

P. Then fling a stone at it!

E. With all my heart,
Holloh, there!

P. What do you mean with your Holloh?
You should cry Hoop for a Hoopoe.

E. Well, then, Hoop!
Hoop and holloh, there!—Hoopoe, Hoopoe,
I say!

Trochilus. What's here? Who's bawling
there?

Who wants my master? 65

[*The door is opened, and both parties
start at seeing each other.*]

E. Oh mercy, mighty Apollo! what a beak!

T. Out! out upon it! a brace of bird-
catchers!

E. No, no; don't be disturb'd; think better
of us.

T. You'll both be put to death.

E. But we're not men.

T. Not men! what are ye? what do ye call
yourselves? 70

E. The fright has turn'd me into a Yellow-
Hammer.

T. Poh! Stuff and nonsense!

E. I can prove it to ye.
Search!

T. But your comrade here, what bird is he?

P. I'm changed to a Golden Pheasant just
at present.

E. Now tell me, in heaven's name, what
creature are ye?

T. I'm a Slave Bird. 75

E. A slave! how did it happen?
Were you made prisoner by a fighting cock?

T. No. When my master made himself a
Hoopoe,

He begg'd me to turn bird to attend upon
him.

E. Do birds, then, want attendance?

T. Yes, of course;

In his case, having been a man before, 80
He longs occasionally for human diet,
His old Athenian fare: pilchards for in-
stance,—

Then I must fetch the pilchards; sometimes
porridge;

He calls for porridge, and I mix it for him.

E. Well, you're a dapper waiter, a
didapper; 85

But didapper, I say, do step within there,

And call your master out.

T. But just at present
He's taking a little rest after his luncheon,
Some myrtle berries and a dish of worms.

E. No matter, call him here; we wish to
speak to him. 90

T. He'll not be pleased, I'm sure; but not-
withstanding,

Since you desire it, I'll make bold to call him.
[Exit.]

P. (looking after him.) Confound ye, I
say, you've frighten'd me to death.

E. He has scared away my Jackdaw; it's
flown away.

P. You let it go yourself, you coward.

E. Tell me. 95

Have you not let your Raven go?

P. Not I.

E. Where is it then?

P. Flown off of its own accord.

E. You did not let it go! you're a brave
fellow!

THE HOOPOE (from within.) Open the
door, I say let me go forth.

[THE ROYAL HOOPOE appears with a tre-
mendous beak and crest.]

E. O Hercules, what a creature! What a
plumage! 100

And a triple tier of crests; what can it be!

H. Who call'd? who wanted me?

E. May the heavenly powers!—

—Confound ye! I say (aside.)

H. You mock at me, perhaps,
Seeing these plumes.—But, stranger, you
must know

That once I was a man.

E. We did not laugh 105

At you, Sir.

H. What, then, were you laughing at?

E. Only that beak of yours seem'd rather
odd.

H. It was your poet Sophocles that reduced
me

To this condition with his tragedies.

E. What are you, Tereus? Are you a bird,
or what? 110

H. A Bird.

E. Then where are all your feathers?

H. Gone.

E. In consequence of an illness?

H. No; the Birds

At this time of the year leave off their
feathers.

But you! what are ye? Tell me.

E. Mortal men.

H. What countrymen?

E. Of the country of the Triremes. 115

H. Jurymen, I suppose?

E. Quite the reverse,

We're anti-jurymen.

H. Does that breed still

Continue amongst you?

E. Some few specimens
You'll meet with here and there in country
places.

H. And what has brought you here? What
was your object? 120

E. We wish'd to advise with you.

H. With me! For what?

E. Because you were a man: the same as
us;

And found yourself in debt: the same as us;

And did not like to pay: the same as us;

And after that, you changed into a bird, 125

And ever since have flown and wander'd far

Over the lands and seas, and have acquired

All knowledge that a bird or man can learn.

Therefore we come, as suppliants, to be-
seech

Your favor and advice to point us out 130

Some comfortable country, close and snug,

A country like a blanket or a rug,

Where we might fairly fold ourselves to rest.

H. Do you wish then for a greater state
than Athens?

E. Not greater, but more suitable for
us. . . . 135

H. Well, what kind of a town would suit
ye?

E. Why, such a kind of town as this, for
instance,

A town where the importunities and troubles
Are of this sort. Suppose a neighbor calls

Betimes in the morning with a sudden
summons: 140

'Now, don't forget,' says he, 'for heaven's
sake,

To come to me to-morrow; bring your
friends,

Children, and all, we've wedding cheer at
home.

Come early, mind ye, and if you fail me
now,

Don't let me see your face when I'm in
trouble.' 145

H. So you're resolved to encounter all
these hardships!

(To PEISTHETAIRUS.) And what say you?

P. My fancy's much the same.

H. How so?

P. To find a place of the same sort. . . .

H. Aye! You're in love, I see, with diffi-
culties

And miseries. Well, there's a city, in fact, 150

Much of this sort; one that I think might
suit ye,

Near the Red Sea.

E. No, no! not near the sea;
Lest I should have the Salaminian galley
Arriving some fine morning with a summons
Sent after me, and a pursuivant to arrest
me. 155

But could not you tell us of some Grecian
city?

H. Why, there's in Elis there, the town
of Lepreum.

E. No, no! No Lepreums; nor no lepers
neither.

No leprosies for me. Melanthius
Has given me a disgust for leprosies. . . . 160

But tell me, among the birds here, how
do ye find it?

What kind of an existence?

H. Pretty fair;
Not much amiss. Time passes smoothly
enough;

And money is out of the question. We don't
use it.

E. You've freed yourselves from a great
load of dross. 165

H. We've our field sports. We spend our
idle mornings

With banqueting and collations in the gar-
dens,

With poppy-seeds and myrtle.

E. So your time
Is pass'd like a perpetual wedding-day.

[PEISTHETAIROS *breaks out as from a
profound reflective reverie.*

P. Hah! What a power is here; what op-
portunities! 170

If I could only advise you. I see it all!
The means for an infinite empire and com-
mand!

H. And what would you have us do?
What's your advice?

P. Do! what would I have ye do? Why,
first of all

Don't flutter and hurry about all open-
mouth'd 175

In that undignified way. With us for in-
stance,

At home, we should cry out, 'What creature's
that?'

And Teleas would be the first to answer:
'A mere poor creature, a weak restless animal,
A silly bird, that's neither here nor there.' 180

H. Yes, Teleas might say so. *It would be
like him.*

But tell me, what would you have us do?

P. (*emphatically.*) Concentrate;
—Bring all your birds together. Build a city.

H. The Birds! How could we build a
city? Where?

P. Nonsense. You can't be serious. What
a question! 185

Look down.

H. I do.

P. Look up now.

H. So I do.

P. Now turn your neck round.

H. I should sprain it though.

P. Come, what d'ye see?

H. The clouds and sky;—that's all.

P. Well, that we call the pole and the
atmosphere;

And would it not serve you birds for a
metropole? 190

H. Pole? 'Is it call'd a pole?

P. Yes, that's the name.

Philosophers of late call it the pole;
Because it wheels and rolls itself about,
As it were, in a kind of roly-poly way.

Well, there then, you may build and
fortify, 195

And call it your Metropolis,—your Acropolis.
From that position you'll command mankind,
And keep them in utter thorough subjugation:

Just as you do the grasshoppers and locusts.
And if the gods offend you, you'll blockade
'em, 200

And starve 'em to a surrender.

H. In what way?

P. Why thus. Your atmosphere is placed,
you see,

In a middle point, just betwixt earth and
heaven.

A case of the same kind occurs with us.
Our people in Athens, if they send to Delphi
With deputations, offerings, or what not, 206
Are forced to obtain a pass from the
Bœotians:

Thus when mankind on earth are sacrificing,
If you should find the gods grown mutinous
And insubordinate, you could intercept 210
All their supplies of sacrificial smoke.

H. By the earth and all its springs!
springs and nooses!

Odds, nets and snares! this is the cleverest
notion:

And I could find it in my heart to venture,
If the other Birds agree to the proposal. 216

P. But who must state it to them?

H. You yourself,
They'll understand ye, I found them mere
barbarians,

But living here a length of time amongst
them,

I have taught them to converse and speak
correctly. 220

P. How will you summon them?

H. That's easy enough;
I'll just step into the thicket here hard by,
And call my Nightingale. She'll summon
them.

And when they hear her voice, I promise you
You'll see them all come running here pell-
-mell. 225

P. My dearest, best of Birds! don't lose
a moment,
I beg, but go directly into the thicket;
Nay, don't stand here, go call your Night-
-ingale.

[Exit HOOPOE.

SONG from behind the scene, by the HOOPOE.

Awake! awake!
Sleep no more my gentle mate! 230
With your tiny tawny bill,
Wake the tuneful echo shrill,
On vale or hill;
Or in her airy rocky seat,
Let her listen and repeat 235
The tender ditty that you tell,
The sad lament,
The dire event,
To luckless Itys that befell.
Thence the strain 240
Shall rise again,
And soar amain,
Up to the lofty palace gate,
Where mighty Apollo sits in state
In Jove's abode, with his ivory lyre, 245
Hymning aloud to the heavenly choir.
While all the gods shall join with thee
In a celestial symphony.

[A solo on the flute, the Nightingale's
call.

P. Oh, Jupiter! the dear delicious bird!
With what a lovely tone she swells and
falls, 250

Sweetening the wilderness with delicate air.
E. Hist!

P. What?

E. Be quiet, can't ye?

P. What's the matter?

E. The Hoopoe is just preparing for a
song.

H. Hoop! hoop!
Come in a troop, 255
Come at a call,
One and all,
Birds of a feather,
All together.
Birds of an humble gentle bill 260
Smooth and shrill,

Dieted on seeds and grain,
Rioting on the furrow'd plain,
Pecking, hopping,
Picking, popping, 265
Among the barley newly sown.
Birds of bolder louder tone,
Lodging in the shrubs and bushes,
Mavises and Thrushes,
On the summer berries browsing, 270
On the garden fruits carousing,
All the grubs and vermin smouzing.
You that in an humbler station,
With an active occupation,
Haunt the lowly watery mead, 275
Warring against the native breed,
The gnats and flies, your enemies;
In the level marshy plain
Of Marathon pursued and slain.

You that in a squadron driving 280
From the seas are seen arriving,
With the Cormorants and Mews
Haste to land and hear the news!
All the feather'd airy nation,
Birds of every size and station, 285
Are convened in convocation.
For an envoy queer and shrewd
Means to address the multitude,
And submit to their decision
A surprising proposition, 290
For the welfare of the state.
Come in a flurry,
With a hurry-scurry,
Hurry to the meeting and attend to the
debate.

E. How they thicken, how they muster, 295
How they clutter, how they cluster!
Now they ramble here and thither,
Now they scramble altogether.
What a fidgetting and clattering!
What a twittering and chattering! 300
Don't they mean to threaten us? What
think ye?

P. Yes, methinks they do.
E. They're gaping with an angry look
against us both.

P. It's very true.
Ch. Where is He, the Magistrate that
asssembled us to deliberate?

H. Friends and comrades, here am I, your
old associate and ally. 305

Ch. What have ye to communicate for the
benefit of the state?

H. A proposal safe and useful, practicable,
profitable,

Two projectors are arrived here, politicians
shrewd and able.

Ch. Whee! whaw! where! where!

What? what? what? what? what? 310

H. I repeat it—human envoys are arrived,
a steady pair,

To disclose without reserve a most stup-
pendous huge affair.

Ch. Chief, of all that ever were, the worst,
the most unhappy one!

Speak, explain!

H. Don't be alarm'd!

Ch. Alas, alas! what have you done? 315

H. I've received a pair of strangers, who
desired to settle here.

Ch. Have you risk'd so rash an act?

H. I've done it, and I persevere.

Ch. But where are they?

H. Near beside you; near as I am; very
near.

Ch. Oût, alàs! oût, alàs! 320

We are betray'd, cruelly betray'd
To a calamitous end.

Our comrade and our friend,
Our companion in the fields and in the
pastures

Is the author of all our miseries and
disasters, 325

Our ancient sacred laws and solemn
oath!

Transgressing both!

Træsonably delivering us as a prize
To our horrible immemorial enemies.

To a detestable race 330
Exécrably base!

For the Bird our Chief, hereafter he must
answer to the state;

With respect to these intruders, I propose,
without debate,

On the spot to tear and hack them.

E. There it is, our death and ruin! 335
Ah, the fault was all your own, you know
it; it was all your doing;

You that brought me here, and why?

P. Because I wanted an attendant.

E. Here to close my life in tears.

P. No, that's a foolish fear, depend on't.

E. Why a foolish fear? 341

P. Consider; when you're left without an
eye,

It's impossible in nature; how could you
contrive to cry?

Ch. Form in rank, form in rank;
Then move forward and outflank. 345
Let me see them overpower'd,
Hack'd, demolish'd, and devour'd,
Neither earth, nor sea, nor sky,
Nor woody fastnesses on high,
Shall protect them if they fly. 350

Where's the Captain? what detains him?
what prevents us to proceed?

On the right there, call the Captain! let him
form his troop and lead.

E. There it is; where can I fly?

P. Sirrah, be quiet; wait a bit.

E. What, to be devour'd amongst them!

P. Will your legs or will your wit
Serve to escape them?

E. I can't tell.

P. But I can tell; do as you're bid; 355
Fight we must. You see the pot just there
before ye; take the lid

And present it for a shield; the spit will
serve you for a spear;

With it you may scare them off, or spike
them if they venture near.

E. What can I find to guard my eyes?

P. Why, there's the very thing you
wish,

Two vizard helmets ready made, the cullen-
der and skimming dish. 361

E. What a clever, capital, lucky device,
sudden and new!

Nicias, with all his tactics, is a simpleton
to you.

Ch. Steady, Birds! present your beaks! in
double time, charge and attack!

Pounce upon them, smash the pot-lid, clap-
perclaw them, tear and hack. 365

H. Tell me, most unworthy creatures,
scandal of the feather'd race,

Must I see my friends and kinsmen massa-
cred before my face?

Ch. What, do you propose to spare them?
Where will your forbearance cease,

Hesitating to destroy destructive creatures
such as these?

H. Enemies they might have been; but
here they come, with fair design, 370

With proposals of advice, for your advantage
and for mine.

Ch. Enemies time out of mind! they that
have spilt our fathers' blood,

How should they be friends of ours, or give
us counsel for our good?

H. Friendship is a poor adviser; poli-
ticians deep and wise

Many times are forced to learn a lesson from
their enemies. . . . 375

Ch. We're agreed to grant a hearing; if
an enemy can teach

Anything that's wise or useful, let him prove
it in his speech.

P. (aside.) Let's retire a pace or two;
you see the change in their behavior.

H. Simple justice I require, and I request
it as a favor.

Ch. Faith and equity require it, and the
nation hitherto 380

Never has refused to take direction and advice from you.

P. (*aside.*) They're relenting by degrees; Recover arms and stand at ease.

Ch. Back to the rear! resume your station,

Ground your wrath and indignation,
Sheathe your fury, stand at ease! 386

While I proceed to question these:
What design has brought them here?
Hoh, there, Hoopoe! can't he hear?

H. What's your question?

Ch. Who are these? 390

H. Strangers from the land of Greece.

Ch. What design has brought them thence?
What's their errand or pretence?

H. They come here simply with a view
To settle and reside with you; 395
Here to remain and here to live.

Ch. What is the reason that they give?

H. A project marvelous and strange.

Ch. Will it account for such a change,
Coming here so vast a distance? 400
Does he look for our assistance
To serve a friend or harm a foe?

H. Mighty plans he has to show
(Hinted and proposed in brief)
For a power beyond belief; 405
Ocean, earth, he says, and air,
All creation everywhere,
Everything that's here or there,
An empire and supremacy 410
Over all beneath the sky
Is attainable by you,
Your just dominion and your due.

Ch. Tell us, was he fool or mad?

H. No, believe me, grave and sad. 415

Ch. Did his reasons and replies
Mark him as discreet and wise?

H. With a force, a depth, a reach
Of judgment; a command of speech;
An invention, a facility, 420
An address, a volubility,
More than could be thought believable;
'Tis a varlet inconceivable!

Ch. Let us hear him! let us hear him!
Bid him begin! for raised on high 425
Our airy fancy soars; and I
Am rapt in hope, ready to fly.

[*The King Hoopoe now gives some orders in a pacific spirit, directing that all warlike weapons be removed and hung up at the back of the chimney as before. Peace is proclaimed, the armament is dissolved by proclamation, and the Chorus recommence singing.*]

H. (*to the CHORUS.*) Here you, take these same arms, in the name of Heaven,
And hang them quietly in the chimney-corner; (*turning to PEISTHETAIRUS*),
And you, communicate your scheme, ex-
hibiting 430

Your proofs and calculations—the discourse
Which they were call'd to attend to.

P. No, not I,
By Jove! unless they agree to an armistice;
Such as the little poor baboon, our neighbor,
The sword cutler, concluded with his wife; 435
That they shan't bite me, or take unfair advantage

In any way.

Ch. We won't.

P. Well, swear it then!

Ch. We swear, by our hope of gaining the first prize

With the general approval and consent
Of the whole audience, and of all the judges— 440

And if we fail, may the reproach befall us,
Of gaining it only by the casting vote.

Herald. Hear ye, good people all! the troops are order'd

To take their arms within doors; and consult
On the report and entry to be made 445
Upon our journal of this day's proceedings.

Ch. Since time began

The race of man

Has ever been deceitful, faithless ever.

Yet may our fears be vain! 450

Speak therefore and explain:

If in this realm of ours,

Your clearer intellect, searching and clever,

Has noticed means or powers

Unknown and undetected, 455

In unambitious indolence neglected.

Guide and assist our ignorant endeavor:

You, for your willing aid and ready wit,

Will share with us the common benefit.

Now speak to the business and be not afraid, 460

The Birds will adhere to the truce that we made.

P. I'm fill'd with the subject and long to proceed—

My rhetorical leaven is ready to knead.—

Boy, bring me a crown and a basin and ewer.

E. Why, what does he mean? Are we banqueting, sure? 465

P. A rhetorical banquet I mean; and I wish

To serve them at first with a sumptuous dish,

To astound and delight them. The grief
and compassion

That oppresses my mind on beholding a
nation,

A people of sovereigns!

Ch. Sovereigns we! 470

P. Of all the creation! of this man and
me,

And of Jupiter too; for observe that your
birth

Was before the old Titans, and Saturn and
Earth.

Ch. And Earth!

P. I repeat it.

Ch. That's wonderful news!

P. Your wonder implies a neglect to
peruse 475

And examine old Æsop, from whom you
might gather

That the lark was embarrass'd to bury his
father

On account of the then non-existence of
Earth;

And how to repair so distressing a dearth,
He adopted a method unheard of and
new. 480

Ch. If the story you quote is authentic
and true,

No doubt can exist of our clear seniority,
And the gods must acknowledge our right
to authority.

E. Your beaks will be worn with distinc-
tion and pride; 484

The woodpecker's title will scarce be denied;
And Jove the pretender will surely surrender.

P. Moreover, most singular facts are
combined

In proof that the birds were adored by man-
kind:

For instance, the Cock was a sovereign of
yore

In the empire of Persia, and ruled it
before 490

Darius's time; and you all may have heard
That his title exists as the 'Persian bird.'

E. And hence you behold him stalk in
pride,

Majestic and stout, with a royal stride,
With his turban upright, a privilege known
Reserved to kings and kings alone. . . . 496

P. Then the kite was the monarch of
Greece heretofore—

H. Of Greece?

P. —and instructed our fathers of yore,
On beholding a kite, to fall down and adore .

E. Well, a thing that befell me, was comical
quite, 500

I threw myself down on beholding a kite;

But turning my face up to stare at his flight,
With a coin in my mouth, forgetting my
penny,

I swallow'd it down, and went home with-
out any.

P. In Sidon and Egypt the Cuckoo was
king; 505

They wait to this hour for the Cuckoo to
sing;

And when he begins, be it later or early,
They reckon it lawful to gather their bar-
ley.

E. Ah, thence it comes our harvest cry,
Cuckoo, Cuckoo, to the passers-by. . . . 510

P. Thus far forth have I proved and
shown

The power and estate that were once your
own,

Now totally broken and overthrown:

And need I describe your present tribe,
Weak, forlorn, exposed to scorn, 515

Distress'd, oppress'd, never at rest,
Daily pursued with outrage rude,

With cries and noise of men and boys,
Screaming, hooting, pelting, shooting!

The fowler sets his traps and nets, 520

Twigs of bird-lime, loops, and snares,
To catch you kidnap'd unawares,
Even within the temple's pale.

They set you forth to public sale,
Paw'd and handled most severely; 525

And, not content with roasting merely,
In an insolent device,

Sprinkle you with cheese and spice;
With nothing of respect or favor,

Derogating from your flavor. 530

Or, for a further outrage, have ye
Soused in greasy sauce and gravy.

H. Sad and dismal is the story,
Human stranger, which you tell,
Of our fathers' ancient glory, 535
Ere the fated empire fell.

From the depth of degradation,
A benignant happy fate
Sends you to restore the nation,
To redeem and save the state. 540

I consign to your protection,
Able to preserve them best,
All my objects of affection,
My wife, my children, and my nest.

H. Explain then the method you mean to
pursue 545

To recover our empire and freedom anew.
For thus to remain in dishonor and scorn,
Our life were a burthen no more to be borne.

P. Then I move, that the birds shall in
common repair
To a central point, and encamp in the
air; 550
And intrench and enclose it, and fortify
there;
And build up a rampart impregnable strong,
Enormous in thickness, enormously long;
Bigger than Babylon, solid and tall,
With bricks and bitumen! a wonderful
wall. 555
E. Bricks and bitumen! I'm longing to
see
What a daub of a building the city will be!
P. As soon as the fabric is brought to
an end,
A herald or envoy to Jove we shall send,
To require his immediate prompt abdica-
tion; 560
And if he refuses, or shows hesitation,
Or evades the demand, we shall further
proceed,
With legitimate warfare, avow'd and de-
creed;
With a warning and notices, formally given,
To Jove, and all others residing in heaven,
Forbidding them ever to venture again 566
To trespass on our atmospheric domain,
With scandalous journeys, to visit a list
Of Alcmenas and Semeles; if they persist,
We warn them that means will be taken
moreover 570
To stop their gallanting and acting the lover.
Another ambassador also will go
Dispatch'd upon earth, to the people below,
To notify briefly the fact of accession;
And enforcing our claims upon taking pos-
session; 575
With orders in future, that every suitor,
Who applies to the gods with an offering
made,
Shall begin with a previous offering paid
To a suitable Bird, of a kind and degree
That accords with the god, whosoever he be.
In Venus's fane, if a victim is slain, 581
First let a Sparrow be feasted with grain.
When gifts and oblations to Neptune are
made,
To the Drake let a tribute of barley be
paid. . . .
H. But Jove's thunder has wings; if he
send but a volley, 585
Mankind for a time may abandon us wholly.
P. What then? we shall raise a granivor-
ous troop,
To sweep their whole crops with a ravenous
swoop:
If Ceres is able, perhaps she may deign

To assist their distress with a largess of
grain. 590
E. No, no! she'll be making excuses, I
warrant.
P. Then the Crows will be sent on a
different errand,
To pounce all at once, with a sudden sur-
prise,
On their oxen and sheep, to peck out their
eyes,
And leave them stone-blind for Apollo to
cure: 595
He'll try it; he'll work for his salary sure!
E. Let the cattle alone; I've two beeves
of my own:
Let me part with them first, and then do
your worst.
P. But, if men shall acknowledge your
merit and worth,
As equal to Saturn, to Neptune, and
Earth, 600
And to everything else, we shall freely
bestow
All manner of blessings.
H. Explain them and show.
P. For instance: if locusts arrive to con-
sume
All their hopes of a crop, when the vines
are in bloom,
A squadron of Owls may demolish them
all; 605
The Midges moreover, which canker and
gall
The figs and the fruit, if the Thrush is
employ'd,
By a single battalion will soon be destroy'd.
H. But wealth is their object; and how
can we grant it?
P. We can point them out mines; and our
help will be wanted 610
To inspect and direct navigation and trade;
Their voyages all will be easily made,
With a saving of time and a saving of cost;
And a seaman in future will never be lost.
H. How so?
P. We shall warn them: 'Now hasten
to sail, 615
Now keep within harbor; your voyage will
fail.'
E. How readily then will a fortune be
made!
I'll purchase a vessel and venture on trade.
P. And old treasure conceal'd will again
be reveal'd;
The Birds as they know it will readily show
it. 620
'Tis a saying of old, 'My silver and gold
Are so safely secreted, and closely interr'd,

No creature can know it, excepting a Bird.'

E. I'll part with my vessel, I'll go not aboard;

I'll purchase a mattock and dig up a hoard. 625

H. We're clear as to wealth; but the blessing of health

Is the gift of the gods.

P. It will make no such odds: If they're going on well, they'll be healthy still,

And none are in health that are going on ill.

H. But then for longevity; that is the gift Of the gods. 630

P. But the Birds can afford them a lift, And allow them a century, less or more.

H. How so?

P. From their own individual store, They may reckon it fair, to allot them a share;

For old proverbs affirm, that the final term Of a Raven's life exceeds the space 636

Of five generations of human race.

H. What need have we then for Jove as a king?

Surely the Birds are a better thing!

P. Surely! surely! First and most, 640 We shall economize the cost

Of marbled domes and gilded gates.

The Birds will live at cheaper rates,

Lodging, without shame or scorn,

In a maple or a thorn; 645

The most exalted and divine

Will have an olive for his shrine.

We need not run to foreign lands,

Or Ammon's temple in the sands;

But perform our easy vows 650

Among the neighboring shrubs and boughs;

Paying our oblations fairly

With a pennyworth of barley.

Ch. O best of all envoys, suspected before,

Now known and approved, and respected the more; 655

To you we resign the political lead,

Our worthy director in council and deed. . . .

H. That's well, but we've no time, by Jove! to loiter,

And dawdle and postpone like Nicias.

We should be doing something. First, however, 660

I must invite you to my roosting place,

This nest of mine, with its poor twigs and leaves.

And tell me what your names are?

P. Certainly;

My name is Peisthetairus.

H. And your friend?

E. Euelpides from Thria.

H. Well, you're welcome— 665
Both of ye.

P. We're obliged.

H. Walk in together.

P. Go first then, if you please.

H. No, pray move forward.

P. But bless me—stop, pray—just for a single moment—

Let's see—do tell me—explain—how shall we manage

To live with you—with a person wearing wings? 670

Being both of us unfledged? . . .

H. Oh! don't be alarm'd; we'll give you a certain root

That immediately promotes the growth of wings.

P. Come let's go in then; Xanthias, do you mind,

And Manodorus, follow with the bundles, 675

Ch. Holloh!

H. What's the matter?

Ch. Go in with your party,

And give them a jolly collation and hearty.

But the Bird to the Muses and Graces so dear,

The lovely, sweet Nightingale, bid her appear,

And leave her amongst us, to sport with us here. 680

P. O yes, by Jove! indeed, you must indulge them;

Do, do me the favor; call her from the thicket!

For heaven's sake—let me entreat you—bring her here,

And let us have a sight of her ourselves.

H. (with grave good-breeding, implying a kind of rebuke to the fussy impertunity into which PEISTHETAIROS had fallen.)

Since it is your wish and pleasure, it must be so; 685

Come here to the strangers, Procne! show yourself!

P. O Jupiter! what a graceful, charming bird!

What a beautiful creature it is!

E. I'll tell ye what; I could find in my heart to rumples her feathers.

P. And what an attire she wears, all bright with gold! 690

E. Well, I should like to kiss her for my part.

P. You blockhead! With that beak she'd run you through. . . .

[*Exeunt.*]

Ch. O lovely, sweet companion meet,
 From morn to night my sole delight,
 My little, happy, gentle mate, ⁶⁹⁵
 You come, you come, O lucky fate!
 Returning here with new delight,
 To charm the sight, to charm the sight,
 And charm the ear.
 Come then, anew combine ⁷⁰⁰
 Your notes in harmony with mine,
 And with a tone beyond compare
 Begin your Anapaestic air.

Ye Children of Man! whose life is a span,
 Protracted with sorrow from day to day, ⁷⁰⁵
 Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,
 Sickly, calamitous creatures of clay!
 Attend to the words of the Sovereign Birds
 (Immortal, illustrious, lords of the air),
 Who survey from on high, with a merciful
 eye, ⁷¹⁰

Your struggles of misery, labor, and care.
 Whence you may learn and clearly discern
 Such truths 'as attract your inquisitive turn;
 Which is busied of late with a mighty debate,
 A profound speculation about the creation,
 And organical life, and chaotical strife, ⁷¹⁶
 With various notions of heavenly motions,
 And rivers and oceans, and valleys and
 mountains,
 And sources of fountains, and meteors on
 high,
 And stars in the sky . . . We propose by
 and by, ⁷²⁰
 (If you'll listen and hear), to make it all
 clear. . . .

Before the creation of Æther and Light,
 Chaos and Night together were plight,
 In the dungeon of Erebus foully bedight. ⁷²⁵
 Nor Ocean, or Air, or substance was there,
 Or solid or rare, or figure or form,
 But horrible Tartarus ruled in the storm:

At length, in the dreary chaotical closet
 Of Erebus old, was a privy deposit, ⁷³⁰
 By Night the primeval in secrecy laid—
 A Mystical Egg, that in silence and shade
 Was brooded and hatch'd, till time came
 about,

And Love, the delightful, in glory flew out,
 In rapture and light, exulting and bright, ⁷³⁵
 Sparkling and florid, with stars in his fore-
 head,

His forehead and hair, and a flutter and flare,
 As he rose in the air, triumphantly furnish'd
 To range his dominions on glittering pinions,
 All golden and azure, and blooming and
 burnish'd: ⁷⁴⁰

He soon, in the murky Tartarean recesses,

With a hurricane's might, in his fiery caresses
 Impregnated Chaos; and hastily snatched
 To being and life, begotten and hatch'd,
 The primitive Birds: but the Deities all, ⁷⁴⁵
 The celestial Lights, the terrestrial Ball,
 Were later of birth, with the dwellers on
 earth

More tamely combined, of a temperate kind;
 When chaotical mixture approach'd to a
 fixture. . . .

All lessons of primary daily concern ⁷⁵⁰
 You have learnt from the Birds, and con-
 tinue to learn,

Your best benefactors and early instructors:
 We give you the warning of seasons re-
 turning.

When the Cranes are arranged, and muster
 afloat

In the middle air, with a creaking note, ⁷⁵⁵
 Steering away to the Libyan sands,
 Then careful farmers sow their lands;
 The crazy vessel is haul'd ashore,
 The sail, the ropes, the rudder, and oar
 Are all unshipp'd, and housed in store. ⁷⁶⁰

The shepherd is warn'd, by the Kite re-
 appearing,
 To muster his flock, and be ready for shear-
 ing.

You quit your old cloak at the Swallow's
 behest,

In assurance of summer, and purchase a vest.

For Delphi, for Ammon, Dodona, in fine
 For every oracular temple and shrine, ⁷⁶⁶
 The Birds are a substitute equal and fair,
 For on us you depend, and to us you repair
 For counsel and aid when a marriage is
 made,

A purchase, a bargain, a venture in trade: ⁷⁷⁰
 Unlucky or lucky, whatever has struck ye,
 An ox or an ass that may happen to pass,
 A voice in the street, or a slave that you
 meet,

A name or a word by chance overheard,
 If you deem it an omen, you call it a
Bird; ⁷⁷⁵

And if birds are your omens, it clearly will
 follow

That birds are a proper prophetic Apollo.

Then take us as gods, and you'll soon
 find the odds,

We'll serve for all uses, as prophets and
 muses;

We'll give ye fine weather, we'll live here
 together; ⁷⁸⁰

We'll not keep away, scornful and proud,
 a-top of a cloud

(In Jupiter's way); but attend every day

To prosper and bless all you possess,
And all your affairs for yourselves and your heirs.

And as long as you live, we shall give 785
Or wealth and health, and pleasure and treasure,

In ample measure;

And never balk you of pigeon's milk

Or potable gold; you shall live to grow old,

In laughter and mirth, on the face of the earth, 790

Laughing, quaffing, carousing, boozing,

Your only distress shall be the excess

Of ease and abundance and happiness. . .

Enter PEISTHETAIRUS and EUCLIPIDES dressed as birds.

P. Well, there it is! Such a comical set out,

By Jove, I never saw!

E. Why, what's the matter? 795
What are you laughing at?

P. At your pen feathers;
I'll tell ye exactly now the thing you're like;
You're just the perfect image of a Goose,
Drawn with a pen in a writing-master's flourish.

E. And you're like a pluck'd Blackbird to a tittle. 800

P. Well, then, according to the line in Æschylus,

'Tis our own fault, the feathers are our own.'

E. Come, what's to be done?

H. First we must choose a name,
Some grand, sonorous name, for our new city;

Then we must sacrifice.

E. I think so too. 805

P. Let's see—let's think of a name—what shall it be?

What say ye to the Lacedæmonian name?

Sparta sounds well—suppose we call it Sparta.

E. Sparta! What, *Spartio*?—Rushes!—no, not I,

I'd not put up with *Sparto* for a mattress, 810

Much less for a city—we're not come to that.

P. Come, then, what name shall it be?

E. Something appropriate,
Something that sounds majestic, striking, and grand,

Alluding to the clouds and the upper regions.

P. What think ye of Clouds and Cuckoos?

Cuckoo-cloudlands 815

Or Nephelococcugia?

H. That will do;

A truly noble and sonorous name! . . .

P. Come you now! please to step to the atmosphere,

And give a look to the work, and help the workmen;

And between whiles, fetch bricks and tiles, and such like; 820

Draw water, stamp the mortar,—do it bare-foot;

Climb up the ladders; tumble down again;

Keep constant watch and ward; conceal your watchlights;

Then go the rounds, and give the counter-sign,

Till you fall fast asleep. Send heralds off,

—A brace of them—one to the gods above, 825

And another, down below there, to mankind.

Bid them, when they return, inquire for me.

E. For me! for me! You may be hang'd for me.

P. Come, friend, go where I bid you; never mind; 830

The business can't go on without you, anyhow.

It's just a sacrifice to these new deities,

That I must wait for, and the priest that's coming.

Holloh, you boy there! bring the basin and ewer! . . .

Pr. Let us pray to the holy flame, 835

And the holy Hawk that guards the same;

To the sovereign Deities,

All and each, of all degrees,

Female and male!

Ch. Hail, thou Hawk of Sunium, hail! 840

Pr. To the Delian and the Pythian Swan,

And to the Latonian Quail,

All hail!

Ch. To the Bird of awful stature, 844

Mother of Gods, mother of Man;

Great Cybele! nurse of Nature!

Glorious Ostrich, hear our cry! . . .

Pr. To the Heroes, Birds, and Heroes' sons,

We call at once, we call and cry,

To the Woodpecker, the Jay, the Pie, 850

To the Mallard and the Widgeon,

To the Ringdove and the Pigeon,

To the Petrel and Sea-mew,

To the Dottrel and Curlew,

To the Vultures and the Hawks,

To the Cormorants and Storks, 856

To the Rail, to the Quail,

To the Peewit, to the Tomtit—

P. Have done there! call no more of 'em;
are you mad?
Inviting all the Cormorants and Vultures, ⁸⁶⁰
For a victim such as this! Why don't you
see,
A Kite at a single swoop would carry it
off?
Get out of my way there with your Crowns
and Fillets!
I'll do it myself! I'll make the sacrifice!

Enter a POET.

Po. 'For the festive, happy day, ⁸⁶⁵
Muse, prepare an early lay
To Nephelococcugia.'

P. What's here to do? What are you?
Where do you come from?

Po. A humble menial of the Muses' train,
As Homer expresses it.

P. A menial, are you, ⁸⁷⁰
With your long hair? A menial?

Po. 'Tis not that
No!—but professors of the poetical art
Are simply styled, the 'Menials of the
Muses,'
As Homer expresses it.

P. Aye, the Muse has given you
A ragged livery. Well, but friend, I say— ⁸⁷⁵
Friend! Poet! What the plague has brought
you here?

Po. I've made an Ode upon your new-
built City,
And a charming composition for a Chorus,
And another, in Simonides's manner.

P. (in a sharp cross-examining tone.)
When were they made?

What time? How long ago? ⁸⁸⁰

Po. From early date, I celebrate in song
The noble Nephelococcugian state.

P. That's strange, when I'm just sacrific-
ing here,
For the first time, to give the town a name.

Po. Intimations, swift as air, ⁸⁸⁵
To the Muses' ear are carried,
Swifter than the speed and force
Of the fiery-footed horse,
Hence, the tidings never tarried;
Father, patron, mighty lord, ⁸⁹⁰
Founder of the rising state,
What thy bounty can afford,
Be it little, be it great,
With a quick resolve incline
To bestow on me and mine. ⁸⁹⁵

P. This fellow will breed a bustle, and
make mischief,
If we don't give him a trifle, and get rid of
him.

You there, you've a spare waistcoat; pull
it off!

And give it this same clever ingenious
poet—

There, take the waistcoat, friend! Ye seem
to want it! ⁹⁰⁰

Po. Freely, with a thankful heart,
What the bounteous hand bestows,
Is received in friendly part;
But amid the Thracian snows,
Or the chilly Scythian plain, ⁹⁰⁵
He the wanderer, cold and lonely.
With an under-waistcoat only,
Must a further wish retain;
Which, the Muse, averse to mention,
To your gentle comprehension ⁹¹⁰
Trusts her enigmatic strain.

P. I comprehend it enough; you want a
jerkin.

Here, give him yours; one ought to encour-
age genius.

There, take it, and good-bye to ye!

Po. Well, I'm going;
And, as soon as I get to the town, I'll set
to work; ⁹¹⁵

And finish something, in this kind of way.

'Seated on your golden throne,
Muse, prepare a solemn ditty

To the mighty,
To the flighty, ⁹²⁰
To the cloudy, quivering, shivering,
To the lofty-seated city.'

P. Well, I should have thought, that jerkin
might have cured him
Of his 'quiverings and shiverings.' How the
plague

Did the fellow find us out? I should not
have thought it. ⁹²⁵

Come, once again, go around with the basin
and ewer.

Peace! Silence, silence! . . .

Enter METON, an ASTRONOMER.

M. I'm come, you see, to join you.

P. (aside). (Another plague!)
For what? What's your design? Your plan,
your notion?

Your scheme,—your apparatus,—your equip-
ment, ⁹³⁰

Your outfit? What's the meaning of it all?

M. I mean to take a geometrical plan
Of your atmosphere—to allot it, and survey it
In a scientific form.

P. In the name of heaven!
Who are ye and what? What name? What
manner of man? ⁹³⁵

M. Who am I and what? Meton's my
name, well known

In Greece, and in the village of Colonos.

P. (going up to him and pulling them about.)

But tell me pray;—these implements, these articles,

What are they meant for?

M. These are—*Instruments!*

An atmospherical geometrical scale. 940

First, you must understand, that the atmosphere

Is form'd,—in a manner,—altogether,—partly,

In the fashion of a furnace, or a funnel;

I take this circular arc, with the movable arm,

And so, by shifting it round, till it coincides At the angle; you understand me? 946

P. Not in the least.

M. (with animation.) I obtain a true division, with the quadrature

Of the equilateral circle. Here, I trace

Your market-place, in the center, with the streets,—

Converging inwards,—and the roads, diverging— 950

From the circular wall, without—like solar rays

From the circular circumference of the Sun.

P. (in a pretended soliloquy.)

Another Thales! absolutely, a Thales!—Meton!

M. (startled.) Why, what's the matter?

P. You're aware

That I've a regard for you. Take my advice; 955

Don't be seen here—Withdraw yourself,—abscond!

M. Is there any alarm or risk?

P. Why, much the same

As it might be in Lacedæmon. There's a bustle

Of expelling aliens; people are dragg'd out From the inns and lodgings, with a deal of uproar, 960

And blows and abuse in plenty, to be met with

In the public streets.

M. A popular tumult—heh?

P. Oh, fie! no, nothing of that kind.

M. How do you mean then?

P. We're carrying into effect a resolution

Adopted lately; to discard and cudgel— 965 Coxcombs and Mountebanks—of every kind.

M. Perhaps—I had best withdraw.

P. Why yes, *perhaps*—

But yet, I would not answer for it, neither; *Perhaps*, you may be too late; the blows I mention'd

Are coming—close upon you—there they come! 970

M. Oh bless me!

P. Did I not tell you and give you warning?

Get out, you coxcomb, find out by your Geometry

The road you came, and measure it back: you'd best.

[*Exit Meton.*]

Enter a HAWKER of LAWS.

H. 'Moreover, if a Nephelococcugian

Should assault or smite an Athenian citizen'— 975

P. What's this? What's all this trumpery paper here?

H. I've brought you the new laws and ordinances,

And copies of the last decrees to sell.

P. (dryly.) Let's hear em.

H. 'It's enacted and ordained, That the Nephelococcugians shall use

Such standard weights and measures'—

P. Friend, you'll find 980

Hard *measure* here, and a heavy *weight*, I promise you,

Upon your shoulders shortly.

H. What's the matter?

P. Get out, with your decrees! I've bloody decrees against you, dire decrees. . . .

P. Hah! say you so? You're there again! Have at you. 985

[*drives him off.*]

H. (returning.) 'And in case of any assault or violence,

Against the person of the Magistrate'—

P. Bless me! What you! You're there again.

[*drives him off.*]

CHORUS.

Blest are they,

The Birds alway, 990

With perfect clothing,

Fearing nothing,

Cold or sleet or summer heat.

As it chances,

As he fancies, 995

Each his own vagary follows,

Dwelling in the dells and hollows;

When, with eager weary strain,

The shrilly grasshoppers complain,

Parch'd upon the sultry plain, 1000

Madden'd with the raging heat,
 We secure a cool retreat,
 In the shady nooks and coves,
 Recesses of the sacred groves,
 Many a herb, and many a berry ¹⁰⁰⁵
 Serves to feast, and make us merry.

To the judges of the prize, we wish to mention in a word

The return we mean to make, if our performance is prefer'd.

First, then, in your empty coffers you shall see the sterling Owl,

From the mines of Laurium, familiar as a common fowl; ¹⁰¹⁰

Roosting among the bags and pouches, each at ease upon his nest;

Undisturb'd, rearing and hatching little broods of interest:

If you wish to cheat in office, but are inexperienced and raw,

You should have a Kite for agent, capable to gripe and claw;

Cranes and Cormorants shall help you to a stomach and a throat ¹⁰¹⁵

When you feast abroad; but if you give a vile, unfriendly vote,

Hasten and provide yourselves, each, with a little silver plate,

Like the statues of the gods, for the protection of his pate;

Else, when forth abroad you ramble on a summer holiday,

We shall take a dirty vengeance, and befoul your best array. ¹⁰²⁰

Enter PEISTHETAIRUS.

Well, Friends and Birds, the sacrifice has succeeded;

Our omens have been good ones, good and fair.

But what's the meaning of it? We've no news

From the new building yet! No messenger! Oh! there at last, I see,—There's somebody ¹⁰²⁵

Running at speed, and panting like a racer.

Enter a MESSENGER, quite out of breath.

M. Where is he? Where? Where is he?

Where? Where is he?—

The president, Peisthetairus?

P. (*coolly.*) Here am I.

M. (*in a gasp of breath.*) Your fortification's finish'd.

P. Well! that's well.

M. A most amazing, astonishing work it is! . . . ¹⁰³⁰

P. You surprise me.

M. And the height (for I made the measurement myself)

Is exactly a hundred fathom.

P. Heaven and earth! How could it be? Such a mass! Who could have built it?

M. The Birds; no creature else—no foreigners,

Egyptian bricklayers, workmen or masons, ¹⁰³⁵

But they themselves, alone, by their own efforts

(Even to my surprise, as an eye-witness)—The Birds, I say, completed everything.

There came a body of thirty thousand Cranes

(I won't be positive, there might be more) ¹⁰⁴⁰

With stones from Africa, in their craws and gizzards,

Which the Stone-curlews and Stone-chat-terers

Work'd into shape and finish'd. The Sand-Martins,

And Mud-larks, too, were busy in their department,

Mixing the mortar, while the Water-Birds, As fast as it was wanted, brought the water ¹⁰⁴⁶

To temper, and work it.

P. But who served the masons?

Who did you get to carry it?

M. To carry it?

Of course, the Carrion Crows and Carrying Pigeons.

P. Yes! yes! But after all, to load your hods— ¹⁰⁵⁰

How did you manage that?

M. Oh, capitally,

I promise you.—There were the Geese, all barefoot,

Trampling the mortar, and, when all was ready,

They handed it into the hods so cleverly, With their flat feet!

P. They footed it, you mean— ¹⁰⁵⁵

Come; it was handily done though, I confess.

M. Indeed, I assure you, it was a sight to see them;

And trains of Ducks there were, clambering the ladders,

With their duck legs, like bricklayer's 'prentices,

All dapper and handy, with their little trowels. ¹⁰⁶⁰

P. In fact, then, it's no use engaging foreigners;

Mere folly and waste; we've all within ourselves.

Ah, well now, come! But about the wood-work? Heh!

Who were the carpenters? Answer me that!

M. The Woodpeckers, of course: and there they were, 1065

Laboring upon the gates, driving and banging,

With their hard hatchet beaks, and such a din,

Such a clatter as they made, hammering and hacking,

In a perpetual peal, pelting away

Like shipwrights hard at work in the arsenal. 1070

And now their work is finish'd, gates and all,

Staples and bolts, and bars and everything; The sentries at their posts; patrols appointed;

The watchmen in the barbican; the beacons Ready prepared for lighting; all their signals 1075

Arranged—But I'll step out, just for a moment,

To wash my hands.—You'll settle all the rest. [*Exit.*]

Ch. Heighday! Why, what's the matter with ye? Sure!

Ah! well now, I calculate, you're quite astonish'd;

You did not know the nature of our birds: 1080

I guess you thought it an impossible thing To finish up your fortification job

Within the time so cleverly.

P. Yes, truly.

Yes, I'm surprised, indeed, I must confess—I could almost imagine to myself 1085

It was a dream, an illusion altogether—

—But there's the watchman of the town, I see!

In alarm and haste, it seems! He's running here—

—Well, what's the matter?

W. A most dreadful business! One of the gods just now—Jupiter's gods— 1090

Has bolted through the gates, and driven on

Right into the atmosphere, in spite of us, And all the Jackdaws, that were mounting guard.

P. What an outrage! What an insult! Which of 'em?

Which of the gods?

W. We can't pretend to say; 1095

We just could ascertain that he wore wings. We're clear upon that point.

P. But a light party

Ought surely to have been sent in such a case;

A detachment—

W. A detachment has been sent

Already: a squadron of ten thousand Hawks, 1100

Besides a corps of twenty thousand Hobby-hawks,

As a light cavalry, to scour the country:

Vultures and Falcons, Ospreys, Eagles, all Have sallied forth; the sound of wings is heard,

Rushing and whizzing round on every side, In eager search.—The fugitive divinity 1106

Is not far off, and soon must be discovered.

P. Did nobody think of slingers? Where are they?

Where are the slingers got to? Give me a sling.

Arrows and slings, I say!—Make haste with 'em. 1110

CHORUS.

War is at hand,

On air and land,

Proclaim'd and fix'd.

War and strife,

Eager and rife, 1115

Are kindled atwixt

This state of ours,

And the heavenly powers.

Look with care

To the circuit of air; 1120

Watch lest he,

The deity,

Whatever he be,

Should unware

Escape and flee. 1125

But hark! The rushing sound of hasty wings

Approaches us. The deity is at hand.

Enter IRIS.

P. Holloh, you! Where are ye flying?

Where are ye going?

Hold! Halt! Stop there, I tell ye!—Stop this instant!

What are ye? Where do you come from?

Speak, explain. 1130

I. Me? From the gods, to be sure! the Olympian gods.

P. What are ye? with all your flying trumpery!

A helmet, or a galley? What's your name?

I. Iris, the messenger of the gods.

P. A messenger!

Oh, you're a naval messenger, I reckon; 1135

The Salaminian galley, or the Paralian?

—You're in full sail, I see.

I. What's here to do?

P. Are there no birds in waiting? Nobody To take her into custody?

I. Me, to custody?

Why, what's all this?

P. You'll find to your cost, I promise
ye. 1140

I. Well, this seems quite unaccountable!

P. Which of the gates

Did ye enter at, ye jade? How came you here?

I. Gates!—I know nothing about your gates, not I.

P. Fine innocent ignorant airs she gives herself!

You applied to the Pelicans, I suppose?—
The captain 1145

Of the Cormorants on guard admitted you?

I. Why, what the plague! what's this?

P. So, you confess!

—You came without permission!

I. Are you mad?

P. Did neither the sitting magistrates nor bird-masters

Examine and pass you?

I. Examine me, forsooth! 1150

P. This is the way then!—without thanks or leave

You ramble and fly, committing trespasses
In an atmosphere belonging to your neighbors!

I. And where would you have us fly then?
Us, the gods!

P. I neither know nor care.—But I know this— 1155

They sha'n't fly here.—And another thing I know.

I know—that, if there ever was an instance
Of an Iris or a rainbow, such as you,
Detected in the fact, fairly condemn'd,
And justly put to death, it would be you. 1160

I. But I'm immortal.

P. That would make no difference;

We should be strangely circumstanced indeed,
With the possession of a Sovereign Power,
And you, the gods, in no subordination,
No kind of order; fairly mutinying, 1165
Infringing and disputing our commands.

—Now then, you'll please to tell me where you're going?

Which way you're steering with those wings of yours?

I. I? I'm commission'd from my father Jove
To summon human mortals to perform 1170
Their rites and offerings and oblations, due
To the powers above.

P. And who do you mean? what powers?

I. What powers? Ourselves, the Olympian deities!

P. So then, you're deities, the rest of ye!

I. Yes, to be sure. What others should there be? 1175

P. Remember—once for all—that we, the Birds,

Are the only deities from this time forth,
And not your father Jove. By Jove! not he!

I. Oh, rash, presumptuous wretch! In-
cense no more

The wrath of the angry gods, lest Ruin
drive 1180

Her ploughshare o'er thy mansion; and De-
struction,

With hasty besom sweep thee to the dust;
Or flaming Lightning smite thee with a flash,
Left in an instant mouldering and extinct.

P. Do ye hear her?—Quite in tragedy!—
quite sublime! 1185

Come, let me try for a bouncer in return.
Let's see.—Let's recollect.—'Me dost thou deem,

Like a base Lydian or a Phrygian slave,
With hyperbolic bombast to scare?"

I tell ye, and you may tell him—
Jupiter— 1190

If he provokes me, and pushes things too far—

Will see some eagles of mine, to outnumber
his,

With firebrands in their claws, about his house.

And I shall send a flight of my Porphyrions,
A hundred covey or more, arm'd cap-à-pie,
To assault him in his sublime celestial
towers: 1196

Perhaps he may remember, in old time
He found enough to do with one Porphyrion.

And for you, Madam Iris, I shall strip
Your rainbow-shanks, if you're impertinent,
Depend upon it, and I myself, in person, 1201
Will punish you, myself—old as I am.

I. Curse ye, you wretch, and all your filthy words.

P. Come, scuttle away; convey your person elsewhere;

Be brisk, and leave a vacancy. Brush off. 1205

I. I shall inform my father.—He shall know

Your rudeness and impertinence. He shall,—
He'll settle ye and keep ye in order.—You shall see.

P. Oh dear! is it come to that? No, you're mistaken,

Young woman, upon that point; I'm not your man; 1210

I'm an old fellow grown; I'm thunder-
proof;
Proof against flames and darts and female
arts;
You'd best look out for a younger customer.
[Exit Iris.]

CHORUS.

Notice is hereby given
To the deities of heaven, 1215
Not to trespass here,
Upon our atmosphere;
Take notice; from the present day
No smoke or incense is allow'd
To pass this way. 1220

P. Quite strange it is! quite unaccount-
able!
That herald to mankind that was dispatch'd,
What has become of him? He's not yet
return'd.

Enter HERALD.

H. Oh, Peisthetairus, happiest, wisest,
best,
Cleverest of men! Oh, most illustrious! 1225
Oh, most inordinately fortunate!
Oh, most—Oh, do, for shame, do bid me
have done.

P. What are you saying?

H. All the people of Earth
Have join'd in a complimentary vote, de-
creeing 1230

A crown of gold to you, for your exertions.

P. I'm much obliged to the people of Earth.
But why?

What was their motive?

H. Oh, most noble founder
Of this supereminent, celestial city, 1234
You can't conceive the clamor of applause,
The enthusiastic popularity,
That attends upon your name; th' impulse
and stir

That moves among mankind, to colonize
And migrate hither . . . but, of late,
Birds are the fashion—Birds are all in all—
Their modes of life are grown to be mere
copies 1240

Of the birds' habits; rising with the Lark;
Scratching and scrabbling suits and informa-
tions;

Picking and pecking upon points of law;
Brooding and hatching evidence;—in short,
It has grown to such a pitch, that names of
Birds 1245

Are given to individuals; Chærophon
Is call'd an Owl, Theagenes a Goose,
Philocles a Cock Sparrow, Midias

A Dunhill Cock.—And all the songs in
vogue
Have something about Birds, Swallows or
Doves; 1250
Or about flying, or a wish for wings.

Such is the state of things, and I must
warn you,

That you may expect to see some thousands
of them

Arriving here, almost immediately,
With a clamorous demand for wings and
claws: 1255

I advise you to provide yourself in time.

P. Come, it won't do then, to stand
dawdling here;

Go you, fill the hampers and the baskets
there

With wings, and bid the loutish porter bring
them,

While I stop here, to encounter the new-
comers. 1260

Enter a FELLOW, singing.

'Oh! for an Eagle's force and might,
Loftily to soar
Over land and sea, to light
On a lonely shore.'

P. Well, here's a song that's something to
the purpose. 1265

F. Aye, aye, there's nothing like it—wings
and flying!

Wings are your only sort. I'm a bird-fancier.
In the new fashion quite. I've taken a
notion

To settle and live amongst ye. I like your
laws.

P. What laws do you mean? We've many
laws amongst us. 1270

F. Your laws in general; but particularly
The law that allows of beating one's own
father.

P. Why truly, Yes! we esteem it a point
of valor

In a Chicken, if he clapperclaws the old
Cock.

F. That was my view, feeling a wish in
fact 1275

To throttle mine, and seize the property.

P. Yes, but you'd find some difficulties
here;

An obstacle insurmountable, I conceive;
An ancient statute standing unrepeal'd,
Engraved upon our old Ciconian columns.
It says: that when a Stork or a Ciconia 1281
Has brought his lawful progeny of young
Storks

To bird's estate, and enabled them to fly,
The sire shall stand entitled to a main-
tenance,

At the son's cost and charge, in his old
age. 1285

F. I've managed finely, it seems, to mend
myself!

Forced to maintain my father after all! . . .
[Exit.

Enter KINESIAS, singing.

Fearless, I direct my flight
To the vast Olympian height;
Thence at random I repair, 1290
Wafted in the whirling air,
With an eddy, wild and strong,
Over all the fields of song.

P. Ah! well, Kinesias, I'm quite glad to
see ye;

But what has brought ye and all your songs
and music, 1295

Hobbling along with your old chromatic
joints?

K. *(singing.)*
'Let me live, and let me sing,
Like a bird upon the wing.'

P. No more of that; but tell us plainly,
in prose,
What are ye come for? what's your scheme,
your object?

K. I was anxious to procure a pair of
wings, 1300

To say the truth, wishing to make a tour
Among the clouds, collecting images,
And metaphors, and things of that descrip-
tion.

P. How so! do you procure 'em from the
clouds?

K. Entirely! Our dithyrambic business ab-
solutely 1305

Depends upon them; our most approved
commodities,

The dusky, misty, murky articles,
With the suitable wings and feathers, are
imported

Exclusively from thence. I'll give you a
sample,

A thing of my own composing. You shall
judge. 1310

P. But, indeed, I'd rather not.

K. But, indeed, you must;
It's a summary view of flying, comprehend-
ing it

In all its parts, in every point of view.

KINESIAS (singing.)

Ye gentle feather'd tribes,
Of every plume and hue, 1315

That, in uninhabited air,
Are hurrying here and there;

Oh! that I, like you,
Could leave this earthly level,
For a wild aerial revel; 1320

O'er the waste of ocean

To wander and to dally

With the billow's motion;

Or, in an eager sally,

Soaring to the sky, 1325

To range and rove on high

With my plummy sails,

Buffeted and baffled with the gusty gales,

Buffeted and baffled . . . [Exit.

Enter PROMETHEUS.

*Pr. (muffled up, peeping about him with a
look of anxiety and suspicion.)*

Oh, dear! if Jupiter should chance to see
me! 1330

Where's Peisthetairus? Where?

P. Why, what's all this?
This fellow muffled up?

Pr. Do look behind me;
Is anybody watching? any gods

Following and spying after me?

P. No, none;
None that I see; there's nobody—But you!
What are ye? 1335

Pr. Tell me, what's the time of day?

P. Why, noon; past noon; but tell me,
who are ye? Speak.

Pr. Much past? How much?

P. *(aside.)* Confound the fool, I say!
The insufferable blockhead!

Pr. How's the sky?
Open or overcast? Are there any clouds? 1340

P. Be hang'd!

Pr. Then I'll disguise myself no longer.

P. My dear Prometheus!

Pr. Hold your tongue, I beg;
Don't mention my name! If Jupiter should
see me

Or overhear ye, I'm ruin'd and undone.

—But now, to give you a full complete
account 1345

Of everything that's passing there in
Heaven—

The present state of things—But first,
I'll trouble you

To take the umbrella, and hold it overhead,
Lest they should overlook us.

P. What a thought!
Just like yourself! A true Promethean
thought! 1350

Stand under it, here! Speak boldly; never
fear.

Pr. D'ye mind me?

P. Yes, I mind ye; speak away.

Pr. (*emphatically.*) Jupiter's ruined!

P. Ruin'd! How? Since when?

Pr. From the first hour you fortified and planted

Your atmospheric settlements. Ever since,
There's not a mortal offers anything ¹³⁵⁵
In the shape of sacrifice.—No smoke of
victims!

No fumes of incense! Absolutely nothing!
We're keeping a strict fast—fasting per-
force,

From day to day—the whole community. ¹³⁶⁰

And the inland barbarous gods in the
upper country

Are broken out, quite mutinous and savage,
With hunger and anger; threatening to come
down

With all their force, if Jupiter refuses
To open the ports and allow them a free
traffic ¹³⁶⁵

For their entrails and intestines, as before.

P. What, are there other barbarous gods,
besides,

In the upper country?

Pr. Barbarous?—To be sure!
They're all of Execesides's kindred.

P. Well—but—the name now:

These same barbarous deities—
What name do you call 'em? ¹³⁷¹

Pr. Call them! The Triballi!

P. Ah! well, then, that accounts for our
old saying—

Confound the *Tribe* of them!

Pr. Precisely so.

But now to business. Thus much I can tell
ye—

That envoys will arrive immediately ¹³⁷⁵
From Jupiter and those upland wild Triballi,
To treat for a peace. But you must not
consent

To ratify or conclude, till Jupiter
Acknowledges the sovereignty of the Birds,
Surrendering up to you the Sovereign Queen,
Whom you must marry. ¹³⁸¹

P. Why, what Queen is that?

Pr. What Queen?—A most delightful,
charming girl—

Jove's housekeeper, that manages his matters,
Serves out his thunderbolts, arranges every-
thing;

The constitutional laws and liberties, ¹³⁸⁵
Morals and manners, the marine department,
Freedom of speech, and threepence for the
juries.

P. Why, that seems all in all.

Pr. Yes, everything,

I tell ye; in having her, you've everything;
I came down hastily to say thus much; ¹³⁹⁰
I'm hearty, ye know; I stick to principle.
Steady to the human interest—always was.

P. Yes, we're obliged to you for our roast
victuals.

Pr. And I hate these present gods, you
know, most thoroughly:

I need not tell you that. ¹³⁹⁵

P. No, no, you need not,
You're known of old for an enemy to the
gods.

Pr. Yes, yes, like Timon; I'm a perfect
Timon;

Just such another. But I must be going;
Give me the umbrella; if Jupiter should see
me,

He'll think that I'm attending a proces-
sion. ¹⁴⁰⁰

P. That's well; but don't forget the fold-
ing chair,

For a part of your disguise. Here, take it
with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter NEPTUNE, the Triballian ENVOY,
HERCULES.*

N. There's Nephelococcugia, that's the
town,

The point we're bound to, with our embassy.
(*Turning to the TRIBALLIAN.*)

But you! What a figure have ye made your-
self! ¹⁴⁰⁵

What a way to wear a mantle! slouching off
From the left shoulder! Hitch it round,
I tell ye,

On the right side. For shame,—come,—so;
that's better,

These folds too, bundled up.—There, throw
them round

Even and easy,—so.—Why, you're a savage,
A natural born savage.—Oh, democracy! ¹⁴¹¹
What will it bring us to? when such a ruffian
Is voted into an embassy!

T. Come, hands off!
Hands off!

N. Keep quiet, I tell ye, and hold your
tongue,

For a very beast; in all my life in heaven,
I never saw such another.—Hercules, ¹⁴¹⁶
I say, what shall we do? What should you
think?

H. What would I do? What do I think?
I've told you

Already—I think to throttle him—the fel-
low, ¹⁴²⁰

Whoever he is, that's keeping us blockaded.

N. Yes, my good friend; but we were sent, you know,
To treat for a Peace. Our embassy is for peace.

H. That makes no difference; or if it does, It makes me long to throttle him the more.

P. (*very busy, affecting not to see them.*) Give me the Silphium spice.—Where's the cheese-grater? ¹⁴²⁵

Bring cheese here, somebody! Mend the charcoal fire.

H. Mortal, we greet you and hail you! Three of us.

Three deities —

P. But I'm engaged at present;
A little busy, you see, mixing my sauce.

H. Why sure! How can it be? what dish is this?

Birds seemingly! ¹⁴³⁰

P. (*without looking up.*) Some individual birds,

Opposed to the popular democratic birds, Render'd themselves obnoxious.

H. So, you've plucked them.
And put them into sauce, provisionally?

P. (*looking up.*) Oh! bless me, Hercules, I'm quite glad to see you! ¹⁴³⁵

What brings you here?

H. We're come upon an embassy From Heaven, to put an end to this same war—

Serv. (*to PEISTHETAIRUS.*) The cruet's empty, our oil is out.

P. No matter, Fetch more, fetch plenty, I tell ye. We shall want it.

H. For, in fact it brings no benefit to us, ¹⁴⁴⁰

The continuance of the war prolonging it; And you yourselves, by being on good terms Of harmony with the gods—why, for the future,

You'd never need to know the want of rain, For water in your tanks; and we could serve ye ¹⁴⁴⁵

With reasonable, seasonable weather, According as you wish'd it, wet or dry.

And this is our commission coming here, As envoys, with authority to treat.

P. Well, the dispute, you know, from the beginning ¹⁴⁵⁰

Did not originate with us. The war (*If we could hope in any way to bring you To reasonable terms*) might be concluded. Our wishes, I declare it, are for Peace.

If the same wish prevails upon your part, The arrangement in itself, is obvious.— ¹⁴⁵⁶
—A retrocession on the part of Jupiter.—

The Birds again to be reintegrated In their estate of sovereignty.—This seems The fair result; and if we can conclude, ¹⁴⁶⁰
I shall hope to see the ambassadors to supper.

H. Well, this seems satisfactory; I consent.

N. (*to HERCULES.*) What's come to ye? What do ye mean? Are ye gone mad?

You Glutton! would you ruin your own father,

Depriving him of his ancient sovereignty? ¹⁴⁶⁵

P. Indeed!—And would not it be a better method

For all you deities, and confirm your power, To leave the Birds to manage things below?

You sit there, muffled in your clouds above, While all mankind are shifting, skulking, lurking, ¹⁴⁷⁰

And perjuring themselves here out of sight.

Whereas, if you would form a steady strict

Alliance with the Birds, when any man (*Using the common old familiar oath—*

'By Jupiter and the crow') forswore himself, ¹⁴⁷⁵

The Crow would pick his eyes out, for his pains.

N. Well, that seems plausible—that's fairly put.

H. I think so, too.

P. (*to the TRIBALLIAN.*) Well, what say you?

T. Say true.

P. Yes. He consents, you see! But I'll explain now

The services and good offices we could do you. ¹⁴⁸⁰

Suppose a mortal made a vow, for instance, To any o' you; then he delays and shuffles, And says 'The gods are easy creditors.'

In such a case, we could assist ye, I say, To levy a fine.

N. How would you do it? Tell me. ¹⁴⁸⁵

P. Why, for example, when he's counting money,

Or sitting in the bath, we give the warrant To a pursuivant of ours, a Kite or Magpie; And they pounce down immediately, and dis-train

Cash or apparel, money or money's worth, To twice the amount of your demand upon him. ¹⁴⁹¹

H. Well, I'm for giving up the sovereignty, For my part.

N. The Triballian, what says he?

H. (*aside to the TRIBALLIAN, showing his fist.*)

You, Sir; do you want to be well bang'd or not?

Mind, how you vote! Take care how you provoke me. 1495

T. Yaw, yaw. Goot, goot.

H. He's of the same opinion.

N. Then, since you're both agreed, I must agree.

H. (*shouting to PEISTHETAIRUS.*)

Well, you! We've settled this concern, you see,

About the sovereignty; we're all agreed.

P. Oh, faith, there's one thing more, I recollect, 1500

Before we part; a point that I must mention.

As for dame Juno, we'll not speak of her;

I've no pretensions, Jupiter may keep her;

But, for that other Queen, his manager,

The sovereign goddess, her surrender to me Is quite an article indispensable. 1506

N. Your views, I find, are not disposed for peace:

We must turn homewards.

P. As you please, so be it.

Cook, mind what you're about there with the sauce;

Let's have it rich and savory, thicken it up!

H. How now, man? Neptune! are you flying off? 1510

Must we remain at war, here, for a woman?

N. But what are we to do?

H. Do? Why, make peace.

N. (*in great wrath, like a grave Uncle.*)

I pity you really! I feel quite ashamed

And sorry to see you; ruining yourself!

If anything should happen to your father,

After surrendering the sovereignty, 1516

What's to become of you? When you yourself

Have voted away your whole inheritance:

At his decease, you must remain a beggar.

P. (*aside to Hercules.*) Ah there! I thought so; he's coming over ye; 1520

Step here, a moment! Let me speak to ye!

Your Uncle's chousing you, my poor dear friend,

You've not a farthing's worth of expectation,

From what your father leaves. Ye can't inherit

By law: ye're illegitimate, ye know. 1525

H. Heighday! Why, what do you mean?

P. I mean the fact!

Your mother was a foreigner; Minerva

Is counted an heiress, everybody knows;

How could that be, supposing her own father

To have had a lawful heir?

H. But, if my father 1530

Should choose to leave the property to me, In his last Will.

P. The law would cancel it! And Neptune, he that's using all his influence

To work upon ye, he'd be the very first

To oppose ye, and oust ye, as the testator's brother. 1535

I'll tell ye what the law says, Solon's law:

'A foreign heir shall not succeed,

Where there are children of the lawful breed:

But, if no native heir there be,

The kinsman nearest in degree 1540 Shall enter on the property.'

H. Does nothing come to me, then?— Nothing at all,

Of all my father leaves?

P. Nothing at all, I should conceive. But you perhaps can tell me;

Did he, your father, ever take ye with him, To get ye enroll'd upon the register? 1546

H. No truly, I—thought it strange—he— never did.

P. Well, but don't think things strange. Don't stand there, stammering,

Puzzling and gaping. Trust yourself to me, 'Tis I must make your fortune after all! 1550

If you'll reside and settle amongst us here,

I'll make you chief Commander among the Birds,

Captain, and Autocrat and everything.

Here you shall domineer and rule the roast,

With splendor and opulence and pigeon's milk. 1555

H. (*in a more decided tone.*)

I agreed with you before: I think your argument

Unanswerable. I shall vote for the surrender.

P. (*to NEPTUNE.*) And what say you?

N. (*firmlly and vehemently.*) Decidedly, I dissent.

P. Then it depends upon our other friend, It rests with the Triballian, what say you? 1560

T. Me tell you; pretty girl, grand beautiful Queen,

Give him to Birds.

H. Aye, give her up, you mean.

N. Mean! He knows nothing about it. He means nothing

But chattering like a Magpie.

P. Well, 'The Magpies' He means, the Magpies or the Birds in general, 1565

The Republic of the Birds—their government—

That the surrender should be made to them.

N. (in great wrath.) Well, settle it yourselves; amongst yourselves;

In your own style: I've nothing more to say.

H. (to PEISTHETAIRUS.) Come, we're agreed, in fact, to grant your terms; But you must come, to accompany us to the sky; 1571

To take back this same Queen, and the other matters.

P. (very quietly.) It happens lucky enough, with this provision

For a marriage-feast. It seems prepared on purpose.

H. Indeed, and it does. Suppose in the meanwhile, 1575

I superintend the cookery, and turn the roast, While you go back together.

N. Turn the roast! A pretty employment! Won't you go with us?

H. No, thank ye; I'm mighty comfortable here.

P. Come, give me a marriage robe; I must be going. 1580

[*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS.

Along the Sycophantic shore,
And where the savage tribes adore
The waters of the Clepsydra,
There dwells a nation, stern and strong,
Armed with an enormous tongue, 1585
Wherewith they smite and slay:

With their tongues, they reap and sow,
And gather all the fruits that grow,
The vintage and the grain; 1590
Gorgias is their Chief of pride,
And many more there be beside
Of mickle might and main.

Good they never teach, nor show
But how to work men harm and woe, 1595
Unrighteousness and wrong;
And hence, the custom doth arise,
When beasts are slain in sacrifice,
We sever out the tongue.

HARBINGER or HERALD, announcing the approach of PEISTHETAIRUS.

O fortunate! O triumphant! O beyond 1600
All power of speech or thought, supremely blest,

Prosperous happy Birds!—Behold your King,
Here in his glorious palace!—Mark his entrance,

Dazzling all eyes, resplendent as a Star;
Outshining all the golden lights, that beam,
From the rich roof, even as a summer Sun, 1606

Or brighter than the Sun, blazing at Noon.

He comes; and at his side a female form
Of beauty ineffable; wielding on high,
In his right hand, the winged thunder-bolt, 1610

Jove's weapon. While the fumes of incense spread,

Circling around, and subtle odors steal
Upon the senses from the wreathed smoke,
Curling and rising in the tranquil air.

See, there he stands! Now must the sacred Muse 1615

Give with auspicious words her welcome due.

SEMICHORUS.

Stand aside and clear the ground,
Spreading in a circle round
With a worthy welcoming;
To salute our noble King 1620
In his splendor and his pride,
Coming hither, side by side
With his happy lovely bride.

O the fair delightful face!
What a figure! What a grace! 1625
What a presence! What a carriage!
What a noble worthy marriage!

Let the Birds rejoice and sing,
At the wedding of the King:
Happy to congratulate 1630
Such a blessing to the state.

Hymen Hymen Hoh!

Jupiter, that god sublime,
When the Fates, in former time,
Match'd him with the Queen of Heaven,
At a solemn banquet given, 1636
Such a feast was held above;
And the charming God of Love,
Being present in command,
As a Bridesman took his stand, 1640
With the golden reins in hand.

Hymen Hymen Hoh!

P. I accept and approve the marks of your love,
Your music and verse I applaud and admire.

But rouse your invention, and raising
 it higher, 1645
 Describe me the terrible engine of Jove,
 The thunder of Earth and the thunder
 above.

CHORUS.

O dreaded Bolt of Heaven,
 The Clouds with horror cleaving,
 And ye terrestrial thunders deep and
 low 1650
 Closed in the subterranean caves below,
 That even at this instant growl and rage,
 Shaking with awful sound this earthly
 stage;
 Our King by you has gain'd his due;

By your assistance, yours alone, 1655
 Everything is made his own,
 Jove's dominion and his throne;
 And his happiness and pride,
 His delightful lovely bride. 1659
 Hymen Hymen Hoh!

PEISTHETAIRUS.

Birds of ocean and of air,
 Hither in a troop repair,
 To the royal ceremony,
 Our triumphant matrimony!
 Come for us to feast and feed ye! 1665
 Come to revel, dance, and sing!—
 Lovely creature! Let me lead ye
 Hand in hand, and wing to wing.

MENANDER (342-291 B.C.)

The personal satire and fantasy of the Old Comedy of Aristophanes passed into the Middle Comedy ridicule of literature, philosophy, and mythology, with little reference to individuals or circumstance in a society no longer tingling with democratic freedom, and emerged in the comedy of manners, called the New. The last play of Aristophanes, *Plutus*, was already in the territory of Middle Comedy, whose greatest figures, Antiphanes and Alexis, quickly spanned the distance to Menander, Philemon, Diphilus, Apollodorus, and Posidippus, their most famous successors in the New. The productivity of both periods was marvelous. Antiphanes is credited with 260 to 365 plays, Alexis with 245. Athenæus, about 230 A.D., says he knew over 800 plays by authors of the Middle Comedy, an anonymous writer states that there were fifty-seven poets, and Meineke's *Fragments* represent thirty-nine. Menander, Philemon, and Diphilus, of the New, wrote about one hundred each.

Of Middle Comedy, nothing survives but fragments, and until the discovery in Egypt in 1906 of 1200 lines of Menander, it was not possible, except in the Latin adaptations of Plautus and Terence, to read as a whole any Greek comedy after Aristophanes. The recovered fragments have been the means of reconstructing, though not perfectly, four plays of the 'Shining Star,' who lived from 342 to 291. They hardly add to the reputation of their author, whose fame, from antiquity, has surpassed that of all others of his period.

New Comedy depicted a social milieu which had greatly changed since the day of Aristophanes. Its stuff is the intrigue of young sons who, by outwitting, through the aid of astute slaves, their thrifty, well-to-do, middle-class fathers, gain the money or other means by which to possess or marry the objects of their love, who in most cases are either slaves or beyond the social pale but prove in the end to be citizens and daughters of good family abandoned at birth to be reared in servitude, the means of their recognition being the ring or other token with which they were exposed by parents whose conscience and affection were not wholly dead. With the New Comedy as with the Greek temple, genius manifested itself in refined variation of detail rather than in startling innovation. For causes of the change in content, we may look to the decline of Athens as a power, the absorption of Greece by Macedon, the localization of interests, the disappearance of civic responsibility, the decay of public spirit, the relaxation of morals, and the increase in the number of nameless women.

THE ARBITRANTS

The young Charisius, married to Pamphila, daughter of Smicrines, has left her on discovering that she has just borne in secret a child not his, and, with the aid of her nurse Sophrona, has exposed it. To the indignation of Smicrines, he is living now with Abrotonon, a harp-girl. Returning from a visit to his daughter, he runs upon Davus, a shepherd, and Syrus, a charcoal-burner, who ask him to arbitrate a case between them: Davus has found an unknown babe and given it to Syrus and his wife to rear, but has withheld the birth-tokens, and Syrus, having found this out, demands them. The babe is Pamphila's, of course; it is the result of a chance union with Charisius one festival night before she knew him; and what is needed so that all

parties may resume their normal harmonious relationships is for the truth to become known to husband, wife, and wife's father. This is brought about largely through Onesimus, the inquisitive slave of Charisius, Abrotonon, the harp-girl, and Chærestratus and Simmias, a pair of neighbors.

There is no prologue to *The Arbitrants*, and the Chorus's place is taken by a group of revelers more or less arbitrarily introduced, and at liberty, like a modern orchestra, to furnish whatever between-acts numbers are convenient. The first, fourth, and fifth acts are fragmentary. The scene shows both Pamphila's and Abrotonon's houses.

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ACT I

ONESIMUS and UNKNOWN

Un. Did not, Onesimus, your master, the young heir,
The one who keeps Abrotonon, the harp-girl, now,
'Fore God I ask, did he not marry recently?

On. He did indeed. . . .

SMICRINES and CHÆRESTRATUS (*the latter in concealment*)

Sm. The fellow and his wine! 'Tis this that knocks me out—
Now I'm not talking of his merely getting drunk,

But this now verges on what's quite incredible,

For even if a fellow should compel himself To drink his wine, paying an obol the half-pint

The most—

Ch. (aside) 'Tis just what I expected! He'll rush in

And drive Love out of doors!

Sm. What's this to me? Again I say: 'He'll smart for it!' For dower though he's had

Four talents down in cash, he hasn't thought himself

His wife's domestic merely: sleeps away from home;

And to a panderer twelve drachmas every day

He pays—

Ch. (aside) Yes, twelve. Precisely he has learned the facts.

Sm. Enough to keep a man a month and six whole days

Besides.

Ch. (aside) Well reckoned that! Two obols by the day!

About enough for gruel for a hungry man!

Enter SIMMIAS

Si. Charisius awaits you now, Chæres-tratus—

But, my dear sir, who's this?

Ch. Our young friend's father, he—

Si. Then why on earth like some poor, sorry laborer

Looks he so glum, the thrice unfortunate?

(*In a lost passage, some explanation takes place*)

Ch. (To Smicrines) So may some blessing come to you!

Si. Don't talk in vain.

Sm. Nay, you go feed the crows! Go join the dead and howl!

But I'll now go inside, and when I've clearly learned

How matters with my daughter stand, I'll form my plans

So as to make assault on him immediately.

(*Goes in to PAMPHILA*)

Ch. Are we to tell him that this fellow has arrived?

Si. Let's tell him, yes.

Ch. The foxy rascal! How he splits a household!

Si. I could wish the same to many more.

Ch. What's that you say?

Si. For instance that next door.

Ch. What? Mine?

Si. Yes, yours! Let's go in here to see Charisius.

Ch. Let's go, for see, there's coming here a perfect mob

Of young bloods half-seas-over, and I hardly think

It's just the time to choose to interfere with them.

(*Revelers enter and give a performance, taking the place of the old-time Chorus*)

ACT II

SYRISCUS and DAVUS (*his wife with the baby*), and later SMICRINES

Sy. You'd shun what's fair.

Da. And you, unchancy, blackmail me.

Sy. You have no right to what's not yours.

Da. Let's leave the case to some third person.

Sy. I agree.

Da. Let's arbitrate.

Sy. Who shall it be?

Da. For my part, anyone will do.

(*Aside*) It serves me right, for why did I go shares with you?

Sy. (Indicating SMICRINES, just entered) Will you take him as judge?

Da. Luck help me, yes!

Sy. Good sir, now, by the gods, could you give us a moment's time?

Sm. Give you? And wherefore?

Sy. We've a question in dispute.

Sm. What's that to me, pray?

Sy. Some impartial judge for this

We're seeking now, and so, if nothing hinder you,

Adjust our quarrel.

Sm. Rascals marked for misery!

In goatskins dressed, do you debate and
prate of law?

Sy. But none the less—the matter's short
and easily

Decided—grant the favor, father. By the
gods,

Do not despise us, for at all times it be-
hooves ⁶⁵

That justice gain the upper hand, yes, every-
where,

And everyone that comes along should look
to this

And make it his concern. It is the common
lot

We all must share.

Da. (*Aside*) I've grappled no mean orator;
Why did I give him part in this? ⁷⁰

Sm. Will you abide by my decision? Say.

Sy. and Da. Of course.

Sm. I'll hear. For what's to hinder?

You! You close-mouthed fellow there!
Speak first.

Da. I'll start a little further back, not
simply tell ⁷⁵

His part, that I may make the matter plain
to you.

Within this bushy thicket here, hard by
this place

My flock I was a-herding, now, perhaps,
good sir,

Some thirty days gone by, and I was all
alone,

When I came on a little infant child, ex-
posed ⁸⁰

With necklace and with some such other
ornaments.

Sy. About just these our quarrel!

Da. He won't let me speak!

Sm. If you put in your chatter, with this
stick of mine

I'll fetch you one.

Da. And serve him right. ⁸⁵

Sm. Speak on.

Da. I will.

I took him up and with him went off to my
house,

I had in mind to rear him—'twas my notion
then—

But over night came counsel, as it does to
all, ⁹⁰

And with myself I reasoned: 'What have I
to do

With rearing children and the trouble?
Where shall I

Find so much money? Why take on
anxieties?' ⁹⁵

Thus minded was I. Back unto my flock
again

At daybreak. Came this fellow—he's a char-
coal-man— ⁹⁵

Unto this selfsame place to saw out tree-
stumps there.

Now he had had acquaintance with me
heretofore,

And so we fell to talking. Noticing my
gloom,

Says he, 'Why's Davus anxious?' 'Now
why not?' says I,

'For I'm a meddler.' And I tell him of the
facts; ¹⁰⁰

How I had found, how owned the child.
And straightway then,

Ere I could tell him everything, he begged
and begged:

'So, Davus, blessed be your lot!' at every
word

Exclaiming. Then: 'Give me the baby! So,
good luck

Be yours! So, be you free! For I've a
wife,' says he, ¹⁰⁵

'And she gave birth unto a baby and it
died'—

(Meaning this woman here that holds the
baby now)—

Sm. You begged?

Da. Syricus!

Sy. Yes, I did. ¹¹⁰

Da. The livelong day

He pestered me, and when he urged, en-
treated me,

I promised him; I gave the child, and off
he went,

Calling down countless blessings, seized my
hands and kissed

And kissed them. ¹¹⁵

Sm. You did this?

Sy. I did.

Da. Well, off he went.

Just now he meets me with his wife, and
suddenly

Lays claims to all the things then with the
child exposed— ¹²⁰

(Now these were small and worthless,
merely nothing)—claims

That he should have them; says he's treated
scurvily

Because I will not give them, claim them
for myself.

But I declare he'd better feel some grati-
tude

For what he did get by his begging. If I
fail ¹²⁵

To give him all, no need to bring me to
account.

Even if walking with me he had found these
things,

And 'twere a 'Share-all Windfall,' he had
taken this,
I that. But when I made the find alone,
do you,
Although you were not by, do you, I say,
expect 130
To have it all yourself, and not one thing
for me?
In fine, I gave you of my own with all good
will:
If this still pleases you, then keep it even
now,
But if it doesn't suit and if you've changed
your mind,
Why, then return it. Don't commit nor
suffer wrong. 135
But 'twere not fair that you get all, by my
consent
In part, and, partly, forcing me. I've said
my say.
Sy. Has said his say?
Sm. You're deaf? He's said his say.
Sy. All right. 140
Then I come after. All alone this fellow
found
The baby. Yes, and all of this he's telling
now
He tells correctly, father, and it happened so.
I do not contradict. I did entreat and beg
And I received it from him. Yes, he tells
the truth. 145
A certain shepherd, fellow laborer of his,
With whom he had been talking, then
brought word to me
That with the baby he had found some orna-
ments.
To claim these things, see, father, he is here
himself!
Give me the baby, wife. Now, Davus, here
from you 150
He's asking back the necklace and birth-
tokens too,
For he declares that these were placed upon
himself
For his adorning, not for eking out your
keep.
I too join in, and ask for him, as guardian—
On giving him you made me that. And now,
good sir, (to Sm.) 155
Methinks 'tis yours to settle whether it be
right
These golden trinkets and whatever else
there be,
As given by his mother, whosoe'er she was,
Be put by for the baby till he come of
age,
Or this footpad who stripped him is to have
these things, 160

That others own, provided that he found
them first!
'Why didn't I,' you'll say, 'when first I took
the child,
Demand them then of you?' It was not
then as yet
Within my power to speak thus in the
child's behalf,
And even now I'm here demanding no one
thing 165
That's mine, mine only. 'Windfall! Share-
all!' None of that!
No 'finding' when 'tis question of a person
wronged.
That is not 'finding,' nay, but outright filch-
ing that!
And look at this too, father. Maybe this
boy here
Was born above our station. Reared 'mongst
working folk, 170
He will despise our doings, his own level
seek
And venture on some action suiting noble
birth:
Will go a-lion-hunting; carry arms; or run
A race at games. You've seen the actors
act, I know,
And all of this you understand. These
heroes once, 175
Pelias, Neleus, by an aged man were found,
A goatherd in his goatskin dressed as I am
now,
And, when he noticed they were better born
than he,
He tells the matter, how he found, how took
them up,
He gave them back their wallet, with birth-
tokens filled. 180
And thus they found out clearly all their
history,
And they, the one-time goatherds, after-
wards were kings.
But had a Davus found those things and
sold them off,
That he might profit by twelve drachmas
for himself,
Through all the coming ages they had been
unknown, 185
Who were such great ones and of such a
pedigree.
And so it is not fitting, father, that I
here
Should rear his body and that Davus seize
meanwhile
His life's hope for the future, make it dis-
appear.
A youth about to wed his sister once was
stopped 190

By just such tokens. One a mother found
and saved,
And one a brother. Since, O father, all
men's lives
Are liable to dangers, we must watch, look
out,
With forethought far ahead for what is
possible.
'Well, if you are not suited, give him back,'
says he. 195
This is his stronghold in the matter, as he
thinks.
But that's not just. If you must give up
what is his,
Then in addition do you claim to have the
child
That more securely you may play the rogue
again
If some of his belongings Fortune has pre-
served? 200
I've said my say. Give verdict as you hold
is just.
Sm. Well, this decision's easy: 'All that
was exposed
Together with the child goes with him,' I
decide.
Da. All right. But now, the child?
Sm. By Zeus, I won't decide 205
He's yours who wrong him, but he's his who
came to aid,
This man's, who stood against you, you who'd
injure him.
Sy. Now yours be many blessings!
Da. Nay, a verdict rank! 209
By Zeus the savior! I, the sole discoverer,
Am stripped of all, and he who did not find
receives?
Am I to hand these over?
Sm. Yes.
Da. A verdict rank—
Else may no blessing ever light on me! 215
Sy. Here, quick!
Da. Good Heracles, how I am treated!
Sy. Loose your sack
And show us, for it's there you carry them
—(to Sm.) nay, stop,
I beg, a little, till he gives them up. 220
Da. (aside) Why did
I let him judge our case?
Sm. Come, give, you quarry-slave!
Da. (handing over the tokens) What
shameful treatment!
Sm. Have you all?
Sy. I think so, yes. 225
Sm. You have, unless he swallowed some-
thing down while I
Gave verdict of conviction.
Sy. Hardly that, I think.

Nay, then, good sir, good luck attend you.
Such as you
I'd sooner have the judges all. 230
(Exit Sm.)
Da. But how unjust,
O Heracles! This verdict, was it not too
rank?
Sy. You were a rascal, rascal you!
Da. Look out for yourself,
Yes, you now, that you keep these trinkets
safe for him. 235
Aye, mark you well, I'll ever have an eye
on you. (Exit Da.)
Sy. Go hang! Go gang your gait! But
you, my wife, take these
And carry them in here to our young mas-
ter's house.
For meanwhile here we will await Chæres-
tratus
And in the morning we'll start off to work
again, 240
When we have made our payment. Stop.
Let's count them first.
Count over, one by one. Have you a basket
there?
Well, loose your dress and drop them in.
(ONESIMUS comes out of the house of
CHÆRESTRATUS, at first not noticing
or being noticed by SYRISCUS)
On. A slower cook
Nobody ever saw. Why, this time yester-
day 245
Long since they had their wine.
Sy. Now this one seems to be
A sort of rooster and a tough one too! Here,
take.
And here is something set with stones. This
one's an axe.
On. (becoming aware) What's this? 250
Sy. This one's a gilded ring without; in-
side
It's iron. On the seal is carved—a bull?—
or goat?
I can't tell which, and one Cleostratus is he
Who made it—so the letters say.
On. I say, show me! 255
Sy. (startled into handing him the ring)
Well, there! But who are you?
On. The very one!
Sy. Who is?
On. The ring.
Sy. What ring d'ye mean? I don't know
what you mean. 260
On. Charisius' ring, my master's ring!
Sy. You're cracked!
On. The one he lost.
Sy. Put down that ring, you wretched
man!

On. Our ring? 'Put down' for you?
 Where did you get it from? ²⁶⁵
Sy. Apollo and ye gods! What awful
 nuisance this,
 To bring off safe an orphan baby's property!
 The first to come forthwith has plunder in
 his eyes.
 Put down that ring, I say.
On. You'd jest with me, you would? ²⁷⁰
 It's master's ring, by your Apollo and the
 gods!
Sy. I'd have my throat cut sooner than
 give in at all
 To him, I vow. That's settled. I will have
 the law
 On each and all by turns. The boy's they
 are, not mine.
 This one's a collar. Take it, you (*to his*
wife). A chiton's fold ²⁷⁵
 Of purple, this. Go, take them in. Now tell
 me, you.
 What's this you're saying to me?
On. I? The ring is his,
 Charisius's. Once, when drunk, or so he
 said,
 He lost it. ²⁸⁰
Sy. I'm Chærestratus's tenant slave.
 So either save it carefully or give it me

That I may keep and safe deliver.
On. I prefer
 Myself as guard. ²⁸⁵
Sy. To me that matters not one whit,
 For both of us are stopping, as it seems, in
 here,
 In the same lodging-place.
On. Just now it's no good time,
 Perhaps, when guests are coming in, to tell
 him this ²⁹⁰
 Our story, but to-morrow.
Sy. I will wait till then.
 To-morrow, in a word, I'm ready to submit
 This case to anyone you like. (*Exit On.*)
 Now this time, too,
 I've not come off so badly, but it seems as
 though ²⁹⁵
 A man must give up all besides and practice
 law.
 By this means, nowadays, is everything kept
 straight. (*Exit*)
 (*Reënter the group of revelers. They*
give an exhibition)

 In the second act Abrotonon plans with
 Onesimus a way of convincing Charisius
 that the foundling is his, and it is clear
 that the recognition of his own wife
 Pamphila as its mother will shortly follow.

V. PHILOSOPHY (550-287 B.C.)

The earliest philosophers, not counting the Seven Wise Men, who seem to have been famed for pithy common-sense utterance rather than system, were in search of a unity as the explanation of the universe. The system of Thales made water the basis of all creation, that of Anaximenes, air. The pluralists, like Empedocles, who saw the world as a composite of earth, water, air, and fire, wrought upon by the adverse principles of love and hate, accounted for phenomena on the basis of several elements. At their most scientific, these early thinkers, extending over a period from about 600 to 450, included Leucippus and Democritus, the propounders of the atomic theory; at their most spiritual, Pythagoras and his theory of number and metempsychosis, Xenophanes, who saw the Oneness of all things in God, and Anaxagoras, who made Mind the origin of all phenomena. They were on the whole speculative rather than really scientific, and some of them, like Xenophanes and Empedocles, were poets and wrote in verse.

The physical philosophers were succeeded by the ethical or humanistic philosophers, whose chief names are Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. The less spiritual of the ethical thinkers, who were called Sophists and were represented by Protagoras and Gorgias, were characterized by skeptical and destructive tendencies: man was the measure of the universe, truth was a matter of subjective feeling, personal advantage the basis of all conduct. With the Platonic school, the attitude was one of inquiry into the sources of virtue and happiness for individual and society, and the result a great moral and spiritual revelation which has never ceased to be appreciated as a contribution to life. In Aristotle there was a predominance of the intellectual; with him really began modern criticism and science.

PARMENIDES AND EMPEDOCLES (About 500-450 B.C.)

FRAGMENTS

Translated by WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

THE CREATION

And thou shalt know the Source ethereal,
And all the starry signs along the sky,
And the resplendent works of that clear
 lamp
Of glowing sun, and whence they all arose.
Likewise of wandering works of round-eyed
 moon 5
Shalt thou yet learn and of her source; and
 then
Shalt thou know too the heavens that close
 us round—
Both whence they sprang and how Fate
 leading them
Bound fast to keep the limit of the stars. . .
How earth and sun and moon and common
 sky, 10

The Milky Way, Olympos outermost,
And burning might of stars made haste to
 be.

—PARMENIDES.

FROM THE ELEMENTS IS ALL WE SEE

But come, and to my works foresaid look
 well,
If their wide witness anywhere forgot
Aught that behooves the elemental forms:
Behold the Sun, the warm, the bright-
 diffused;
Behold the eternal Stars, forever steeped 5
In liquid heat and glowing radiance; see
Also the Rain, obscure and cold and dark,

And how from Earth streams forth the
Green and Firm.
And all through Wrath are split to shapes
diverse;
And each through Love draws near and
yearns for each. ¹⁰
For from these elements hath budded all
That was or is or evermore shall be—
All trees, and men and women, beasts and
birds,
And fishes nourished in deep waters, aye,
The long-lived gods, in honors excellent. ¹⁵
For these are all, and, as they course along
Through one another, they take new faces
all,
By varied mingling and enduring change.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS

For amber Sun and Earth and Heaven and
Sea
Is friendly with its every part that springs,
Far driven and scattered, in the mortal
world;
So too those things that are most apt to
mix
Are like, and loved by Aphrodite's hest. ⁵
But hostile chiefly are those things which
most
From one another differ, both in birth,
And in their mixing and their molded
forms—
Unwont to mingle, miserable and lone,
After the counsels of their father, Hate. ¹⁰

THE HEALER AND PROPHET

Ye friends, who in the mighty city dwell
Along the yellow Acragas hard by
The Acropolis, ye stewards of good works,
The stranger's refuge venerable and kind,
All hail, O friends! But unto ye I walk ⁵
As god immortal now, no more as man,
On all sides honored fittingly and well,
Crowned both with fillets and with flower-
ing wreaths.
When with my throngs of men and women
I come
To thriving cities, I am sought by prayers, ¹⁰
And thousands follow me that they may ask
The path to weal and vantage, craving some

For oracles, whilst others seek to hear
A healing word 'gainst many a foul disease
That all too long hath pierced with grievous
pains. ¹⁵

EXPIATION AND METEMPSYCHOSIS

There is a word of Fate, an old decree
And everlasting of the gods, made fast
With amplest oaths, that whoso'er of those
Far spirits, with their lot of age-long life,
Do foul their limbs with slaughter in
offense, ⁵
Or swear forsworn, as failing of their pledge,
Shall wander thrice ten thousand weary
years
Far from the Blessed, and be born through
time
In various shapes of mortal kind, which
change
Ever and ever troublous paths of life: ¹⁰
For now Air hunts them onward to the Sea;
Now the wild Sea disgorges them on Land;
Now Earth will spue toward beams of
radiant Sun;
Whence he will toss them back to whirling
Air—
Each gets from other what they all abhor. ¹⁵
And in that brood I too am numbered now,
A fugitive and vagabond from heaven,
As one obedient unto raving Strife.

For I was once already boy and girl,
Thicket and bird, and mute fish in the
waves. ²⁰

All things doth Nature change, enwrapping
souls
In unfamiliar tunics of the flesh.

The worthiest dwellings for the souls of men,
When 'tis their lot to live in forms of brutes,
Are tawny lions, those great beasts that
sleep ²⁵
Couched on the black earth up the mountain
side;
But, when in forms of beautiful plumed trees
They live, the bays are worthiest for souls.

—From THE FRAGMENTS OF EMPEDOCLES,
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lishing Co.

PLATO (429-347 B.C.)

Plato, born in the year of Pericles' death, was thirty when Socrates, his teacher for ten years, was condemned to drink the hemlock. Leaving Athens after this event, he visited Megara, Egypt, Syracuse, and Italy, and in 386, again in Athens, was established in the celebrated Academy, the scene of his forty years of teaching. As a teacher, he is celebrated for the Socratic method of leading deliberately but inevitably to the truth by means of the question and answer. As a thinker, he put the world in his debt by developing the Theory of Ideas and the Doctrine of Recollection. In another world, there exist in perfect form and quality the counterparts of every object in this world's life; and in our efforts to attain to the good, the true, and the beautiful, we are enabled to pattern after these counterparts, which, and not their earthly similars, are the reality, because in a former existence we lived in their presence and now with more or less distinctness recollect them. To know perfection is to love it, and education is therefore supremely important. As a writer, Plato's fame rests on an easy and gracious style, and on his development of the Dialogue, already existing, into artistic form. About twenty-five genuine Dialogues survive, of which *The Apology*, *Crito*, *Phædo*, and *The Symposium* are famous for the intimate acquaintance they afford of Socrates as person, teacher, and martyr. In *The Republic* and in *The Laws*, remembering his experiences at the court of the Syracusan tyrants Dionysius I and Dionysius II, he constructs the ideal State. His enlightenment and his anticipations of modern radicalism are a constant surprise and delight.

The translations from *The Apology*, *Crito*, and *Phædo* by Harold North Fowler are here printed with the permission of the Loeb Classical Library.

The selections from *The Republic*, in the flexible and dignified translation of Alexander Kerr, of the University of Wisconsin, who accomplished the last book in 1918 at the age of ninety and unable to read print, are used with the consent of the Charles H. Kerr Publishing Company, Chicago.

THE APOLOGY;

THE DEFENCE OF SOCRATES AT HIS TRIAL

How you, men of Athens, have been affected by my accusers, I do not know; but I, for my part, almost forgot my own identity, so persuasively did they talk; and yet there is hardly a word of truth in what they have said. But I was most amazed by one of the many lies that they told—when they said that you must be on your guard not to be deceived by me, because I was a clever speaker. For I thought it the most shameful part of their conduct that they are not ashamed because they will immediately be convicted by me of falsehood by the evidence of fact, when I show myself to be not in the least a clever speaker, unless indeed they call him a clever speaker who speaks the truth; for if this is what they mean, I would agree that I am an orator—not after their fashion. Now they, as I say, have said little or nothing true; but you shall hear from me nothing but the truth. Not, however, men of Athens, speeches finely tricked out with words and phrases, as theirs are, nor carefully arranged, but you will hear things said at random with the words that happen to occur to me. For I trust that what I say is just; and let none of you expect anything else. For surely it would not be fitting for one of my age to come before you like a youngster making up speeches. And, men of Athens, I urgently beg and beseech you if you hear me making my defence with the same words with which I have been accustomed to speak both in the market place at the bankers' tables, where many of you have heard me, and elsewhere, not to be surprised or to make a disturbance on this account. For the fact is that this is the first time I have come before the court, although I am seventy years old;

I am therefore an utter foreigner to the manner of speech here. . . . And, men of Athens, do not interrupt me with noise, even if I seem to you to be boasting; for the word which I speak is not mine, but the speaker to whom I shall refer it is a person of weight. For of my wisdom—if it is wisdom at all—and of its nature, I will offer you the god of Delphi as a witness. You know Chærephon, I fancy. He was my comrade from a youth and the comrade of your democratic party, and shared in the recent exile and came back with you. And you know the kind of man Chærephon was, how impetuous in whatever he undertook. Well, once he went to Delphi and made so bold as to ask the oracle this question; and, gentlemen, don't make a disturbance at what I say; for he asked if there were anyone wiser than I. Now the Pythia replied that there was no one wiser. And about these things his brother here will bear you witness, since Chærephon is dead.

But see why I say these things; for I am going to tell you whence the prejudice against me has arisen. For when I heard this, I thought to myself: 'What in the world does the god mean, and what riddle is he propounding? For I am conscious that I am not wise either much or little. What then does he mean by declaring that I am the wisest? He certainly cannot be lying, for that is not possible for him.' And for a long time I was at a loss as to what he meant; then with great reluctance I proceeded to investigate him somewhat as follows.

I went to one of those who had a reputation for wisdom, thinking that there, if anywhere, I should prove the utterance wrong and should show the oracle 'This man is wiser than I, but you said I was wisest.' So examining this man—for I need not call him by name, but it was one of the public men with regard to whom I had this kind of experience, men of Athens—and conversing with him, this man seemed to me to seem to be wise to many other people and especially to himself, but not to be so; and then I tried to show him that he thought he was wise, but was not. As a result, I became hateful to him and to many of those present; and so, as I went away, I thought to myself, 'I am wiser than this man; for neither of us really knows anything fine and good, but this man thinks he knows

something when he does not, whereas I, as I do not know anything, do not think I do either. I seem, then, in just this little thing to be wiser than this man at any rate, that what I do not know I do not think I know either.' From him I went to another of those who were reputed to be wiser than he, and these same things seemed to me to be true; and there I became hateful both to him and to many others.

After this then I went on from one to another, perceiving that I was hated, and grieving and fearing, but nevertheless I thought I must consider the god's business of the highest importance. So I had to go, investigating the meaning of the oracle, to all those who were reputed to know anything. And by the Dog, men of Athens—for I must speak the truth to you—this, I do declare, was my experience: those who had the most reputation seemed to me to be almost the most deficient, as I investigated at the god's behest, and others who were of less repute seemed to be superior men in the matter of being sensible. So I must relate to you my wandering as I performed my Herculean labors, so to speak, in order that the oracle might be proved to be irrefutable. For after the public men I went to the poets, those of tragedies, and those of dithyrambs, and the rest, thinking that there I should prove by actual test that I was less learned than they. So, taking up the poems of theirs that seemed to me to have been most carefully elaborated by them, I asked them what they meant, that I might at the same time learn something from them. Now I am ashamed to tell you the truth, gentlemen; but still it must be told. For there was hardly a man present, one might say, who would not speak better than they about the poems they themselves had composed. So again in the case of the poets also I presently recognized this, that what they composed they composed not by wisdom, but by nature and because they were inspired, like the prophets and givers of oracles; for these also say many fine things, but know none of the things they say; it was evident to me that the poets too had experienced something of this same sort. And at the same time I perceived that they, on account of their poetry, thought that they were the wisest of men in other things as well, in which they were not.

So I went away from them also thinking that I was superior to them in the same thing in which I excelled the public men.

Finally then I went to the hand-workers. For I was conscious that I knew practically nothing, but I knew I should find that they knew many fine things. And in this I was not deceived; they did know what I did not, and in this way they were wiser than I. But, men of Athens, the good artisans also seemed to me to have the same failing as the poets; because of practising his art well, each one thought he was very wise in the other most important matters, and this folly of theirs obscured that wisdom, so that I asked myself in behalf of the oracle whether I should prefer to be as I am, neither wise in their wisdom nor foolish in their folly, or to be in both respects as they are. I replied then to myself and to the oracle that it was better for me to be as I am.

Now from this investigation, men of Athens, many enmities have arisen against me, and such as are most harsh and grievous, so that many prejudices have resulted from them and I am called a wise man. For on each occasion those who are present think I am wise in the matters in which I confute someone else; but the fact is, gentlemen, it is likely that the god is really wise and by his oracle means this: 'Human wisdom is of little or no value.' And it appears that he does not really say this of Socrates, but merely uses my name, and makes me an example, as if he were to say: 'This one of you, O human beings, is wisest, who, like Socrates, recognizes that he is in truth of no account in respect to wisdom.'

Therefore I am still even now going about and searching and investigating at the god's behest anyone, whether citizen or foreigner, who I think is wise; and when he does not seem so to me, I give aid to the god and show that he is not wise. And by reason of this occupation I have no leisure to attend to any of the affairs of the state worth mentioning, or of my own, but am in vast poverty on account of my service to the god.

And in addition to these things, the young men who have the most leisure, the sons of the richest men, accompany me of their own accord, find pleasure in hearing people being examined, and often

imitate me themselves, and then they undertake to examine others; and then, I fancy, they find a great plenty of people who think they know something, but know little or nothing. As a result, therefore, those who are examined by them are angry with me, instead of being angry with themselves, and say that 'Socrates is a most abominable person and is corrupting the youth.'

And now I wish to prophesy to you, O ye who have condemned me; for I am now at the time when men most do prophesy, the time just before death. And I say to you, ye men who have slain me, that punishment will come upon you straightway after my death, far more grievous in sooth than the punishment of death which you have meted out to me. For now you have done this to me because you hoped that you would be relieved from rendering an account of your lives, but I say that you will find the result far different. Those who will force you to give an account will be more numerous than heretofore; men whom I restrained, though you knew it not; and they will be harsher, inasmuch as they are younger, and you will be more annoyed. For if you think that by putting men to death you will prevent anyone from reproaching you because you do not act as you should, you are mistaken. That mode of escape is neither possible at all nor honorable, but the easiest and most honorable escape is not by suppressing others, but by making yourselves as good as possible. So with this prophecy to you who condemned me I take my leave.

But with those who voted for my acquittal I should like to converse about this which has happened, while the authorities are busy and before I go to the place where I must die. Wait with me so long, my friends; for nothing prevents our chatting with each other while there is time. I feel that you are my friends, and I wish to show you the meaning of this which has now happened to me. For, judges—and in calling you judges I give you your right name—a wonderful thing has happened to me. For hitherto the customary prophetic monitor always spoke to me very frequently and opposed me even in very small matters, if I was going to do anything I should not; but now, as you yourselves see, this thing which might be

thought, and is generally considered, the greatest of evils has come upon me; but the divine sign did not oppose me either when I left my home in the morning, or when I came here to the court, or at any point of my speech, when I was going to say anything; and yet on other occasions it stopped me at many points in the midst of a speech; but now, in this affair, it has not opposed me in anything I was doing or saying. What then do I suppose is the reason? I will tell you. This which has happened to me is doubtless a good thing, and those of us who think death is an evil must be mistaken. A convincing proof of this has been given me; for the accustomed sign would surely have opposed me if I had not been going to meet with something good.

Let us consider in another way also how good reason there is to hope that it is a good thing. For the state of death is one of two things: either it is virtually nothingness, so that the dead has no consciousness of anything, or it is, as people say, a change and migration of the soul from this to another place. And if it is unconsciousness, like a sleep in which the sleeper does not even dream, death would be a wonderful gain. For I think if any one were to pick out that night in which he slept a dreamless sleep and, comparing with it the other nights and days of his life, were to say, after due consideration, how many days and nights in his life had passed more pleasantly than that night,—I believe that not only any private person, but even the great King of Persia himself would find that they were few in comparison with the other days and nights. So if such is the nature of death, I count it a gain; for in that case, all time seems to be no longer than one night. But on the other hand, if death is, as it were, a change of habitation from here to some other place, and if what we are told is true, that all the dead are there, what greater blessing could there be, judges? For if a man when he reaches the other world, after leaving behind these who claim to be judges, shall find those who are really judges who are said to sit in judgment there, Minos and Rhadamanthus, and Æacus and Triptolemus, and all the other demigods who were just men in their lives, would the change of habitation be undesirable? Or again, what would any of you give to meet with

Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer? I am willing to die many times over, if these things are true; for I personally should find the life there wonderful, when I met Palamedes or Ajax, the son of Telamon, or any other men of old who lost their lives through an unjust judgment, and compared my experience with theirs. I think that would not be unpleasant. And the greatest pleasure would be to pass my time in examining and investigating the people there, as I do those here, to find out who among them is wise and who thinks he is when he is not. What price would any of you pay, judges, to examine him who led the great army against Troy, or Odysseus, or Sisyphus, or countless others, both men and women, whom I might mention? To converse and associate with them and examine them would be immeasurable happiness. At any rate, the folk there do not kill people for it; since, if what we are told is true, they are immortal for all future time, besides being happier in other respects than men are here.

But you also, judges, must regard death hopefully and must bear in mind this one truth, that no evil can come to a good man either in life or after death, and God does not neglect him. So, too, this which has come to me has not come by chance, but I see plainly that it was better for me to die now and be freed from troubles. That is the reason why the sign never interfered with me, and I am not at all angry with those who condemned me or with my accusers. And yet it was not with that in view that they condemned and accused me, but because they thought to injure me. They deserve blame for that. However, I make this request of them: when my sons grow up, gentlemen, punish them by troubling them as I have troubled you; if they seem to you to care for money or anything else more than for virtue, and if they think they amount to something when they do not, rebuke them as I have rebuked you because they do not care for what they ought, and think they amount to something when they are worth nothing. If you do this, both I and my sons shall have received just treatment from you.

But now the time has come to go away. I go to die, and you to live; but which of us goes to the better lot, is known to none but God.

CRITO

SOCRATES. Now see if the beginning of the investigation satisfies you, and try to reply to my questions to the best of your belief.

CRITO. I will try.

SOCRATES. Ought we in no way to do wrong intentionally, or should we do wrong in some ways but not in others? Or, as we often agreed in former times, is it never right or honorable to do wrong? Or have all those former conclusions of ours been overturned in these few days, and have we old men, seriously conversing with each other, failed all along to see that we were no better than children? Or is not what we used to say most certainly true, whether the world agree or not? And whether we must endure still more grievous sufferings than these, or lighter ones, is not wrongdoing inevitably an evil and a disgrace to the wrongdoer? Do we believe this or not?

CRITO. We do.

SOCRATES. Then we ought not to do wrong at all.

CRITO. Why, no.

SOCRATES. And we ought not even to requite wrong with wrong, as the world thinks, since we must not do wrong at all.

CRITO. Apparently not.

SOCRATES. Well, Crito, ought one to do evil or not?

CRITO. Certainly not, Socrates.

SOCRATES. Well, then, is it right to requite evil with evil, as the world says it is, or not right?

CRITO. Not right, certainly.

SOCRATES. For doing evil to people is the same thing as wronging them.

CRITO. That is true.

SOCRATES. Then we ought neither to requite wrong with wrong nor to do evil to anyone, no matter what he may have done to us. And be careful, Crito, that you do not, in agreeing to this, agree to something you do not believe; for I know that there are few who believe or ever will believe this. Now those who believe this, and those who do not, have no common ground of discussion, but they must necessarily, in view of their opinions, despise one another. Do you therefore consider very carefully whether you agree and share in this opinion, and let us take as the starting point of our discussion the assumption that it is never right to do

wrong or to requite wrong with wrong, or when we suffer evil to defend ourselves by doing evil in return. Or do you disagree and refuse your assent to this starting point? For I have long held this belief and I hold it yet, but if you have reached any other conclusion, speak and explain it to me. If you still hold to our former opinion, hear the next point.

CRITO. I do hold to it and I agree with you; so go on.

SOCRATES. Now the next thing I say, or rather ask, is this: 'ought a man to do what he has agreed to do, provided it is right, or may he violate his agreements?'

CRITO. He ought to do it.

SOCRATES. Then consider whether, if we go away from here without the consent of the state, we are doing harm to the very ones to whom we least ought to do harm, or not, and whether we are abiding by what we agreed was right, or not.

CRITO. I cannot answer your question, Socrates, for I do not understand.

SOCRATES. Consider it in this way. If, as I was on the point of running away (or whatever it should be called), the laws and the commonwealth should come to me and ask, 'Tell me, Socrates, what have you in mind to do? Are you not intending by this thing you are trying to do, to destroy us, the laws, and the entire state, so far as in you lies? Or do you think that state can exist and not be overturned, in which the decisions reached by the courts have no force but are made invalid and annulled by private persons?' What shall we say, Crito, in reply to this question and others of the same kind? For one might say many things, especially if one were an orator, about the destruction of that law which provides that the decisions reached by the courts shall be valid. Or shall we say to them, 'The state wronged me and did not judge the case rightly?' Shall we say that, or what?

CRITO. That is what we shall say, by Zeus, Socrates.

SOCRATES. What then if the laws should say, 'Socrates, is this the agreement you made with us, or did you agree to abide by the verdicts pronounced by the state?' Now if I were surprised by what they said, perhaps they would continue, 'Don't be surprised at what we say, Socrates, but answer, since you are in the habit of employing the method of question and an-

swer. Come, what fault do you find with us and the state, that you are trying to destroy us? In the first place, did we not bring you forth? Is it not through us that your father married your mother and begat you? Now tell us, have you any fault to find with those of us who are the laws of marriage?

'I find no fault,' I should say. 'Or with those that have to do with the nurture of the child after he is born and with his education which you, like others, received? Did those of us who are assigned to these matters not give good directions when we told your father to educate you in music and gymnastics?' 'You did,' I should say. 'Well then, when you were born and nurtured and educated, could you say to begin with that you were not our offspring, and our slave, you yourself and your ancestors? And if this is so, do you think right as between you and us rests on a basis of equality, so that whatever we undertake to do to you it is right for you to retaliate? There was no such equality of right between you and your father or your master, if you had one, so that whatever treatment you received you might return it, answering them if you were reviled, or striking back if you were struck, and the like; and do you think that it will be proper for you to act so toward your country and the laws, so that if we undertake to destroy you, thinking it is right, you will undertake in return to destroy us laws and your country, so far as you are able, and will say that in doing this you are doing right, you who really care for virtue. . . .

'Ah, Socrates, be guided by us who tended your infancy. Care neither for your children nor for life nor for anything else more than for the right, that when you come to the home of the dead, you may have all these things to say in your own defence. For clearly if you do this thing it will not be better for you here, or more just or holier, no, nor for any of your friends, and neither will it be better when you reach that other abode. Now, however, you will go away wronged, if you do go away, not by us, the laws, but by men; but if you escape after so disgracefully requiting wrong with wrong and evil with evil, breaking your compacts and agreements with us, and injuring those whom you least ought to injure—yourself, your friends, your country and

us—we shall be angry with you while you live, and there our brothers, the laws in Hades' realm, will not receive you graciously; for they will know that you tried, so far as in you lay, to destroy us. Do not let Crito persuade you to do what he says, but take our advice.'

Be well assured, my dear friend, Crito, that this is what I seem to hear, as the frenzied dervishes of Cybele seem to hear the flutes, and this sound of these words reëchoes within me and prevents my hearing any other words. And be assured that, so far as I now believe, if you argue against these words you will speak in vain. Nevertheless, if you think you can accomplish anything, speak.

CRITO. No, Socrates, I have nothing to say.

SOCRATES. Then, Crito, let it be, and let us act in this way, since it is in this way that God leads us.

PHÆDO

IDEAS, RECOLLECTION, IMMORTALITY

'Do we agree, then,' said Socrates, 'that when anyone on seeing a thing thinks, "This thing that I see aims at being like some other thing that exists, but falls short and is unable to be like that thing, but is inferior to it," he who thinks thus must of necessity have previous knowledge of the thing which he says the other resembles but falls short of?'

'We must.'

'Well then, is this just what happened to us with regard to the equal things and equality in the abstract?'

'It certainly is.'

'Then we must have had knowledge of equality before the time when we first saw equal things and thought, "All these things are aiming to be like equality but fall short."'

'That is true.'

'And we agree, also, that we have not gained knowledge of it, and that it is impossible to gain this knowledge, except by sight or touch or some other of the senses? I consider that all the senses are alike.'

'Yes, Socrates, they are all alike, for the purposes of our argument.'

'Then it is through the senses that we must learn that all sensible objects strive

after absolute equality and fall short of it. Is that our view?

'Yes.'

'Then before we began to see or hear or use the other senses we must somewhere have gained a knowledge of abstract or absolute equality, if we were to compare with it the equals which we perceive by the senses, and see that all such things yearn to be like abstract equality but fall short of it.'

'That follows necessarily from what we have said before, Socrates.'

'And we saw and heard and had the other senses as soon as we were born?'

'Certainly.'

'But, we say, we must have acquired a knowledge of equality before we had these senses?'

'Yes.'

'Then it appears that we must have acquired it before we were born.'

'It does.'

'Now if we had acquired that knowledge before we were born, and were born with it, we knew before we were born and at the moment of birth not only the equal and the greater and the less, but all such abstractions? For our present argument is no more concerned with the equal than with absolute beauty and the absolute good and the just and the holy, and, in short, with all those things which we stamp with the seal of "absolute" in our dialectic process of questions and answers; so that we must necessarily have acquired knowledge of all these before our birth.'

'That is true.'

'And if after acquiring it we have not, in each case, forgotten it, we must always be born knowing these things, and must know them throughout our life; for to know is to have acquired knowledge and to have retained it without losing it, and the loss of knowledge is just what we mean when we speak of forgetting, is it not, Simmias?'

'Certainly, Socrates,' said he.

'But, I suppose, if we acquired knowledge before we were born and lost it at birth, but afterwards by the use of our senses regained the knowledge which we had previously possessed, would not the process which we call learning really be recovering knowledge which is our own? And should we be right in calling this recollection?'

'Assuredly.'

'For we found that it is possible, on perceiving a thing by the sight or the hearing or any other sense, to call to mind from that perception another thing which had been forgotten, which was associated with the thing perceived, whether like it or unlike it; so that, as I said, one of two things is true, either we are all born knowing these things and know them all our lives, or afterwards, those who are said to learn merely remember, and learning would then be recollection.'

'That is certainly true, Socrates.'

'Which then do you choose, Simmias?'

15 Were we born with the knowledge, or do we recollect afterwards things of which we had acquired knowledge before our birth?'

20 'I cannot choose at this moment, Socrates.'

'How about this question? You can choose and you have some opinion about it: When a man knows, can he give an account of what he knows or not?'

'Certainly he can, Socrates.'

'And do you think that everybody can give an account of the matters about which we have just been talking?'

30 'I wish they might,' said Simmias; 'but on the contrary I fear that to-morrow, at this time, there will be no longer any man living who is able to do so properly.'

'Then, Simmias, you do not think all men know these things?'

35 'By no means.'

'Then they recollect the things they once learned?'

'Necessarily.'

40 'When did our souls acquire the knowledge of them? Surely not after we were born as human beings.'

'Certainly not.'

'Then previously.'

'Yes.'

45 'Then, Simmias, the souls existed previously, before they were in human form, apart from bodies, and they had intelligence.'

50 'Unless, Socrates, we acquire these ideas at the moment of birth; for that time still remains.'

55 'Very well, my friend. But at what other time do we lose them? For we are surely not born with them, as we just now agreed. Do we lose them at the moment when we receive them, or have you some other time to suggest?'

'None whatever, Socrates. I did not notice that I was talking nonsense.'

'Then, Simmias,' said he, 'is this the state of the case? If, as we are always saying, the beautiful exists, and the good, and every essence of that kind, and if we refer all our sensations to these, which we find existed previously and are now ours, and compare our sensations with these, is it not a necessary inference that just as these abstractions exist, so our souls existed before we were born; and if these abstractions do not exist, our argument is of no force? Is this the case, and is it equally certain that provided these things exist our souls also existed before we were born, and that if these do not exist, neither did our souls?'

'Socrates, it seems to me that there is absolutely the same certainty, and our argument comes to the excellent conclusion that our soul existed before we were born, and that the essence of which you speak likewise exists. For there is nothing so clear to me as this, that all such things, the beautiful, the good, and all the others of which you were speaking just now, have a most real existence. And I think the proof is sufficient.'

'But how about Cebes?' said Socrates. 'For Cebes must be convinced, too.'

'He is fully convinced, I think,' said Simmias; 'and yet he is the most obstinately incredulous of mortals. Still, I believe he is quite convinced of this, that our soul existed before we were born. However, that it will still exist after we die does not seem even to me to have been proved, Socrates, but the common fear, which Cebes mentioned just now, that when a man dies the soul is dispersed and this is the end of his existence, still remains. For assuming that the soul comes into being and is brought together from some source or other and exists before it enters into a human body, what prevents it, after it has entered into and left that body, from coming to an end and being destroyed itself?'

'You are right, Simmias,' said Cebes. 'It seems to me that we have proved only half of what is required, namely, that our soul existed before our birth. But we must also show that it exists after we are dead as well as before our birth, if the proof is to be perfect. . . .'

'Now,' said he, 'shall we assume two

kinds of existences, one visible, the other invisible?'

'Let us assume them,' said Cebes.

'And that the invisible is always the same and the visible constantly changing?'

'Let us assume that also,' said he.

'Well then,' said Socrates, 'are we not made up of two parts, body and soul?'

'Yes,' he replied.

'Now to which class should we say the body is more similar and more closely akin?'

'To the visible,' said he; 'that is clear to everyone.'

'And the soul? Is it visible or invisible?'

'Invisible, to man, at least, Socrates.'

'But we call things visible and invisible with reference to human vision, do we not?'

'Yes, we do.'

'Then what do we say about the soul? Can it be seen or not?'

'It cannot be seen.'

'Then it is invisible?'

'Yes.'

'Then the soul is more like the invisible than the body is, and the body more like the visible.'

'Necessarily, Socrates.'

'Now we have also been saying for a long time, have we not, that, when the soul makes use of the body for any inquiry, either through seeing or hearing or any of the other senses—for inquiry through the body means inquiry through the senses,—then it is dragged by the body to things which never remain the same, and it wanders about and is confused and dizzy like a drunken man because it lays hold upon such things?'

'Certainly.'

'But when the soul inquires alone by itself, it departs into the realm of the pure, the everlasting, the immortal and the changeless, and being akin to these it dwells always with them whenever it is by itself and is not hindered, and it has rest from its wanderings and remains always the same and unchanging with the changeless, since it is in communion therewith. And this state of the soul is called wisdom. Is it not so?'

'Socrates,' said he, 'what you say is perfectly right and true.'

'And now again, in view of what we said before and of what has just been said, to which class do you think the soul has greater likeness and kinship?'

'I think, Socrates,' said he, 'that any one, even the dullest, would agree after this argument that the soul is infinitely more like that which is always the same than that which is not.'

'And the body?'

'Is more like the other.'

'Consider, then, the matter in another way. When the soul and the body are joined together, nature directs the one to serve and be ruled, and the other to rule and be master. Now this being the case, which seems to you like the divine, and which like the mortal? Or do you not think that the divine is by nature fitted to rule and lead, and the mortal to obey and serve?'

'Yes, I think so.'

'Which, then, does the soul resemble?'

'Clearly, Socrates, the soul is like the divine and the body like the mortal.'

'Then see, Cebes, if this is not the conclusion from all that we have said, that the soul is most like the divine and immortal and intellectual and uniform and indissoluble and ever unchanging, and the body, on the contrary, most like the human and mortal and multiform and un-intellectual and dissoluble and ever changing. Can we say anything, my dear Cebes, to show that this is not so?'

'No, we cannot.'

'Well then, since this is the case, is it not natural for the body to meet with speedy dissolution and for the soul, on the contrary, to be entirely indissoluble, or nearly so?'

'Of course.'

'Observe,' he went on, 'that when a man dies, the visible part of him, the body, which lies in the visible world and which we call the corpse, which is naturally subject to dissolution and decomposition, does not undergo these processes at once, but remains for a considerable time, and even for a very long time, if death takes place when the body is in good condition, and at a favorable time of the year. For when the body is shrunk and embalmed, as is done in Egypt, it remains almost entire for an incalculable time. And even if the body decay, some parts of it, such as the bones and sinews and all that, are, so to speak, indestructible. Is not that true?'

'Yes.'

'But the soul, the invisible, which departs into another place which is, like

itself, noble and pure and invisible, to the realm of the god of the other world, in truth, to the good and wise god, whither, if God will, my soul is soon to go,—is this soul, which has such qualities and such a nature, straightway scattered and destroyed when it departs from the body, as most men say? Far from it, dear Cebes and Simmias, but the truth is much rather this:—if it departs pure, dragging with it nothing of the body, because it never willingly associated with the body in life, but avoided it and gathered itself into itself alone, since this has always been its constant study—but this means nothing else than that it pursued philosophy rightly and really practised being in a state of death: or is not this the practice of death?'

'By all means.'

'Then if it is in such a condition, it goes away into that which is like itself, into the invisible, divine, immortal, and wise, and when it arrives there it is happy, freed from error and folly and fear and fierce loves and all the other human ills, and as the initiated say, lives in truth through all after time with the gods. Is this our belief, Cebes, or not?'

'Assuredly,' said Cebes.

'But, I think, if when it departs from the body it is defiled and impure, because it was always with the body and cared for it and loved it and was fascinated by it and its desires and pleasures, so that it thought nothing was true except the corporeal, which one can touch and see and drink and eat and employ in the pleasures of love, and if it is accustomed to hate and fear and avoid that which is shadowy and invisible to the eyes but is intelligible and tangible to philosophy—do you think a soul in this condition will depart pure and uncontaminated?'

'By no means,' said he.

'But it will be interpenetrated, I suppose, with the corporeal which intercourse and communion with the body have made a part of its nature because the body has been its constant companion and the object of its care?'

'Certainly.'

'And, my friend, we must believe that the corporeal is burdensome and heavy and earthly and visible. And such a soul is weighed down by this and is dragged back into the visible world, through fear of the invisible and of the other world,

and so, as they say, it flits about the monuments and the tombs, where shadowy shapes of souls have been seen, figures of those souls which were not set free in purity but retain something of the visible; and this is why they are seen.'

'That is likely, Socrates.'

'It is likely, Cebes. And it is likely that those are not the souls of the good, but those of the base, which are compelled to flit about such places as a punishment for their former evil mode of life. And they flit about until through the desire of the corporeal which clings to them they are again imprisoned in a body. And they are likely to be imprisoned in natures which correspond to the practices of their former life.'

'What natures do you mean, Socrates?'

'I mean, for example, that those who have indulged in gluttony and violence and drunkenness, and have taken no pains to avoid them, are likely to pass into the bodies of asses and other beasts of that sort. Do you not think so?'

'Certainly that is very likely.'

'And those who have chosen injustice and tyranny and robbery pass into the bodies of wolves and hawks and kites. Where else can we imagine that they go?'

'Beyond a doubt,' said Cebes, 'they pass into such creatures.'

'Then,' said he, 'it is clear where all the others go, each in accordance with its own habits?'

'Yes,' said Cebes, 'of course.'

'Then,' said he, 'the happiest of those, and those who go to the best place, are those who have practised, by nature and habit, without philosophy or reason, the social and civil virtues which are called moderation and justice?'

'How are these happiest?'

'Don't you see? Is it not likely that they pass again into some such social and gentle species as that of bees or of wasps or ants, or into the human race again, and that worthy men spring from them? . . .'

'Now it would not be fitting for a man of sense to maintain that all this is just as I have described it, but that this or something like it is true concerning our souls and their abodes, since the soul is shown to be immortal, I think he may properly and worthily venture to believe; for the venture is well worth while; and he ought to repeat such things to himself

as if they were magic charms, which is the reason why I have been lengthening out the story so long. This then is why a man should be of good cheer about his soul, who in his life has rejected the pleasures and ornaments of the body, thinking they are alien to him and more likely to do him harm than good, and has sought eagerly for those of learning, and after adorning his soul with no alien ornaments, but with its own proper adornment of self-restraint and justice and courage and freedom and truth, awaits his departure to the other world, ready to go when fate calls him. You, Simmias and Cebes and the rest,' he said, 'will go hereafter, each in his own time; but I am now already, as a tragedian would say, called by fate, and it is about time for me to go to the bath; for I think it is better to bathe before drinking the poison, than the women may not have the trouble of bathing the corpse.'

THE HEMLOCK

When he had finished speaking, Crito said: 'Well, Socrates, do you wish to leave any directions with us about your children or anything else—anything we can do to serve you?'

'What I always say, Crito,' he replied, 'nothing new. If you take care of yourselves you will serve me and mine and yourselves, whatever you do, even if you make no promises now; but if you neglect yourselves and are not willing to live following step by step, as it were, in the path marked out by our present and past discussions, you will accomplish nothing, no matter how much or how eagerly you promise at present.'

'We will certainly try hard to do as you say,' he replied. 'But how shall we bury you?'

'However you please,' he replied, 'if you can catch me and I do not get away from you.' And he laughed gently, and looking towards us, said: 'I cannot persuade Crito, my friends, that the Socrates who is now conversing and arranging the details of his argument is really I; he thinks I am the one whom he will presently see as a corpse, and he asks how to bury me. And though I have been saying at great length that after I drink the poison I shall no longer be with you, but shall go away to the joys of the blessed you know

of, he seems to think that was idle talk uttered to encourage you and myself. So,' he said, 'give security for me to Crito, the opposite of that which he gave the judges at my trial; for he gave security that I would remain, but you must give security that I shall not remain, when I die, but shall go away, so that Crito may bear it more easily, and may not be troubled when he sees my body being burnt or buried, or think I am undergoing terrible treatment, and may not say at the funeral that he is laying out Socrates, or following him to the grave, or burying him. For, dear Crito, you may be sure that such wrong words are not only undesirable in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. No, you must be of good courage, and say that you bury my body, —and bury it as you think best and as seems to you most fitting.'

When he had said this, he got up and went into another room to bathe; Crito followed him, but he told us to wait. So we waited, talking over with each other and discussing the discourse we had heard, and then speaking of the great misfortune that had befallen us, for we felt that he was like a father to us and that when bereft of him we should pass the rest of our lives as orphans. And when he had bathed and his children had been brought to him—for he had two little sons and one big one—and the women of the family had come, he talked with them in Crito's presence and gave them such directions as he wished; then he told the women to go away, and he came to us. And it was now nearly sunset; for he had spent a long time within. And he came and sat down fresh from the bath. After that not much was said, and the servant of the eleven came and stood beside him and said: 'Socrates, I shall not find fault with you, as I do with others, for being angry and cursing me, when at the behest of the authorities, I tell them to drink the poison. No, I have found you in all this time in every way the noblest and gentlest and best man who has ever come here, and now I know your anger is directed against others, not against me, for you know who are to blame. Now, for you know the message I came to bring you, farewell and try to bear what you must as easily as you can.' And he burst into tears and turned and went away. And Socrates looked up at him and said: 'Fare you

well, too; I will do as you say.' And then he said to us: 'How charming the man is! Ever since I have been here he has been coming to see me and talking with me from time to time, and has been the best of men, and now how nobly he weeps for me! But come, Crito, let us obey him, and let someone bring the poison, if it is ready; and if not, let the man prepare it.' And Crito said: 'But I think, Socrates, the sun is still upon the mountains and has not yet set; and I know that others have taken the poison very late, after the order has come to them, and in the meantime have eaten and drunk and some of them enjoyed the society of those whom they loved. Do not hurry; for there is still time.'

And Socrates said: 'Crito, those whom you mention are right in doing as they do, for they think they gain by it; and I shall be right in not doing as they do; for I think I should gain nothing by taking the poison a little later. I should only make myself ridiculous in my own eyes if I clung to life and spared it, when there is no more profit in it. Come,' he said, 'do as I ask and do not refuse.'

Thereupon Crito nodded to the boy who was standing near. The boy went out and stayed a long time, then came back with the man who was to administer the poison, which he brought with him in a cup ready for use. And when Socrates saw him, he said: 'Well, my good man, you know about these things; what must I do?' 'Nothing,' he replied, 'except drink the poison and walk about till your legs feel heavy; then lie down, and the poison will take effect of itself.'

At the same time he held out the cup to Socrates. He took it, and very gently, Echecrates, without trembling or changing color or expression, but looking up at the man with wide open eyes, as was his custom, said: 'What do you say about pouring a libation to some deity from this cup? May I, or not?' 'Socrates,' said he, 'we prepare only as much as we think is enough.' 'I understand,' said Socrates; 'but I may and must pray to the gods that my departure hence be a fortunate one; so I offer this prayer, and may it be granted.' With these words he raised the cup to his lips and very cheerfully and quietly drained it. Up to that time most of us had been able to restrain our tears fairly well, but when we watched him

drinking and saw that he had drunk the poison, we could do so no longer, but in spite of myself my tears rolled down in floods, so that I wrapped my face in my cloak and wept for myself; for it was not for him that I wept, but for my own misfortune in being deprived of such a friend. Crito had got up and gone away even before I did, because he could not restrain his tears. But Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time before, then wailed aloud in his grief and made us all break down, except Socrates himself. But he said, 'What conduct is this, you strange men! I sent the women away chiefly for this very reason, that they might not behave in this absurd way; for I have heard that it is best to die in silence. Keep quiet and be brave.' Then we were ashamed and controlled our tears. He walked about and, when he said his legs were heavy, lay down on his back, for such was the advice of the attendant. The man who had administered the poison laid his hands on him and after a while examined his feet and legs, then pinched his foot hard and asked if he felt it. He said 'No'; then after that, his thighs; and passing upwards in this way he showed us that he was growing cold and rigid. And again he touched him and said that when it reached his heart, he would be gone. The chill had now reached the region about the groin, and uncovering his face, which had been covered, he said—and these were his last words—'Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius. Pay it and do not neglect it.' 'That,' said Crito, 'shall be done; but see if you have anything else to say.' To this question he made no reply, but after a little while he moved; the attendant uncovered him; his eyes were fixed. And Crito when he saw it, closed his mouth and eyes.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, who was, as we may say, of all those of his time whom we have known, the best and wisest and most righteous man.

THE REPUBLIC

THE SETTING

I went down yesterday to the Peiræus with Glaucon, the son of Ariston, to offer my prayer to the goddess, and at the same

time from a desire to witness how they would observe the festival, since they were now celebrating it for the first time. The procession of the natives seemed to me to be indeed beautiful; yet that which the Thracians conducted appeared to be no less brilliant. After we had prayed and witnessed the ceremony, we were in the act of returning to the city, when Polemarchus, the son of Cephalus, catching sight of us at a distance as we had started towards home, ordered his slave to run forward and bid us wait for him. And the slave, taking hold of me by the mantle behind, said: 'Polemarchus bids you wait for him.' I turned round and asked him where his master was. 'There he is,' said he, 'coming on behind. Please wait for him.'

'Well,' said Glaucon, 'we will wait.'

And not long afterwards came Polemarchus and Adeimantus, the brother of Glaucon, and Niceratus, the son of Nicias, and some others, apparently returning from the procession. Then Polemarchus said: 'Socrates, you seem to me to have started on your return to the city.'

'You do not make a bad guess,' said I.

'Well, do you see,' he said, 'how many we are?'

'Why, certainly.'

'Then,' said he, 'either prove yourselves stronger than these, or stay here.'

'Is there not then,' said I, 'an alternative left; I mean the possibility of our persuading you that you ought to let us go?'

'Would you be able,' he said, 'to persuade us if we refuse to listen?'

'By no means,' said Glaucon.

'Then rest assured that we are not going to listen.'

'But do you not know,' said Adeimantus, 'that there is to be a torch-race in the evening, on horseback, in honor of the goddess?'

'On horseback?' said I. 'That is a novelty. Will they hand on to one another the torches which they have, while the horses are racing? or how do you mean?'

'Yes,' replied Polemarchus, 'and besides they will have a night-festival which it will be worth while to see. For we will rise after supper and see the night-festival, and we shall meet many of the young men there and converse with them. Pray wait, and do not be perverse.'

And Glaucon said: 'It appears that we must remain.'

'Well,' said I, 'if it is your pleasure, let us do so.'

We went therefore home to the house of Polemarchus, and found there Lysias and Euthydemus, the brothers of Polemarchus, as well as Thrasyarchus, the Chalcidonian, and Charmantides the Pæanian, and Cleitophon, the son of Aristonymus. Cephalus, the father of Polemarchus, was also in the house. And he appeared to me to be a very old man, for it was a long time since I had seen him. He was sitting garlanded upon a sort of cushioned chair, as he happened to have been sacrificing in the court. Accordingly we sat down beside him, for there were some chairs placed there in a circle.

As soon then as Cephalus saw me he saluted me and said: 'Socrates, we do not often see you coming down to the Peiræus; but you ought to come. For if I was still able to go easily to the city, there would be no need of your coming to me, but we would go to you. But, as it is, you ought to come hither more frequently; for be well assured that, as for me, the more the pleasures of the body fade away, the more the desire for conversation and the pleasures derived from it grow upon me. Therefore do not refuse, but associate with these young men and come hither to us as to friends and very intimate acquaintances.'

'And in truth, Cephalus,' I replied, 'I really delight in conversation with very old people; for it seems to me right to learn from them as from those who have gone before us on a road which perhaps we also shall have to travel, of what nature it is, whether it be rough and hard, or smooth and easy. And from you, especially, I would gladly learn, since you have reached that point of life which the poets call the threshold of age, what opinion you hold about this, whether it is a hard part of life, or how you report it.'

'I will surely tell you, Socrates,' he said, 'what my opinion is at least; for we often come together in one place, some of us who are of the same age, keeping in mind the old proverb. The most of us, therefore, when we get together lament, regretting the pleasures of youth, recalling amours, and potations, and festivities, and certain other things which are of like

nature, and they are vexed, thinking themselves deprived of some great advantages. In those days, they say, they lived well, but now they do not really live at all.

And some, too, bemoan the insults heaped upon old age by their kindred, and for this very reason they are continually harping upon old age, telling how many ills it brings upon them. But I do not think, Socrates, that these men blame the real cause of their troubles. For if this were the cause, the very same thing, as far, at least, as concerns old age, would have happened to me, and to all the others who have reached my time of life. Whereas the fact is, I have before now met with many who are not thus affected, and in particular on one occasion I was in the company of the poet Sophocles when a

certain person asked him: 'How is it with you, Sophocles, in regard to the pleasures of love? Are you still capable of enjoying the company of women?' And he said, 'Hush, sir; on the contrary, most gladly have I escaped from love, as from a mad and furious master.' I thought then that his word was fitly spoken, and I think still more so now. For certainly in old age there is perfect peace and freedom from such things. For when the passions cease to excite us and loose their hold, then is surely brought to pass the saying of Sophocles—it is a deliverance from a multitude of furious masters. Now, in regard to these troubles and the quarrels with relatives, there is one cause, and this is not old age, Socrates, but the character of the men themselves. For if they possess well-regulated and contented minds, then old age itself is not very painful; but if not, to such people, Socrates, not merely old age, but even youth also is a burden.'

And I, delighted to hear him say all this, and wishing him to speak still further, tried to draw him out, and said: 'I fancy, Cephalus, that most people, when you say this, will not accept your statement, but will imagine that you bear old age lightly, not by reason of your character, but by reason of your great wealth; for the rich, it is said, have many consolations.'

'You speak the truth,' he replied, 'for they do not accept it. And there is something in what they say, but not so much as they imagine, but the saying of Themistocles holds good, who, when the

Seriphian reviled him and said that he owed his reputation not to himself, but to his country, replied: "Neither would I, if I had been a Seriphian, have become famous, nor would you, if you had been an Athenian." And to those who are not wealthy, and who take old age hard, it may be said with equal reason that neither would the good man bear old age very easily along with poverty, nor would the wicked man by becoming rich ever be at peace with himself.

'Did you, Cephalus,' said I, 'inherit the bulk of your property, or did you acquire it?'

'How much did I acquire, do you say, Socrates?' he asked. 'As a man of business I stand midway between my grandfather and my father. For my grandfather, whose namesake I am, inheriting about as much property as I now possess, increased its value many times, while my father Lysanias brought it down to still less than what it is now; but I shall be content if I leave to my sons here not less, but a trifle more, than I inherited.'

'The reason why I asked you,' said I, 'is that you did not seem to me to be unduly fond of money. And that is generally the case with those who have not made it themselves; while those who have made their money love it with a twofold affection as compared with other men. For as poets love their own poems and fathers their own children, so those who have gained their money by trade love it as their own production, besides valuing it for its utility, like other men. And therefore they are disagreeable companions, because they will commend nothing but riches.'

'You speak the truth,' he replied.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE

'I will tell you. Justice, we say, is found in the individual,—it is found, I suppose, in a whole state as well?'

'Certainly,' he answered.

'Well, is not a city larger than a man?'

'Yes, larger,' he said.

'Perhaps then justice might be found on a larger scale in what is greater, and might be easier to apprehend. Let us therefore, if you will, first inquire what is the nature of justice in states, and next let us also study it in the individual, ob-

serving the counterpart of the greater in the form of the less.'

'Indeed,' he said, 'I think that is admirably spoken.'

5 'If then,' said I, 'we should observe in our argument how a state comes into being, should we also see the justice and the injustice of the State in process of development?'

10 'Perhaps we should.'

'And then when our State has come into being, may we not hope to see more easily the object of our search?'

'Yes, far more easily.'

15 'Do you think we had better attempt to carry out our purpose? for I imagine it is no slight task; reflect therefore.'

'We have reflected,' said Adeimantus, 'so do not refuse.'

20 'A State arises, in my opinion,' I said, 'because each one of us is not self-sufficing, but stands in need of many things; or to what other origin do you assign the foundation of the State?'

25 'To no other,' he answered.

'Thus now in view of our many necessities, when one man takes a helper for the supply of one want, and another for the supply of another, after we have assembled into one dwelling many partners and helpers, we designate this community as a State, do we not?'

'Certainly.'

35 'And so one gives to another, if he gives anything, or receives from another, because he believes the exchange to be for his advantage?'

'True.'

40 'Well then,' said I, 'let us in imagination found a State, although our necessity, as it appears, will be the real founder.'

'Yes.'

45 'But the first and most pressing of our necessities is to procure food that we may exist and sustain life.'

'Undoubtedly.'

'The second need is to secure a house, and the third to get clothing and the like.'

'That is true.'

50 'Come then,' said I, 'how will our State be able to provide all this? Is it not the case that one will be a farmer, another a builder, and another a weaver? Or shall we add to them a shoemaker or another of those who minister to the body?'

'Certainly.'

'Then the barest possible State would consist of four or five men.'

'So it appears.'

'Well, what then? Must each one of these contribute his labor to the common good of all? Must the individual farmer, for example, prepare food for four and expend four times the amount of time and toil in the production of food, and consequently share it with others, or neglecting them, must he prepare for himself only a fourth part of this food in a fourth part of the time and employ the other three parts in building his house and making his clothes and shoes, and, not taking the trouble to go shares with others, must he himself on his own account manage his own affairs?'

Then Adeimantus replied: 'Well, Socrates, probably the former way is easier than the second.'

'Indeed,' said I, 'there is nothing surprising in that. For I am myself reminded, while you are in the very act of speaking that, in the first place, each one is not born in every respect like his fellow-being, but differing in natural endowments, that one man has an aptitude for one task, another for another. Don't you think so?'

'I certainly do.'

'Well then, will a man be more successful when he follows many occupations, or when he confines himself to one?'

'When he confines himself to one,' he answered.

'And further, I suppose, this too is evident that a work comes to nothing when we let slip the right time for doing it.'

'Yes.'

'For the enterprise, I think, will not wait for the leisure of him who undertakes it, but the workman must keep to his task, making it his chief concern.'

'He must.'

'Hence we concluded that the several commodities are produced in greater abundance, of better quality and with more ease when every man turns from other pursuits and, following his natural bent, does one thing at the proper season.'

'Undoubtedly.'

'Then more than four citizens, Adeimantus, are required to provide what we mentioned. For the farmer, as it seems, will not himself make his own plow, if it is to be a good one, nor his mattock nor his other agricultural implements. Nor again will the builder make his own tools; for he also requires many; and the same

statement applies to the weaver and the shoemaker.'

'True.'

'And so carpenters and smiths and many such workmen, becoming sharers in our little State, will make it populous.'

'Doubtless.'

'But still it would not be very large, if we were to add to them cowherds and 10 shepherds and other herdsmen, that the farmers might have oxen to plow with, and the builders, as well as the farmers, the use of cattle for purposes of draught, and the weavers and shoemakers hides 15 and wool.'

'A State which contains all these,' he said, 'will not be small.'

'But again,' said I, 'to plant the city itself in a place where it will have no need of imports is next to impossible.'

'Impossible.'

'Then, still further, there will be the additional need of others also, to bring to it from a neighboring state the things 25 which it requires.'

'There will.'

'And again, if the carrier go empty-handed, taking with him none of the things in demand among those people from whom 30 our State is to import what it needs, he will return empty-handed, will he not?'

'I think so.'

'And therefore the home products must be not only enough for the people themselves, but also sufficient in quality and quantity for those whose commodities they require.'

'They must.'

'Then our State will want more farmers 40 and other workmen.'

'Yes, more.'

'And we shall also want the class of carriers mentioned before, who are to import and export the different products. 45 And these are merchants, are they not?'

'Yes.'

'Then we shall require merchants also.'

'Yes, indeed.'

'And if the commerce is carried on by 50 sea, there will be a further demand for many others who understand the business of the sea.'

'For many others, no doubt.'

'And now another question: In the city 55 itself, how will the people exchange their several productions? For with this object in view, you will remember we formed a union and established a State.'

'Manifestly,' he answered, 'by selling and buying.'

'And next we shall have a market-place and a currency to use as a token for the sake of exchange.'

'Certainly.'

'If now the farmer or some other craftsman shall bring to market something which he produces, and shall not come at precisely the same time with those who want to take his goods in exchange, is he to lose time from his work and sit idle in the market-place?'

'By no means; but there are those who, seeing the requirement, undertake this service, and in well-regulated states they are generally persons very deficient in bodily strength and therefore incapable of doing any other work. All that they have to do is to remain in the market-place and give money for goods to those who want to sell, and to give goods for money to such as wish to buy anything.'

'This want,' said I, 'gives rise to retail dealers in the State. For do we not designate as retail dealers those who, seated in the market-place, are engaged in buying and selling, while we reserve the name of merchants for those who wander from city to city?'

'Certainly.'

'There is still, as I think, another class of servants who in matters of intellect are not altogether worthy associates, yet they have bodily strength sufficient for labor; and they, selling the use of their strength, and calling the pay thus obtained hire, are named, as I suppose, hirelings, are they not?'

'True.'

'Then hirelings also, as it seems, help to constitute a State.'

'I think so.'

'Well then, Adeimantus, has our city now increased to such an extent as to be complete?'

'Perhaps.'

'Where, then, in the State are justice and injustice to be found? And at what point in the development which we have considered do they show themselves?'

'I do not know,' he said, 'Socrates, unless perhaps it be in certain relations of these persons with one another.'

'Perhaps,' said I, 'you are right; still we must consider the matter and not shrink from the task.'

'First then let us see what manner of

life those thus equipped will lead. Will they not be engaged in producing corn and wine, in making garments and shoes, and in building houses, in summer for the most part working with coats off and barefoot and in winter properly clothed and shod? And they will be fed upon barley-meal and wheaten flour, baking cakes of the meal and kneading loaves of the flour, spreading the fine cakes and loaves on a mat of reeds, or on clean leaves, and reclining on pallets strewn with yew and myrtle they and their children will feast, sipping their wine, garlanded and singing to the gods, dwelling together in unity, not begetting children beyond their means, through fear of poverty or war.'

Here Glaucon interrupted me and said: 'Apparently you make your men feast without a relish with their bread.'

'True,' I said, 'I forgot that they will have a relish; they will doubtless have salt and olives and cheese, and they will boil onions and cabbages, such vegetables as, you know, make boiled fare in the country; and we shall set before them, I suppose, dessert of figs, and pease and beans; and they will roast at the fire myrtle-berries and beechnuts, drinking the while with moderation. And thus spending their days in peace, with sound health, they will naturally live to a great age and bequeath to their children another life like their own.'

EDUCATION AND THE POETS

'What, then, is to be their education? Is it not difficult to find a better than that which has the sanction of a long period of time? It consists, I suppose, of gymnastic for the body and music for the soul.'

'Yes, it does.'

'And shall we not begin their education with music, rather than with gymnastic?'

'Yes, doubtless.'

'And when you speak in this way, do you make literature a part of music, or not?'

'I do.'

'And there are two kinds of literature, truth and fiction?'

'Yes.'

'And must they be educated in both kinds, but first in fiction?'

'I do not understand what you mean.'

'Do you not understand,' I said, 'that

we begin by telling the children stories? And these, I suppose, to speak generally, are fictions, but there is some truth in them; and we amuse the children with these stories before they are old enough for the gymnasium.'

'That is true.'

'This is what I meant in saying that music must be taken in hand before gymnastic.'

'Quite right,' he said.

'Then you know that the beginning of every work is the most important part, especially when you have to do with anything young and tender? For in childhood the mind is plastic, and at that time a deep impression is made if one wishes to leave his imprint upon the individual character.'

'That is certainly true.'

'In that case shall we thus lightly allow the children to hear haphazard stories composed by all sorts of authors, and to receive into their minds opinions generally the reverse of those which we shall think they ought to hold when they are grown to manhood?'

'We shall never permit that.'

'First then, apparently, we must have a censorship of the writers of fiction, and whatever good fable they compose we must accept, but the bad we must reject. And those which are chosen we shall instruct the nurses and mothers to tell to their children, and to mold their minds with the stories much more than they now shape their bodies with their hands; but the most of those which they now tell we must throw out.'

'Of which are you speaking?' he asked.

'If, I said, 'we shall decide upon the larger compositions of this class, we shall thereby judge also of the less. For the greater and the less must be constructed upon the same model, and should produce the same effect. Don't you think so?'

'I do, indeed,' he said; 'but I fail to understand which you mean by the greater.'

'The tales,' I said, 'which Homer and Hesiod told us, and the other poets as well. For these, I think, were, and they continue to be, the tellers of false stories to mankind.'

'Which stories do you mean,' he said; 'and what do you find in them to censure?'

'That,' I replied, 'which in the first and principal place is worthy of censure, especially when the story is at once bad and false.'

'What instance have you in mind?'

'I mean when an author makes a bad representation of the nature of gods and heroes, like the pictures which are not at all like the object which the painter may wish to imitate.'

'Yes,' he said, 'it is right to condemn that sort of thing. But, pray, give some examples to make our meaning plain.'

10 'In the first place,' I said, 'the poet who told the greatest of all lies in high places told an ugly lie, that Uranus had done what Hesiod says he did, and again in what way Cronus took vengeance upon him. But not even if the deeds of Cronus and his sufferings at the hands of his son were undoubted facts would I think that they ought to be told without reserve to young and thoughtless persons, but best of all they should be completely suppressed, or if there was any necessity for telling them, that as few as possible should hear them, and those under a pledge of secrecy, after offering not simply a pig, but a rare and costly sacrifice, with a view to reducing still more the number of hearers.'

'Yes, indeed,' he said, 'these are certainly hard stories.'

30 'Yes,' I said, 'Adeimantus, they are not to be repeated in our State. And it must not be said in the hearing of a young man that in committing the greatest crimes he would be doing nothing extraordinary, not even if he were to chastise relentlessly a father who had wronged him, but that he would be only following the example of the first and greatest of the gods.'

'Certainly not,' he said; 'in my opinion, too, these stories are not fit to be told.'

40 'Nor,' I continued, 'if our future guardians are to deem it most shameful to be at enmity between themselves for slight cause, must anything be said about the wars of gods with gods, about their plots and fightings, for the stories are not true; much less should we tell them of the battles of the giants, or depict them in embroidery, or of the other endless quarrels of gods and heroes with their kith and kin. And if we are to persuade them that no citizen was ever at enmity with another of the same state, and that this is an unholy thing, such, rather, must be the stories told to the children from the start by old men and old women, and when they grow older, we must compel the poets to compose fables for them in a similar strain.'

But the stories about the binding of Hera by her son, and the hurling of Hephæstus from heaven by his father for attempting to take his mother's part when she was being beaten, and those battles of the gods which are found in Homer must not be admitted into our State, whether they are composed by way of allegory or not. For the child can not distinguish between what is allegorical and what is literal, but whatever at that age he receives into his mind is apt to prove indelible and irremovable. And therefore, perhaps we should deem it of the greatest importance that the tales they first hear they shall hear told in the manner best adapted to the promotion of virtue.'

'Yes,' said he, 'that stands to reason. But if any one were to ask us what these fictions are, and what the tales which contain them, how should we answer him?'

And I replied, 'My dear Adeimantus, you and I are not poets at the present moment, but founders of a State; now it is the duty of founders to know the models upon which the poets should construct their fables, and if in composing they disregard these we must not allow it; we are not bound ourselves, however, to make myths.'

'Right,' he said; 'but as to this very point, the forms of theology, what would they be?'

'They are something like this,' I replied: 'It is right always to ascribe to God his true attributes, whether a poet represent him in epic, lyric or dramatic verse.'

'It is certainly right.'

'Well, then, is not God essentially good, and must he not be represented as such?'

'Of course.'

'But, surely no good thing is hurtful, is it?'

'I do not think it is.'

'And can that which is not hurtful hurt?'

'By no means.'

'And does that which does no hurt do any evil?'

'Again I say no.'

'And that which does no evil can not be the cause of any evil?'

'Why, how could it be?'

'Well, is that which is good advantageous?'

'Yes.'

'Is it, then, a cause of well-being?'

'Yes.'

'Then that which is good is not the cause of all things, but of the good only, and not the cause of evil?'

5 'Quite so,' he said.

'If that be true, then God, since he is good, could not be the author of all things, as many declare, but he is the cause of a few things, and not of the greater number that befall men; for the good things of our life are fewer by far than the evil. Now of good things we must esteem none else than God the author, but for the causes of evil things we must look elsewhere and not in him.'

'I think what you say is perfectly true.'

20 'Then we must not tolerate Homer or any other poet when he makes such a foolish mistake about the gods as to tell us that twin urns

Are placed on the threshold of Zeus,
Fateful the two, the one filled with good, and the other with evil;

25 and to whomsoever Zeus gives of both commingled,

This man now meets with evil fortune, now with good;

30 but as for that man to whom he gives not both, but the evil unmixed,

Him fell disaster o'er the bounteous earth pursues.

35 Nor again must we admit that 'Zeus is for us the dispenser both of good and of evil.'

'And if any man declare that the violation of the oaths and compact of which Pandarus was guilty was brought about by the agency of Athena and Zeus, or that the strife and combat of the gods was caused by Themis and Zeus, we shall not commend him. Nor again, must we allow 45 the youth to hear what Æschylus says:

When God would whelm a house in utter ruin,
Himself among its members guilt implants.

50 But if any one is telling in verse the sorrows of Niobe, which is the subject of the poem in which these iambs are found, or the woes of the Pelopidæ, or the tale of Troy, or something else of the kind, either we must not permit him to say that these are the works of God, or if they are of God, the poets must find an explanation akin to that which we are now seeking, and must say that God did what

was just and right, and the sufferers were punished for their good; but we must not permit the poet to say that those who pay the penalty are wretched, and God was the author of their misery. But if he should say that the wicked, because they are miserable, deserved chastisement, and that in paying the penalty they are receiving good at the hand of God, we should permit the assertion; but as for the statement that God who is good becomes the author of evil to any one, this we must by all means deny absolutely; nor must we permit any one in his own State, if it is to have good laws, whether he be young or old, to tell or hear these doctrines under the guise of fiction, either in verse or prose, since such language would be impious if uttered, and at the same time dangerous to ourselves and self-contradictory.

'I vote with you,' he said, 'for this law, for it pleases me.'

'This, then,' I said, 'would be one of the laws and patterns relating to the gods, in accordance with which our speakers must speak, and our writers must compose, that God is not the author of all things, but of the good only.'

'The proof is quite sufficient,' he said.

'But what of this second principle? Do you think God is a magician such as to appear at different times in different forms with intent to deceive, sometimes being really changed, and altering his person into many shapes, and again deceiving us and making us think that he undergoes such transformations; or do you believe him to be simple in his essence and least likely of all beings to abandon his proper shape?'

'I cannot answer you,' he said, 'without further reflection.'

'Well, then, tell me this: If anything departs from its proper shape, must it not be changed either by itself, or by something else?'

'Necessarily so.'

'Then, are not things which are in the best condition least changed and affected by any other thing? For example, while the body is affected by food and drink and labor, and every plant by sunshine and winds and such like influences, is not the strongest and the healthiest, in each instance, changed the least?'

'Undoubtedly.'

'And this holds true of the soul also; will not any external influence disturb and

change least of all the bravest and wisest soul?'

'Yes.'

'And further, I suppose the same reasoning applies to all the products of industry, furniture, houses and garments; those which are well made and in good condition are least altered by time and other influences.'

10 'That is true.'

'Everything then which is good either by nature, or art, or both, admits of least change from anything else.'

'So it seems.'

15 'But, truly, God and his attributes are in every way perfect.'

'Why, of course.'

'Then by external influence would God be least likely to have many shapes.'

20 'Least likely, indeed.'

'But will he change and transform himself?'

'Manifestly this must be the case, if he is changed at all.'

25 'Will he in that event change himself into something better and nobler or into something worse and less noble than himself?'

30 'If he change at all,' he replied, 'it must be for the worse; for, I suppose, we shall never say that God is wanting in beauty or excellence.'

35 'Your statement is right beyond question,' I said. 'And this being so, do you think, Adeimantus, that any one, whether god or man, would, of his own free will, change for the worse?'

'Impossible,' he replied.

40 'It is therefore,' I said, 'impossible for God to desire to transform himself, but, as it seems, every god, being supremely beautiful and excellent, continues absolutely and forever in his own shape.'

45 'The conclusion cannot be denied, I think.'

'Then,' said I, 'my excellent friend, let none of our poets tell us that

50 Gods in the likeness of strangers who come from far-away countries
Take all manner of forms and wander from city to city.

And let no one belie Proteus and Thetis, nor let any one, either in tragedy or other poetry, introduce Hera disguised as a priestess collecting alms 'for the life-giving children of the Argive river Inachus.' And many other such lies they must be

prohibited from telling us. And again, let not the mothers persuaded by these poets frighten the children with hurtful stories, telling them that there are gods who wander about by night in the likeness of strangers from many lands; let them have a care that they may not blaspheme against the gods, and at the same time make their children cowards.'

'Certainly they must not do that,' he said.

'But are we to suppose then that, while the gods are themselves unchangeable, they yet make us believe that they appear in different forms, deceiving and bewitching us?'

'Very likely,' he replied.

'What!' I said, 'do you imagine a god would consent to lie in either word or act by putting before our eyes a phantom in place of himself?'

'I do not know,' he answered.

'Do you not know,' I said, 'that the real lie, if I may be permitted to use such an expression, is hated equally by all gods and men?'

'What do you mean by that?' he replied.

'I mean this,' I said, 'that no one willingly consents to lie with the noblest part of himself, and concerning the highest things, but every one dreads above all things to harbor the lie in such a part of his nature.'

'Not even yet,' said he, 'do I understand you.'

'Because,' I said, 'you think I mean something mysterious; but I simply mean that in the soul to deceive and to remain deceived and in ignorance concerning realities, and in that quarter to have and to hold the lie is what no one would ever choose, for all men in such a case especially abhor a falsehood.'

'There is nothing which they hold in greater abhorrence.'

'But, further, as I was saying just now, this it is which might most truly be called a real lie, ignorance within the soul on the part of him who is in error. For the spoken lie is an imitation of what passes within the soul, a sort of image which appears afterwards, and by no means a sheer lie. Is it not true?'

'You are entirely right.'

'The real lie then is hated not only by gods, but also by men.'

'I think so.'

'Well, now; when and for whom is the spoken lie useful, and therefore not deserving hatred? Is it not useful against our enemies, or even against those of our so-called friends who, impelled by frenzy or madness of any kind, attempt to do something hurtful, the lie in that case serving as a medicine to turn them from their purpose? And in the legends of which we were speaking just now, when in our ignorance of what actually happened in ancient times, we give the fiction the greatest possible verisimilitude, do we not thus make the lie useful?'

'Yes, that is very true,' he said.

'Then on which of these grounds is lying useful to God? Will he lie in giving fiction the appearance of truth because he is ignorant of antiquity?'

'It would be ridiculous to say that.'

'Then there is no place in God for the lying poet.'

'I do not think there is.'

'But will he lie through fear of his enemies?'

'Far from it.'

'Or because he has friends who are foolish or mad?'

'No,' he said, 'no fool or madman is a friend of God.'

'Then there is no reason why God should lie.'

'There is none.'

'Then the superhuman and divine nature is altogether incapable of falsehood.'

'Undoubtedly,' he said.

'Then God is a being absolutely simple and true both in word and deed; he does not change in himself or deceive others, either by phantoms, or by words, or by the sending of portents, whether in waking or in sleeping vision.'

'While you are speaking,' he said, 'I am, myself at least, satisfied in my own mind that your words are true.'

'You agree then,' I said, 'that here we have a second principle in accordance with which no one either in ordinary speech or in poetry shall represent the gods as enchanters who transform themselves and mislead by falsehoods, either in word or action?'

'I agree.'

'While then we praise many other things in Homer, we shall not commend that passage which recounts the sending of the dream by Zeus to Agamemnon; nor the

lines of Æschylus where Thetis says that Apollo, singing at her marriage,

Foretold for me a happy progeny
From sickness free, ordained to length of days.
And with each word he cheered my soul, and
sounded

A note of triumph o'er my blessed lot.
And thus I deemed a lie could never come
From lips divine, the source of oracles.
But he, this god, the singer, even he
Our wedding-guest who spoke these words, 'twas 10
he
Himself that slew my son.

'Whenever a poet expresses such sentiments concerning the gods, we shall be indignant and not give him a chorus, nor shall we allow our teachers to use his works in the education of the young, if our guardians are to be God-fearing and godlike, as far as it is possible for a man to be.'

'I entirely approve,' he said, 'of these principles, and I would adopt them as laws.'

HOMER DISAPPROVED

'We shall have to ask Homer and the other poets not to be offended if we erase these verses and all that are like them, not because they are unpoetical and fail to charm the ears of most men, but because the more poetical they are, the less ought they to be heard by boys and men who must be free and more afraid of slavery than of death.'

'Undoubtedly we must do so.'

'Then we must further reject all those dreadful and terrible names employed on these subjects, Cocytus and Styx, infernals and sapless shades, and other names of like import, which when mentioned make all those who hear them fairly shudder. Perhaps for some other purpose they may have their use; but we fear for our guardians lest in consequence of such terrors they may, to our hurt, prove more excitable and effeminate than they ought to be.'

'Yes, we do well to fear,' he answered.

'Must we then suppress them?'

'Yes.'

'And should we replace them both in prose and verse by words of the opposite type?'

'Manifestly.'

'And shall we also exclude the lamentations and wailings of eminent men?'

'Of necessity,' he said, 'if we exclude the former.'

'Observe then,' I said, 'whether we shall do right in excluding them or not. Now what we maintain is that the wise man will not consider death a terrible thing to 5 another wise man whose friend he is.'

'Yes, we maintain that.'

'Then he will not mourn for such a friend as though some calamity had come upon him.'

'Surely not.'

'Furthermore, we maintain, the wise man, in the pursuit of happiness, is pre-eminently self-sufficing, and is distinguished from the rest of the world by 15 being less dependent on external aid.'

'That is true,' he said.

'Hence to lose a son or a brother, to be deprived of riches, or to meet with other losses of like nature is to him of 20 all men least terrible.'

'Least of all, by far.'

'And therefore least of all does he lament, but he bears most meekly any calamity of this kind that may overtake 25 him.'

'Yes, doubtless.'

'Rightly then shall we do away with the lamentations of famous men, and leave them to women (and those not women of 30 the better sort), or to men who are base, so that those whom we intend to educate as guardians of their country may scorn to imitate such persons.'

'Rightly,' said he.

'Then once more we shall entreat 35 Homer and the other poets not to represent Achilles, the son of a goddess, "now lying on his side, now on his back, now on his face, then starting up upon his feet and sailing in frenzy along the shore of the unharvested sea"; and again, "taking in both hands the black burnt-out ashes, and pouring them over his head"; or again, weeping and wailing without stint, as 40 Homer has depicted. Nor should he represent Priam, who was akin to the gods, as making supplication to the people and

Rolling in mire, and by name to each of them 50 loudly appealing.

And still more earnestly we shall entreat them not to represent the gods lamenting.'

WOMEN AND THE STATE

'You are quite right,' he replied, 'when you maintain that in nearly all occupations

the man is distinctly superior to the woman. And yet there are many women, who, in many points, are better than many men; but, in general, what you say is true.'

'There is, therefore, my friend, no function pertaining to the administration of a State which is the prerogative of the woman or the man, by reason of their sex, but natural aptitudes are found distributed in both alike, and by nature's law women, equally with men, are to have part in all functions, although in all of them the woman is inferior to the man.'

'That is certainly true.'

'Shall we then commit all the affairs of the State to men and none to women?'

'We cannot do that.'

'But then, I suppose, as we shall say, one woman has an aptitude for the healing art, and another has not, and one woman is by nature musical, while another is unmusical.'

'Unquestionably.'

'And is not one woman a lover of athletics, aye, and of war, but another unwarlike and no lover of athletics?'

'I at least think so.'

'And further, has not one woman a love of philosophy, and another a distaste for it? and is not one woman passionate, and another passionless?'

'I assent to that also.'

'If all that is true, one woman is qualified for the office of guardian, and another is not. Did not like differences in natural qualities determine our selection of male guardians?'

'Yes, they did.'

'Then, as touching the guardianship of the State, the natures of women and men are the same, save in so far as one is weaker and the other stronger.'

'So it appears.'

'And therefore such women must be chosen to live with the duly qualified men and to be their associates in the guardianship of the State, because they are qualified for the duty, and are by nature akin to the men.'

'Unquestionably.'

'And must not the same pursuits be allotted to the same natures?'

'The same.'

'Then we have come round again to our former statement, and we admit that there is no violation of nature in allotting the

pursuit of music and gymnastic to the wives of our guardians.'

'That is certainly true.'

'Then what we had in mind to enact was not chimerical or visionary, since our proposed law was conformable to nature; but it is rather the custom now in vogue which, contravening our legislation, apparently violates nature.'

'So it seems.'

'And so our inquiry was whether what we proposed was at once possible and best?'

'Yes, it was.'

'And have we agreed that it is possible?'

'Yes.'

'And must we in the next place be agreed that it is most advantageous?'

'Manifestly.'

'Therefore when we have in view a woman's preparation for the duties of guardianship, shall we need one education for men and another for women to fit them for their office, especially when it has taken in hand the same nature to work upon?'

'Their education will be the same.'

'Well, what is your opinion on such a point as this?'

'What is it, pray?'

'Whether you conceive in your own mind one man to be better, and another to be worse; or do you think them to be all alike?'

'I believe they are very unequal.'

'Well then, in the State which we were founding, which of the two classes, in your opinion, have been made our better men, the guardians educated as we have described, or the shoemakers brought up to their trade?'

'You are asking a ridiculous question,' he replied.

'I understand,' I said; 'but tell me this: are not our male guardians the best men in the city?'

'Yes, by far.'

'And will not their wives be the best of our women?'

'Yes, they will be by far the best.'

'And can there be anything better for the State than to have its men and women become as good as possible?'

'There can be nothing better.'

'And will music and gymnastic conducted as we have set forth bring about this result?'

'No doubt.'

'Then our proposed legislation is not only possible but in the highest degree advantageous to the State.'

'It is.'

'Therefore the wives of our guardians must strip for their athletic exercises, for they will clothe themselves with virtue instead of garments, and they must share with their husbands in the toils of war, and in all the services that pertain to the guardianship of the State, and must be exempt from other duties; but of these functions the lighter parts must be assigned to the women rather than to the men on account of the weakness of their sex. But the man who laughs at naked women as they practice their gymnastics for the best ends, plucks from his laughter "an unripe fruit of wisdom," not knowing, it would seem, at what he is laughing or what he is doing; for it both is and will ever be an admirable maxim, *that the useful is noble and the hurtful base.*'

'Undoubtedly.'

'Shall we then say that, in our discussion of the law relating to women, we are escaping this one wave, as we may call it, without being completely overwhelmed when we provide that our guardians, both men and women, must have all their pursuits in common, and shall we furthermore say that the argument is somehow at one with itself when it shows that our scheme is at once feasible and advantageous?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'it is indeed a great wave that you are escaping.'

'You will not call it great,' I said, 'when you see the next.'

'Say on pray, and let me see it.'

'As a sequel to the last law and to those that preceded it, comes, as I think, another law to this effect.'

'What is it?'

'That these women, with no exceptions, are to be the wives in common of all these men, and that none of them is to cohabit with one husband exclusively; and again that the children are to be common, and neither is the father to know his own child, nor the child his father.'

'This new law,' said Glaucon, 'will be far less likely than the preceding to inspire confidence in its feasibility and its utility.'

'As regards utility,' I said, 'I do not think anyone would call in question the very great advantage of the community of

wives and children, in case it were possible; but the chief controversy, I believe, will be about the possibility of the scheme.'

'One might very well be skeptical on both points,' he replied.

THE SHIP OF STATE AND ITS PILOT

'Very well,' said I, 'do you jest now after you have involved me in a subject so difficult to explain? However, listen to my parable that you may see still better how eager I am for this form of speech. For the treatment which the sages endure, in the management of their own states, is so grievous, that there is no single ordeal to be compared with it; and therefore, in giving a true picture of their suffering, and pleading their cause, I must gather similitudes from various quarters just as painters paint goat-stags and like monsters by fusing different animals together. And so, figure to yourself a case, such as I have in mind, of a fleet or a ship, where there is a captain larger and stronger indeed than any of the crew, but a little deaf and likewise rather shortsighted, and whose knowledge of the science of navigation is no better. Imagine too that the sailors are quarreling among themselves about the steering, each one of them thinking that he ought to be pilot, although he has never studied pilotage, and cannot name his instructor, or show at what time he learned it; furthermore they assert that it cannot be taught, and are even ready to cut in pieces any one who ventures to maintain the contrary. Imagine, further, that they themselves constantly throng around him, the master of the ship, begging and urgently imploring him to intrust them with the helm; but if, at any time, they fail of persuading him, while others succeed, they either kill these others or fling them overboard; and after chaining up the noble captain's senses with mandragora, or drink, or by some other means, they take command of the ship and help themselves to the stores; and thus drinking and feasting they conduct their voyage just as might be expected of such a crew; and, besides all this, whoever can cleverly aid them in their endeavor to secure the command, either by persuading or forcing the captain, him they commend, calling him sailor, pilot, master of navigation, while they denounce as worthless every man who is not their

partisan. But they do not understand that the true pilot must give earnest heed to the times, the seasons, the sky, the stars, the winds and all that belongs to his art, if he intends to be a man really fit to command a ship; and as to the art and study of *how* to be helmsman, whether other people wish him to steer or not, *that* they deem impossible to acquire, and therewithal the science of navigation. While then things are in this situation on board, do you not think the true pilot will certainly be called merely a worthless star-gazing babbler by those who sail in ships thus equipped?

'Yes, indeed,' said Adeimantus.

'I suppose,' I said, 'that you will surely need no exposition of my similitude to show that it is like the case of cities in their attitude towards true philosophers; and I trust you comprehend my meaning.'

'Perfectly.'

'First then, if any one is surprised that philosophers have no honor in cities, tell him our parable and endeavor to convince him that it would be far more wonderful if they were honored.'

'I will do so.'

'And tell him also that you are right when you say that the leaders in philosophy are useless to the multitude; only, for this uselessness warn him to blame, not the philosophers, but those who make no use of them. For it is against nature that the pilot should entreat the sailors to put themselves under his command, nor should the "sages resort to the doors of the rich"—the author of that witticism was in the wrong—but the truth of the matter is, that when one is sick, whether he be rich or poor, he must go to the physicians' door; and in like manner whoever wants to be governed must attend upon him who is able to govern. The ruler who is really good for anything should not entreat his subjects to submit to his command. Indeed you will not be far wrong if you compare the politicians now at the head of affairs to the sailors of whom we were just speaking; and those whom they call useless star-gazing babblers, to the true pilots.'

'Quite right,' he replied.

'For these reasons and in these circumstances hardly will the noblest occupation be highly esteemed by those whose pursuits are directly opposed to it; but by far the greatest and most powerful ar-

raignment of philosophy is due to those who profess to be her votaries, and who, as you say, make the accuser of philosophy declare that the greater number of those who wait upon her are utterly worthless, and the best of them are useless; and I agreed that you were right: is that true, or not?'

'It is true.'

'Have we then given the reason why the true philosophers are useless?'

'Yes, we have.'

'Shall we next consider how inevitable is the perversity of the majority, and endeavor, if possible, to show that not even for this is philosophy to blame?'

THE CAVE

'Now, then,' I resumed, 'in order to discover our natural condition in respect of knowledge and ignorance, figure to yourself a situation which I may thus represent. Imagine a company of men living in a sort of underground cave-like dwelling which has an entrance open to the light of day. long-drawn, and answering in width to the whole of the cave; and in this cave they are detained from childhood, with their legs and necks so fettered that they cannot change their position and can see only what is in front of them, being unable, by reason of the chains, to turn round their heads. And further, imagine them to have light from a fire which is burning above, and at a distance behind them. Between the fire and the prisoners there rises a roadway along which fancy that you can see a low wall built, like the screen which the jugglers place in front of them, and over which they show their puppets.'

'I see,' said Glaucon.

'Figure to yourself also a number of people who are carrying behind this wall statues of men and images of various animals, wrought in wood, stone, and in every possible fashion, and other articles of every sort which overtop the wall; and, as you might suppose, some of those who are carrying these objects are talking, others silent.'

'You are showing me,' he said, 'a strange picture, and these are strange prisoners.'

'They are like ourselves,' I replied. 'For, to begin with, do you believe that people thus situated could ever see anything else

of themselves, or of one another, save the shadows which the fire casts upon the side of the cave directly facing them?

'How could they,' he replied, 'since all their lives they were compelled to keep their heads immovable?'

'And what about the objects which are carried past behind them? Of these would they see only the shadows?'

'Undoubtedly.'

'If now they could talk together, don't you suppose they would believe that they were naming as the things themselves the figures which they saw passing before them?'

'Of necessity they would.'

'Well, how about this? If their prison had an echo from the side in front of them, do you think that, whenever one of the passers-by spoke, they would imagine the voice to come from anything save the passing shadow?'

'I certainly do not,' he replied.

'So that in point of fact,' I said, 'such people would hold nothing to be real except the shadows of the images.'

'True, beyond all question.'

'Consider now,' I proceeded, 'what would be the result of their release from chains and the cure of their delusion if a deliverance of this kind came to them. Suppose one of them should be unbound and should be compelled all of a sudden to rise and turn round his head, to walk and look up at the light; suppose further that in doing all this he suffered pain, and was unable, on account of the brightness, to look at the objects of which in his former position he saw the shadows. Tell me what you think he would say if any one assured him that heretofore he had been looking at illusions, but that now, as he is coming a little nearer to reality, and has his eye turned toward things more real, he sees more truly; furthermore if his instructor, while pointing out each object as it passes, should question him, and constrain him to say what it is; don't you suppose he would be embarrassed and believe what he formerly saw to be more real than what was now pointed out to him?'

'Yes, far more real.'

'And if he were forced to look at the light itself, would he not, think you, suffer pain in his eyes, and would he not turn back and take refuge in those things which he was able to look upon, and think them

in reality clearer than the objects shown him?'

'Quite so.'

'If now some one were to drag him by force out of the den up the rough and steep ascent, and should not let him loose until he had drawn him on into the light of the sun, don't you suppose, while he was thus dragged along, he would be pained and angered, and, on coming into the sunlight, would not his eyes be so dazzled by the brilliancy that he would be unable to see a single one of the things which are now called real?'

'Certainly he could see nothing for a moment at least.'

'So then, I think, habituation will be necessary if his eyes are to distinguish objects in the upper world. At first he would most easily make out shadows, next the reflections in water of men and of other objects, and after that the objects themselves; and then he will fix his eyes on the light of the moon and stars, finding it easier to look by night at the things in the heavens and the heavens themselves than at the sun and the light of the sun by day.'

'No doubt.'

'And last of all he will be able, I suppose, to see the sun, not in the water, or wherever its image is reflected, but he will look upon the true sun in its own appointed place, and will behold it as it is.'

'Certainly.'

'After this he will proceed to reason out that it is the sun which gives the seasons and the years, which dominates all things in the visible world, and is somehow the cause of all those things which he and his fellow-prisoners used to see.'

'It is evident that by such steps as these he would reach this conclusion.'

'Well, then, when he remembered his former dwelling, the wisdom of the cave, and his comrades in captivity, don't you believe he would deem himself happy in the change and would pity the others?'

'Yes, indeed.'

'And in case it were the traditional usage of the prisoners to receive honors and commendations from one another, and to bestow prizes on him who was keenest to observe the passing shadows, and who remembered best which of them were wont to precede and which to follow and which to pass together, and in consequence was best able to foretell what was to come

next, do you suppose he would be eager for these distinctions, and envious of those who are held in honor and exercise authority among them? Or would he find himself in the Homeric situation, and would it not be the case that far more willingly

He would live on the earth and serve in the house of another,
Slave to a landless man,

and would endure anything rather than hold his former opinions and live the life of the den?"

'Yes,' he said, 'I have no doubt he would prefer to suffer anything rather than go on living in that way.'

'Now consider this also,' said I: 'Suppose such a man were to descend a second time into the cavern and seat himself in his old place, would he not, on passing so suddenly out of the sunlight, get his eyes full of darkness?'

'Yes, he certainly would.'

'But if now he were compelled once more to engage in a guessing-contest on these shadows, with those who had never been released from chains, while his sight was still blurred, and his eyes not yet adjusted to the obscurity—(and if the process of habituation lasted a considerable time)—would he not, think you, provoke the laughter of his companions? Would they not declare that, owing to his visit to the upper world, he had come back with his eyesight ruined, and that the ascent was not worth even the attempt? And if any one tried to release them and lead them up to the light, in case they could only get him into their power, they would put him to death, would they not?'

'Doubtless they would,' said he.

'Now this entire parable,' I said, 'my dear Glaucon, you must apply to our former statements. The visible world is the prison house, the light of the fire in the cavern is the power of the sun; and if you will regard the upward journey and the contemplation of things above as the ascent of the soul to the realm of thought, you will not misapprehend my surmise, since you desire to hear it, though whether it be true or not, God alone knows. Yet, as for me, my belief may be given in this way: in the world of knowledge the idea of good comes to light last of all and is with difficulty perceived, but when it is perceived, we must infer about it that it

is for all the source of all things right and beautiful, in the visible world the parent of light and of the lord of light, in the realm of thought appearing as the direct and supreme giver of truth and reason; and in fine on this idea must be fixed the earnest eyes of the man who would conduct himself rationally either in public or in private life.'

'I agree with you as far as I am able to understand.'

'Pray then,' I continued, 'concede another point, and do not wonder that those who have attained to this height are unwilling to take a part in the affairs of men; but their souls ever aspire after the upper world, to linger there. For this is surely natural, if the present instance, no less than the others, applies to our allegory.'

'Yes, quite natural,' he said.

'Is it then, do you think, at all surprising that a person, who turns from the contemplation of things divine to the miseries of men, makes but a poor figure and appears quite ridiculous, if, while his sight is still dim and before he has become thoroughly habituated to the surrounding darkness, he is forced to contend in law courts or elsewhere about the shadows of justice or the images which cast these shadows, and to dispute thereon about the opinions of those who have never had a vision of absolute justice?'

'Not in the least surprising,' he replied.

'On the contrary,' I proceeded, 'a man of sense will remember that disturbances of the eyes are of two kinds and come from two opposite causes, the transition from light to darkness and from darkness to light, but holding the same to be true of the mind's eye when he observes any one whose soul is perplexed and unable to see distinctly he will not laugh immoderately; he will rather inquire whether that soul has returned from a brighter life and is blinded from being unaccustomed to the darkness or in passing from a deeper ignorance into greater brightness it has been dazzled by excess of radiance. And the first he will deem happy in its experience and manner of life and he will pity the second; or if he is inclined to laugh at this soul his laughter will be less ridiculous than that which assails him who redescends from the world of light.'

'Nothing could be more fitly spoken.'

DEMOCRACY AND TYRANNY

'It only remains for us henceforth to consider the most beautiful commonwealth and the most beautiful man, I mean tyranny and the tyrant.'

'Just so,' he said.

'Come now, my good friend, what is the character of tyranny? In respect of its origin, it is pretty clear that it comes from

democracy.'

'That is clear.'

'Then does tyranny take its rise out of democracy in somewhat the same way as democracy comes from oligarchy?'

'How?'

'That which the oligarchies proposed to themselves as the chief good, and by means of which oligarchy was established, was wealth—is it not so?'

'Yes.'

'Well, it was the insatiate desire of riches, and the neglect of all the rest for the sake of money-making, that wrought the ruin of oligarchy.'

'True,' he replied.

'And now is not that which brings about the overthrow of democracy also an insatiate desire for the object which it defines as the supreme good?'

'What good?'

'Liberty,' I replied. 'For in a democratic state you would doubtless hear it said that liberty is its fairest possession; and for this reason in such a state alone would the man who has been born in a condition of freedom be content to dwell.'

'Yes, indeed,' he said, 'one hears talk of that kind very often.'

'Well, now, and this is what I was going to say, does not the insatiate desire for liberty, accompanied with indifference to other things, effect a change in democracy, and make the demand for tyranny inevitable?'

'How so?'

'Whenever, I think, a democratic state, which is thirsting for freedom, has fallen under the rule of wicked cup-bearers and has drunk too deep of the unmix'd wine of liberty, then, unless the rulers are entirely submissive and supply great draughts of freedom, it straightway subjects them to censure and punishes them as accursed oligarchs.'

'Yes,' he said, 'they do that.'

'And those,' said I, 'who are obedient to rulers, it insults, treating them as will-

ing slaves and worthless. It praises and honors in private and in public the rulers who are like subjects and the subjects who take the airs of rulers. Is it not inevitable that in such a state liberty runs riot?'

'Doubtless it does.'

'Yes, my friend,' said I, 'and the contagion of anarchy steals into private families, and at last spreads so far as to infect even the animals.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'I mean, for instance, that the father accustoms himself to treat his child as an equal, and to fear his sons, that the son makes himself equal to his father, and does not reverence or fear his parents, since through obedience to them he may suffer the loss of liberty; that the metic is on an equality with the citizen, and the citizen with the metic, while the stranger fares as well as either.'

'Yes,' he said, 'that is the outcome.'

'Yes,' I continued, 'the evils just named are conspicuous as well as other trifles of the same kind. In such a state of things the teacher fears and flatters his scholars; and the scholars despise their masters and none the less their tutors. And in general the young pattern after their elders, and enter the lists with them in the conflict of words and deeds. The old men, on their part, condescending to the young, are full of wit and gaudy; they assume the manners of the young for fear of being thought morose and dictatorial.'

'Quite true,' he said.

'But the last extreme of the fullness of freedom,' I said, 'my friend, which is found in such a state, is when the slaves of both sexes are no less free than those who have purchased them. And we almost forgot to tell how great is the equality and liberty of men and women in relation to each other.'

'Shall we not then, with Æschylus,' said he, 'utter what just now rose to our lips?'

'Of course,' I replied, 'and that is just what I, for my part, am doing; and I must say that no one, without the kind of knowledge which is gained by experience, would believe how much more free the domestic animals are in a democratic state than in any other; for actually the pet dogs, as the proverb has it, are like their mistresses, and the horses and asses are in the habit of marching along with a free and dignified movement, and they will run foul of any one who meets them in the

streets if he does not clear the way; and all other things are fairly crammed with liberty.'

'You are telling me my own dream,' said he. 'For the very thing you describe often befalls me when I am on my way to the country.'

'Now, as regards the outcome of all these instances combined,' I proceeded, 'do you not see how their accumulation renders sensitive the mind of the citizens, so that they become indignant and restive at the slightest suggestion of authority? In the end, as you are doubtless well aware, they give no heed to the laws, written or unwritten; for they will have no master.'

'Yes,' he said, 'I know it perfectly.'

'This then,' said I, 'my friend, is the fair and proud beginning, out of which, in my opinion, tyranny springs.'

'Proud enough,' he replied, 'but what is the next step?'

'That same disease, which appeared in oligarchy and wrought its ruin, spreads here also in a more deadly and malignant form, aggravated by the excessive licence that prevails, and forces slavery upon the democratic state; for indeed any excess whatever is apt to cause an extreme reaction in the opposite direction, not only in the seasons of the year, in plants, and in living bodies, but most noticeably in governments.'

'That is true,' he said.

'Thus in states as in individuals excessive liberty would seem to be transformed into nothing else than excessive slavery.'

'That again is true.'

'Hence, in all likelihood,' I said, 'tyranny takes its rise from no other form of government than democracy, the most complete and the most intolerable despotism following, as I believe, the extremest liberty.'

'Yes, that stands to reason,' he said.

'That, however, I believe, was not what you were asking about; you wish to know, rather, what is that same disease which is engendered both in oligarchy and democracy, and which reduces the latter to slavery.'

'You are right,' he said.

'Well, then,' said I, 'I was referring to the class of idle spendthrifts, already mentioned; some of them are exceedingly brave, and are leaders; the others, who are more cowardly, are followers. We compared them, as you know, the first to

drones armed with stings, the second to stingless drones.'

'Yes,' he said, 'and rightly.'

'Now these two classes,' I said, 'make a disturbance in every state wherein they are generated, just as phlegm and bile disturb the human body. The legislator, as the skilled physician of the state, must take in advance against them the same precautions that the wise bee-keeper takes against the drones. His first care will be to prevent their intrusion in the hive; and if they come in anyhow, his second is to have them cut out as speedily as possible, combs and all.'

'Yes, by heaven,' he said, 'that he must by all means do.'

'Well, now, that we may have a clearer view of our subject, let us follow it up in this way.'

'In what way?'

'Let us in our discussion divide the democratic state into three parts as it is actually divided. The first is that class already mentioned, which, as you know, by reason of the freedom that prevails, abounds no less here than in the oligarchy.'

'That is true.'

'But it is more intensely fierce in the democracy.'

'How so?'

'In the oligarchy, seeing it is dishonored and excluded from the offices, it lacks training and cannot acquire strength; whereas, in the democratic state this class is almost exclusively at the head of affairs. The fiercest of them speak and act, while the others sit buzzing about the bema and do not suffer the opposition to utter a word: so that in this form of government practically everything is managed by the drones.'

'Quite true,' he said.

'Another class also, as well as this, may always be distinguished from the multitude.'

'Of what kind?'

'Where all men are engaged in making money, those, I imagine, who are most orderly by nature, generally become the wealthiest.'

'Naturally so.'

'Hence, I fancy, it is out of these persons that the readiest and most abundant supply of honey is squeezed for the drones.'

'Why, of course,' he said. 'How could anyone squeeze honey out of the poor?'

'Then, I suppose, such wealthy people are called the drones' garden.'

'Just so,' he replied.

'The people would form a third class, consisting of those who work with their hands and take no part in politics, who have but little property. And in a democracy this class is the most numerous and the most powerful when it is assembled.'

'Yes, it is,' he said. 'But it does not often frequent the assembly unless it receives a share of the honey.'

'And therefore it always does receive a share, so long as its leaders, while depriving the rich of their property and dividing the plunder among the people, contrive to keep the largest share for themselves.'

'Well, yes,' he said, 'on those terms the people do share.'

'And the rich who are plundered, I suppose, are compelled to defend themselves by speaking before the assembly and by employing every means in their power.'

'No doubt.'

'And then even if they have no longing for a revolution, they are accused by their opponents of conspiring against the common people and of desiring an oligarchy.'

'Undoubtedly.'

'And therefore in the end, when they see the people, not from willful perversity, but through ignorance, and because they are misled by the mendacity of the informers, doing their best to injure them, then indeed, whether they wish it or not, they become oligarchs in reality. Not of their own accord are they thus transformed. The drone's sting of which we spoke produces this evil also.'

'That is strictly true.'

'And thereupon follow impeachments and judgments and trials of one another.'

'Certainly.'

'And is it not the custom of the people always to take one man as their guardian whom they foster and exalt to greatness?'

'Yes, it is their custom.'

'This then,' I said, 'is clear, that whenever a tyrant arises, he springs up from the root of this guardianship, and from nothing else.'

'Yes, perfectly clear.'

A SOJOURN IN SPIRIT-LAND

'But these,' I said, 'are as nothing in number of greatness compared with those other recompenses which await the just

and the unjust after death. And these must be heard in order that both just and unjust may receive in full the debt of description which the argument owes to them.'

⁵ 'Speak on,' he said, 'there are few things that I would more gladly hear.'

'Well,' I said, 'I will tell you a story, not of Alcinous but of a brave man, Er, son of Armenius, of the race of Pamphylia. He was once killed in war; and when, after ten days the bodies of the slain were taken up already in a state of decomposition, his body was found in perfect preservation, and was carried home ¹⁰ to be buried. And on the twelfth day, as he was lying on the pyre, he came to life again, and when he had revived, related what he had seen in the other world. He said that when his soul had left the body ²⁰ he went on a journey with a great company and that they came to a mysterious place, where there were two openings in the earth adjacent to one another, and exactly opposite them there were two openings ²⁵ in the heaven above. In the intermediate space sat judges. These, when they had pronounced their judgments, commanded the just to take the road to the right upward through the heaven, first ³⁰ binding in front of them tablets showing the judgments that had been given. The unjust they ordered to take the left hand road which led downward; these also bore the evidence of all their deeds bound upon ³⁵ their backs. On his arrival, they told him that he was to be the reporter to mankind of what happened there, and they directed him to listen to and observe everything in the place. Then he saw their ⁴⁰ souls departing, after judgment had been passed upon them, by one of the openings of heaven and one of earth; by the other two, souls were arriving, on the one side coming up out of the earth, covered with ⁴⁵ dust and dirt, on the other coming down from heaven, pure and stainless. The souls, as they arrived, seemed to have come as from a long journey, and were glad to turn aside into the meadow, where they ⁵⁰ encamped as in a place of assembly; and all who knew one another exchanged greetings, and they who had come out of the earth inquired of the others about the things above, and they who had come ⁵⁵ from heaven asked about the things below. So they discoursed with one another, some with lamentations and tears

at the remembrance of all they had suffered and seen in their journey beneath the earth,—it was a journey of a thousand years,—while those from above told of heavenly delights and visions of marvelous beauty. The greater part of the story, Glaucon, would take too long to tell. But these, he said, were the chief points: For all the unjust deeds that each man had ever done, and all the men he had wronged, he suffered retribution in due course, ten times for each,—now this is once in every hundred years, for such is the span of human life,—in order that he might pay tenfold the penalty for injustice. If there were some, for instance, who had been the cause of many deaths, either by betraying cities or armies, or by casting men into slavery, or had been accessory to any other villainy, for all these crimes they suffered torments, tenfold for each; and on the other hand, if they had done any charitable acts, and had proved themselves just and holy, they received their reward in the same proportion. About those who died as soon as they were born, and those who had lived but a short time, there were other things he said not worth recalling. But he declared that for impiety and piety towards gods and parents, and in regard to murder, there were still greater retributions. . . .

'Now, no sooner had Er and the spirits arrived here, than they were required to present themselves at once to Lachesis. First, then, a prophet marshaled them in order; then he took from the knees of Lachesis lots and samples of lives, mounted a lofty bema and said: "The word of the maiden Lachesis, daughter of Necessity."

"Souls of a day, here begins another circle, belonging to the race of mortals, to end in death. No destiny shall cast lots for you, but you shall choose your destiny. Let him to whom the first lot falls, first choose a life, by which he shall of necessity abide. But virtue is subject to no master, and as each honors or dishonors her, so shall he have more or less of her. The responsibility is with the chooser; there is none on God."

'When the prophet had thus spoken, he threw the lots among them all, and each took up the lot that fell at his side, except Er. Him the prophet forbade. And on taking up his lot, each one discovered what number he had drawn. And after

this the prophet placed upon the ground before them the samples of lives, in number far exceeding the souls present. Now there were patterns of all kinds. There were lives of all kinds of animals and with them all human lives. For among them were tyrannies, some permanent, others overthrown in mid career and ending in poverty, exile, and beggary. There were lives of famous men also, some famed for their form and beauty as well as for their strength and skill in games, others for their family and the virtues of their ancestors; in like manner there were lives of unknown men, and also the lives of women. But the soul's rank was not determined, because in choosing a different life the soul, of necessity, becomes different. All the other elements were presented in various combinations with one another, and with wealth and poverty, sickness and health, with every intermediate stage.'

'And here, my dear Glaucon, as it seems, man's greatest danger lies; and hence we must give the most earnest heed that each of us, putting aside all other learning, may prosecute and master simply this, if in any way he may be able to learn and discover who will give him capacity and skill to discern the good and the evil in life, and always and everywhere to choose the better according to his ability; and, by taking into account what has now been said, considered collectively and separately, and distinguishing its bearing on the virtue of life, to learn under what constitution of soul beauty, when combined with poverty or wealth, results in evil or good; and how high or low birth, private or public station, vigor or weakness of body, keenness or slowness of intellect, and all such conditions as Nature and circumstances place around the soul, operate in their several combinations, so as to be able, drawing his conclusions from all the facts, and with due regard to the nature of the soul, to discriminate the worse from the better life, calling that worse which will lead the soul into greater injustice, and that better which will lead it into greater justice; but all other considerations he will disregard. For we have seen that this is the best choice both for the present life and for that which follows it. Now when a man goes to the unseen world he must have within him this belief like adamant, so that there also he

may be unmoved by riches and such evils, and may not by falling into tyrannies and other like courses of conduct, commit and himself suffer more intensely evils many and irremediable, but may know how in relation to such things always to choose the life that lies in the middle and avoid the extremes on both sides, both in this life, so far as possible, and in the life to come. For in this way man finds his greatest happiness.'

'Now the messenger from the other world went on with his tale and told how the prophet spoke thus: "Even for him who comes last, provided he chooses wisely and lives resolutely, there is appointed a desirable, not an evil life. Let not him who has the first choice be careless, nor the last despondent." No sooner had the prophet thus spoken, he said, than he who had drawn the first lot came forward and at once chose the greatest tyranny; and owing to folly and greed, he chose before he had made a thorough examination, and failed to notice that in his choice he was destined to devour his own children and suffer other evils. But when he came to examine the case at leisure, he began to beat his breast and lament his choice, not heeding the prophet's warnings; for he charged the evil not upon himself, but on fortune and the gods and everything rather than himself. Now he was one of those who had come from heaven, and had lived through his former life in a well-ordered state, but his hold on virtue was from habit, without philosophy. Indeed one might say, in general, that not the least part of those who were thus caught had come from heaven, for they had not been disciplined by difficulties; whereas most of those who came from earth, having themselves suffered and seen others suffer, were in no haste to make their choice. For this cause, together with the accident of the lot, many of the souls had a change from good to evil or from evil to good. For if any man, on being sent into this life, always steadfastly pursue philosophy, and if his lot of choice fall not among the last, he might, according to the message from yonder, not only be happy here but his journey from here to the other world and back again will not be along the rough and earthly course, but along the smooth and heavenly way. Now as to the way in which the several souls chose their lives,

it was, he said, a sight worth seeing, pitiable and laughable and strange. Their choice was for the most part governed by the experience of their former life.

Thus he saw, as he declared, the soul which had once been that of Orpheus choosing the life of a swan, through hatred of womankind because of his death at their hands, and his refusal to be born of a woman. The soul of Thamyras he saw choosing the life of a nightingale. He also saw a swan turning to choose a human life, and other musical creatures doing the same. The soul which obtained the twentieth lot chose a lion's life; it was the soul of Ajax, the son of Telamon, who refused to become a man because he remembered the judgment about the arms. Next came the soul of Agamemnon; and as he also by reason of his sufferings had been filled with aversion to the human race, he took instead the life of an eagle. About the middle the soul of Atalanta obtained her lot, and catching sight of the great honors paid to a man who was an athlete, could not resist the temptation but made them her choice. After her he saw the soul of Epeus, son of Panopeus, passing into the nature of a working woman. And far on among the last, he saw the soul of the buffoon Thersites becoming a monkey. It so happened that the soul of Odysseus had drawn the last chance of all, and came forward to make his choice; remembering his former toils, he had ceased from his ambition, and went about for a long time in quest of the life of a private man who had no cares; with some difficulty he found one lying about that had been neglected by all the rest; and when he saw it, he said he would have done the same if his turn had been the first, and took it gladly. In like manner, all the other animals changed into men and into each other, the vicious into wild beasts, and the good into tame; and there were all sorts of combinations.

'And when all the souls had chosen their lives, they went in the order of their choice to Lachesis, who sent with each the genius he had chosen to be the guardian of his life and the accomplisher of his choice. He led the soul first to Clotho, under her hand and under the sweep of the whirling spindle, thus confirming the fate which the man had chosen in his turn; and after being with her, he led the way to Atropos, that her spinning might make the thread

of destiny unalterable. Thence the man went without once turning round under the throne of Necessity, and when he had come out on the other side, and when the others had also passed, they all proceeded through parching and dreadful heat to the plain of Lethe, where grew no plants nor any trees. And then towards evening they encamped by the river of Forgetfulness, whose water no pitcher may hold. Of this all were compelled to drink a certain measure, but those who were not restrained by wisdom drank more than the measure; and each, as he drank, forgot everything. When now they had lain down to sleep, at midnight there came thunder and an earthquake; and suddenly they were snatched away from thence in every direction up to their birth, like stars shooting. But the Pamphylian himself had been forbidden to drink of the water. But how and by what course he came back into the

body, he did not know; but all at once, on looking up in the morning, he found himself lying on the pyre.

‘And thus, Glaucon, the myth has been preserved and has not perished, and it will preserve us if we give heed to it, and we shall cross the river of Lethe safely and keep our souls undefiled. Wherefore, if we shall follow my counsels, and believe that the soul is immortal, and able to endure all evil and all good, we shall always hold fast to the upward path, and in every way devote ourselves to the practice of justice and wisdom. So shall we be friends to ourselves and to the gods, not only while abiding here, but when, like victorious athletes who go about adding to their prizes, we receive the rewards of our justice; and it shall be well with us both in this life and in the journey of a thousand years which we have described.’

ARISTOTLE (384-322 B.C.)

The greatest intellect of antiquity was born at Stagira, in Thrace, near Mount Athos. At seventeen, he became a student of Plato's in Athens; at thirty-seven, when Plato died, he visited Asia, passing three years at the court of Mysia and two in Mitylene; at forty-two, he became the tutor of Alexander, son of Philip of Macedon; at fifty, on Alexander's accession, he began the twelve years of writing and teaching in the Lyceum at Athens which concluded his life. From their instruction in the sheltered walks of the Lyceum, his pupils were called Peripatetics. His province was practically all knowledge, and his purpose in writing, a connected and unified account of the whole. His works, among which the more famous are *The Art of Poetry*, and essays on Politics, Logic, Ethics, and Animals, are astonishing in their range, were of immense importance in ancient and mediæval times, and are still surprisingly authoritative. They possess no distinction as literary art.

The *Nicomachean Ethics* is so called for Aristotle's son Nicomachus. Happiness is the highest good and the end of all action. Man is born with a natural capacity for that virtue which is the means to happiness; but this natural capacity must be directed and developed by the will. The particular virtues, each one of which is a mean between extremes, are formed by repeated acts, and are therefore habits. Ethics for Aristotle is a subdivision of Politics, the one being concerned with the highest good of the individual, the other with the highest good of men collectively.

The translation of the passage from the *Ethics* is by R. W. Browne, that from the *Poetics* by Theodore Buckley.

NICOMACHEAN ETHICS

VIRTUE AND THE MEAN

But it is necessary not only to say that 5
virtue is a habit, but also what sort of a
habit it is. We must say, therefore, that
every virtue both makes that of which it
is the virtue to be in a good state, and
makes its work good also; for instance, 10
the virtue of the eye makes both the eye
and the work of the eye good; for by the
virtue of the eye we see well. In like
manner, the virtue of a horse makes a
horse good, and good in speed, and in 15
carrying its rider, and in standing the at-
tack of the enemy. If, then, this is the
case in all instances, the virtue of man
also must be a habit, from which man
becomes good, and from which he will 20
perform his work well. But how this will
be, we have already stated. And again,
it will be made manifest in the following
manner, if we investigate the specific
nature of virtue. Now, in all quantity, 25
continuous or divisible, it is possible to
take the greater, the less, or the equal;
and these either with relation to the thing
itself, or to ourselves; but the equal is
some mean between excess and defect.
But by the mean with relation to the
thing itself, I mean that which is equi-
distant from both of the extremes, and
this is one and the same in all cases;
but by the mean, with relation to our-
selves, I mean that which is neither too
much nor too little for us. But this is
not one and the same to all; as, for ex-
ample, if ten is too many, and two too
few, six is taken for the absolute mean,
for it exceeds two as much as it is ex-
ceeded by ten. But this is the mean ac-
cording to arithmetical proportion. But
the relative mean is not to be taken in
this manner; for it does not follow, that
if ten pounds are too much for any per-
son to eat, and two pounds too little, the
training-master will prescribe six pounds;
for perhaps this is too much or too little
for the person who is to eat it. For it
is too little for Milo, but too much for
one just commencing gymnastics; and the
case is similar in running and wrestling.
Thus, then, every person who has knowl-

edge shuns the excess and the defect, but seeks for the mean, and chooses it; not the absolute mean, but the relative one.

If, then, every science accomplishes its work well, by keeping the mean in view, and directing its works to it (whence people are accustomed to say of excellent works, that it is impossible to take anything away, or add anything to them, since excess and defect destroy the excellence, but the being in the mean preserves it), and if good artisans, as we may say, perform their work, keeping this in view, then virtue, being, like nature, more accurate and excellent than any art, must be apt to hit the mean. But I mean moral virtue; for it is conversant with passions and actions; and in these there is defect and excess, and the mean; as, for example, we may feel fear, confidence, desire, anger, pity, and, in a word, pleasure and pain, both too much and too little, and in both cases improperly. But the time when, and the cases in which, and the persons towards whom, and the motive for which, and the manner in which, constitute the mean and the excellence; and this is the characteristic property of virtue.

In like manner, in actions there are excess and defect, and the mean; but virtue is conversant with passions and actions, and in them excess is wrong, and defect is blamed, but the mean is praised, and is correct; and both these are properties of virtue. Virtue, then, is a kind of mean state, being at least apt to hit the mean. Again, it is possible to go wrong in many ways (for evil, as the Pythagoreans conjectured, is of the nature of the infinite, but good of the finite); but we can go right in one way only; and for this reason the former is easy, and the latter difficult; it is easy to miss a mark, but difficult to hit it; and for these reasons, therefore, the excess and defect belong to vice, but the mean state to virtue; for, 'we are good in one way only, but bad in all sorts of ways.'

Virtue, therefore, is a 'habit, accompanied with deliberate preference, in the relative mean, defined by reason, and as the prudent man would define it.' It is a mean state between two vices, one in excess, the other in defect; and it is so, moreover, because of the vices one division falls short of, and the other exceeds what is right, both in passions and actions, whilst virtue discovers the mean and

chooses it. Therefore, with reference to its essence, and the definition which states its substance, virtue is a mean state; but with reference to the standard of 'the best' and 'the excellent,' it is an extreme. But it is not every action, nor every passion, which admits of the mean state; for some have their badness at once implied in their name; as, for example, malevolence, shamelessness, envy; and amongst actions, adultery, theft, homicide. For all these, and such as these, are so called from their being themselves bad, not because their excesses or defects are bad. In these, then, it is impossible ever to be right, but we must always be wrong. Nor does the right or wrong in such cases as these depend at all upon the person with whom, or the time when, or the manner in which adultery is committed; but absolutely the doing of any one of these things is wrong. It would be equally absurd, then, to require a mean state, and an excess, and a defect, in injustice, and cowardice, and intemperance. For thus there would be a mean state of excess and defect, and an excess of excess, and a defect of defect. But just as there is no excess and defect of temperance and courage (owing to the fact that the mean is in some sense an extreme), so neither in the case of these is there a mean state, excess, or defect; but however they be done, sin is committed. For, in a word, there is neither a mean state of excess and defect, nor an excess and defect of a mean state.

But it is necessary that this should not only be stated generally, but that it should also be applicable to the particular cases; for in discussions on subjects of moral action, universal statements are apt to be too vague, but particular ones are more consistent with truth; for actions are conversant with particulars; but it is necessary that the statements should agree with these. These particulars, then, we must get from the diagram. Now, on the subject of fear and confidence, courage is the mean state. Of the persons who are in excess, he who is in the excess of fearlessness has no name; but there are many cases without names; and he who is in the excess of confidence, is called rash; but he who is in the excess of fear, but in the defect of confidence, is cowardly.

On the subject of pleasures and pains (but not all pleasures and pains, and less in the case of pains than pleasures), tem-

perance is the mean state, and intemperance the excess. But there are, in fact, none who are in the defect on the subject of pleasures; therefore these also have no name; but let them be called insensible.

On the subject of the giving and receiving of money, liberality is the mean state, and the excess and defect, prodigality and illiberality. But in these, the excess and defect are mutually contrary to each other; for the prodigal man is in the excess in giving money, but is in the defect in receiving; but the illiberal man is in the excess in receiving, but in the defect in giving. Now, therefore, we are speaking on these points as in an outline, and summarily, because we consider this sufficient; but afterwards more accurate distinctions shall be drawn respecting them.

But on the subject of money there are other dispositions also: magnificence is a mean state; but the magnificent man differs from the liberal man; for one has to do with great things, the other with small ones; the excess is bad taste and vulgar profusion, the defect shabbiness. But these differ from the vices which are related to liberality; but their points of difference shall be stated hereafter.

On the subject of honor and dishonor, magnanimity is the mean; the excess, a vice called empty vanity; the defect, meanness of spirit.

ON THE ART OF POETRY

Two causes, however, and these physical, appear to have produced poetry in general. For to imitate is congenial to men from childhood. And in this they differ from other animals, that they are most imitative, and acquire the first disciplines through imitation; and that all men delight in imitations. But an evidence of this is that which happens in the works of artists. For we are delighted on surveying very accurate images, the realities of which are painful to the view; such as the forms of the most contemptible animals, and dead bodies. The cause, however, of this is, that learning is not only most delightful to philosophers, but in like manner to other persons, though they partake of it but in a small degree. For on this account, men are delighted on surveying images, because it happens that by surveying they learn and infer what each particular is; as, that this is an

image of that man; since, unless one happen to have seen the reality, it is not the imitation that pleases, but it is through either the workmanship, or the color, or some other cause of the like kind. But imitation, harmony, and rhythm being natural to us (for it is evident that measures or meters are parts of rhythms), the earliest among mankind, making a gradual progress in these things from the beginning, produced poetry from extemporaneous efforts. . . . Both tragedy and comedy, therefore, at first originated from extemporaneous efforts. And tragedy, indeed, originated from those who led the dithyramb, but comedy from those who sung the Phallic verses, which even now in many cities remain in use; and it gradually increased as obvious improvements became known. And tragedy, having experienced many changes, rested when it had arrived at its proper nature. Æschylus, also, first increased the number of players from one to two, abridged the functions of the chorus, and made one of the players act the chief part. But Sophocles introduced three players into the scene, and added scenic painting. Further still, the magnitude of tragedy increased from small fables and ridiculous diction; in consequence of having been changed from satyric composition, it was late before it acquired dignity.

But comedy is, as we have said, an imitation indeed of bad characters, yet it does not imitate them according to every vice, but the ridiculous only; since the ridiculous is a portion of turpitude. For the ridiculous is a certain error, and turpitude unattended with pain, and not destructive. Thus, for instance, a ridiculous face is something deformed and distorted without pain. The transitions, therefore, of tragedy and the causes through which they are produced, are not unknown; but those of comedy have escaped our knowledge, because it was not at first an object of attention. For it was late before the magistrate gave a chorus to comedians; but prior to that period, the choruses were voluntary. Comedy, however, at length having obtained a certain form, those who are said to have been poets therein are commemorated. But it is unknown who it was that introduced masks or prologues, or a multitude of players, and such like particulars. . . .

Tragedy, therefore, is an imitation of a

worthy or illustrious and perfect action, possessing magnitude, in pleasing language, using separately the several species of imitation in its parts, by men acting, and not through narration, through pity and fear effecting a purification from such like passions. But by pleasing language I mean language possessing rhythm, harmony, and melody. And it uses separately the several species of imitation because some parts of the tragedy are alone perfected through meters, and others again through melody. . . .

In the next place we must show, as consequent to what has been said, what those who compose fables ought to aim at, and beware of, and whence the purpose of tragedy is effected. Since, therefore, it is necessary that the composition of the most beautiful tragedy should not be simple, but complex, and that it should be imitative of fearful and piteous actions (for this is the peculiarity of such imitation), in the first place it is evident, that it is not proper that worthy men should be represented as changed from prosperity to adversity (for this is neither a subject of terror nor commiseration, but is impious), nor should depraved characters be represented as changed from adversity to prosperity; for this is the most foreign from tragedy of all things, since it possesses nothing which is proper, for it neither appeals to moral sense, nor is piteous, nor fearful. Nor, again, must a very depraved man be represented as having fallen from prosperity into adversity. For such a composition will indeed possess moral tendency, but not pity or fear. For the one is conversant with a character which does not deserve to be unfortunate; but the other, with a character similar to one's own. And pity, indeed, is excited for one who does not deserve to be unfortunate; but fear, for

one who resembles oneself; so that the event will neither appear to be miserable, nor terrible. There remains therefore the character between these. But a character of this kind is one who neither excels in virtue and justice, nor is changed through vice and depravity, into misfortune, from a state of great renown and prosperity, but has experienced this change through some human error; such as *Œdipus* and *Thyestes*, and other illustrious men of this kind. Hence it is necessary that a plot which is well constructed should be rather single than twofold, (though some say it should be the latter), and that the change should not be into prosperity from adversity, but on the contrary into adversity from prosperity, not through depravity but through some great error, either of such a character as we have mentioned, or better rather than worse. But the proof of this is what has taken place. For of old the poets adopted any casual fables; but now the most beautiful tragedies are composed about a few families; as for instance, about *Alcmæon*, *Œdipus*, *Orestes*, *Meleager*, *Thyestes*, and *Telephus*, and such other persons as happen either to have suffered or done things of a dreadful nature. The tragedy, therefore, which is most beautiful according to art, is of this construction. Hence they erroneously blame *Euripides* who accuse him of having done this in his tragedies, and for making many of them terminate in misfortune. For this method, as we have said, is right; of which this is the greatest evidence, that in the scenes and contests of the players, simple fables which terminate unhappily appear to be most tragical, if they are properly acted. And *Euripides*, though he does not manage other things well, yet appears to be the most tragic of poets.

THEOPHRASTUS (About 373-284 B.C.)

Theophrastus of Lesbos was the successor of Aristotle in the Lyceum, for which he left an endowment at his death. Of his writings, which represented research in both physical and moral science, there still exist the nine books of *Researches about Plants* and the six of *Principles of Vegetable Life*. Thirty short and crisp sketches called *Characters* are of greater literary moment, and have always been enjoyed and frequently imitated because of their psychology and humor. Theophrastus' friendship with Menander may have afforded the stimulus for these productions. Whether their preface is spurious or an example of literary freedom, is a question.

The passage from the *Enquiry into Plants* is translated by Sir Arthur Hort and is used with the consent of the Loeb Classical Library. The translator of the *Characters* (Boston, 1831), is anonymous.

THE CHARACTERS

PROEM: THEOPHRASTUS TO POLYCLES

I have always been perplexed when I have endeavored to account for the fact, that, among a people who, like the Greeks, inhabit the same climate, and are reared under the same system of education, there should prevail so great a diversity of manners.

You know, my friend, that I have long been an attentive observer of human nature: I am now in the ninety-ninth year of my age; and during the whole course of my life I have conversed familiarly with men of all classes, and of various climes; nor have I neglected closely to watch the actions of individuals,—as well the profligate as the virtuous. With these qualifications, I have thought myself fitted for the task of describing those habitual peculiarities by which the manners of every one are distinguished. I shall therefore present to your view, in succession, the domestic conduct, and, what may be termed, the besetting practices of various characters.

I am willing, my friend Polycles, to believe that a work of this kind may be beneficial to the succeeding generation, who, by consulting these patterns of good and of evil, may learn at once to avoid what is base, and to assimilate their sentiments and their habits to what is noble;

and thus become not unworthy of their virtuous ancestors.

I now turn to my task: it will be your part to follow my steps, and to judge of the correctness of my observations. Omitting therefore any further prefatory matter, I commence by describing the Dissembler; and in conformity with the plan which I propose to pursue throughout the work, I shall first briefly define the term; and then portray the manners of the supposed individual to whom the character is attributed. It is in this way that I shall endeavor to exhibit, according to their specific differences, the several dispositions incident to human nature.

THE DISSEMBLER

Every word, and every action, of the Dissembler is an artifice by which he labors to conceal some evil intention. A man of this sort approaches his enemy with professions of friendship; he flatters those against whom he is secretly plotting mischief; and he condoles with them in the day of their calamity; to one who has defamed him he proffers his forgiveness: he receives contumely with patience; or he soothes with blandishments those who resent the injuries they have sustained from his villainy.

The Dissembler, from mere habit, will evade any direct application that may be

made to him: 'Call on me to-morrow,' says he, to one who seeks to converse with him on business that admits of no delay. To elude inquiry, he will pretend that he is but just returned from a journey; that he came home only last evening; or that he is too ill to attend to business. He never acknowledges that he has actually commenced an undertaking; but professes to be still deliberating on the affair. He tells those who would borrow money of him, or who demand the sum he had subscribed to a contribution, that he has not taken a sixpence of late; but when trade is dull, he boasts of his dealings. He feigns not to have attended to what he has heard: he professes not to have observed what passed before his eyes; and he takes care to forget his promises. He is fertile in evasions: now, he purposes to take an affair into consideration: now, he knows nothing of the business: he is amazed at what is told him; or it accords exactly with his own opinion. He makes himself remarkable by his frequent use of certain phrases; such as, 'I am fain to doubt it';—'I don't take your meaning';—'I'm vastly surprised':—or, if it suits his purpose, he will say, 'I am not the man you take me for: no such thing has been said to me before: what you say is incredible.—Prithee find some one else to whom you may tell this tale: truly, I know not whether to think you or him the impostor.'

But beware thou of one who employs these artfully woven and often-repeated phrases, which commonly serve to cloak the worst designs. A man in whose manners there is no simplicity, and whose every word seems to have been studied, is more to be shunned than a viper.

THE GARRULOUS MAN

Garrulity is an effusion of prolix and unpremeditated discourse. The garrulous man, happening to sit beside one with whom he has no acquaintance, begins by recounting the various excellences of his wife: then he says that last night he dreamed a dream, which he narrates at length; this leads him to mention, one by one, the dishes that were placed within his reach at supper. By this time his tongue has gained velocity in going; and he proceeds in a loftier strain: 'Alas!' saith he, 'how much more depraved are

the men of our times than were their ancestors! and what a price has corn fallen to now in the markets! and how the city swarms with strangers! By the time the Bacchanalia are well over, the sea will be covered again with ships: should it please Heaven, just now, to send rain, it would be a vast benefit to the wheats.' Anon, he announces his determination to farm his own land the ensuing year. 'But how hard is it,' says he, 'in these times to get a living! I must tell you, being, as I perceive, a stranger, that it was Damippus who displayed the largest torch in the late festival. By the bye, can you tell me, now, how many pillars there are in the Odeum? Yesterday I was sick:—hem! What day of the month is this?'

THE PARSIMONIOUS MAN

Parsimony is an excessive and unreasonable sparing of expense. The parsimonious man calls at the house of his debtor to demand a halfpenny of interest, left over in the last month's payment. At a banquet he carefully notes how many cups of wine are drank by each guest; and of all the offerings to Diana, usual on such occasions, his will be the least. If the smallest article be purchased for his use, however low may be the price, he will say it is too dear. When a servant breaks a pot or a pan, he deducts the value of it from his daily allowance; or if his wife chances to lose a brass button or a farthing, he causes tables, chairs, beds, boxes, to be moved, and the wardrobe to be hunted over in search of it. Whoever would deal with him must be content to lose by the transaction. He suffers no one to taste a fig from his garden; nor even to pass through his fields; no, nor to gather a fallen date or olive from the ground. He inspects the boundaries of his farm every day, to assure himself that the hedges and the fences remain in their places. He demands interest on interest, if payment is delayed a day beyond the appointed time. If he gives a public dinner to his ward, he carves out a scanty portion for each, and himself places his allowance before every guest. He goes to market, and often returns without having purchased an article. He strictly charges his wife to lend nothing to her neighbors; no, not even a little

salt, nor a wick for a lamp, nor a bit of cummin, nor a sprig of marjoram, nor a barley cake, nor a fillet for the victim, nor a wafer for the altar: 'for,' saith he, 'these little matters put together make a great sum in the year.'

In a word, you may see the coffers of such a fellow covered with mold; and himself, with a bunch of rusty keys at his girdle, clad in a scanty garb, sparingly anointed, shorn to the scalp, and slipshod at noon: and you may find him in the fuller's shop, whom he is charging not to spare earth in cleaning his cloak, that it may not so soon require dressing again.

THE BLUNDERER

He whose words and actions, though they may be well intended, are never well timed, is a most troublesome companion. The Blunderer, having some affair on which he wishes to confer with his friend, calls at the very hour when he is most busily engaged. He comes to sup with his mistress while she is ill of a fever. He solicits one who has just forfeited bail to be surety for him; or appears to give his evidence at the moment when a cause is adjudged. He will rail at womankind at a wedding dinner. He asks persons to join him on the parade whom he meets as they are returning from a long journey. He will offer to find you a better purchaser for an article which you assure him is already sold. He stands up in a company to explain some business from the very beginning, which every one perfectly understands already. He is forward to meddle in some affair which those most nearly concerned heartily wish he would let alone, and which is yet of such a nature that they are ashamed to forbid his interference. He will come and demand interest from his debtors, at the moment when they are engaged in a sacrifice and feast. If he happens to be present at a neighbor's house while a slave is beaten, he recounts an instance which occurred in his own family, of a servant who, being thus corrected, went and hanged himself. Should he be chosen to arbitrate between parties who wish to be reconciled, he will, by his bungling interference, set them at variance again. He calls on a partner to dance who has not yet supped.

THE SUPERSTITIOUS MAN

Superstition is a desponding fear of divinities. The superstitious man having washed his hands in the sacred fount, and being well sprinkled with holy water from the temple, takes a leaf of laurel in his mouth, and walks about with it all the day. If a weasel cross his path, he will not proceed until some one has gone before him; or until he has thrown three stones across the way. If he sees a serpent in the house, he builds a chapel on the spot. When he passes the consecrated stones, placed where three ways meet, he is careful to pour oil from his crewet on them: then, falling on his knees, he worships, and retires. A mouse, perchance, has gnawed a hole in a flour-sack: away he goes to the seer to know what it behoves him to do: and if he is simply answered, 'Send it to the cobbler to be patched,' he views the business in a more serious light; and running home, he devotes the sack, as an article no more to be used. He is occupied in frequent purifications of his house, saying that it has been invaded by Hecate. If in his walks an owl flies past, he is horror-struck; and exclaims, 'Thus comes the divine Minerva!' He is careful not to tread on a tomb, to approach a corpse, or to visit a woman in her confinement; saying that it is profitable to him to avoid every pollution. On the fourth and seventh days of the month he directs mulled wine to be prepared for the family; and going himself to purchase myrtles and frankincense, he returns and spends the day in crowning the statues of Mercury and Venus. As often as he has a dream he runs to the interpreter, the soothsayer, or the augur, to inquire what god or goddess he ought to propitiate. Before he is initiated in the mysteries he attends to receive instruction every month, accompanied by his wife, or by the nurse and his children.

Whenever he passes a cross-way he bathes his head. For the benefit of a special purification, he invites the priestesses to his house; who, while he stands reverently in the midst of them, bear about him an onion, or a little dog. If he encounters a lunatic or a man in a fit, he shudders horribly, and spits in his bosom.

ENQUIRY INTO PLANTS

OF PROPAGATION

The ways in which trees and plants in general originate are these:—spontaneous growth, growth from seed, from a root, from a piece torn off, from a branch or twig, from the trunk itself; or again from small pieces into which the wood is cut up (for some trees can be produced even in this manner). Of these methods spontaneous growth comes first, one may say, but growth from seed or root would seem most natural; indeed these methods too may be called spontaneous; wherefore they are found even in wild kinds, while the remaining methods depend on human skill or at least on human choice.

However all plants start in one or other of these ways, and most of them in more than one. Thus the olive is grown in all the ways mentioned, except from a twig; for an olive-twigg will not grow if it is set in the ground, as a fig or pomegranate will grow from their young shoots. Not but what some say that cases have been known in which, when a stake of olive-wood was planted to support ivy, it actually lived along with it and became a tree; but such an instance is a rare exception, while the other methods of growth are in most cases the natural ones. The fig grows in all the ways mentioned, except from root-stock and cleft wood; apple and pear grow also from branches, but rarely. However it appears that most, if not practically all, trees may grow from branches, if these are smooth, young and vigorous. But the other methods, one may say, are more natural, and we must

reckon what may occasionally occur as a mere possibility.

In fact there are quite few plants which grow and are brought into being more easily from the upper parts, as the vine is grown from branches; for this, though it cannot be grown from the 'head,' yet can be grown from the branch, as can all similar trees and under-shrubs, for instance, as it appears, rue, gilliflower, bergamot-mint, tufted thyme, calamint. So the commonest ways of growth with all plants are from a piece torn off or from seed; for all plants that have seeds grow also from seed. And they say that the bay too grows from a piece torn off, if one takes off the young shoots and plants them; but it is necessary that the piece torn off should have part of the root or stock attached to it. However the pomegranate and 'spring apple' will grow even without this, and a slip of almond grows if it is planted. The olive grows, one may say, in more ways than any other plant; it grows from a piece of the trunk or of the stock, from the root, from a twig, and from a stake, as has been said. Of other plants the myrtle also can be propagated in several ways; for this too grows from pieces of wood and also from pieces of the stock. It is necessary however with this, as with the olive, to cut up the wood into pieces not less than a span long and not to strip off the bark.

Trees then grow and come into being in the above-mentioned ways; for as to methods of grafting and inoculation, these are, as it were, combinations of different kinds of trees; or at all events these are methods of growth of a quite different class and must be treated of at a later stage.

VI. MEDICINE

HIPPOCRATES (About 460-360 B.C.)

Hippocrates of Cos, called the father of Greek medicine, founded a school of medicine in his native city, was a member of the medical caste called the Asclepiads, sojourned in Athens, and enjoyed the esteem of Plato and Aristotle. A body of medical writings numbering over seventy and bearing his name has reached us. They are of literary quality, and belong to the fifth and fourth centuries, but no one of them can be surely attributed to Hippocrates. Their interest lies in the light they throw on the very creditable intelligence and morality of the profession in the great period of Greek culture, and upon the scientific movement in general; they may well be read with Theophrastus' *Enquiry into Plants*. Medicine in the Hippocratic writings has been freed from its primitive associations with religious superstition, though it still relies too much upon philosophical theory to be purely scientific. The essay on Ancient Medicine is a backward glance from perhaps before Plato, who may refer to it in *Phædrus*. The translations are by W. H. S. Jones and are taken by permission from the Loeb Classical Library.

ON ANCIENT MEDICINE

All who, on attempting to speak or to write on medicine, have assumed for themselves a postulate as a basis for their discussion—heat, cold, moisture, dryness, or anything else that they may fancy—who narrow down the causal principle of diseases and of death among men, and make it the same in all cases, postulating one thing or two, all these obviously blunder in many points even of their statements, but they are most open to censure because they blunder in what is an art, and one which all men use on the most important occasions, and give the greatest honors to the good craftsmen and practitioners in it. Some practitioners are poor, others very excellent; this would not be the case if an art of medicine did not exist at all, and had not been the subject of any research and discovery, but all would be equally inexperienced and unlearned therein, and the treatment of the sick would be in all respects haphazard. But it is not so; just as in all other arts the workers vary much in skill and in knowledge, so also is it in the case of medicine. . . .

For the art of medicine would never have been discovered to begin with, nor would any medical research have been conducted—for there would have been no need

for medicine—if sick men had profited by the same mode of living and regimen as the food, drink and mode of living of men in health, and if there had been no other things for the sick better than these. But the fact is that sheer necessity has caused men to seek and to find medicine, because sick men did not, and do not, profit by the same regimen as do men in health. To trace the matter yet further back, I hold that not even the mode of living and nourishment enjoyed at the present time by men in health would have been discovered, had a man been satisfied with the same food and drink as satisfy an ox, a horse, and every animal save man, for example the products of the earth—fruits, wood and grass. For on these they are nourished, grow, and live without pain, having no need at all of any other kind of living. Yet I am of opinion that to begin with man also used this sort of nourishment. Our present ways of living have, I think, been discovered and elaborated during a long period of time. For many and terrible were the sufferings of men from strong and brutish living when they partook of crude foods, uncompounded and possessing great powers—the same in fact as men would suffer at the present day, falling into violent pains and diseases quickly followed by death. Formerly indeed they probably suffered less,

because they were used to it, but they suffered severely even then. The majority naturally perished, having too weak a constitution, while the stronger resisted longer, just as at the present time some men easily deal with strong foods, while others do so only with many severe pains. For this reason the ancients too seem to me to have sought for nourishment that harmonized with their constitution, and to have discovered that which we use now. So from wheat, after steeping it, winnowing, grinding and sifting, kneading, baking, they produced bread, and from barley they produced cake. Experimenting with food they boiled or baked, after mixing, many other things, combining the strong and uncompounded with the weaker components so as to adapt all to the constitution and power of man, thinking that from foods which, being too strong, the human constitution cannot assimilate when eaten, will come pain, disease, and death, while from such as can be assimilated will come nourishment, growth and health. To this discovery and research what juster or more appropriate name could be given than medicine, seeing that it has been discovered with a view to the health, saving and nourishment of man, in the place of that mode of living from which came the pain, disease and death?

THE OATH

I swear by Apollo Physician, by Asclepius, by Health, by Panacea and by all the gods and goddesses, making them my witnesses, that I will carry out, according to my ability and judgment, this oath and this indenture. To hold my teacher in this art equal to my own parents; to make him partner in my livelihood; when he is in need of money to share mine with him; to consider his family as my own brothers, and to teach them this art, if they want to learn it, without fee or indenture; to impart precept, oral instruction, and all other instruction to my own sons, the sons of my teacher, and to indentured pupils who have taken the physician's oath, but to nobody else. I will use treatment to help the sick according to my ability and judgment, but never with a view to injury and wrong-doing. Neither will I administer a poison to anybody when asked to do so, nor will I suggest such a course. Similarly I will not give to a woman a pessary

to cause abortion. But I will keep pure and holy both my life and my art. I will not use the knife, not even, verily, on sufferers from stone, but I will give place to such as are craftsmen therein. Into whatsoever houses I enter, I will enter to help the sick, and I will abstain from all intentional wrong-doing and harm, especially from abusing the bodies of man or woman, bond or free. And whatsoever I shall see or hear in the course of my profession, as well as outside my profession in my intercourse with men, if it be what should not be published abroad, I will never divulge, holding such things to be holy secrets. Now if I carry out this oath, and break it not, may I gain for ever reputation among all men for my life and for my art; but if I transgress it and forswear myself, may the opposite befall me.

PRECEPTS

This piece of advice also will need our consideration, as it contributes somewhat to the whole. For should you begin by discussing fees, you will suggest to the patient either that you will go away and leave him if no agreement be reached, or that you will neglect him and not prescribe any immediate treatment. So one must not be anxious about fixing a fee. For I consider such a worry to be harmful to a troubled patient, particularly if the disease be acute. For the quickness of the disease, offering no opportunity for turning back, spurs on the good physician not to seek his profit but rather to lay hold on reputation. Therefore it is better to reproach a patient you have saved than to extort money from those who are at death's door.

And yet some patients ask for what is out of the way and doubtful, through prejudice, deserving indeed to be disregarded, but not to be punished. Wherefore you must reasonably oppose them, as they are embarked upon a stormy sea of change. For, in heaven's name, who that is a brotherly physician practices with such hardness of heart as not at the beginning to conduct a preliminary examination of every illness and prescribe what will help towards a cure, to heal the patient and not to overlook the reward, to say nothing of the desire that makes a man ready to learn?

I urge you not to be too unkind, but

to consider carefully your patient's superabundance or means. Sometimes give your services for nothing, calling to mind a previous benefaction or present satisfaction. And if there be an opportunity of serving one who is a stranger in financial straits, give full assistance to all such. For where there is love of man, there is also love of the art. For some patients, though conscious that their condition is perilous, recover their health simply through their contentment with the goodness of the physician. And it is well to superintend the sick to make them well, to care for the healthy to keep them well, but also to care for one's own self, so as to observe what is seemly.

LAW

Medicine is the most distinguished of all the arts, but through the ignorance of those who practice it, and of those who casually judge such practitioners, it is now of all the arts by far the least esteemed. The chief reason for this error seems to me to be this: medicine is the only art which our states have made subject to no penalty save that of dishonor, and dishonor does not wound those who are compacted of it. Such men in fact are very like the supernumeraries in tragedies. Just as these have the appearance, dress and mask of an actor without being actors, so too with physicians; many are physicians by repute, very few are such in reality.

He who is going truly to acquire an understanding of medicine must enjoy natural ability, teaching, a suitable place, instruction from childhood, diligence, and time. Now first of all natural ability is necessary, for if nature be in opposition everything is in vain. But when nature points the way to what is best, then comes the teaching of the art. This must be acquired intelligently by one who from a child has been instructed in a place naturally suitable for learning. Moreover he must apply diligence for a long period, in order that learning, becoming second nature, may reap a fine and abundant harvest.

The learning of medicine may be likened to the growth of plants. Our natural ability is the soil. The views of our teachers are as it were the seeds. Learning from childhood is analogous to the seeds' falling be-

times upon the prepared ground. The place of instruction is as it were the nutriment that comes from the surrounding air to the things sown. Diligence is the working of the soil. Time strengthens all these things, so that their nurture is perfected.

These are the conditions that we must allow the art of medicine, and we must acquire of it a real knowledge before we travel from city to city and win the reputation of being physicians not only in word but also in deed. Inexperience on the other hand is a cursed treasure and store for those that have it, whether asleep or awake; it is a stranger to confidence and joy, and a nurse of cowardice and of rashness. Cowardice indicates powerlessness; rashness indicates want of art. There are in fact two things, science and opinion; the former begets knowledge, the latter ignorance.

Things however that are holy are revealed only to men who are holy. The profane may not learn them until they have been initiated into the mysteries of science.

DECORUM

When you enter a sick man's room, having made these arrangements, that you may not be at a loss, and having everything in order for what is to be done, know what you must do before going in. For many cases need, not reasoning, but practical help. So you must from your experience forecast what the issue will be. To do so adds to one's reputation, and the learning thereof is easy.

On entering bear in mind your manner of sitting, reserve, arrangement of dress, decisive utterance, brevity of speech, composure, bedside manners, care, replies to objections, calm self-control to meet the troubles that occur, rebuke of disturbance, readiness to do what has to be done. In addition to these things be careful of your first preparation. Failing this, make no further mistake in the matters wherefrom instructions are given for readiness.

Make frequent visits; be especially careful in your examinations, counteracting the things wherein you have been deceived at the changes. Thus you will know the case more easily, and at the same time you will also be more at your ease. For instability is characteristic of the humors, and so they may also be easily altered by nature and by chance. For failure to ob-

serve the proper season for help gives the disease a start and kills the patient, as there was nothing to relieve him. For when many things together produce a result there is difficulty. Sequences of single phenomena are more manageable, and are more easily learnt by experience.

Keep a watch also on the faults of the patients, which often make them lie about the taking of things prescribed. For through not taking disagreeable drinks, purgative or other, they sometimes die. What they have done never results in a confession, but the blame is thrown upon the physician.

THE PHYSICIAN

The dignity of a physician requires that he should look healthy, and as plump as nature intended him to be; for the common crowd consider those who are not of this excellent bodily condition to be unable to take care of others. Then he must be clean in person, well dressed, and anointed with sweet-smelling unguents that are not in any way suspicious. This, in fact, is pleasing to patients. The pru-

dent man must also be careful of certain moral considerations—not only to be silent, but also of a great regularity of life, since thereby his reputation will be greatly enhanced; he must be a gentleman in character, and being this he must be grave and kind to all. For an overforward obtrusiveness is despised, even though it may be very useful. Let him look to the liberty of action that is his; for when the same things are rarely presented to the same persons there is content. In appearance, let him be of a serious but not harsh countenance; for harshness is taken to mean arrogance and unkindness, while a man of uncontrolled laughter and excessive gaiety is considered vulgar, and vulgarity especially must be avoided. In every social relation he will be fair, for fairness must be of great service. The intimacy also between physician and patient is close. Patients in fact put themselves into the hands of their physician, and at every moment he meets women, maidens and possessions very precious indeed. So towards all these self-control must be used. Such then should the physician be, both in body and in soul.

VII. ORATORY (450-322 B.C.)

The century and a half which witnessed the perfection of drama, philosophy, sculpture, and of all other forms of intellect and art saw also the perfection of oratory. From the great number of public speakers between 480 and 322, later Greek critics selected ten who have since been known as the Canon of Attic Orators: Antiphon, Andocides, Lysias, Isocrates, Isæus, Demosthenes, Æschines, Lycurgus, Hyperides, and Dinarchus. Oratory was fostered in Athens by the prominence of the public assembly in the life of the community, and by the keen critical sense of the average citizen, who read much less and listened much more than men of modern times. Of the ten, Antiphon represented the grand style, Lysias the plain, and Isocrates the middle, while Demosthenes was so great as to rise above classification. There were teachers of rhetoric and instructors in the general preparation for oratory called Sophists, and some orators wrote speeches to be delivered by clients in their personal causes.

ISOCRATES (436-338 B.C.)

The ambition of Isocrates was to unite Greece in a war against Persia. Twenty-one of his orations survive, and the *Panegyricus*, the most famous of them, pleads for the war, and for Athens as its leader. Like his other orations, it was written to be read, and is distinguished by straightforwardness, fluency, and smoothness. The translation is by J. H. Freese.

THE PANEGYRICUS

SELECTIONS

Athens, seeing the barbarians occupying the greater part of the country, and the Hellenes confined in a small space and driven by scarcity of land into intestine conspiracies and civil wars, and perishing, either from want of daily necessities or in war, was not content to leave things so, but sent forth leaders into the states who took those most in need of subsistence, made themselves their generals and conquered the barbarians in war, founded many states on both continents, colonized all the islands, and saved both those who followed them and those who stayed behind; for to the latter they left the home country sufficient for their needs, and the former they provided with more territory than they already possessed; for they acquired all the surrounding districts of which we are now in occupation. In this way too they afforded great facilities to those who in later times wished to send out colonists and to imitate our state; for it was not necessary for them to run risk in acquiring new territory, but they could go and live on land which we had marked out. Now who can show a leadership more ancestral than one which arose before most Hellenic cities were founded, or more beneficial than one which drove the barbarians from their homes, and led on the Hellenes to such prosperity? Yet, after aiding in the accomplishment of the most pressing duties, Athens did not neglect the rest, but deemed it the first step only in a career of beneficence to find food for those in want, a step which is incumbent upon a people who aim at good government generally, and thinking that life which was limited to mere subsistence was not enough to make men desire to live, she devoted such close attention to the other interests of man, that of all the benefits which men enjoy, not derived from the gods but which we owe to our fellow-men, none have arisen without the aid of Athens, and most of them have been brought about by her agency. For finding the Hellenes living in lawlessness and dwelling in a scattered fashion,

oppressed by tyrannies or being destroyed by anarchy, she also released them from these evils, either by becoming mistress of them or by making herself an example; for she was the first to lay down laws and establish a constitution. This is clear from the fact that, when men in the earliest times introduced indictments for homicide, and determined to settle their mutual disputes by argument and not by violence, they followed our laws in the mode of trial which they adopted.

Nay more, the arts also, whether useful for the necessities of life or contrived for pleasure, were by her either invented or put to proof and offered to the rest of the world for their use. In other respects, moreover, she ordered her administration in such a spirit of welcome to strangers and of friendliness to all, as to suit both those who were in want of money and those who desired to enjoy the wealth they possessed, and not to fail in serving either the prosperous, or those who were unfortunate in their own states, but so that each of these classes finds with us a delightful sojourn or a safe refuge. And further, since the territory possessed by the several states was not in every case self-sufficing, but was defective in some products and bore more than was sufficient of others, and much embarrassment arose where to dispose of the latter, and from whence to import the former, she provided a remedy for these troubles also; for she established the Piræus as a market in the center of Hellas, of such superlative excellence that articles, which it is difficult for the several states to supply to each other one by one, can all be easily procured from Athens. . . .

Now let no one think me ignorant that the Lacedæmonians, too, in those critical times deserved credit for many good services to Hellas; but on this account I have even more reason to praise our state, in that, in conflict with such great competitors, she proved so far superior to them. But I wish to speak a little more at length about these two states, and not to skim over the subject too quickly, that it may be to us a memorial, both of the valor of our ancestors and of the hatred of the barbarians. And yet I am not unaware that it is difficult for one who comes latest to the task to speak of a subject long ago occupied by previous speakers, and on which those citizens best able to speak

have often spoken on the occasion of public funerals; for it follows that the chief part must have been already used up, and only a few unimportant points omitted. Nevertheless, starting from what still remains to be said, since it is convenient for my purpose, I must not shrink from making mention concerning them.

Now I think that the greatest services have been rendered and the greatest praises deserved by those who exposed their persons in the forefront of danger for the sake of Hellas; yet it is not fair either to forget those who lived before this war and held power in these two states respectively. For they it was who trained beforehand those coming after them, inclined the multitude to virtue, and created formidable antagonists for the barbarians. For they did not despise the public interests, nor enjoy the resources of the state as their own, while neglecting her interests as no concern of theirs; but they were as solicitous for the common welfare as for their own domestic happiness, and at the same time properly stood aloof from matters which did not affect them. They did not estimate happiness by the standard of money, but they thought that the surest and best wealth was possessed by the man who pursued such conduct as would enable him to gain the best reputation for himself and leave behind the greatest fame for his children. They did not emulate one another's shameless audacity, nor cultivate effrontery in their own persons, but deemed it more terrible to be ill-spoken of by their fellow-citizens than to die nobly for the state, and were more ashamed of public errors than they are now of their own personal faults.

The reason of this was that they took care that their laws should be exact and good, those concerned with the relations of everyday life even more than those that had to do with private contracts. For they knew that good men and true will have no need of many written documents, but, whether on private or public matters, will easily come to an agreement by the aid of a few recognized principles. Such was their public spirit, that the object of their political parties was to dispute, not which should destroy the other and rule over the rest, but which should be first in doing some service to the state; and they organized their clubs, not for their private interests, but for the benefit of the people.

They pursued the same method in their dealings with other states, treating the Hellenes with deference and not with insolence, considering that their rule over them should be that of a general, not of a despot, and desiring to be addressed as leaders rather than masters, and to be entitled saviors and not reviled as destroyers; they won over states by kindness instead of overthrowing them by force; they made their word more trustworthy than their oath is now, and thought it their duty to abide by treaties as by the decrees of necessity; not proud of their power so much as ambitious to live in self-restraint, they thought it right to have the same feelings towards their inferiors as they expected their superiors to have towards them, and they considered their own cities as merely private towns, while they looked upon Hellas as their common fatherland.

Possessed of such ideas, and educating the younger generation in such manners, they brought to light such valiant men in those who fought against the barbarians from Asia, that no one, either poet or sophist, has ever yet been able to speak in a manner worthy of their achievements. And I can readily excuse them; for it is just as hard to praise those who have surpassed the virtues of other men as those who have never done anything good; for whereas the latter have no deeds to support them, the former have no language befitting them. For what language could be commensurate with the deeds of men who were so far superior to those who made the expedition against Troy, that, while they spent ten years against one city, those men in a short time defeated the whole might of Asia, and not only saved their own countries but also liberated the whole of Hellas? And what deeds or toils or dangers would they have shrunk from attempting in order to win living reputations, when they were so

readily willing to lose their lives for the sake of a posthumous fame? . . .

Under our leadership, then, more than any other, we shall find that both private households increased in prosperity and that cities became great. For we did not envy the growing cities nor cause disorder within them by planting side by side opposing forms of constitution, that the inhabitants might fall into factions and each party court our favor, but, considering the harmony of our allies to be a common benefit, we governed all the states on the same principles; our policy regarding them was that of allies and not of masters; exercising a general superintendence, and yet allowing them to be individually free; we helped the people, and made war against arbitrary power, thinking it monstrous that the many should be subject to the few, and that those who are poorer in substance than others, but in other respects no whit inferior, should be driven from office, and more, that, in a country common to all, some should be despots and others mere settlers, and that those who are citizens by nature should by law be deprived of all share in the administration.

Having such grounds of complaint against oligarchies, and more than these, we set up in the other states the same constitution as our own, which I see no need for commending at length, especially as I can give an account of it in a few words. For under it they continued living for seventy years unacquainted with tyrannies, free as regarded the barbarians, undisturbed by faction amongst themselves, and at peace with all men. For these reasons wise men ought far rather to be grateful to us than cast in our teeth the settlements which we used to send out to thinly populated cities to secure protection to their territories, and not for the sake of aggrandizement.

DEMOSTHENES (384-322 B.C.)

The greatest of the Greek orators, a pupil of Isæus, the first who really glorified forensic oratory, was an ambitious and tireless worker in his pursuit of the art of eloquence, a zealous patriot whose great ambition was to rouse Athens to the leadership of Greece against Philip of Macedon, and a martyr to his devotion after the unsuccessful rising of 322 when he poisoned himself to avoid capture by the Macedonians. Eleven of his orations survive, of which the *Philippics* and *On the Crown* are the best known. They are reserved as to ornament, sincere, solid, sinewy, sustained, and full of moral vigor, but the more exquisite qualities are hard to be detected by the modern reader, and almost disappear in translation.

After the battle of Chæronea in 338, when Athens and Thebes, in an alliance brought about by Demosthenes, made an unsuccessful stand against Philip of Macedon, the Macedonian sympathizers among the Athenians became aggressive enemies of Demosthenes. In 330, the orator Æschines, in a legal attack on Ctesiphon, who after the death of Philip had proposed a golden crown for Demosthenes for his patriotic efforts against the Macedonians, took occasion in the speech against the defendant to assail Demosthenes. The great orator's reply was both a legal and a rhetorical triumph. Æschines left Athens, and *On the Crown* is the masterpiece of Demosthenes. The translation is by Charles Rann Kennedy.

ON THE CROWN

SELECTIONS

I begin, men of Athens, by praying to every God and Goddess, that the same goodwill, which I have ever cherished towards the commonwealth and all of you, may be requited to me on the present trial. I pray likewise—and this specially concerns yourselves, your religion, and your honor—that the Gods may put it in your minds, not to take counsel of my opponent touching the manner in which I am to be heard—that would indeed be cruel!—but of the laws and of your oath; wherein (besides the other obligations) it is prescribed that you shall hear both sides alike. This means, not only that you must pass no pre-condemnation, not only that you must extend your goodwill equally to both, but also that you must allow the parties to adopt such order and course of defence as they severally choose and prefer. . .

As I am, it appears, on this day to render an account both of my private life and my public measures, I would fain, as in the outset, call the Gods to my aid; and in your presence I implore them, first, that the goodwill which I have ever cherished

towards the commonwealth and all of you may be fully requited to me on the present trial; next, that they may direct you to such a decision upon this indictment, as will conduce to your common honor, and to the good conscience of each individual.

Had Æschines confined his charge to the subject of the prosecution, I too would have proceeded at once to my justification of the decree. But since he has wasted no fewer words in the discussion of other matters, in most of them calumniating me, I deem it both necessary and just, men of Athens, to begin by shortly adverting to these points, that none of you may be induced by extraneous arguments to shut your ears against my defence to the indictment.

To all his scandalous abuse of my private life, observe my plain and honest answer. If you know me to be such as he alleged—for I have lived nowhere else but among you—let not my voice be heard, however transcendent my statesmanship! Rise up this instant and condemn me! But if, in your opinion and judgment, I am far better and of better descent than my adversary; if (to speak without offence) I am not inferior, I or mine, to any respectable citizens; then give no credit to him

for his other statements—it is plain they were all equally fictions—but to me let the same goodwill, which you have uniformly exhibited upon many former trials, be manifested now. With all your malice, Æschines, it was very simple to suppose that I should turn from the discussion of measures and policy to notice your scandal. I will do no such thing: I am not so crazed. Your lies and calumnies about my political life I will examine forthwith; for that loose ribaldry I shall have a word hereafter, if the jury desire to hear it. . . .

However, if you are determined, Æschines, to scrutinize my fortune, compare it with your own, and, if you find my fortune better than yours, cease to revile it. Look then from the very beginning. And I pray and entreat that I may not be condemned for bad taste. I don't think any person wise who insults poverty, or who prides himself on having been bred in affluence: but by the slander and malice of this cruel man I am forced into such a discussion; which I will conduct with all the moderation which circumstances allow.

I had the advantage, Æschines, in my boyhood of going to proper schools, and having such allowance as a boy should have who is to do nothing mean from indigence. Arrived at man's estate, I lived suitably to my breeding; was choir-master, ship-commander, ratepayer; backward in no acts of liberality public or private, but making myself useful to the commonwealth and to my friends. When I entered upon state affairs, I chose such a line of politics that both by my country and many people of Greece I have been crowned many times, and not even you, my enemies, venture to say that the line I chose was not honorable. Such, then, has been the fortune of my life: I could enlarge upon it, but I forbear, lest what I pride myself in should give offence.

But you, the man of dignity, who spit upon others, look what sort of fortune is yours compared with mine. As a boy you were reared in abject poverty, waiting with your father on the school, grinding the ink, sponging the benches, sweeping the room, doing the duty of a menial rather than a freeman's son. After you were grown up, you attended your mother's initiations, reading her books and helping in all the ceremonies: at night wrapping the noviciates in fawn-skin, swilling,

purifying, and scouring them with clay and bran, raising them after the lustration, and bidding them say, 'Bad I have scaped, and better I have found'; priding yourself that no one ever howled so lustily—and I believe him! for don't suppose that he who speaks so loud is not a splendid howler! In the daytime you led your noble orgiasts, crowned with fennel and poplar, through the highways, squeezing the big-cheeked serpents, and lifting them over your head, and shouting *Evæ Sabœ*, and capering to the words *Hyes Attes*, *Attes Hyes*, saluted by the beldames as Leader, Conductor, Chest-bearer, Fan-bearer, and the like, getting as your reward tarts and biscuits and rolls; for which any man might well bless himself and his fortune!

When you were enrolled among your fellow-townsmen—by what means I stop not to inquire—when you were enrolled, however, you immediately selected the most honorable of employments, that of clerk and assistant to our petty magistrates. From this you were removed after a while, having done yourself all that you charge others with; and then, sure enough, you disgraced not your antecedents by your subsequent life, but hiring yourself to those ranting players, as they were called, Simylus and Socrates, you acted third parts, collecting figs and grapes and olives like a fruiterer from other men's farms, and getting more from them than from the playing, in which the lives of your whole company were at stake; for there was an implacable and incessant war between them and the audience, from whom you received so many wounds, that no wonder you taunt as cowards people inexperienced in such encounters.

But passing over what may be imputed to poverty, I will come to the direct charges against your character. You espoused such a line of politics (when at last you thought of taking to them) that, if your country prospered, you lived the life of a hare, fearing and trembling and ever expecting to be scourged for the crimes of which your conscience accused you; though all have seen how bold you were during the misfortunes of the rest. A man who took courage at the death of a thousand citizens—what does he deserve at the hands of the living? A great deal more that I could say about him I shall omit: for it is not all I can tell of his

turpitude and infamy which I ought to let slip from my tongue, but only what is not disgraceful to myself to mention.

Contrast now the circumstances of your life and mine, gently and with temper, Æschines; and then ask these people whose fortune they would each of them prefer. You taught reading, I went to school: you performed initiations, I received them: you danced in the chorus, I furnished it: you were assembly-clerk, I was a speaker: you acted third parts, I heard you: you broke down, and I hissed: you have worked as a statesman for the enemy, I for my country. I pass by the rest; but this very day I am on my probation for a crown, and am acknowledged to be innocent of all offence; whilst you are already judged to be a pettifogger, and the question is, whether you shall continue that trade, or at once be silenced by not getting a fifth part of the votes. A happy fortune, do you see, you have enjoyed, that you should denounce mine as miserable!

Come now, let me read the evidence to the jury of public services which I have performed. And by way of comparison do you recite me the verses which you murmured:

From Hades and the dusky realms I come,
and

Ill news, believe me, I am loath to bear.

Ill betide thee, say I, and may the Gods, or at least the Athenians, confound thee for a vile citizen and a vile third-rate actor!

Read the evidence.

[Evidence]

Such has been my character in political matters. In private, if you do not all know that I have been liberal and humane and charitable to the distressed, I am silent, I will say not a word, I will offer no evidence on the subject, either of persons whom I ransomed from the enemy, or of persons whose daughters I helped to portion, or anything of the kind. For this is my maxim. I hold that the party receiving an obligation should ever remember it, the party conferring should forget it immediately, if the one is to act with honesty, the other without meanness. To remind and

5 it. . . . speak of your own bounties is next door to reproaching. I will not act so: nothing shall induce me. Whatever my reputation is in these respects, I am content with

On what occasions ought an orator and statesman to be vehement? Where any of the commonwealth's main interests are in jeopardy, and he is opposed to the adversaries of the people. Those are the occasions for a generous and brave citizen. But for a person who never sought to punish me for any offence either public or private, on the state's behalf or on his own, to have got up an accusation because I am crowned and honored, and to have expended such a multitude of words—this is a proof of personal enmity and spite and meanness, not of anything good. And then his leaving the controversy with me, and attacking the defendant, comprises everything that is base.

I should conclude, Æschines, that you undertook this cause to exhibit your eloquence and strength of lungs, not to obtain satisfaction for any wrong. But it is not the language of an orator, Æschines, that has any value, nor yet the tone of his voice, but his adopting the same views with the people, and his hating and loving the same persons that his country does. He that is thus minded will say everything with loyal intention: he that courts persons from whom the commonwealth apprehends danger to herself, rides not on the same anchorage with the people, and therefore has not the same expectation of safety. But—do you see?—I have: for my objects are the same with those of my countrymen; I have no interest separate or distinct. Is that so with you? How can it be—when immediately after the battle you went as ambassador to Philip, who was at that period the author of your country's calamities, notwithstanding that you had before persisted in refusing that office, as all men know?

And who is it that deceives the state? Surely the man who speaks not what he thinks. On whom does the crier pronounce a curse? Surely on such a man. What greater crime can an orator be charged with than that his opinions and his language are not the same? Such is found to be your character. And yet you open your mouth, and dare to look these men in the faces! Do you think they don't know you?

—or are sunk all in such slumber and oblivion as not to remember the speeches which you delivered in the assembly, cursing and swearing that you had nothing to do with Philip, and that I brought that charge against you out of personal enmity without foundation? No sooner came the news of the battle, than you forgot all that; you acknowledged and avowed that between Philip and yourself there subsisted a relation of hospitality and friendship—new names these for your contract of hire. For upon what plea of equality or justice could Æschines, son of Glaucothea the timbrel-player, be the friend or acquaintance of Philip? I cannot see. No! You were hired to ruin the interests of your countrymen: and yet, though you have been caught yourself in open treason, and informed against yourself after the fact, you revile and reproach me for things which you will find, any man is chargeable with sooner than I.

Many great and glorious enterprises has the commonwealth, Æschines, undertaken and succeeded in through me; and she did not forget them. Here is the proof—On the election of a person to speak the funeral oration immediately after the event, you were proposed, but the people would not have you, notwithstanding your fine voice, nor Demades, though he had just made the peace, nor Hegemon, nor any other of your party—but me. And when you and Pythocles came forward in a brutal and shameful manner (O merciful heaven!) and urged the same accusations against me which you now do, and abused me, they elected me all the more. The reason—you are not ignorant of it—yet I will tell you. The Athenians knew as well the loyalty and zeal with which I conducted their affairs as the dishonesty of you and your party; for what you denied upon oath in our prosperity you confessed in the misfortunes of the republic. They considered, therefore, that men who got security for their politics by the public disasters had been their enemies long before, and were then avowedly such. They thought it right also that the person who was to speak in honor of the fallen and celebrate their valor should not have sat under the same roof or at the same table with their antagonists; that he should not revel there and sing a pæan over the calamities of Greece in company with their murderers, and then come here and re-

ceive distinction; that he should not with his voice act the mourner of their fate, but that he should lament over them with his heart. This they perceived in themselves and in me, but not in any of you: therefore they elected me, and not you. Nor, while the people felt thus, did the fathers and brothers of the deceased, who were chosen by the people to perform their obsequies, feel differently. For having to order the funeral banquet (according to custom) at the house of the nearest relative to the deceased, they ordered it at mine. And with reason: because, though each to his own was nearer of kin than I was, none was so near to them all collectively. He that had the deepest interest in their safety and success had upon their mournful disaster the largest share of sorrow for them all.

Read him this epitaph, which the state chose to inscribe on their monument, that you may see even by this, Æschines, what a heartless and malignant wretch you are.

THE EPITAPH.

These are the patriot brave, who side by side
Stood to their arms, and dash'd the foeman's pride:

Firm in their valor, prodigal of life,
Hades they chose the arbiter of strife;
That Greeks might ne'er to haughty victors bow,
Nor thralldom's yoke, nor dire oppression know;
They fought, they bled, and on their country's breast

(Such was the doom of heaven) these warriors rest.

Gods never lack success, nor strive in vain,
But man must suffer what the fates ordain.

Do you hear, Æschines, in this very inscription, that 'Gods never lack success, nor strive in vain?' Not to the statesman does it ascribe the power of giving victory in battle, but to the Gods. Wherefore, then, execrable man, do you reproach me with these things? Wherefore utter such language? I pray that it may fall upon the heads of you and yours. . . .

Two things, men of Athens, are characteristic of a well-disposed citizen—so may I speak of myself and give the least offence. In authority, his constant aim should be the dignity and preëminence of the commonwealth; in all times and circumstances his spirit should be loyal. This depends upon nature; power and might upon other things. Such a spirit, you will find, I have ever sincerely cherished. Only

see. When my person was demanded—when they brought Amphictyonic suits against me—when they menaced—when they promised—when they set these miscreants like wild beasts upon me—never in any way have I abandoned my affection for you. From the very beginning I chose an honest and straightforward course in politics, to support the honor, the power, the glory of my fatherland, these to exalt, in these to have my being. I do not walk about the market-place gay and cheerful because the stranger has prospered, holding out my right hand and congratulating those who I think will report it yonder, and on any news of our own success

shudder and groan and stoop to the earth, like these impious men who rail at Athens, as if in so doing they did not rail at themselves; who look abroad, and if the foreigner thrives by the distresses of Greece, are thankful for it, and say we should keep him so thriving to all time.

Never, O ye Gods, may those wishes be confirmed by you! If possible, inspire even in these men a better sense and feeling! But if they are indeed incurable, destroy them by themselves; exterminate them on land and sea; and for the rest of us, grant that we may speedily be released from our present fears, and enjoy a lasting deliverance!

VIII. THE ALEXANDRIAN PERIOD (333-146 B.C.)

With the passing of Greece under the control of Macedon, the Hellenic period came to an end. With the diffusion of Hellenic modes of thought and action under Alexander the Great and his successors over the wide spaces of the Empire, including many peoples partially or not at all of Greek blood, the Hellenistic period began to be terminated in 146 by the fall of Corinth and the subjection of all Greece. Alexandrian literature and art in general were more or less derivative and artificial; it was a period of learning and criticism rather than creation. Its greatest center was Alexandria, the capital of Egypt, where the first Ptolemy (306-285 B.C.) founded the celebrated Museum, which had a library of 700,000 manuscripts. Aratus (270 B.C.), author of a poem on weather signs; Callimachus (260), writer of hymns and epigrams; Theocritus (270), Moschus (150), and Bion, of uncertain date, three pastoral poets; Apollonius Rhodius (194), author of the *Argonautica*; and Nicander (150), writer of versified medical epics—were some of its literary and didactic figures. Aristarchus (156 B.C.) was its most learned critic and the first scientific scholar; Euclid, the geometrician (300 B.C.), Archimedes, the mechanician, who was killed in 212 at Syracuse, and Eratosthenes, the geographer of the same times, were some of its scientists.

Of the Alexandrian authors, Callimachus and Apollonius had some influence on the Roman poets, but Theocritus and Bion exercised a charm which wrought not only on Virgil in Roman times, but through him and also directly upon modern pastoral poetry. With these exceptions, the Alexandrian contribution to literature as an art was slight.

THEOCRITUS (About 270 B.C.)

Theocritus was a Sicilian and Syracusan who became popular at the court of Alexandria about 270 B.C. A keen observer and a real lover of the rustic out-of-doors, he appealed to the taste of a cosmopolitan city society become somewhat jaded. His pastorals, called also bucolics, are refreshing representations of shepherd contests with pipe and song charmingly set against the appropriate rustic background, the most famous modern echo of which is Milton's *Lycidas*. The exquisite pictorial quality of most of them, and even of those of epic and urban content, has won them the name of idylls, or little pictures. The dialogue or dramatic element in Theocritus is to be looked upon as a descent from the mime, a sort of literary improvisation which had flourished in Sicily from its origin at the hands of Sophron about 440 B.C. There survive thirty-one poems and a few epigrams and fragments, most of them in the Doric dialect, which has a broad effect appropriate to rustic subjects.

The translations by J. M. Edmonds of the first, third and last poems here reprinted are used with the consent of the Loeb Classical Library; their language and style reproduce admirably the flavor of the idylls. The second and fourth translations are by Charles Stuart Calverley, whose gracious verse is less realistic.

THYRSIS

Thyrsis. Something sweet is the whisper of the pine that makes her music by yonder springs, and sweet no less, master Goatherd, the melody of your pipe. Pan only shall take place and prize afore you; and if they give him a horny he-goat, then a she shall be yours; and if a she be for him, why, you

shall have her kid; and kid's meat's good eating till your kids be milch-goats.

Goatherd. As sweetly, good Shepherd, falls your music as the resounding water that gushes down from the top o' yonder rock. If the Muses get the ewe-lamb to their meed, you shall carry off the cosset; and if so be they choose the cosset, the ewe-lamb shall come to you.

T. 'Fore the Nymphs I pray you, master Goatherd, come now and sit ye down here by this shelving bank and these brush tamarisks and play me a tune. I'll keep your goats the while.

G. No, no, man; there's no piping for me at high noon. I go in too great dread of Pan for that. I wot high noon's his time for taking rest after the swink o' the chase; and he's one o' the tetchy sort; his nostril's 10 ever sour wrath's abiding-place. But for singing, you, Thyrsis, used to sing *The Affliction of Daphnis* as well as any man; you are no 'prentice in the art of country-music. So let's come and sit yonder beneath the elm, 15 this way, over against Priapus and the fountain-goddesses, where that shepherd's seat is and those oak-trees. And if you but sing as you sang that day in the match with Chromis of Libya, I'll not only grant you three milkings of a twinner goat that for all her two young yields two pailfuls, but I'll give you a fine great mazer to boot, well scoured with sweet beeswax, and of two lugs, bran-span-new and the smack of the 25 graver upon it yet.

The lip of it is hanging about with curling ivy, ivy freaked with a cassidony which goes twisting and twining among the leaves in the pride of her saffron fruitage. And within 30 this bordure there's a woman, fashioned as a God might fashion her, lapped in a robe and a snood about her head. And either side the woman a swain with fair and flowing locks, and they bandy words the one with the other. Yet her heart is not touched by aught they say; for now 'tis a laughing glance to this, and anon a handful of regard to that, and for all their eyes have been 40 so long hollow for love of her, they spend their labor in vain. Besides these there's an old fisher wrought on't and a rugged rock, and there stands gaffer gathering up his great net for a cast with a right good will like one that toils might and main. You would say that man went about his fishing with all the strength o's limbs, so stands every sinew in his neck, for all his grey hairs, puffed and swollen; for his strength is the strength of youth.

And but a little removed from master Weatherbeat there's a vineyard well laden with clusters red to the ripening, and a little lad seated watching upon the hedge. And on either side of him two foxes; this ranges to and fro along the rows and pilfers all such grapes as be ready for eating, while that setteth all his cunning at the lad's wallet,

and vows he will not let him be till he have set him breaking his fast with but poor victuals to his drink. And all the time the urchin's got star-flower-stalks a-platting to a 5 reed for to make him a pretty gin for locusts, and cares never so much, not he, for his wallet or his vines as he takes pleasure in his platting. And for an end, mark you, spread all about the cup goes the lissom bear's-foot, a sight worth the seeing with its writen leaves; 'tis a marvelous work, 'twill amaze your heart.

Now for that cup a ferryman of Calymnus had a goat and a gallant great cheese-loaf of me, and never yet hath it touched my lip; it still lies unhandselled by. Yet right welcome to it art thou, if like a good fellow thou'lt sing me that pleasing and delightful song. Nay, not so; I am in right earnest. To't, good friend; sure thou wilt not be hoarding that song against thou be'st come where all's forgot?

THYRSIS [*sings*]

Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses.

'Tis Thyrsis sings, of Etna, and a rare sweet voice hath he.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when Daphnis pined? ye Nymphs, O where were ye? Was it Peneius' pretty vale, or Pindus' glens? 'twas never

35 Anápus' flood nor Etna's pike nor Acis' holy river.

Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses.

When Daphnis died the foxes wailed and the wolves they wailed full sore, 5 The lion from the greenwood wept when Daphnis was no more.

Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses.

45 O many the lusty steers at his feet, and many the heifers slim,

Many the calves and many the kine that made their moan for him.

Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses.

50 Came Hermes first, from the hills away, and said 'O Daphnis, tell,

'Who is't that fretteth thee, my son? whom lovest thou so well?' 10

55 *Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses.*

The neatherds came, the shepherds came, and the goatherds him beside,

All fain to hear what ail'd him; Priápus came
and cried

'Why peak and pine, unhappy wight, when
thou mightest bed a bride?

For there's nor wood nor water but hath seen
her footsteps flee—

*Country-song, sing country-song, sweet
Muses—*

In search o' thee. O a fool-in-love and a
feeble is here, perdye! 15

Neatherd, forsooth? 'tis goatherd now, or
'faith, 'tis like to be;

When goatherd in the rutting-time the skip-
ping kids doth scan,

His eye grows soft, his eye grows sad, be-
cause he's born a man;—

*Country-song, sing country-song, sweet
Muses—*

So you, when ye see the lasses laughing in
gay riôt,

Your eye grows soft, your eye grows sad,
because you share it not.' 20

But never a word said the poor neatherd, for
a bitter love bare he;

And he bare it well, as I shall tell, to the
end that was to be.

*Country-song, more country-song, ye
Muses.*

But and the Cyprian came him to, and smiled
on him full sweetly—

For though she fain would foster wrath, she
could not choose but smile—

And cried 'Ah, braggart Daphnis, that
wouldst throw Love so featly! 25

Thou'rt thrown, methinks, thyself of Love's
so grievous guile.'

*Country-song, more country-song, ye
Muses.*

Then out he spake; 'O Cypris cruel, Cypris
vengeful yet,

Cypris hated of all flesh! think'st all my sun
be set?

I tell thee even 'mong the dead Daphnis shall
work thee ill:—

*Country-song, more country-song, ye
Muses—*

Men talk of Cypris and the hind; begone to
Ida hill, 30

Begone to hind Anchises; sure bedstraw
there doth thrive

And fine oak-trees and pretty bees all hum-
ming at the hive.

*Country-song, more country-song, ye
Muses.*

Adonis too is ripe to woo, for a' tends his
his sheep o' the lea

And shoots the hare and a-hunting goes of
all the beasts there be.

*Country-song, more country-song, ye
Muses.*

And then I'd have thee take thy stand by
Diomed, and say 35

"I slew the neatherd Daphnis; fight me thou
to-day."

*Country-song, more country-song, ye
Muses.*

But 'tis wolf farewell and fox farewell and
bear o' the mountain den,

Your neatherd fere, your Daphnis dear, ye'll
never see agen,

By glen no more, by glade no more. And
'tis O farewell to thee,

Sweet Arethuse, and all pretty wat'ers down
Thymbris vale that flee; 40

*Country-song, more country-song, ye
Muses;*

For this, O this is that Daphnis, your kine to
field did bring,

This Daphnis he, led stirk and steer to you
a-watering.

*Country-song, more country-song, ye
Muses.*

And Pan, O Pan, whether at this hour by
Lycee's mountain-pile

Or Maenal steep thy watch thou keep, come
away to the Sicil isle,

Come away from the knoll of Helicè and the
howe lift high i' the lea, 45

The howe of Lycáon's child, the howe that
Gods in heav'n envye;

*Country-song, leave country-song, ye
Muses;*

Come, Master, and take this pretty pipe, this
pipe of honey breath,

Of wax well knit round lips to fit; for Love
hales mé to my death.

*Country-song, leave country-song, ye
Muses.*

Bear violets now ye briers, ye thistles violets
too;

Daffodilly may hang o' the juniper, and all
things go askew; 50

Pines may grow figs now Daphnis dies, and
hind tear hound if she will,

And the sweet nightingále be outsung i' the
dale by the scritch-owl from the hill.'

*Country-song, leave country-song, ye
Muses.*

Such words spake he, and he stay'd him
still; and O, the Love-Ladye,

She would fain have raised him where he
lay but that could never be. 54

For the thread was spun and the days were
done and Daphnis gone to the River,
And the Nymphs' good friend and the Muses'
fere was whelmed i' the whirl for-
ever.

*Country-song, leave country-song, ye
Muses.*

There; give me the goat and the tankard,
man; and the Muses shall have a libation
of her milk. Fare you well, ye Muses, and
again fare you well, and I'll e'en sing you a
sweeter song another day.

G. Be your fair mouth filled with honey
and the honeycomb, good Thyrsis; be your
eating of the sweet figs of Ægilus; for sure
your singing's as delightful as the cricket's
chirping in spring. Here's the cup (*taking it
from his wallet*). Pray mark how good it
smells; you'll be thinking it hath been washed
at the well o' the Seasons. Hither, Brown-
ing; and milk her, you. A truce to your
skipping, ye kids yonder, or the buckgoat
will be after you.

HARVEST-HOME

Once on a time did Eucritus and I
(With us Amyntas) to the riverside
Steal from the city. For Lycopus' sons
Were that day busy with the harvest-home,
Antigenes and Phrasidemus, sprung 5
(If aught thou holdest by the good old
names)

By Clytia from great Chalcon—him who erst
Planted one stalwart knee against the rock,
And lo, beneath his foot Burinè's rill
Brake forth, and at its side poplar and elm 10
Shewed aisles of pleasant shadow, greenly
roofed

By tufted leaves. Scarce midway were we
now,

Nor yet descried the tomb of Brasilas:
When, thanks be to the Muses, there drew
near

A wayfarer from Crete, young Lycidas. 15
The horned herd was his care: a glance
might tell

So much: for every inch a herdsman he.
Slung o'er his shoulder was a ruddy hide
Torn from a he-goat, shaggy, tangle-haired,
That reeked of rennet yet: a broad belt 20
clasped

A patched cloak round his breast, and for a
staff

A gnarled wild-olive bough his right hand
bore.

Soon with a quiet smile he spoke—his eye
Twinkled, and laughter sat upon his lip:
'And whither ploddest thou thy weary way 25
Beneath the noontide sun, Simichidas?

For now the lizard sleeps upon the wall,
The crested lark folds now his wandering
wing.

Dost speed, a bidden guest, to some reveler's
board?

Or toward to the treading of the grape? 30
For lo! recoiling from thy hurrying feet
The pavement-stones ring outright merrily.'

Then I: 'Friend Lycid, all men say that none
Of haymakers or herdsmen is thy match
At piping: and my soul is glad thereat. 35
Yet, to speak sooth, I think to rival thee.
Now look, this road holds holiday to-day:
For banded brethren solemnize a feast
To richly-dight Demeter, thanking her
For her good gifts: since with no grudging
hand 40

Hath the boon goddess filled the wheaten
floors.

So come: the way, the day, is thine as mine:
Try we our woodcraft—each may learn from
each.

I am, as thou, a clarion-voice of song;
All hail me chief of minstrels. But I am
not, 45

Heaven knows, o'ercredulous: no, I scarce
can yet

(I think) outvie Philetas, nor the bard
Of Samos, champion of Sicilian song.
They are as cicadas challenged by a frog.'

I spake to gain mine ends; and laughing
light 50

He said: 'Accept this club, as thou'rt indeed
A born truth-teller, shaped by heaven's own
hand!

I hate your builders who would rear a house
High as Oromedon's mountain-pinnacle:

I hate your song-birds too, whose cuckoo-
cry 55

Struggles (in vain) to match the Chian bard.
But come, we'll sing forthwith, Simichidas,

Our woodland music: and for my part I—
List, comrade, if you like the simple air
I forged among the uplands yesterday. 60

[Sings]

Safe be my true-love convoyed o'er the
main

To Mitylené—though the southern blast
Chase the lithe waves, while westward slant
the Kids,

Or low above the verge Orion stand—

If from Love's furnace she will rescue me, ⁶⁵
 For Lycidas is parched with hot desire.
 Let halcyons lay the sea-waves and the winds,
 Northwind and Westwind, that in shores far-
 off

Flutters the seaweed—halcyons, of all birds
 Whose prey is on the waters, held most dear
 By the green Nereids: yea let all things
 smile ⁷¹

On her to Mitylené voyaging,
 And in fair harbor may she ride at last.
 I on that day, a chaplet woven of dill
 Or rose or simple violet on my brow, ⁷⁵
 Will draw the wine of Pteleas from the cask
 Stretched by the ingle. They shall roast me
 beans,

And elbow-deep in thyme and asphodel
 And quaintly-curling parsley shall be piled
 My bed of rushes, where in royal ease ⁸⁰
 I sit and, thinking of my darling, drain
 With steadfast lip the liquor to the dregs.
 I'll have a pair of pipers, shepherds both,
 This from Acharnæ, from Lycopé that;
 And Tityrus shall be near me and shall sing
 How the swain Daphnis loved the stranger-
 maid; ⁸⁶

And how he ranged the fells, and how the
 oaks
 (Such oaks as Himera's banks are green
 withal)

Sang dirges o'er him waning fast away
 Like snow on Athos, or on Hæmus high, ⁹⁰
 Or Rhodopé, or utmost Caucasus.
 And he shall sing me how the big chest held
 (All through the maniac malice of his lord)
 A living goatherd: how the round-faced
 bees,

Lured from their meadow by the cedar-smell,
 Fed him with daintiest flowers, because the
 Muse ⁹⁶

Had made his throat a well-spring of sweet
 song.

Happy Cometas, this sweet lot was thine!
 Thee the chest prisoned, for thee the honey-
 bees

Toiled, as thou slavedst out the mellowing
 year: ¹⁰⁰

And oh hadst thou been numbered with the
 quick

In my day! I had led thy pretty goats
 About the hill-side, listening to thy voice:
 While thou hadst lain thee down 'neath oak
 or pine,
 Divine Cometas, warbling pleasantly.' ¹⁰⁵

He spake and paused; and thereupon spake
 I,

I too, friend Lycid, as I ranged the fells,

Have learned much lore and pleasant from
 the Nymphs,
 Whose fame mayhap hath reached the throne
 of Zeus.

But this wherewith I'll grace thee ranks the
 first: ¹¹⁰

Thou listen, since the Muses like thee well.

[Sings]

On me the young Loves sneezed: for hap-
 less I

Am fain of Myrto as the goats of Spring.
 But my best friend Aratus inly pines
 For one who loves him not. Aristis saw— ¹¹⁵
 (A wondrous seer is he, whose lute and lay
 Shrinéd Apollo's self would scarce disdain)—
 How love had scorched Aratus to the bone.
 O Pan, who hauntest Homolé's fair cham-
 pagne,

Bring the soft charmer, whosoe'er it be, ¹²⁰
 Unbid to his sweet arms—so, gracious Pan,
 May ne'er thy ribs and shoulderblades be
 lashed

With squills by young Arcadians, whensoe'er
 They are scant of supper! But should this
 my prayer

Mislike thee, then on nettles mayest thou
 sleep, ¹²⁵

Dinted and sore all over from their claws!
 Then mayest thou lodge amid Edonian hills
 By Hebrus, in midwinter; there subsist,
 The Bear thy neighbor: and, in summer,
 range

With the far Æthiops 'neath the Blemmyan
 rocks ¹³⁰

Where Nile is no more seen! But O ye Loves,
 Whose cheeks are like pink apples, quit your
 homes

By Hyetis, or Byblis' pleasant rill,
 Or fair Dioné's rocky pedestal,
 And strike that fair one with your arrows,
 strike ¹³⁵

The ill-starred damsel who disdains my
 friend.

And lo, what is she but an o'er-ripe pear?
 The girls all cry "Her bloom is on the
 wane."

We'll watch, Aratus, at that porch no more,
 Nor waste shoe-leather: let the morning
 cock ¹⁴⁰

Crow to wake others up to numb despair!
 Let Molon, and none else, that ordeal brave:
 While we make ease our study, and secure
 Some witch, to charm all evil from our door.

I ceased. He smiling sweetly as before, ¹⁴⁵
 Gave me the staff, 'the Muses' parting gift,'

And leftward sloped tow'rd Pyxa. We the while,

Bent us to Phrasydeme's, Eucritus and I,
And baby-faced Amyntas: there we lay
Half-buried in a couch of fragrant reed ¹⁵⁰
And fresh-cut vineleaves, who so glad as we?
A wealth of elm and poplar shook o'erhead;
Hard by, a sacred spring flowed gurgling on
From the Nymphs' grot, and in the somber
boughs

The sweet cicada chirped laboriously. ¹⁵⁵
Hid in the thick thorn-bushes far away
The treefrog's note was heard; the crested
lark

Sang with the goldfinch; turtles made their ¹⁵
moan,

And o'er the fountain hung the gilded bee.
All of rich summer smacked, of autumn all:
Pears at our feet, and apples at our side ¹⁶¹
Rolled in luxuriance; branches on the ground ²⁰
Sprawled, overweighed with damsons; while
we brushed

From the cask's head the crust of four long
years.

Say, ye who dwell upon Parnassian peaks, ¹⁶⁵ ²⁵
Nymphs of Castalia, did old Chiron e'er
Set before Heracles a cup so brave
In Pholus' cavern—did as nectarous draughts
Cause that Anapian shepherd, in whose hand
Rocks were as pebbles, Polypheme the strong, ³⁰
Featly to foot it o'er the cottage lawns:— ¹⁷¹
As, ladies, ye bid flow that day for us
All by Demeter's shrine at harvest-home?
Beside whose cornstacks may I oft again
Plant my broad fan: while she stands by and ³⁵
smiles, ¹⁷⁵

Poppies and cornsheaves on each laden arm.

THE WOMEN AT THE ADONIS- FESTIVAL

Gorgo. Praxinoa at home?

Praxinoa. Dear Gorgo! at last! she is
at home. I quite thought you'd forgotten ⁴⁵
me. (*to the maid*) Here, Eunoa, a chair for
the lady, and a cushion in it.

G. No, thank you, really.

P. Do sit down.

G. (sitting) O what a silly I was to come! ⁵⁰
What with the crush and the horses, Prax-
inoa, I've scarcely got here alive. It's all
big boots and people in uniform. And the
street was never-ending, and you can't think
how far your house is along it.

P. That's my lunatic; came and took one
at the end of the world, and more an ani-
mal's den, too, than a place for a human

being to live in, just to prevent you and
me being neighbors, out of sheer spite, the
jealous old wretch! He's always like that.

G. My dear, pray don't call your good
⁵ Dinon such names before Baby. See how
he's staring at you. (*to the child*) It's all
right, Zopy, my pet. It's not dad-dad she's
talking about.

P. Upon my word, the child understands.

¹⁰ *G.* Nice dad-dad.

P. And yet that dad-dad of his the other
day—the other day, now, I tell him 'Daddy,
get mother some soap and rouge from the
shop,' and, would you believe it? back he
came with a packet of salt, the great six
feet of folly!

G. Mine's just the same. Diocleidas is a
perfect spendthrift. Yesterday he gave seven
shillings apiece for mere bits of dog's hair,
²⁰ mere pluckings of old handbags, five of them,
all filth, all work to be done over again.
But come, my dear, get your cloak and gown.
I want you to come with me (*grandly*) to
call on our high and mighty Prince Ptolemy
to see the Adonis. I hear the Queen's get-
ting up something quite splendid this year.

P. (hesitating) Fine folks, fine ways.

G. Yes; but sight seen's tale told, you
know; if you've been and other people
haven't. It's time we were on the move.

P. It's always holidays with people who've
nothing to do. (*suddenly making up her
mind*) Here, Eunoa, you scratch-face, take
up the spinning and put it away with the
rest. Cats always *will* lie soft. Come, bestir
yourself. Quick, some water! (*to Gorgo*)
Water's wanted first, and she brings the
soap. (*to Eunoa*) Never mind; give it me.
Not all that, you wicked waste! Pour out
the water. Oh, you wretch! What do you
mean by wetting my bodice like that? That's
enough (*to Gorgo*) I've got myself washed
somehow, thank goodness. (*to Eunoa*) Now
where's the key of the big cupboard? Bring
it here. (*Takes out a Dorian pinner*)

G. Praxinoa, that full gathering suits you
really well. Do tell me what you gave for
the material.

P. Don't speak of it, Gorgo; it was more
⁵⁰ than eight golden sovereigns, and I can tell
you I put my very soul into making it up.
G. Well, all I can say is, it's most suc-
cessful.

P. It's very good of you to say so. (*to*
⁵⁵ *Eunoa*) Come, put on my cloak and hat for
me, and mind you do it properly. No; I'm
not going to take *you*, Baby. Horse-hogey
bites little boys. You may cry as much as

you like; I'm not going to have you lamed for life. Come along. Take Baby and amuse him, Phrygia, and call the dog indoors and lock the front-door. Heavens, what a crowd! How we're to get through this awful crush and how long it's going to take us, I can't imagine. Talk of an antheap! I *must* say, you've done us many a good turn, my good Ptolemy, since your father went to heaven. We have no villains sneaking up to murder us in the streets nowadays in the good old Egyptian style. They don't play those awful games now—the thorough-paced rogues, every one of them the same, all queer! Gorgo dearest! what *shall* we do? The Royal Horse! Don't run me down, my good man. That bay's rearing. Look, what temper! Stand back, Eunoo, you reckless girl! He'll be the death of that man. Thank goodness I left Baby at home!

G. It's all right, Praxinoa. We've got well behind them, you see. They're all where they ought to be, now.

P. And fortunately I can say the same of my poor wits. Ever since I was a girl, two things have frightened me more than anything else, a horrid slimy snake and a horse. Let's get on. Here's ever such a crowd pouring after us.

G. Have you come from the palace, mother?

Old Woman. Yes, my dears.

G. Then we can get there all right, can we?

O. W. Trying took Troy, my pretty; don't they say where there's a will there's a way?

G. That old lady gave us some oracles, didn't she?

P. My dear, women know everything. They know all about Zeus marrying Hera.

G. Do look, Praxinoa; what a crowd there is at the door!

P. Marvelous. Give me your arm, Gorgo; and you take hold of Eutyichis' arm, Eunoo; and you hold on tight, Eutyichis, or you'll be separated. We'll all go in together. Mind you keep hold of me, Eunoo. Oh dear, oh dear, Gorgo! my summer cloak's torn right in two. For Heaven's sake, as you wish to be saved, mind my cloak, sir.

First Stranger. I really can't help what happens; but I'll do my best.

P. The crowd's simply enormous; they're pushing like a drove of pigs.

F. S. Don't be alarmed, madam; we're all right.

P. You deserve to be all right to the end of your days, my dear sir, for the care you've been taking of us. What a kind considerate

man! Poor Eunoo's getting squeezed. (*to Eunoo*) Push, you coward, can't you? (*they pass in*) That's all right. All inside, as the bridegroom said when he shut the door.

5 G. Praxinoa, do come here. Before you do anything else I insist upon your looking at the embroideries. How delicate they are! and in such good taste! They're really hardly human, are they?

10 P. Huswife Athena! the weavers that made that material and the embroiderers who did that close detailed work are simply marvels. How realistically the things all stand and move about in it! they're living! It is wonderful what people can do. And then the Holy Boy; how perfectly beautiful he looks lying on his silver couch, with the down of manhood just showing on his cheeks, —the thrice-beloved Adonis, beloved even
20 down below!

Second Stranger. Oh dear, oh dear, ladies! do stop that eternal cooing. (*to the bystanders*) They'll weary me to death with their ah-ah-ah-ing.

P. My word! where *does* that person come from? What business is it of yours if we do coo? Buy your slaves before you order them about, pray. If you *must* know, we're Corinthians by extraction, like Bellerophon himself. What *we* talk's Peloponnesian. I suppose Dorians may speak Doric, mayn't they? Persephone! let's have no more masters than the one we've got. I shall do just as I like. Pray don't waste your breath.

35 G. Be quiet, Praxinoa. She's just going to begin the song, that 'Argive person's daughter, you know, the 'accomplished vocalist' that was chosen to sing the dirge *last* year. You may be sure *she'll* give us something
40 good. Look, she's making her bow.

The Dirge

45 Lover of Golgi and Idaly and Eryx' steepy hold,

O Lady Aphrodite with the face that beams like gold,

Twelve months are sped and soft-footéd Heav'n's pretty laggards, see,

Bring o'er the never-tarrying stream Adonis back to thee.

The Seasons, the Seasons, full slow they go and come,

55 But some sweet thing for all they bring, and so they are welcome home.

O Cypris, Dion's daughter, of thee anealed, 'tis said,

Our Queen that was born of woman is e'en
immortal made;
And now, sweet Lady of many names, of
many shrines Ladye,
Thy guerdon's giv'n; for the Queen's daugh-
tér, as Helen fair to see, 10
Thy lad doth dight with all delight upon this
holyday;
For there's not a fruit the orchard bears but
is here for his hand to take,
And cresses trim all kept for him in many
a silver tray,
And Syrian balm in vials of gold; and O,
there's every cake
That ever woman kneaded of bolted meal so
fair 15
With blossoms blent of every scent or oil
or honey rare—
Here's all outlaid in semblance made of every
bird and beast.
Two testers green they have plight ye, with
dainty dill well dressed,
Whereon, like puny nightingales that flit
from bough to bough
Trying their waxing wings to spread, the
Love-babes hovering go. 20
How fair the ebony and the gold, the ivory
white how fair,
And eagles twain to Zeus on high bring-
ing his cup-bearer!
Aye, and the coverlets spread for ye are
softer spread than sleep—
Forsooth Miletus town may say, or the mas-
ter of Samian sheep,
'The bridal bed for Adonis spread of my own
making is; 25
Cypris hath this for her wrapping, Adonis
that for his.'
Of eighteen years or nineteen is turned the
rose-limbed groom;
His pretty lip is smooth to sip, for it bears
but flaxen bloom.
And now she's in her husband's arms, and
so we'll say good-night;
But to-morrow we'll come w' the dew, the
dew, and take hands and bear him away 30
Where plashing wave the shore doth lave,
and there with locks undight
And bosoms bare all shining fair will raise
this shrilling lay:—
'O sweet Adonis, none but thee of the chil-
dren of Gods and men
'Twixt overworld and underworld doth pass
and pass agen;
That cannot Agamemnon, nor the Lord o'
the Woeful Spleen, 35
Nor the first of the twice-ten children that
came of the Trojan queen,

Nor Patroclus brave, nor Pyrrhus bold that
home from the war did win,
Nor none o' the kith o' the old Lapith nor
of them of Deucalion's kin—
E'en Pelops line lacks fate so fine, and
Pelagian Argos' pride.
Adonis sweet, Adonis dear, 40
Be gracious for another year;
Thou'rt welcome to thine own alway,
And welcome we'll both cry to-day
And next Adonis-tide.'

G. O Praxinoa! what clever things we
women are! I do envy her knowing all that,
and still more having such a lovely voice.
But I must be getting back. It's Diocleidas'
dinner-time, and that man's all pepper; I
wouldn't advise anyone to come near him
even, when he's kept waiting for his food.
Good-bye, Adonis darling; and I only trust
you may find us all thriving when you come
next year.

THE FISHERMEN

Want quickens wit: Want's pupils needs
must work,
O Diophantus: for the child of toil
Is grudged his very sleep by carking cares:
Or, if he taste the blessedness of night,
Thought for the morrow soon warns slumber
off. 5
Two ancient fishers once lay side by side
On piled-up sea-wrack in their wattled hut,
Its leafy wall their curtain. Near them lay
The weapons of their trade, basket and rod,
Hooks, weed-encumbered nets, and cords and
oars, 10
And, propped on rollers, an infirm old boat.
Their pillow was a scanty mat, eked out
With caps and garments: such the ways and
means,
Such the whole treasury of the fishermen.
They knew no luxuries: owned nor door nor
dog; 15
Their craft their all, their mistress Poverty:
Their only neighbor Ocean, who for aye
Round their lorn hut came floating lazily.
Ere the moon's chariot was in mid-career,
The fishers girt them for their customed
toil, 20
And banished slumber from unwilling eyes,
And roused their dreamy intellects with
speech:—

Asphalion. They say that soon flit sum-
mer-nights away,
Because all lingering is the summer day:

Friend, it is false; for dream on dream have
 I 25
 Dreamed, and the dawn still reddens not the
 sky.
 How? am I wandering? or does night pass
 slow?

Comrade. Asphalion, scout not the sweet
 summer so.

'Tis not that wilful seasons have gone wrong,
 But care maims slumber, and the nights seem
 long. 30

A. Didst thou e'er study dreams? For
 visions fair
 I saw last night; and fairly thou should'st
 share
 The wealth I dream of, as the fish I catch.
 Now, for sheer sense, I reckon few thy
 match;

And, for a vision, he whose motherwit 35
 Is his sole tutor best interprets it.
 And now we've time the matter to discuss:
 For who could labor, lying here (like us)
 Pillowed on leaves and neighbored by the
 deep,

Or sleeping amid thorns no easy sleep? 40
 In rich men's halls the lamps are burning yet;
 But fish come alway to the rich man's net.

C. To me the vision of the night relate;
 Speak, and reveal the riddle to thy mate.

A. Last evening, as I plied my watery
 trade, 45
 (Not on an o'erfull stomach—we had made
 Betimes a meager meal, as you can vouch)
 I fell asleep; and lo! I seemed to crouch
 Among the boulders, and for fish to wait,
 Still dangling, rod in hand, my vagrant bait. 50
 A fat fellow caught it: (e'en in sleep I'm
 bound

To dream of fishing, as of crusts the hound:)
 Fast clung he to the hooks; his blood out-
 welled;

Bent with his struggling was the rod I held:
 I tugged and tugged: my efforts made me
 ache; 55

'How, with a line thus slight, this monster
 take?'

Then gently, just to warn him he was caught,
 I twitched him once; then slacked and then
 made taut

My line, for now he offered not to run;
 A glance soon showed me all my task was
 done. 60

'Twas a gold fish, pure metal every inch,
 That I had captured. I began to flinch:

'What if this beauty be the sea-king's joy,
 Or azure Amphitrite's treasured toy!'
 With care I disengaged him—not to rip 65
 With hasty hook the gilding from his lip:
 And with a tow-line landed him, and swore
 Never to set my foot on ocean more,
 But with my gold live royally ashore.
 So I awoke: and, comrade, lend me now 70
 Thy wits, for I am troubled for my vow.

C. Ne'er quake: you're pledged to nothing,
 for no prize

You gained or gazed on. Dreams are nought
 but lies.

Yet may this dream bear fruit; if, wide-
 awake

And not in dreams, you'll fish the neighboring
 lake. 75

Fish that are meat you'll there mayhap be-
 hold,

Not die of famine, amid dreams of gold.

THE HYMN TO THE DIOSCURI

The Together-coming Rocks were safely
 passed and the baleful mouth of the snowy
 Pontic entered, and Argo with the dear
 children of the Gods aboard her had made
 the country of the Bebrycians. Down the
 ladders on either side went crowding the
 men of Jason's ship, and soon as they were
 out upon the soft deep sand of that lee
 shore, set to making them greenbeds and
 rubbing fire-sticks for fire. Then went Cas-
 tor of the nimble coursers and Polydeuces
 ruddy as the wine together wandering afiel
 from the rest, for to see the wild woodland
 of all manner of trees among the hills. Now
 beneath a certain slabby rock they did find
 a freshet brimming ever with water pure
 and clear. The pebbles at the bottom of it
 were like to silver and crystal, and long
 and tall there grew beside it, as well firs and
 poplars and planes and spiry cypresses, as all
 fragrant flowers which abound in the
 meadows of outgoing spring to be loved and
 labored of the shag bee. In that place there
 sat taking the air a man both huge and
 terrible. His ears were crushed shapeless
 of the hard fist, and his giant breast and
 great broad back were orb'd with iron flesh
 like a sledge-wrought effigy; moreover the
 sinews upon his brawny arms upstood beside
 the shoulder like the boulder-stones some
 torrent hath rolled and rounded in his
 swirling eddies; and, to end all, over his neck

and about his back there was hung by the claws a swinging lion-skin.

First spoke the champion Polydeuces. 'Whoever you may be, Sir,' says he, 'I bid you good morrow. Pray tell me what people possesseth this country.'

Amycus. Is it good-morrow, quotha, when I see strangers before me?

Polydeuces. Be of good cheer. Trust me, we be no evil men nor come we of evil stock. 10

A. Of right good cheer am I, and knew it or ever I learnt it of you.

P. Pray are you a man o' the wilds, a churl come what may, a mere piece of disdain?

A. I am what you see; and that's no goer upon other's ground, when all's said.

P. Come you upon my ground and welcome; you shall not go away empty.

A. I'll none of your welcomes and you shall have none of mine. 20

P. Lord, man! would you have me denied even a drink of this water?

A. That shall you know when there comes you the parching languor o' thirst on the lips. 25

P. Would you silver or aught else for price? Say what you'll take.

A. Up hands and fight me man against man. 30

P. Fisticuffs is 't? or feet and all? mind you, I have a good eye.

A. Fists be it, and you may do all your best and cunningest.

P. But who is he for whom I am to bind thong to arm? 35

A. You see him nigh; the man that shall fight you may be called a woman, but 'faith, shall not deserve the name.

P. And pray is there a prize we may contend for in this our match? 40

A. Whethersoever shall win shall have the other to his possession.

P. But such be the mellays of the red-crested game-cock. 45

A. Whether we be like cock or lion there shall be no fight betwixt us on any other stake.

With these words Amycus took and blared upon his hollow shell, and quickly in answer to his call came the thick-haired Bebrycians and gathered themselves together beneath the shady platans. And in like manner all the heroes of the ship of Magnesia were fetched of Castor the peerless man-o'-war. And so the twain braced their hands with the leathern coils and twined the long straps about their arms, and forth and entered the ring

breathing slaughter each against the other.

Now was there much ado which should have the sunshine at his back; but the cunning of my Polydeuces outwent a mighty man, and those beams did fall full in Amycus his face. So goes master Amycus in high dudgeon forward with many outs and levelings o's fists. But the child of Tyndareus was ready, and caught him a blow on the point o' the chin; the which did the more prick him on and make him to betumble his fighting, so that he went in head-down and full-tilt. At that the Bebrycians holla'd him on, and they of the other part cried cheerly unto the stalwart Polydeuces for fear this Tityrus of a man should haply overpeise him and so bear him down in that narrow room. But the son of Zeus stood up to him first on this side and then on that, and touched him left and right and left again; and for all his puissance the child of Poseidon was stayed in 's onset, insomuch that he stood all drunken with his drubbing and spit out the crimson blood. Whereat all the mighty men gave joyful tongue together by reason of the grievous bruises he had both by cheek and jowl; for his eyes were all too straitened with the puffing of their sockets. Next did my lord maze his man awhile with sundry feints and divers passes all about, and then, so soon as he had him all abroad, let drive at the very middle of his nose, flattened the face of him to the bone, and laid him flatlong amid the springing flowers. 35

His rising was the renewing of the fray, and a bitter one; aye, now were those swinging iron gloves to fight unto death. The high lord of Bebrycia, he was all for the chest and none for the head; but as for the never-to-be-beaten Polydeuces, he was for pounding and braying the face with ugly shameful blows: and lo! the flesh of the one began to shrink with the sweating, and 45

eftsoons was a great man made a little; but even as the other's labor increased, so waxed his limbs ever more full and round and his color ever better.

Now Muse, I pray thee tell—for thou knowest it—how the child of Zeus destroyed that glutton; and he that plays thy interpreter will say what thou wilt and even as thou choosest.

Then did Amycus, as who should achieve some great thing, come from his ward and with his left hand grasp Polydeuces' left, and going in with the other, drive the flat of his hand from his right flank. And had

the blow come home, he had wrought harm
to the king of Amyclae. But lo! my lord
slips his head aside and the same moment
struck out forthright from the shoulder and
smote him under the left temple; and from
that gaping temple the red blood came spirt-
ing. Then his left hand did beat him in
the mouth, so that the rows of teeth in't
crackled again; aye, and an ever livelier
patter o' the fists did maul the face of him
till his visage was all one mash. Then down
went he in a heap and lay like to swoon upon
the ground; and up with both his hands for
to cry the battle off, because he was nigh
unto death. But thou, good boxer Poly-
deuces, for all thy victory didst nothing pre-
sumptuous. Only wouldst thou have him
swear a great oath by the name of his father
Poseidon in the sea, that he would nevermore
do annoyance unto strangers.

BION

Smyrna was the home of Bion, Theocritus his inspiration; his time is uncertain. *The Lament for Adonis*, which represents a dirge, as *Theocritus XI'* represents a wedding song, in honor of Aphrodite at her festival, is echoed in Shelley's *Adonais*. The following translation by J. M. Edmonds is reprinted by permission of the Loeb Classical Library.

THE LAMENT FOR ADONIS

I cry woe for Adonis and say *The beauteous Adonis is dead*; and the Loves cry me woe again and say *The beauteous Adonis is dead*.

Sleep no more, Cypris, beneath thy purple coverlet, but awake to thy misery; put on the sable robe and fall to beating thy breast, and tell it to the world, *The beauteous Adonis is dead*.

Woe I cry for Adonis and the Loves cry woe again.

The beauteous Adonis lieth low in the hills, his thigh pierced with the tusk, the white with the white, and Cypris is sore vexed at the gentle passing of his breath; for the red blood drips down his snow-white flesh, and the eyes beneath his brow wax dim; the rose departs from his lip, and the kiss that Cypris shall never have so again, that kiss dies upon it and is gone. Cypris is fain enough now of the kiss of the dead; but Adonis, he knows not that she hath kissed him.

Woe I cry for Adonis and the Loves cry woe again.

Cruel, O cruel the wound in the thigh of him, but greater the wound in the heart of her. Loud did wail his familiar hounds, and loud now weep the Nymphs of the hill; but Aphrodite, she unbraids her tresses and goes wandering distraught, unkempt, unslipped in the wild wood, and for all the briers may tear and rend her and cull her hallowed blood, she flies through the long glades shrieking amain, crying upon her Assyrian lord, calling upon the lad of her love. Meantime the red blood floated in a pool about his navel, his breast took on the purple that came of his thighs, and the paps thereof that had been as the snow waxed now incarnadine.

The Loves cry woe again saying 'Woe for Cytherea.'

Lost is her lovely lord, and with him lost her hallowed beauty. When Adonis yet lived Cypris was beautiful to see, but when Adonis died her loveliness died also. With all the hills 'tis *Woe for Cypris* and with the vales 'tis *Woe for Adonis*; the rivers weep the sorrows of Aphrodite, the wells of the mountains shed tears for Adonis; the flowerets flush red for grief, and Cythera's isle over every foothill and every glen of it sings pitifully *Woe for Cytherea, the beauteous Adonis is dead*, and Echo ever cries her back again, *The beauteous Adonis is dead*. Who would not have wept his woe over the dire tale of Cypris' love? . . .

The Paphian weeps and Adonis bleeds, drop for drop, and the blood and tears become flowers upon the ground. Of the blood comes the rose, and of the tears the wind-flower.

I cry woe for Adonis, the beauteous Adonis is dead.

Mourn thy husband no more in the woods, sweet Cypris; the lonely leaves make no good lying for such as he: rather let Adonis have thy couch as in life so in death; for being dead, Cytherea, he is yet lovely, lovely in death as he were asleep. Lay him down in the soft coverlets wherein he used to slumber, upon that couch of solid gold whereon he used to pass the nights in sacred sleep with thee; for the very couch longs for Adonis, Adonis all dishevelled. Fling garlands also and flowers upon him; now that he is dead let them die too, let every flower die. Pour out upon him unguents of Syria, perfumes of Syria; perish now all perfumes, for he that was thy perfume is perished and gone . . .

Give over thy wailing for to-day, Cytherea, and beat not now thy breast any more; thou needs wilt wail again and weep again, come another year.

HERODAS (About 300-250 B.C.)

Seven hundred verses of Herodas of Cos, discovered in 1891, have given us eight *Mimes*, or short dramatic dialogues in the comedy spirit. They are entitled *The Go-between*, *The Pander*, *The Schoolmaster*, *An Offering to Aesculapius*, *The Jealous Mistress*, *The Gossips*, *The Shoe Shop*, and *The Dream*, and are all in the peculiar 'limping meter,' or scazon, descended from the scurrilous satire of Hipponax. The mime itself was first made literary by Sophron of Syracuse. It was classed as drama, but its brevity in Herodas, where it averages less than a hundred verses, is a reason for supposing that it was performed in music halls or at private gatherings rather than in theaters, and was recited, with appropriate action and change of voice, by a single performer.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

CHARACTERS: METROTIME, a Mother; KOTTALOS, her son; LAMPRIKOS, the Master.

SCENE: a Schoolroom, with statues of the Muses; Kottalos, Euthies, and Phillos are pupils.

Met. Lampriskos, as I hope the Muses will give you joy of a happy life, stretch this rascal over a shoulder and give him a hiding that'll bring his miserable soul to his lips. He has ruined his poor mother in house and home with his matching coppers: knuckle-bones won't do him any more, Lampriskos, he's going on to worse and worse. Where the doorway of his teacher is, and he after me to pay him every month if I wept the tears of a Nannakos, it would take him a long time to tell; but the place where they shoot dice and the place where the porters and the runaway slaves turn up at, he knows that and will tell it to anybody. And this miserable tablet that I work myself to death over, waxing it every month, it lies with nobody paying any attention to it under the bed over near the bedpost by the wall, and whenever he does notice it, even if he doesn't look hell at it, instead of writing anything decent he scratches it to nothing. But the bones he plays with and keeps in his bags and nets, they are shinier than our oil-flask-of-all-work. And learn!—he can't tell the letter *a* when he sees it until someone yells out the same thing at him five times. Day before yesterday his father was spelling out 'Maron' for him to write, and the fine fellow made 'Maron'

into 'Simo,' and I called myself an idiot for not teaching him to mind asses instead of giving him an education, thinking to have a support for my old age. But when we try to get him to say off a speech, the way you do with a boy, either I or his poor old father that's hard of hearing and getting blind, he lets it out a drop at a time like a vessel with a leak: 'Apollo . . . the . . . god . . . of . . . the . . . chase . . .' Why, your poor old grandmother 'll read you that, I tell him, and she doesn't know her letters, or any Phrygian slave that happens along. And if we want him to speak up the least bit louder, either for three days he never sees the doorway of the house, and goes and eats his grandmother out of her living, poor old woman without a thing to her name, or you'll see him up on our roof, lying there with his legs sprawled out and his head hanging over, like a monkey. What kind of a turn do you suppose it gives me inside when I see him that way? It isn't that I care so much for him, but the whole tiling smashes like cookies, and when the winter comes on I have to pay out groaning three half-obols for every tile. Because there's just one thing the whole tenement says, and that is, this is the doing of Metrotime's boy Kottalos. And it's the truth, so that there's nothing left for me to set a tooth to work on. Look at him, how he has gone and ruined his clothes, entirely, in the woods, like a fisherman of Delos living the dead life of the sea! The seventh and the twentieth of the month, he knows when they are due better than the astrologers, and sleep never gets him when he is thinking of the days

you have your vacation. But if you hope for the Muses here to prosper you and give you luck, don't give him a bit less than—

Lam. Leave off with your imprecations, 5
Metrotime; he'll get just as much. Euthies, where are you, and Kottalos, and Phillos? Here, up with him, across your shoulder, quick, and show him to the full moon of Akesaaios. My compliments on your goings- 10
on, Kottalos. So, it isn't enough for you any more to play with the knuckle-bones like the other boys here, but you must go off all the time and play for money with the porters there. Well, I'll fix you so you'll be 15
as nicely behaved as a girl, and won't stir a twig, if that's the way you mean to act. Where's that good hot strap, the ox-tail, the one I use to take care of the 'jail-birds' and the 'examples.' Someone hand it to 20
me, before my temper chokes me.

Kot. No, no! Please, Lampriskos, by the Muses, by your beard, by the soul of Koutis, don't use the one that burns, but the other one!

Lam. Oh, but you're a bad boy, Kottalos; nobody could find a good word to say for you if he had you up for sale, not even where the mice eat iron the same as anything else.

Kot. How many, how many, Lampriskos, please! are you going to give me?

Lam. Don't ask me; ask her, yonder—

Kot. O dear O dear, how many are you going to?

Met. As I hope to live you'll have as many as your miserable hide will stand.

Kot. Stop, Lampriskos, that's enough!

Lam. You stop, too, with your ways of behaving!

Kot. I'll never never do it again, I swear I won't, Lampriskos, by your dear Muses!

Lam. What a long tongue you've got, too, my boy. I'll give you the gag, right away, if you say another word.

Kot. Look, I'm keeping still. Please, please, don't kill me!

Lam. Have them let him down, Kokkalos.

Met. You oughtn't to stop, Lampriskos. You should have kept on hiding him till the sun goes down.

Lam. But he's got more spots on him than 20
a water snake.

Met. He still ought to get at least another twenty, like nothing, for his book, and then he ought to read better than Clio herself.

Kot. (*darting from the room with his 25*
tongue out) Ya-a-a! Ya-a-a!

Lam. The sooner you get your tongue a coat of honey, the better!

Met. I'll go home and tell the old man everything, Lampriskos, and I'll come back 30
with some straps, so that the Lady Muses he hates may see him dance here with his feet tied.

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

IX. GREEK LETTERS IN ROMAN TIMES (146 B.C.-476 A.D.)

The intellectual and literary life of Greece from the fall of Corinth to the removal of the imperial capital by Constantine from Rome to Byzantium, or Constantinople, included much teaching, especially of philosophy and oratory, and much writing of the second and third class, but little of the first. Athens, its most frequented center, was in a manner the liberal arts university of the Roman world, with Alexandria and Asian cities like Pergamum, Rhodes, and Ephesus prominent in the second rank. Literature, almost exclusively prose, is of great variety in content, including history, biography, satire, romance, treatise, essay, manual, collection, and miscellany, and is characterized by a tendency toward cosmopolitanism and didacticism. Polybius in history is invaluable for his period; Longus in romance, and Lucian in satire rise above the rest as art; Strabo and Pausanias in geography and travel are tasteful observers of historic localities and the works of the past; Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius in their self-examination are of an absorbing spiritual interest; and Longinus in his treatise *On the Sublime* is important in criticism. Perhaps Lucian alone is to be ranked as a genius.

POLYBIUS (210-128 B.C.)

The forty books of Polybius, of which the first five are preserved, covered the period of Rome's advance to world-domination from the first Punic war to the end of Greek independence in 146. Born in Megalopolis in the Peloponnese, sent to Rome at the age of about forty-five among the thousand Achæans to be tried for antagonism to the Romans in the Macedonian war, for seventeen years a resident in the capital, the friend of Scipio Africanus the Younger, in whose company he saw Carthage destroyed, convinced of the decadence of Greece and the health and rightness of Rome, he was qualified by time and circumstance to record an important body of fact and opinion regarding a great people in a period of great significance. He is the first to voice the sentiment that Rome is the instrument of Divine Power. Lack of stylistic charm accounts for his being little read by any but investigators.

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THE HISTORIES

INTRODUCTION

Who is so worthless or indolent as not to wish to know by what means and under what system of polity the Romans in less than fifty-three years have succeeded in subjecting nearly the whole inhabited world to their sole government—a thing unique in history? Or who again is there so passionately devoted to other spectacles or studies as to regard anything as of greater moment than the acquisition of this knowledge?

How striking and grand is the spectacle presented by the period with which I purpose to deal, will be most clearly apparent if we set beside and compare with

the Roman dominion the most famous empires of the past, those which have formed the chief theme of historians. Those worthy of being thus set beside it and compared are these. The Persians for a certain period possessed a great rule and dominion, but so often as they ventured to overstep the boundaries of Asia they imperiled not only the security of this empire, but their own existence. The Lacedæmonians, after having for many years disputed the hegemony of Greece, at length attained it but to hold it uncontested for scarce twelve years. The Macedonian rule in Europe extended but from the Adriatic to the Danube, which would appear a quite insignificant portion of the continent. Subsequently, by overthrowing the Persian empire they became supreme in Asia also.

But though their empire was now regarded as the greatest in extent and power that had ever existed, they left the larger part of the inhabited world as yet outside it. For they never even made a single attempt on Sicily, Sardinia, or Africa, and the most warlike nations of Western Europe were, to speak the simple truth, unknown to them. But the Romans have subjected to their rule not portions, but nearly the whole of the world, and possess an empire which is not only immeasurably greater than any which preceded it, but need not fear rivalry in the future. In the course of this work it will become more clearly intelligible by what steps this power was acquired, and it will also be seen how many and how great advantages accrue to the student from the systematic treatment of history.

ROME'S FIRST VICTORY ON THE SEA

After this the Romans approached the coast of Sicily and learning of the disaster that had befallen Gnaeus, at once communicated with Gaius Duilius, the commander of the land forces, and awaited his arrival. At the same time, hearing that the enemy's fleet was not far distant, they began to get ready for battle. As their ships were ill-built and slow in their movements, some one suggested to them as a help in fighting the engines which afterwards came to be called 'ravens.' . . . Once the ravens were fixed in the planks of the enemy's deck and grappled the ships together, if they were broadside on, they boarded from all sides, but if they had charged with the prow, they attacked by passing over the gangway of the raven itself two abreast. The leading pair protected the front by holding up their shields, and those who followed secured the two flanks by resting the rims of their shields on the top of the railing. Having, then, adopted this device, they awaited an opportunity for going into action.

As for Gaius Duilius, no sooner had he learned of the disaster which had befallen the commander of the naval forces than handing over his legions to the military tribunes he proceeded to the fleet. Learning that the enemy were ravaging the territory of Mylæ, he sailed against them with his whole force. The Carthaginians on sighting him put to sea with a hundred

and thirty sail, quite overjoyed and eager, as they despised the inexperience of the Romans. They all sailed straight on the enemy, not even thinking it worth while to maintain order in the attack, but just as if they were falling on a prey that was obviously theirs. They were commanded by Hannibal—the same who stole out of Agrigentum by night with his army—in the seven-banked galley that was formerly King Pyrrhus'. On approaching and seeing the ravens hauled up on the prow of each ship, the Carthaginians were at first nonplussed, being surprised at the construction of the engines. However, as they entirely gave the enemy up for lost, the front ships attacked daringly. But when the ships that came into collision were in every case held fast by the machines, and the Roman crews boarded by means of the ravens and attacked them hand to hand on deck, some of the Carthaginians were cut down and others surrendered from dismay at what was happening, the battle having become just like a fight on land. So the first thirty ships that engaged were taken with all their crews, including the commander's galley, Hannibal himself managing to escape beyond his hopes by a miracle in the jolly-boat. The rest of the Carthaginian force was bearing up as if to charge the enemy, but seeing, as they approached, the fate of the advanced ships they turned aside and avoided the blows of the engines. Trusting in their swiftness, they veered round the enemy in the hope of being able to strike him in safety either on the broadside or on the stern, but when the ravens swung round and shifted in all directions and in all manner of ways so that those who approached them were of necessity grappled, they finally gave way and took to flight, terror-stricken by this novel experience and with the loss of fifty ships.

ANCIENT TREATIES BETWEEN CARTHAGE AND ROME

The first treaty between Rome and Carthage dates from the consulship of Lucius Junius Brutus and Marcus Horatius, the first consuls after the expulsion of the king, and the founders of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. This is twenty-eight years before the crossing of Xerxes to Greece. I give below as accurate a rendering as I can of this treaty,

but the ancient Roman language differs so much from the modern that it can only be partially made out, and that after much application, by the most intelligent men. The treaty is more or less as follows: 'There is to be friendship between the Romans and their allies and the Carthaginians and their allies on these terms: The Romans and their allies not to sail with long ships beyond the Fair Promontory unless forced by storm or by enemies; it is forbidden to anyone carried beyond it by force to buy or carry away anything beyond what is required for the repair of his ship or for sacrifice, and he must depart within five days. Men coming to trade may conclude no business except in the presence of a herald or town-clerk, and the price of whatever is sold in the presence of such shall be secured to the vendor by the state, if the sale take place in Libya or Sardinia. If any Roman come to the Carthaginian province in Sicily, he shall enjoy equal rights with others. The Carthaginians shall do no wrong to the peoples of Ardea, Antium, Laurentium, Circeii, Terracina, or any other city of the Latins who are subject to Rome. Touching those Latins who are not subjects, they shall keep their hands off their cities, and if they take any city shall deliver it up to the Romans undamaged. They shall build no fort in the Latin territory. If they enter the land in arms, they shall not pass a night therein.' . . .

A further and final treaty with Carthage was made by the Romans at the time of Pyrrhus' invasion before the Carthaginians had begun the war for Sicily. In this they maintain all the previous agreements and add the following: 'If they make an alliance with Pyrrhus, both shall make it an express condition that they may go to the help of each other in whichever country is attacked. No matter which require help, the Carthaginians are to provide the ships for transport and hostilities, but each country shall provide the pay for its own men. The Carthaginians, if necessary, shall come to the help of the Romans by sea too, but no one shall compel the crews to land against their will.'

The oaths they had to swear were as follows. In the case of the first treaty the Carthaginians swore by their ancestral gods and the Romans, following an old custom, by Jupiter Lapis, and in the case of this latter treaty by Mars and Quirinus.

The oath by Jupiter Lapis is as follows. The man who is swearing to the treaty takes in his hand a stone, and when he has sworn in the name of the state, he says, 'If I abide by this my oath may all good be mine, but if I do otherwise in thought or act, let all other men dwell safe in their own countries under their own laws and in possession of their own substance, temples, and tombs, and may I alone be cast forth, even as this stone,' and so saying he throws the stone from his hand.

15 THE ELEPHANTS CROSS THE RHONE

Hannibal, on the day after the assembly, advanced his cavalry in the direction of the sea to act as a covering force and then moved his infantry out of the camp and sent them off on their march, while he himself waited for the elephants and the men who had been left with them. The way they got the elephants across was as follows. They built a number of very solid rafts and lashing two of these together fixed them very firmly into the bank of the river, their united width being about fifty feet. To these they attached others on the farther side, prolonging the bridge out into the stream. They secured the side of it which faced the current by cables attached to the trees that grew on the bank, so that the whole structure might remain in place and not be shifted by the current. When they had made the whole bridge or pier of rafts about two hundred feet long they attached to the end of it two particularly compact ones, very firmly fastened to each other, but so connected with the rest that the lashings could easily be cut. They attached to these several towing-lines by which boats were to tow them, not allowing them to be carried down stream, but holding them up against the current, and thus were to convey the elephants which would be in them across. After this they piled up a quantity of earth on all the line of rafts, until the whole was on the same level and of the same appearance as the path on shore leading to the crossing. The animals were always accustomed to obey their mahouts up to the water, but would never enter it on any account, and they now drove them along over the earth with two females in front, whom they obediently followed. As soon as they set foot on the last rafts the ropes

which held these fast to the others were cut, and the boats pulling taut, the towing-lines rapidly tugged away from the pile of earth the elephants and the rafts on which they stood. Hereupon the animals becoming very alarmed at first turned round and ran about in all directions, but as they were shut in on all sides by the stream they finally grew afraid and were compelled to keep quiet. In this manner, by continuing to attach two rafts to the end of the structure, they managed to get most of them over on these, but some were so frightened that they threw themselves into the river when halfway across. The mahouts of these were all drowned, but the elephants were saved, for owing to the power and length of their trunks they kept them above the water and breathed through them, at the same time spouting out any water that got into their mouths and so held out, most of them passing through the water on their feet.

ROMAN ARMY DISCIPLINE

Each of the men who have gone the rounds brings back the *tessera* at daybreak to the tribune. If they deliver them all they are suffered to depart without question; but if one of them delivers fewer than the number of stations visited, they find out from examining the signs on the *tessera* which station is missing, and on ascertaining this the tribune calls the centurion of the maniple and he brings before him the men who were on picket duty, and they are confronted with the patrol. If the fault is that of the picket, the patrol makes matters clear at once by calling the men who had accompanied him, for he is bound to do this; but if nothing of the kind has happened, the fault rests on him.

A court-martial composed of all the tribunes at once meets to try him, and if he is found guilty he is punished by the *bastinado* (*fustuarium*). This is inflicted as follows: The tribune takes a cudgel and just touches the condemned man with it, after which all in the camp beat or stone him, in most cases dispatching him in the camp itself. But even those who manage to escape are not saved thereby: impossible! for they are not allowed to return to their homes, and none of the family would dare to receive such a man in his house. So that those who have once fallen into this misfortune are utterly ruined.

The same punishment is inflicted on the *optio* and on the præfect of the squadron, if they do not give the proper orders at the right time to the patrols and the præfect of the next squadron. Thus, owing to the extreme severity and inevitableness of the penalty, the night watches of the Roman army are most scrupulously kept.

While the soldiers are subject to the tribunes, the latter are subject to the consuls. A tribune, and in the case of the allies a præfect, has the right of inflicting fines, of demanding sureties, and of punishing by flogging. The *bastinado* is also inflicted on those who steal anything from the camp; on those who give false evidence; on young men who have abused their persons; and finally on anyone who has been punished thrice for the same fault. Those are the offences which are punished as crimes, the following being treated as unmanly acts and disgraceful in a soldier—when a man boasts falsely to the tribune of his valor in the field in order to gain distinction; when any men who have been placed in a covering force leave the station assigned to them from fear; likewise when anyone throws away from fear any of his arms in the actual battle. Therefore the men in covering forces often face certain death, refusing to leave their ranks even when vastly outnumbered, owing to dread of the punishment they would meet with; and again in the battle men who have lost a shield or sword or any other arm often throw themselves into the midst of the enemy, hoping either to recover the lost object or to escape by death from inevitable disgrace and the taunts of their relations.

If the same thing ever happens to large bodies, and if entire maniples desert their posts when exceedingly hard pressed, the officers refrain from inflicting the *bastinado* or the death penalty on all, but find a solution of the difficulty which is both salutary and terror-striking. The tribune assembles the legion, and brings up those guilty of leaving the ranks, reproaches them sharply, and finally chooses by lot sometimes five, sometimes eight, sometimes twenty of the offenders, so adjusting the number thus chosen that they form as near as possible the tenth part of those guilty of cowardice. Those on whom the lot falls are *bastinadoed* mercilessly in the manner above described; the rest receive

rations of barley instead of wheat and are ordered to encamp outside the camp on an unprotected spot. As therefore the danger and dread of drawing the fatal lot affects all equally, as it is uncertain on whom it will fall; and as the public disgrace of receiving barley rations falls on all alike, this practice is that best calculated both to inspire fear and to correct the mischief.

They also have an admirable method of encouraging the young soldiers to face danger. After a battle in which some of them have distinguished themselves, the general calls an assembly of the troops, and bringing forward those whom he considers to have displayed conspicuous valor, first of all speaks in laudatory terms of the courageous deeds of each and of anything else in their previous conduct which deserves commendation, and afterwards distributes the following rewards. To the man who has wounded an enemy, a spear; to him who has slain and stripped an enemy, a cup if he be in the infantry and horse trappings if in the cavalry, although the gift here was originally only a spear. These gifts are not made to men who have wounded or stripped an enemy in a regular battle or at the storming of a city, but to those who during skirmishes or in similar circumstances, where there is no necessity for engaging in single combat, have voluntarily and deliberately thrown themselves into the danger. To the first man to mount the wall at the assault on a city, he gives a crown of gold. So also those who have shielded and saved any of the citizens or allies receive honorary gifts from the consul, and the men they saved crown their preservers, if not of their own free will under compulsion from the tribunes who judge the case. The man thus preserved also reverences his preserver as a father all through his life, and must treat him in every way like a parent. By such incentives they excite to emulation and rivalry in the field not only the men who are present and listen to their words, but those who remain at home also. For the recipients of such gifts, quite apart from becoming famous in the army and famous too for the time at their homes, are especially distinguished in religious processions after their return, as no one is allowed to wear decorations except those on whom these honors for bravery have been conferred by the consul; and in their houses they hang up the spoils they won

in the most conspicuous places, looking upon them as tokens and evidences of their valor. Considering all this attention given to the matter of punishments and rewards in the army and the importance attached to both, no wonder that the wars in which the Romans engage end so successfully and brilliantly.

10 CONSTITUTION AND CHARACTER OF ROME AND CARTHAGE

The constitution of Carthage seems to me to have been originally well contrived as regards its most distinctive points. For there were kings, and the house of Elders was an aristocratical force, and the people were supreme in matters proper to them, the entire frame of the state much resembling that of Rome and Sparta. But at the time when they entered on the Hannibalic War, the Carthaginian constitution had degenerated, and that of Rome was better. For as every body or state or action has its natural periods first of growth, then of prime, and finally of decay, and as everything in them is at its best when they are in their prime, it was for this reason that the difference between the two states manifested itself at this time. For by as much as the power and prosperity of Carthage had been earlier than that of Rome, by so much had Carthage already begun to decline; while Rome was exactly at her prime, as far at least as her system of government was concerned. Consequently the multitude at Carthage had already acquired the chief voice in deliberations; while at Rome the senate still retained this; and hence, as in one case the masses deliberated and in the other the most eminent men, the Roman decisions on public affairs were superior, so that although they met with complete disaster, they were finally by the wisdom of their counsels victorious over the Carthaginians in the war.

But to pass to differences of detail, such as, to begin with, the conduct of war, the Carthaginians naturally are superior at sea both in efficiency and equipment, because seamanship has long been their national craft, and they busy themselves with the sea more than any other people; but as regards military service on land the Romans are much more efficient. They indeed devote their whole energies to this matter, whereas the Carthaginians entirely

neglect their infantry, though they do pay some slight attention to their cavalry. The reason of this is that the troops they employ are foreign and mercenary, whereas those of the Romans are natives of the soil and citizens. So that in this respect also we must pronounce the political system of Rome to be superior to that of Carthage, the Carthaginians continuing to depend for the maintenance of their freedom on the courage of a mercenary force but the Romans on their own valor and on the aid of their allies. Consequently even if they happen to be worsted at the outset, the Romans redeem defeat by final success, while it is the contrary with the Carthaginians. For the Romans, fighting as they are for their country and their children, never can abate their fury but continue to throw their whole hearts into the struggle until they get the better of their enemies. It follows that though the Romans are, as I said, much less skilled in naval matters, they are on the whole successful at sea owing to the gallantry of their men; for although skill in seamanship is of no small importance in naval battles, it is chiefly the courage of the marines that turns the scale in favor of victory. Now not only do Italians in general naturally excel Phœnicians and Africans in bodily strength and personal courage, but by their institutions also they do much to foster a spirit of bravery in the young men. A single instance will suffice to indicate the pains taken by the state to turn out men who will be ready to endure everything in order to gain a reputation in their country for valor.

Whenever any illustrious man dies, he is carried at his funeral into the forum to the so-called rostra, sometimes conspicuous in an upright posture and more rarely reclined. Here with all the people standing round, a grown-up son, if he has left one who happens to be present, or if not some other relative mounts the rostra and discourses on the virtues and successful achievements of the dead. As a consequence the multitude and not only those who had a part in these achievements, but those also who had none, when the facts are recalled to their minds and brought before their eyes, are moved to such sympathy that the loss seems to be not confined to the mourners, but a public one affecting the whole people. Next after the interment and the performance of the

usual ceremonies, they place the image of the departed in the most conspicuous position in the house, enclosed in a wooden shrine. This image is a mask reproducing with remarkable fidelity both the features and complexion of the deceased. On the occasion of public sacrifices they display these images, and decorate them with much care, and when any distinguished member of the family dies they take them to the funeral, putting them on men who seem to them to bear the closest resemblance to the original in stature and carriage. These representatives wear togas, with a purple border if the deceased was a consul or prætor, whole purple if he was a censor, and embroidered with gold if he had celebrated a triumph or achieved anything similar. They all ride in chariots preceded by the fasces, axes, and other insignia by which the different magistrates are wont to be accompanied according to the respective dignity of the offices of state held by each during his life; and when they arrive at the rostra they all seat themselves in a row on ivory chairs. There could not easily be a more ennobling spectacle for a young man who aspires to fame and virtue. For who would not be inspired by the sight of the images of men renowned for their excellence, all together and as if alive and breathing? What spectacle could be more glorious than this? Besides, he who makes the oration over the man about to be buried, when he has finished speaking of him recounts the successes and exploits of the rest whose images are present, beginning from the most ancient. By this means, by this constant renewal of the good report of brave men, the celebrity of those who performed noble deeds is rendered immortal, while at the same time the fame of those who did good service to their country becomes known to the people and a heritage for future generations. But the most important result is that young men are thus inspired to endure every suffering for the public welfare in the hope of winning the glory that attends on brave men. What I say is confirmed by the facts. For many Romans have voluntarily engaged in single combat in order to decide a battle, not a few have faced certain death, some in war to save the lives of the rest, and others in peace to save the republic. Some even when in office have put their own sons to death contrary to every law or custom, set-

ting a higher value on the interest of their country than on the ties of nature that bound them to their nearest and dearest.

Many such stories about many men are related in Roman history, but one told of a certain person will suffice for the present as an example and as a confirmation of what I say. It is narrated that when Horatius Cocles was engaged in combat with two of the enemy at the far end of the bridge over the Tiber that lies in the front of the town, he saw large reinforcements coming up to help the enemy, and fearing lest they should force the passage and get into the town, he turned round and called to those behind him to retire and cut the bridge with all speed. His order was obeyed, and while they were cutting the bridge, he stood to his ground receiving many wounds, and arrested the attack of the enemy who were less astonished at his physical strength than at his endurance and courage. The bridge once cut, the enemy were prevented from attacking; and Cocles, plunging into the river in full armor as he was, deliberately sacrificed his life, regarding the safety of his country and the glory which in future would attach to his name as of more importance than his present existence and the years of life which remained to him. Such, if I am not wrong, is the eager emulation of achieving noble deeds engendered in the Roman youth by their institutions.

Again, the laws and customs relating to the acquisition of wealth are better in Rome than at Carthage. At Carthage nothing which results in profit is regarded as disgraceful; at Rome nothing is considered more so than to accept bribes and seek gain from improper channels. For no less strong than their approval of money-making by respectable means is their condemnation of unscrupulous gain from forbidden sources. A proof of this is that at Carthage candidates for office practice open bribery, whereas at Rome death is the penalty for it. Therefore as the rewards offered to merit are the opposite in the two cases, it is natural that the steps taken to gain them should also be dissimilar.

But the quality in which the Roman commonwealth is most distinctly superior is in my opinion the nature of their religious convictions. I believe that it is the very thing which among other peoples

is an object of reproach, I mean superstition, which maintains the cohesion of the Roman state. These matters are clothed in such pomp and introduced to such an extent into their public and private life that nothing could exceed it, a fact which will surprise many. My own opinion at least is that they have adopted this course for the sake of the common people. It is a course which perhaps would not have been necessary had it been possible to form a state composed of wise men, but as every multitude is fickle, full of lawless desires, unreasoned passion, and violent anger, the multitude must be held in by invisible terrors and suchlike pageantry. For this reason I think, not that the ancients acted rashly and at haphazard in introducing among the people notions concerning the gods and beliefs in the terrors of hell, but that the moderns are most rash and foolish in banishing such beliefs. The consequence is that among the Greeks, apart from other things, members of the government, if they are entrusted with no more than a talent, though they have ten copyists and as many seals and twice as many witnesses, cannot keep their faith; whereas among the Romans those who as magistrates and legates are dealing with large sums of money maintain correct conduct just because they have pledged their faith by oath. Whereas elsewhere it is a rare thing to find a man who keeps his hands off public money, and whose record is clean in this respect, among the Romans one rarely comes across a man who has been detected in such conduct. . . .

CONCLUSION

That all existing things are subject to decay and change is a truth that scarcely needs proof; for the course of nature is sufficient to force this conviction on us. There being two agencies by which every kind of state is liable to decay, the one external and the other a growth of the state itself, we can lay down no fixed rule about the former, but the latter is a regular process. I have already stated what kind of state is the first to come into being, and what the next, and how the one is transformed into the other; so that those who are capable of connecting the opening propositions of this inquiry with its conclusion will now be able to foretell the future unaided. And what will happen is,

I think, evident. When a state has weathered many great perils and subsequently attains to supremacy and uncontested sovereignty, it is evident that under the influence of long established prosperity, life will become more extravagant and the citizens more fierce in their rivalry regarding office and other objects than they ought to be. As these defects go on increasing, the beginning of the change for the worse will be due to love of office and the disgrace entailed by obscurity, as well as to extravagance and purse-proud display; and for this change the populace will be responsible when on the one hand they think they have a grievance against certain people who have shown themselves grasping, and when, on the other hand, they are puffed up by the flattery of others who aspire to office. For now, stirred to fury and swayed by passion in all their counsels, they will no longer consent to obey or even to be the equals of the ruling caste, but will demand the lion's share for themselves. When this happens, the state will change its name to the finest sounding of all, freedom and democracy, but will change its nature to the worst thing of all, mob-rule.

Having dealt with the origin and growth of the Roman republic, and with its prime and its present condition, and also with the differences for better or worse between it and others, I may now close this discourse more or less so.

But, drawing now upon the period immediately subsequent to the date at which I abandoned my narrative to enter on this digression, I will make brief and summary mention of one occurrence; so that, as if exhibiting a single specimen of a good artist's work, I may make manifest not by words only but by actual fact the perfection and strength of principle of the republic, such as it then was. Hannibal, when, after his victory over the Romans at Cannæ, the eight thousand who garrisoned the camp fell into his hands, after making them all prisoners, allowed them to send a deputation to those at home on the subject of their ransom and release. Upon their naming ten of their most distinguished members, he sent them off after making them swear that they would return to him. One of those nominated just as

he was going out of the camp said he had forgotten something and went back, and after recovering the thing he had left behind again took his departure, thinking that by his return he had kept his faith and absolved himself of his oath. Upon their arrival in Rome they begged and entreated the senate not to grudge the prisoners their release, but to allow each of them to pay three minæ and return to his people; for Hannibal, they said, had made this concession. The men deserved to be released, for they had neither been guilty of cowardice in the battle nor had they done anything unworthy of Rome; but having been left behind to guard the camp, they had, when all the rest had perished in the battle, been forced to yield to circumstances and surrender to the enemy. But the Romans, though they had met with severe reverses in the war, and had now, roughly speaking, lost all their allies and were in momentary expectation of Rome itself being placed in peril, after listening to this plea, neither disregarded their dignity under the pressure of calamity, nor neglected to take into consideration every proper step; but seeing that Hannibal's object in acting thus was both to obtain funds and to deprive the troops opposed to him of their high spirit, by showing that, even if defeated, they might hope for safety, they were so far from acceding to this request, that they did not allow their pity for their kinsmen, or the consideration of the service the men would render them, to prevail, but defeated Hannibal's calculations and the hopes he had based on them by refusing to ransom the men, and at the same time imposed by law on their own troops the duty of either conquering or dying on the field, as there was no hope of safety for them if defeated. Therefore after coming to this decision they dismissed the nine delegates who returned of their own free will, as bound by their oath, while as for the man who had thought to free himself from the oath by a ruse they put him in irons and returned him to the enemy; so that Hannibal's joy at his victory in the battle was not so great as his dejection, when he saw with amazement how steadfast and high-spirited were the Romans in their deliberations.

STRABO (20 B.C.)

Born about 60 B.C. on the shores of the Black Sea, residing in Rome for some time from 20 B.C., and of literary education and tastes, Strabo, besides a now lost history serving as sequel to Polybius, wrote a *Geography* of Asia, Egypt, Libya, and Europe in seventeen books in large part preserved. His pages on Latium and Rome are of great interest. Translation by H. E. Jones.

LATIUM AND ROME

All Latium is blest with fertility and produces everything, except for a few districts that are on the seaboard—I mean all those districts that are marshy and sickly (such as those of the Ardeatæ, and those between Antium and Lanuvium as far as the Pomptine Plain, and certain districts in the territory of Setia and the country round about Tarracina and the Circaëum), or any districts that are perhaps mountainous and rocky; and yet even these are not wholly untilled or useless, but afford rich pasture grounds, or timber, or certain fruits that grow in marshy or rocky ground (the Cæcuban Plain, although marshy, supports a vine that produces the best of wine, I mean the tree-vine). The seaboard cities belonging to the Latini are, first, Ostia: it is harborless on account of the silting up which is caused by the Tiber, since the Tiber is fed by numerous streams. Now although it is with peril that the merchant-ships anchor far out in the surge, still, the prospect of gain prevails; and in fact the good supply of the tenders which receive the cargoes and bring back cargoes in exchange makes it possible for the ships to sail away quickly before they touch the river, or else, after being partly relieved of their cargoes, they sail into the Tiber and run inland as far as Rome, one hundred and ninety stadia. Ostia was founded by Ancus Marcius. Such, then, is this city of Ostia. Next comes Antium, it also being a harborless city. It is situated on masses of rock, and is about two hundred and sixty stadia distant from Ostia. Now at the present time Antium is given over to the rulers for their leisure and relief from the cares of state whenever they get the opportunity, and therefore, for the purposes of such sojourns, many very

costly residences have been built in the city. . . .

After Antium, within a distance of two hundred and ninety stadia, comes Circaëum, a mountain which has the form of an island, because it is surrounded by sea and marshes. They further say that Circaëum is a place that abounds in roots—perhaps because they associate it with the myth about Circe. It has a little city and a temple of Circe and an altar of Athene, and people there show you a sort of bowl which, they say, belonged to Odysseus. Between Antium and Circaëum is the River Storae, and also, near it, an anchoring-place. Then comes a stretch of coast that is exposed to the south-west wind, with no shelter except a little harbor near Circaëum itself. Beyond this coast, in the interior, is the Pomptine Plain. . . . Next, within one hundred stadia of Circaëum, is Tarracina, which was formerly called 'Trachine' from its actual character. In front of Tarracina lies a great marsh, formed by two rivers; the larger one is called Aufidus. It is here that the Appian Way first touches the sea; it has been constructed from Rome as far as Brentesium and is the most traveled of all; but of the cities on the sea it touches only these: Tarracina, and those that come next in order after it, Formiæ, Minturnæ, and Sinuessa, and those at the end—Taras and Brentesium. Near Tarracina, as you go toward Rome, there is a canal which runs alongside the Appian Way, and is fed at numerous places by waters from the marshes and the rivers. People navigate the canal, preferably by night (so that if they embark in the evening they can disembark early in the morning and go the rest of their journey by the Way), but they also navigate it by day. The boat is towed by a mule. . . .

In the interior, the first city above Ostia

is Rome, and it is the only city that is situated on the Tiber. With regard to this city, I have already said that it was founded there as a matter of necessity, not as a matter of choice; and I must add that even those who afterwards added certain districts to the settlement could not as masters take the better course, but as slaves must needs accommodate themselves to what had already been founded. The first founders walled the Capitolium and the Palatium and the Quirinal Hill, which last was so easy for outsiders to ascend that Titus Tatius took it at the first onset, making his attack at the time when he came to avenge the outrage of the seizure of the maidens. Again, Ancus Marcius took in Mt. Calium and Mt. Aventine, and the plain between them, which were separated both from one another and from the parts that were already walled, but he did so only from necessity; for, in the first place, it was not a good thing to leave hills that were so well fortified by nature outside the walls for any who wished strongholds against the city, and, secondly, he was unable to fill out the whole circuit of hills as far as the Quirinal. Servius, however, detected the gap, for he filled it out by adding both the Esquiline Hill and the Viminal Hill. But these too are easy for outsiders to attack; and for this reason they dug a deep trench and took the earth to the inner side of the trench, and extended a mound about six stadia on the inner brow of the trench, and built thereon a wall with towers from the Colline Gate to the Esquiline. Below the centre of the mound is a third gate, bearing the same name as the Viminal Hill. Such, then, are the fortifications of the city, though they need a second set of fortifications. And, in my opinion, the first founders took the same course of reasoning both for themselves and for their successors, namely, that it was appropriate for the Romans to depend for their safety and general welfare, not on their fortifications, but on their arms and their own valor, in the belief that it is not walls that protect men but men that protect walls. At the outset, then, since the fertile and extensive country round about them belonged to others, and since the terrain of the city was so easy to attack, there was nothing fortunate in their position to call for congratulation, but when by their valor and their toil they had made the country their own property,

there was obviously a concourse, so to speak, of blessings that surpassed all natural advantages; and it is because of this concourse of blessings that the city, although it has grown to such an extent, holds out in the way it does, not only in respect to food, but also in respect to timber and stones for the building of houses, which goes on unceasingly in consequence of the collapses and fires and repeated sales (these last, too, going on unceasingly); and indeed the sales are intentional collapses, as it were, since the purchasers keep tearing down the houses and building new ones, one after another, to suit their wishes. To meet these requirements, then, the Romans are afforded a wonderful supply of materials by the large number of mines, by the timber, and by the rivers which bring these down: first, the Anio, which flows from Alba, the Latin city next to the Marsi, through the plain that is below Alba to its confluence with the Tiber; and then the Nar and the Teneas, the rivers which run through Ombricia down to the same river, the Tiber; and also the Clanis, which, however, runs down thither through Tyrrhenia and the territory of Clusium. Now Augustus Caesar concerned himself about such impairments of the city, organizing for protection against fires a militia composed of freedmen, whose duty it was to render assistance, and also to provide against collapses, reducing the heights of the new buildings and forbidding that any structure on the public streets should rise as high as seventy feet; but still his constructive measures would have failed by now were it not that the mines and the timber and the easy means of transportation by water still hold out.

So much, then, for the blessings of which nature supplies the city; but the Romans have added still others, which are the result of their foresight; for if the Greeks had the repute of aiming most happily in the founding of cities, in that they aimed at beauty, strength of position, harbors, and productive soil, the Romans had the best foresight in those matters which the Greeks made but little account of, such as the construction of roads and aqueducts, and of sewers that could wash out the filth of the city into the Tiber. Moreover, they have so constructed also the roads which run throughout the country, by adding both cuts through hills and

embankments across valleys, that their wagons can carry boat-loads; and the sewers, vaulted with close-fitting stones, have in some places left room enough even for wagons loaded with hay to pass through them. And water is brought into the city through the aqueducts in such quantities that veritable rivers flow through the city and the sewers; and almost every house has cisterns, and service-pipes, and copious fountains—with which Marcus Agrippa concerned himself most, though he also adorned the city with many other structures. In a word, the early Romans made but little account of the beauty of Rome, because they were occupied with other, greater and more necessary, matters; whereas the later Romans, and particularly those of to-day and in my time, have not fallen short in this respect either—indeed, they have filled the city with many beautiful structures. In fact, Pompey, the Deified Cæsar, Augustus, his sons and friends, and wife and sister, have outdone all others in their zeal for buildings and in the expense incurred. The Campus Martius contains most of these, and thus, in addition to its natural beauty, it has received still further adornment as the result of foresight. Indeed, the size of the Campus is remarkable, since it affords space at the same time and without interference, not only for the chariot-races and every other equestrian exercise, but also for all that multitude of people who exercise themselves by ball-playing, hoop-trundling, and wrestling; and the works of art situated around the Campus Martius, and the ground, which is covered with grass throughout the year, and the crowns of those hills that are above the river and extend as far as its bed, which present to the eye the appearance of a stage-painting—all this, I say, affords a spectacle that one can hardly draw away from. And near this campus is still another campus, with colonnades round about it in very great numbers, and sacred precincts, and three theaters, and an amphitheater, and very costly temples, in close succession to one another, giving you the impression that they are trying, as it were, to declare the rest of the city a mere accessory. For this reason, in the belief that this place was holiest of all, the Romans have erected in it the tombs of their most illustrious men and women. The most noteworthy is what is called the Mausoleum, a great mound

near the river on a lofty foundation of white marble, thickly covered with evergreen trees to the very summit. Now on top is a bronze image of Augustus Cæsar; beneath the mound are the tombs of himself and his kinsmen and intimates; behind the mound is a large sacred precinct with wonderful promenades; and in the center of the Campus is the wall (this too of white marble) round his crematorium; the wall is surrounded by a circular iron fence and the space within the wall is planted with black poplars. And again, if, on passing to the old Forum, you saw one forum after another ranged along the old one, and basilicas, and temples, and saw also the Capitolium and the works of art there and those of the Palatium and Livia's Promenade, you would easily become oblivious to everything else outside. Such is Rome.

POMPEII AND VESUVIUS

Both this settlement and the one next after it, Pompaia (past which flows the River Sarnus), were once held by the Osci; then, by the Tyrrheni and the Pelasgi; and after that, by the Samnitæ; but they, too, were ejected from the places. Pompaia, on the River Sarnus—a river which both takes the cargoes inland and sends them out to sea—is the port-town of Nola, Nuceria, and Acherræ (a place with name like that of the settlement near Cremona). Above these places lies Mt. Vesuvius, which, save for its summit, has dwellings all round, on farm-lands that are absolutely beautiful. As for the summit, a considerable part of it is flat, but all of it is unfruitful, and looks ash-colored, and it shows pore-like cavities in masses of rock that are soot-colored on the surface, these masses of rock looking as though they had been eaten out by fire; and hence one might infer that in earlier times this district was on fire and had craters of fire, and then, because the fuel gave out, was quenched. Perhaps, too, this is the cause of the fruitfulness of the country all round the mountain; just as at Catana, it is said, that part of the country which had been covered with ash-dust from the hot ashes carried up into the air by the fire of Ætna made the land suited to the vine; for it contains the substance that fattens both the soil which is burnt out and that which produces the fruits; so then,

when it acquired plenty of fat, it was suited to burning out, as is the case with all sulphur-like substances, and then when it had been evaporated and quenched and reduced to ash-dust, it passed into a state of fruitfulness. Next after Pompeia comes Surrentum, a city of the Campani. . . . And the whole of the gulf is garnished, in part by the cities which I have just mentioned, and in part by the residences and plantations, which, since they intervene in unbroken succession, present the appearance of a single city. . . . This whole channel, beginning at the Cumæan country and extending as far as Sicily, is full of fire, and has caverns deep down in the earth that form a single whole, connecting not only with one another but also with the mainland; and therefore, not only Ætna clearly has such a character as it is reported by all to have, but also the Lipari Islands, and the districts round about Dicæarchia, Neapolis, and Baiæ, and the island of Pithecussæ. This, I saw, is Pindar's thought when he says that Typhon lies beneath this whole region: 'Now, however, both Sicily and the sea-fenced cliffs beyond Cumæ press hard upon his shaggy breast.'

PLUTARCH (About 50-120 A.D.)

The author of eighty or more dialogues and essays in moral and didactic strain, of four books of *Table Talk*, and of numerous other compositions on various subjects touching literature and religion, Plutarch of Chæronea is best and almost exclusively known by his forty-six *Parallel Lives*, biographies of great Greek and Roman public men in pairs, such as Demosthenes and Cicero, Alexander and Julius Cæsar, whose living quality has made them perennially favorite. From the French of Amyot and the English of North, the *Lives* found a way into Montaigne and Shakespeare, and may be said to have permeated modern culture. Plutarch himself was an earnest, sane, generous, and genial spirit, studied at Athens, visited and lectured in Rome, but remained a resident of his native town, and in old age served as priest at Delphi. Something of his rich and genuine humanity entered into his unadorned and earnest page. The translation is that of Dryden, revised by Arthur Hugh Clough.

PERICLES

VIRTUE A STIMULUS TO ADMIRATION AND IMITATION

Cæsar once, seeing some wealthy strangers at Rome, carrying up and down with them in their arms and bosoms young puppy-dogs and monkeys, embracing and making much of them, took occasion not unnaturally to ask whether the women in their country were not used to bear children; by that prince-like reprimand gravely reflecting upon persons who spend and lavish upon brute beasts that affection and kindness which nature has implanted in us to be bestowed on those of our own kind. With like reason may we blame those who misuse that love of inquiry and observation which nature has implanted in our souls, by expending it on objects unworthy of the attention either of their eyes or their ears, while they disregard such as are excellent in themselves, and would do them good.

The mere outward sense, being passive in responding to the impression of the objects that come in its way and strike upon it, perhaps cannot help entertaining and taking notice of everything that addresses it, be it what it will, useful or unuseful; but, in the exercise of his mental perception, every man, if he chooses, has a natural power to turn himself upon all occasions and to change and shift with the greatest ease to what he shall himself judge

desirable. So that it becomes a man's duty to pursue and make after the best and choicest of everything, that he may not only employ his contemplation, but may also be improved by it. For as that color is most suitable to the eye whose freshness and pleasantness stimulates and strengthens the sight, so a man ought to employ his intellectual perception to such objects as, with a sense of delight, are apt to call it forth, and allure it to its own proper good and advantage.

Such objects we find in the acts of virtue, which also produce in the minds of mere readers about them an emulation and eagerness that may lead them on to imitation. . . . Virtue, by the bare statement of its actions, can so affect men's minds as to create at once both admiration of the things done and desire to imitate the doers of them. The goods of fortune we would possess and would enjoy; those of virtue we long to practice and exercise: we are content to receive the former from others, the latter we wish others to experience from us. Moral good is a practical stimulus; it is no sooner seen, than it inspires an impulse to practice; and influences the mind and character not by a mere imitation which we look at, but by the statement of the fact creates a moral purpose which we form.

And so we have thought fit to spend our time and pains in writing of the lives of famous persons; and have composed this tenth book upon that subject containing the

life of Pericles, and that of Fabius Maximus, who carried on the war against Hannibal, men alike, as in their virtues and good parts, so especially in their mild and upright temper and demeanor, and in their capacity to bear the cross-grained humors of their fellow-citizens and colleagues in office, which made them both most useful and serviceable to the interests of their countries. Whether we take a right aim at our intended purpose, it is left to the reader to judge by what he shall here find.

PERICLES AND ATHENIAN ART

That which gave most pleasure and ornament to the city of Athens, and the greatest admiration and even astonishment to all strangers, and that which now is Greece's only evidence that the power she boasts of and her ancient wealth are no romance or idle story, was his construction of the public and sacred buildings. Yet this was that of all his actions in the government which his enemies most looked askance upon and cavilled at in the popular assemblies, crying out how that the commonwealth of Athens had lost its reputation and was ill-spoken of abroad for removing the common treasure of the Greeks from the isle of Delos into their own custody; and how that their fairest excuse for so doing, namely, that they took it away for fear the barbarians should seize it, and on purpose to secure it in a safe place, this Pericles had made unavailable, and how that 'Greece cannot but resent it as an insufferable affront and consider herself to be tyrannized over openly, when she sees the treasure which was contributed by her upon a necessity for the war, wantonly lavished out by us upon our city, to gild her all over, and to adorn and set her forth, as it were some vain woman, hung round with precious stones and figures, and temples, which cost a world of money.'

Pericles, on the other hand, informed the people, that they were in no way obliged to give any account of those moneys to their allies, so long as they maintained their defence, and kept the barbarians from attacking them; while in the meantime they did not so much as supply one horse or man or ship, but only found money for the service; 'which money,' said he, 'is not theirs that give it, but theirs that receive it, if so be they

perform the conditions upon which they receive it.' And that it was good reason, that, now the city was sufficiently provided and stored with all things necessary for the war, they should convert the overplus of its wealth to such undertakings as would hereafter, when completed, give them eternal honor, and for the present while in process, freely supply all the inhabitants with plenty. With their variety of workmanship and of occasions for service, which summon all arts and trades and require all hands to be employed about them, they do actually put the whole city, in a manner, into state-pay; while at the same time she is both beautified and maintained by herself. For as those who are of age and strength for war are provided for and maintained in the armaments abroad by their pay out of the public stock, so, it being his desire and design that the undisciplined mechanic multitude that stayed at home should not go without their share of public salaries, and yet should not have them given them for sitting still and doing nothing, to that end he thought fit to bring in among them, with the approbation of the people, these vast projects of buildings and designs of work, that would be of some continuance before they were finished, and would give employment to numerous arts, so that the part of the people who stayed at home might, no less than those that were at sea or in garrisons or on expeditions, have a fair and just occasion of receiving the benefit and having their share of the public money.

The materials were stone, brass, ivory, gold, ebony, cypress-wood; and the arts and trades that wrought and fashioned them were smiths and carpenters, moulders, founders, and braziers, stone-cutters, dyers, goldsmiths, ivory-workers, painters, embroiderers, turners; those again that conveyed them to the town for use, merchants and mariners and ship-masters by sea, and by land, cartwrights, cattle-breeders, wagoners, rope-makers, flax-workers, shoemakers and leather-dressers, road-makers, miners. And every trade in the same nature, as a captain in an army has his particular company of soldiers under him, had its own hired company of journeymen and laborers belonging to it banded together as in array, to be as it were the instrument and body for the performance of the service. Thus, to say all in a word, the occasions and services of these public

works distributed plenty through every age and condition.

As then grew the works up, no less stately in size than exquisite in form, the workmen striving to outvie the material and the design with the beauty of their workmanship, yet the most wonderful thing of all was the rapidity of their execution.

Undertakings, any one of which singly might have required, they thought, for their completion, several successions and ages of men, were every one of them accomplished in the height and prime of one man's political service. Although they say, too, that Zeuxis once, having heard Agatharchus the painter boast of despatching his work with speed and ease, replied, 'I take a long time.' For ease and speed in doing a thing do not give the work lasting solidity or exactness of beauty; the expenditure of time allowed to a man's pains beforehand for the production of a thing is repaid by way of interest with a vital force for the preservation when once produced. For which reason Pericles' works are especially admired, as having been made quickly, to last long. For every particular piece of his work was immediately, even at that time, for its beauty and elegance, antique; and yet in its vigor and freshness looks to this day as if it were just executed. There is a sort of bloom of newness upon those works of his, preserving them from the touch of time, as if they had some perennial spirit and undying vitality mingled in the composition of them.

Phidias had the oversight of all the works, and was surveyor-general, though upon the various portions other great masters and workmen were employed. For Callicrates and Ictinus built the Parthenon. . . .

The propylæa, or entrances to the Acropolis, were finished in five years' time, Mnesicles being the principal architect. A strange accident happened in the course of building, which showed that the goddess was not averse to the work, but was aiding and coöperating to bring it to perfection. One of the artificers, the quickest and the handiest workman among them all, with a slip of his foot fell down from a great height, and lay in a miserable condition, the physicians having no hope of his recovery. When Pericles was in distress about this, Minerva appeared to him in a dream at night, and ordered a course of treatment, which he applied, and in a short

time and with great ease cured the man. And upon this occasion it was that he set up a brass statue of Minerva, surnamed Health, in the citadel near the altar which they say was there before. But it was Phidias who wrought the goddess' image in gold, and he has his name inscribed on the pedestal as the workman of it; and indeed the whole work in a manner was under his charge, and he had, as we have said already, the oversight over all the artists and workmen, through Pericles' friendship for him; and this, indeed, made him much envied, and his patron shamefully slandered with stories. . . .

When the orators, who sided with Thucydides and his party, were at one time crying out, as their custom was, against Pericles, as one who squandered away the public money, and made havoc of the state revenues, he rose in the open assembly and put the question to the people, whether they thought that he had laid out much, and they saying, 'Too much, a great deal,' 'Then,' he said, 'since it is so, let the cost not go to your account but to mine; and let the inscription upon the buildings stand in my name.' When they heard him say thus, whether it were out of a surprise to see the greatness of his spirit or out of emulation of the glory of the works, they cried aloud, bidding him to spend on, and lay out what he thought fit from the public purse, and to spare no cost, till all were finished.

ASPASIA

He ordered, by public decree, the expedition against the Isle of Samos, on the ground, that, when they were bid to leave off their war with the Milesians they had not complied. And as these measures against the Samians are thought to have been taken to please Aspasia, this may be a fit point for inquiry about the woman, what art or charming faculty she had that enabled her to captivate, as she did, the greatest statesmen, and to give the philosophers occasion to speak so much about her, and that, too, not to her disparagement. That she was a Milesian by birth, the daughter of Axiochus, is a thing acknowledged. And they say it was in emulation of Thargelia, a courtesan of the old Ionian times, that she made her addresses to men of great power. Thargelia was a great beauty, extremely charming,

and at the same time sagacious; she had numerous suitors among the Greeks, and brought all who had to do with her over to the Persian interest, and by their means, being men of the greatest power and station, sowed the seeds of the Median faction up and down in several cities. Aspasia, some say, was courted and caressed by Pericles upon account of her knowledge and skill in politics. Socrates himself would sometimes go to visit her, and some of his acquaintance with him; and those who frequented her company would carry their wives with them to listen to her. Her occupation was anything but creditable, her house being a home for young courtesans. Æschines tells us, also, that Lysicles, a sheep-dealer, a man of low birth and character, by keeping Aspasia company after Pericles' death, came to be a chief man in Athens. And in Plato's Menexinus, though we do not take the introduction as quite serious, still thus much seems to be historical, that she had the repute of being resorted to by many of the Athenians for instruction in the art of speaking. Pericles' inclination for her seems, however, to have rather proceeded from the passion of love. He had a wife that was near of kin to him, who had been married first to Hipponicus, by whom she had Callias, surnamed the Rich; and also she brought Pericles, while she lived with him, two sons, Xanthippus and Paralus. Afterwards, when they did not well agree, nor like to live together, he parted with her, with her own consent, to another man, and himself took Aspasia, and loved her with wonderful affection; every day, both as he went out and as he came in from the market-place, he saluted and kissed her.

PHIDIAS

Phidias the Moulder had, as has before been said, undertaken to make the statue of Minerva. Now he, being admitted to friendship with Pericles, and a great favorite of his, had many enemies upon this account, who envied and maligned him; who also, to make trial in a case of his, what kind of judges the commons would prove, should there be occasion to bring Pericles himself before them, having tampered with Menon, one who had been a workman with Phidias, stationed him in the market-place, with a petition desiring

public security upon his discovery and impeachment of Phidias. The people admitting the man to tell his story, and the prosecution proceeding in the assembly, there was nothing of theft or cheat proved against him; for Phidias, from the very first beginning, by the advice of Pericles, had so wrought and wrapt the gold that was used in the work about the statue, that they might take it all off, and make out just the weight of it, which Pericles at that time bade the accusers do. But the reputation of his works was what brought envy upon Phidias, especially that where he represents the fight of the Amazons upon the goddess' shield, he had introduced a likeness of himself as a bald old man holding up a great stone with both hands, and had put in a very fine representation of Pericles fighting with an Amazon. And the position of the hand which holds out the spear in front of the face was ingeniously contrived to conceal in some degree the likeness, which meantime showed itself on either side.

Phidias then was carried away to prison, and there died of a disease; but, as some say, of poison administered by the enemies of Pericles, to raise a slander, or a suspicion at least, as though he had procured it. The informer Menon, upon Glycon's proposal, the people made free from payment of taxes and customs, and ordered the generals to take care that nobody should do him any hurt.

PERICLES AND THE WAR

The Lacedæmonians, for their part, feeling sure that if they could once remove him, they might be at what terms they pleased with the Athenians, sent them word that they should expel the 'Pollution' with which Pericles on the mother's side was tainted, as Thucydides tells us. But the issue proved quite the contrary to what those who sent the message expected; instead of bringing Pericles under suspicion and reproach, they raised him into yet greater credit and esteem with the citizens, as a man whom their enemies most feared and hated. In the same way also, before Archidamus, who was at the head of the Peloponnesians, made his invasion into Attica, he told the Athenians beforehand that if Archidamus, while he laid waste the rest of the country, should forbear and

spare his estate, either on the ground of friendship or right of hospitality that was betwixt them, or on purpose to give his enemies an occasion for traducing him; that then did he freely bestow upon the state all his land and the buildings upon it for the public use. The Lacedæmonians therefore and their allies with a great army invaded the Athenian territories under the conduct of King Archidamus, and, laying waste the country, marched as far as Acharnæ, and there pitched their camp, presuming that the Athenians would never endure that, but would come out and fight them for their country's and their honor's sake. But Pericles looked upon it as dangerous to engage in battle, to the risk of the city itself, against sixty thousand men-at-arms of Peloponnesians and Bœotians; for so many they were in number that made the inroad at first; and he endeavored to appease those who were desirous to fight, and were grieved and discontented to see how things went, and gave them good words, saying that, 'trees, when they are lopped and cut grow up again in a short time, but men, being once lost, cannot easily be recovered.' He did not convene the people into an assembly, for fear lest they should force him to act against his judgment; but, like a skilful steersman or pilot of a ship, who, when a sudden squall comes on, out at sea, makes all his arrangements, sees that all is tight and fast, and then follows the dictates of his skill, and minds the business of the ship, taking no notice of the tears and entreaties of the sea-sick and fearful passengers, so he, having shut up the city gates and placed guards at all places for security, followed his own reason and judgment, little regarding those that cried out against him and were angry at his management, although there were a great many of his friends that urged him with requests, and many of his enemies threatened and accused him for doing as he did, and many made songs and lampoons upon him, which were sung about the town to his disgrace, reproaching him with the cowardly exercise of his office of general, and the tame abandonment of everything to the enemy's hands.

Cleon also already was among his assailants, making use of the feeling against him as a step to the leadership of the people as appears in the anapæstic verses of Hermippus—

Satyr-king, instead of swords,
Will you always handle words?
Very brave indeed we find them,
But a Teles lurks behind them.

Yet to gnash your teeth you're seen,
When the little dagger keen,
Whetted every day anew,
Of sharp Cleon touches you.

Pericles, however, was not at all moved by any attacks, but took all patiently, and submitted in silence to the disgrace they threw upon him and the ill-will they bore him; and, sending out a fleet of a hundred galleys to Peloponnesus, he did not go along with it in person, but stayed behind that he might watch at home and keep the city under his own control, till the Peloponnesians broke up their camp and were gone. Yet to soothe the common people, jaded and distressed with the war, he relieved them with distributions of public moneys, and ordained new divisions of subject land. For having turned out all the people of Ægina, he parted the island among the Athenians according to lot. Some comfort also and ease in their miseries they might receive from what their enemies endured. For the fleet, sailing round the Peloponnese, ravaged a great deal of the country, and pillaged and plundered the towns and smaller cities; and by land he himself entered with an army the Megarian country, and made havoc of it all. Whence it is clear that the Peloponnesians, though they did the Athenians much mischief by land, yet suffering as much themselves from them by sea, would not have protracted the war to such a length, but would quickly have given it over, as Pericles at first foretold they would, had not some divine power crossed human purposes.

In the first place, the pestilential disease, or plague, seized upon the city, and ate up all the flower and prime of their youth and strength.

THE CHARACTER OF PERICLES

When he was now near his end, the best of the citizens and those of his friends who were left alive, sitting about him, were speaking of the greatness of his merit and his power, and reckoning up his famous actions and the number of his victories; for there were no less than nine trophies, which as their chief commander and conqueror of their enemies, he had set up for

the honor of the city. They talked thus together among themselves, as though he were able to understand or mind what they said, but had now lost consciousness. He had listened, however, all the while, and attended to all, and, speaking out among them, said that he wondered they should commend and take notice of things which were as much owing to fortune as to anything else, and had happened to many other commanders, and, at the same time, should not speak or make mention of that which was the most excellent and greatest thing of all. 'For,' said he, 'no Athenian, through my means, ever wore mourning.'

He was indeed a character deserving our high admiration not only for his equitable and mild temper, which all along in the many affairs of his life and the great animosities which he incurred he constantly maintained; but also for the high spirit and feeling which made him regard it the noblest of all his honors that, in the exercise of such immense power, he never had gratified his envy or his passion, nor had ever treated any enemy as irreconcilably opposed to him. And to me it appears that this one thing gives that otherwise childish and arrogant title a fitting and becoming significance; so dispassionate a temper, a life so pure and unblemished, in the height of power and place, might well be called Olympian, in accordance with our conceptions of the divine beings, to whom, as the natural authors of all good and nothing evil, we ascribe the rule and government of the world. Not as the poets represent, who, while confounding us with their ignorant fancies, are themselves confuted by their own poems and fictions, and call the place, indeed, where they say the gods make their abode, a secure and quiet seat, free from all hazards and commotions, untroubled with winds or with clouds, and equally through all time illumined with a soft serenity and a pure light as though such were a home most agreeable for a blessed and immortal nature; and yet, in the meanwhile, affirm that the gods themselves are full of trouble and enmity and anger and other passions, which no way become or belong to even men that have any understanding. But this will, perhaps, seem a subject fitter for some other consideration and that ought to be treated of in some other place.

The course of public affairs after his

death produced a quick and speedy sense of the loss of Pericles. Those who, while he lived, resented his great authority, as that which eclipsed themselves, presently after quitting the stage, making trial of other orators and demagogues, readily acknowledged that there never had been in nature such a disposition as his was, more moderate and reasonable in the height of that state he took upon him, or more grave and impressive in the mildness which he used. And that invidious arbitrary power, to which formerly they gave the name of monarchy and tyranny, did then appear to have been the chief bulwark of public safety; so great a corruption and such a flood of mischief and vice followed which he, by keeping weak and low, had withheld from notice, and had prevented from attaining incurable height through a licentious impunity.

ÆMILIUS PAULUS

A ROMAN TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION

The people erected scaffolds in the Forum, in the circuses, as they call their buildings for horse-races, and in all other parts of the city where they could best behold the show. The spectators were clad in white garments; all the temples were open, and full of garlands and perfumes; the ways were cleared and kept open by numerous officers, who drove back all who crowded into or ran across the main avenue. The triumph lasted three days. On the first, which was scarcely long enough for the sight, were to be seen the statues, pictures, and colossal images which were taken from the enemy, drawn upon two hundred and fifty chariots. On the second, was carried in a great many wagons the finest and richest armor of the Macedonians, both of brass and steel, all newly polished and glittering; the pieces of which were piled up and arranged purposely with the greatest art, so as to seem to be tumbled in heaps carelessly and by chance: helmets were thrown upon shields, coats of mail upon greaves; Cretan targets, and Thracian bucklers and quivers of arrows, lay huddled amongst horses' bits, and through these there appeared the points of naked swords, intermixed with long Macedonian sarissas. All these arms were fastened together with just so much

looseness that they struck against one another as they were drawn along, and made a harsh and alarming noise, so that, even as spoils of a conquered enemy, they could not be beheld without dread. After these wagons loaded with armor there followed three thousand men who carried the silver that was coined, in seven hundred and fifty vessels, each of which weighed three talents, and was carried by four men. Others brought silver bowls and goblets and cups, all disposed in such order as to make the best show, and all curious as well for their size as the solidity of their embossed work.

On the third day early in the morning, first came the trumpeters, who did not sound as they were wont in a procession or solemn entry, but such a charge as the Romans use when they encourage the soldiers to fight. Next followed young men wearing frocks with ornamented borders, who led to the sacrifice a hundred and twenty stalled oxen, with their horns gilded, and their heads adorned with ribbons and garlands; and with these were boys that carried basins for libation, of silver and gold. After this was brought the gold coin, which was divided into vessels that weighed three talents, like those that contained the silver; they were in number seventy-seven. These were followed by those that brought the consecrated bowl which Æmilius had caused to be made, that weighed ten talents, and was set with precious stones. Then were exposed to view the cups of Antigonus and Seleucus and those of the Thericlean make, and all the gold plate, that was used at Perseus's table. Next to these came Perseus's chariot, in which his armor was placed, and on that his diadem. And, after a little intermission, the king's children were led captives, and with them a train of their attendants, masters, and teachers, all shedding tears, and stretching out hands to the spectators, and making the children themselves also beg and entreat their compassion. There were two sons and a daughter, whose tender age made them but little sensible of the greatness of their misery, which very insensibility of their condition rendered it the more deplorable; insomuch that Perseus himself was scarcely regarded as he went along, whilst pity fixed the eyes of the Romans upon the infants; and many of them could not forbear tears, and all beheld the sight with a

mixture of sorrow and pleasure, until the children were passed.

After his children and their attendants came Perseus himself, clad all in black, and wearing the boots of his country, and looking like one altogether stunned and deprived of reason, through the greatness of his misfortunes. Next followed a great company of his friends and familiars, whose countenances were disfigured with grief, and who let the spectators see, by their tears and their continual looking upon Perseus, that it was his fortune they so much lamented, and that they were regardless of their own. Perseus sent to Æmilius to entreat that he might not be led in pomp, but be left out of the triumph; who, deriding, as was but just, his cowardice and fondness of life, sent him this answer, that as for that, it had been before, and was now, in his own power; giving him to understand that the disgrace could be avoided by death; which the faint-hearted man not having the spirit for, and made effeminate by I know not what hopes, allowed himself to appear as a part of his own spoils. After these were carried four hundred crowns, all made of gold, sent from the cities by their respective deputations to Æmilius, in honor of his victory. Then he himself came, seated on a chariot magnificently adorned (a man well worthy to be looked at, even without these ensigns of power), dressed in a robe of purple, interwoven with gold, and holding a laurel branch in his right hand. All the army in like manner with boughs of laurel in their hands, divided into their bands and companies, followed the chariot of the commander; some singing verses, according to the usual custom, mingled with raillery; others, songs of triumph and the praise of Æmilius's deeds; who, indeed, was admired and accounted happy by all men, and unenvied by everyone that was good; except so far as it seems the province of some god to lessen that happiness which is too great and inordinate, and so to mingle the affairs of human life that no one should be entirely free and exempt from calamities; but, as we read in Homer, that those should think themselves truly blessed to whom fortune has given an equal share of good and evil.

Æmilius had four sons, of whom Scipio and Fabius, as is already related, were adopted into other families; the other two, whom he had by a second wife, and who

were yet but young, he brought up in his own house. One of these died at fourteen years of age, five days before his father's triumph, the other at twelve three days after; so that there was no Roman without a deep sense of his suffering, and who did not shudder at the cruelty of fortune, that had not scrupled to bring so much sorrow into a house replenished with happiness, rejoicing, and sacrifices, and to intermingle tears and laments with songs of victory and triumph.

Æmilius, however, reasoning justly that courage and resolution was not merely to resist armor and spears, but all the shocks of ill-fortune, so met and so adapted himself to these mingled and contrasting circumstances, as to outbalance the evil with the good, and his private concerns with those of the public; and thus did not allow anything either to take away from the grandeur, or sully the dignity of his victory. For as soon as he had buried the first of his sons (as we have already said), he triumphed; and the second dying almost as soon as his triumph was over, he gathered together an assembly of the people, and made an oration to them, not like a man that stood in need of comfort from others, but one that undertook to support his fellow-citizens in their grief for the sufferings he himself underwent.

MARCUS CATO

COURAGE AND FRUGALITY

Hence his solidity and depth of character showed itself gradually more and more to those with whom he was concerned, and claimed, as it were, employment in great affairs and places of public command. Nor did he merely abstain from taking fees for his counsel and pleading, but did not even seem to put any high price on the honor which proceeded from such kind of combats, seeming much more desirous to signalize himself in the camp and in real fights; and while yet but a youth, had his breast covered with scars he had received from the enemy: being (as he himself says) but seventeen years old when he made his first campaign; in the time when Hannibal, in the height of his success, was burning and pillaging all Italy. In engagements he would strike boldly, without flinching, stand firm to his ground,

fix a bold countenance upon his enemies, and with a harsh threatening voice accost them, justly thinking himself and telling others that such a rugged kind of behavior sometimes terrifies the enemy more than the sword itself. In his marches he bore his own arms on foot, whilst one servant only followed, to carry the provision for his table, with whom he is said never to have been angry or hasty whilst he made ready his dinner or supper, but would, for the most part, when he was free from military duty, assist and help him himself to dress it. When he was with the army, he used to drink only water, unless, perhaps, when extremely thirsty, he might mingle it with a little vinegar, or if he found his strength fail him, take a little wine.

The little country house of Manius Curius, who had been thrice carried in triumph, happened to be near his farm; so that often going thither, and contemplating the small compass of the place and plainness of the dwelling, he formed an idea of the mind of the person, who being one of the greatest of the Romans, and having subdued the most warlike nations, nay, had driven Pyrrhus out of Italy, now, after three triumphs, was contented to dig in so small a piece of ground, and live in such a cottage. Here it was that the ambassadors of the Samnites, finding him boiling turnips in the chimney corner, offered him a present of gold; but he sent them away with this saying: that he was content with such a supper, had no need of gold; and that he thought it more honorable to conquer those who possessed the gold, than to possess the gold itself. Cato, reflecting upon these things, used to return and, reviewing his own farm, his servants, and housekeeping, increase his labor and retrench all superfluous expences.

ECONOMY AND PARSIMONY

Cato grew more and more powerful by his eloquence, so that he was commonly called the Roman Demosthenes; but his manner of life was yet more famous and talked of. For oratorical skill was, as an accomplishment, commonly studied and sought after by all young men; but he was very rare who would cultivate the old habits of bodily labor, or prefer a light supper, and a breakfast which never saw

the fire, or be in love with poor clothes and a homely lodging, or could set his ambition rather on doing without luxuries than on possessing them. For now the state, unable to keep its purity by reason of its greatness, and having so many affairs, and people from all parts under its government, was fain to admit many mixed customs and new examples of living. With reason, therefore, everybody admired Cato, when they saw others sink under labors and grow effeminate by pleasures, and yet beheld him unconquered by either, and that not only when he was young and desirous of honor, but also when old and grey-headed, after a consulship and triumph; like some famous victor in the games persevering in his exercise and maintaining his character to the very last. He himself says that he never wore a suit of clothes which cost more than a hundred drachmas; and that, when he was consul and general, he drank the same wine which his workmen did; and that the meat or fish which was bought in the meat-market for his dinner did not cost above thirty asses. All which was for the sake of the commonwealth, that his body might be the hardier for the war. Having a piece of embroidered Babylonian tapestry left him, he sold it; because none of his farmhouses were so much as plastered. Nor did he ever buy a slave for above fifteen hundred drachmas; as he did not seek for effeminate and handsome ones, but able sturdy workmen, horse-keepers and cow-herds, and these he thought ought to be sold again when they grew old, and no useless servants fed in the house. In short, he reckoned nothing a good bargain which was superfluous, but whatever it was, though sold for a farthing he would think it a great price, if you had no need of it; and was for the purchase of lands for sowing and feeding, rather than grounds for sweeping and watering.

Some imputed these things to petty avarice, but others approved of him, as if he had only the more strictly denied himself for the rectifying and amending of others. Yet, certainly, in my judgment, it marks an over-rigid temper for a man to take the work out of his servants as out of brute beasts, turning them off and selling them in their old age, and thinking there ought to be no further commerce between man and man than whilst there arises some profit by it. We see that kind-

ness or humanity has a larger field than bare justice to exercise itself in; law and justice we cannot, in the nature of things, employ on others than men; but we may extend our goodness and charity even to irrational creatures; and such acts flow from a gentle nature, as water from an abundant spring. It is doubtless the part of a kind-natured man to keep even worn-out horses and dogs, and not only take care of them when they are foals and whelps, but also when they are grown old. The Athenians, when they built their Hecatompodon, turned those mules loose to feed freely which they had observed to have done the hardest labor. One of these they say came once of itself to offer its service, and ran along with, nay, and went before, the teams which drew the wagons up to the Acropolis, as if it would incite and encourage them to draw more stoutly; upon which there passed a vote that the creature should be kept at the public charge even till it died. The graves of Cimon's horses, which thrice won the Olympian races, are yet to be seen close by his own monument. Old Xanthippus, too (amongst many others who buried the dogs they had bred up), entombed his which swam after his galley to Salamis, when the people fled from Athens, on the top of a cliff, which they call the Dog's Tomb to this day. Nor are we to use living creatures like old shoes or dishes, and throw them away when they are worn out or broken with service; but if it were for nothing else, but by way of study and practice in humanity, a man ought always to prehabituate himself in these things to be of a kind and sweet disposition. As to myself, I would not so much as sell my draught ox on the account of his age, much less for a small piece of money sell a poor old man, and so chase him, as it were, from his own country, by turning him not only out of the place where he has lived a long while, but also out of the manner of living he has been accustomed to, and that more especially when he would be as useless to the buyer as to the seller. Yet Cato for all this glories that he left that very horse in Spain which he used in the wars when he was consul, only because he would not put the public to the charge of his freight. Whether these acts are to be ascribed to the greatness or pettiness of his spirit, let every one argue as they please.

ADMINISTRATOR AND PATERFAMILIAS

Cato, notwithstanding being little solicitous as to those who exclaimed against him, increased his austerity. He caused the pipes, through which some persons brought the public water into their houses and gardens, to be cut, and threw down all buildings which jutted out into the common streets. He beat down also the price in contracts for public works to the lowest, and raised it in contracts for farming the taxes to the highest sum; by which proceedings he drew a great deal of hatred upon himself. Those who were of Titus Flaminius's party canceled in the senate all the bargains and contracts made by him for the repairing and carrying on of the sacred and public buildings as unadvantageous to the commonwealth. They incited also the boldest of the tribunes of the people to accuse him and to fine him two talents. They likewise much opposed him in building the court or basilica which he caused to be erected at the common charge, just by the senate-house, in the market-place, and called by his own name, the Porcian. However, the people, it seems, liked his censorship wondrously well; for, setting up a statue for him in the temple of the goddess of Health, they put an inscription under it, not recording his commands in war or his triumph, but to the effect that this was Cato the Censor, who, by his good discipline and wise and temperate ordinances, reclaimed the Roman commonwealth when it was declining and sinking down into vice. Before this honor was done to himself, he used to laugh at those who loved such kind of things saying, that they did not see that they were taking pride in the workmanship of brass-founders and painters; whereas the citizens bore about his best likeness in their breasts. And when any seemed to wonder that he should have never a statue, while many ordinary persons had one, 'I would,' said he, 'much rather be asked why I have not one, than why I have one.' In short, he would not have any honest citizen endure to be praised, except it might prove advantageous to the commonwealth. Yet still he had passed the highest commendation on himself; for he tells us that those who did anything wrong, and were found fault with, used to say that it was not worth while to blame them, for they were not Catos; he also adds, that they who awk-

wardly mimicked some of his actions were called left-handed Catos; and that the senate in perilous times would cast their eyes on him, as upon a pilot in a ship, and that often when he was not present they put off affairs of greatest consequence. These things are indeed also testified of him by others; for he had a great authority in the city alike for his life, his eloquence, and his age.

He was also a good father, an excellent husband to his wife, and an extraordinary economist; and as he did not manage his affairs of this kind carelessly, and as things of little moment, I think I ought to record a little further whatever was commendable in him in these points. He married a wife more noble than rich; being of opinion that the rich and the high-born are equally haughty and proud; but that those of noble blood would be more ashamed of base things, and consequently more obedient to their husbands in all that was fit and right. A man who beat his wife or child laid violent hands, he said, on what was most sacred; and a good husband he reckoned worthy of more praise than a great senator; and he admired the ancient Socrates for nothing so much as for having lived a temperate and contented life with a wife who was a scold, and children who were half-witted.

As soon as he had a son born, though he had never such urgent business upon his hands, unless it were some public matter, he would be by when his wife washed it and dressed it in its swaddling clothes. For she herself suckled it, nay, she often too gave her breast to her servants' children, to produce, by suckling the same milk, a kind of natural love in them to her son. When he began to come to years of discretion, Cato himself would teach him to read, although he had a servant, a very good grammarian, called Chilo, who taught many others; but he thought not fit, as he himself said, to have his son reprimanded by a slave, or pulled, it may be, by the ears when found tardy in his lesson: nor would he have him owe to a servant the obligation of so great a thing as his learning; he himself, therefore, as we were saying, taught him his grammar, law, and his gymnastic exercises. Nor did he only show him, too, how to throw a dart, to fight in armor, and to ride, but to box also and to endure both heat and cold, and to swim over the most rapid and rough rivers.

He says likewise that he wrote histories, in large characters, with his own hand, that so his son, without stirring out of the house, might learn to know about his countrymen and forefathers; nor did he less abstain from speaking anything obscene before his son, than if it had been in the presence of the sacred virgins, called Vestals. Nor would he ever go into the

bath with him; which seems indeed to have been the common custom of the Romans. Sons-in-law used to avoid bathing with fathers-in-law, disliking to see one another naked; but having, in time, learned of the Greeks to strip before men, they have since taught the Greeks to do it even with the women themselves.

PAUSANIAS (173 A.D.)

When Pausanias wrote the ten books of the *Tour of Greece*, about six hundred years had passed since the death of Pericles, and Plutarch had said that the whole country could not have raised an army of more than three thousand men. The importance of Greece lay in its past, and it was for those who appreciated the value of her gift to the world that Pausanias with much travel and labor made accessible a great variety of knowledge concerning her sites and monuments. His work has been of the greatest importance in the past century also; Schliemann in the excavation of Mycenæ and Tiryns, the Germans at Olympia, the French at Delphi, and the Americans at Corinth, all used him as their guide. The *Tour* covered most of Greece in Europe. Translation by Arthur Richard Shilleto.

TOUR OF GREECE

THE THEATER AT ATHENS

Now the Athenians have statues in the theater of their tragic and comic dramatists, mostly mediocrities, for except Menander there is no Comedian of first-rate powers, and Euripides and Sophocles are the great lights of Tragedy. And the story goes that after the death of Sophocles the Lacedæmonians made an incursion into Attica, and their leader saw in a dream Dionysus standing by him, and bidding him honor the new Siren with all the honors paid to the dead: and the dream seemed manifestly to refer to Sophocles and his plays. And even now the Athenians are wont to compare the persuasiveness of his poetry and discourses to a Siren's song. And the statue of Æschylus was I think completed long after his death, and subsequently to the painting which exhibits the action at Marathon. And Æschylus used to tell the story that when he was quite a lad, he slept in a field watching the grapes, and Dionysus appeared to him and bade him write tragedy; and when it was day, he wished to obey the god, and found it most easy work. This was his own account. And on the South Wall, which looks from the Acropolis to the theater, is the golden head of Medusa the Gorgon, with her ægis. And at the top of the theater there is a crevice in the rocks up to the Acropolis: and there is a tripod also here. On it are portrayed Apollo and Artemis carrying off the sons of Niobe. I myself saw this Niobe when I ascended

the mountain Sipylus: the rock and ravine at near view convey neither the idea of a woman, nor a woman mourning, but at a distance you may fancy to yourself that you see a woman all tears and with dejected mien.

ON THE ACROPOLIS

And as regards the temple which they call the Parthenon, as you enter it everything portrayed on the gables relates to the birth of Athene, and behind is depicted the contest between Poseidon and Athene for the soil of Attica. And this work of art is in ivory and gold. In the middle of her helmet is an image of the Sphinx—about whom I shall give an account when I come to Bœotia—and on each side of the helmet are griffins worked. . . . But the statue of Athene is full length, with a tunic reaching to her feet, and on her breast is the head of Medusa worked in ivory, and in one hand she has a Victory four cubits high, in the other hand a spear, and at her feet a shield, and near the spear a dragon which perhaps is Erichthonius. And on the base of the statue is a representation of the birth of Pandora, the first woman according to Hesiod and other poets, for before her there was no race of women. Here too I remember to have seen the only statue here of the Emperor Adrian, and at the entrance one of Iphicrates the celebrated Athenian general.

And outside the temple is a brazen Apollo said to be by Phidias: and they call it Apollo *Averter of Locusts*, because when the locusts destroyed the land the god said

he would drive them out of the country. And they know that he did so, but they don't say how. I myself know of locusts having been thrice destroyed on Mount Sipylus, but not in the same way, for some were driven away by a violent wind that fell on them, and others by a strong blight that came on them after showers, and others were frozen to death by a sudden frost. All this came under my own notice.

There are also in the Acropolis at Athens statues of Pericles the son of Xanthippus and Xanthippus himself, who fought against the Persians at Mycale. The statue of Pericles stands by itself, but near that of Xanthippus is Anacreon of Teos, the first after Lesbian Sappho, who wrote erotic poetry mainly: his appearance is that of a man singing in liquor. . . .

There is also a building called the Erechtheum: and in the vestibule is an altar of Supreme Zeus, where they offer no living sacrifice, but cakes without the usual libation of wine. And as you enter there are three altars, one to Poseidon (on which they also sacrifice to Erechtheus according to the oracle), one to the hero Butes, and the third to Hephaestus. And on the walls are paintings of the family of Butes. The building is a double one, and inside there is sea water in a well. And this is no great marvel, for even those who live in inland parts have such wells, as notably the Aphrodisienses in Caria. But this well is represented as having a roar as of the sea when the South wind blows. And in the rock is the figure of a trident. And this is said to have been Poseidon's proof in regard to the territory Athens disputed with him.

Sacred to Athene is all the rest of Athens, and similarly all Attica: for although they worship different gods in different townships, none the less do they honor Athene generally. And the most sacred of all is the statue of Athene in what is now called the Acropolis, but was then called the Polis (*city*), which was universally worshiped many years before the various townships formed one city: and the rumor about it is that it fell from heaven. As to this I shall not give an opinion, whether it was so or not. And Callimachus made a golden lamp for the goddess. And when they fill this lamp with oil it lasts for a whole year, although it burns continually night and day. And the

wick is of a particular kind of cotton flax, the only kind imperishable by fire. And above the lamp is a palm tree of brass reaching to the roof and carrying off the smoke. And Callimachus, the maker of this lamp, although he comes behind the first artificers, yet was remarkable for ingenuity, and was the first who perforated stone, and got the name of *Art-critic*, whether his own appellation or given him by others.

AT OLYMPIA

Many various wonders may one see, or hear of, in Greece: but the Eleusinian mysteries and Olympian games seem to exhibit more than anything else the divine purpose. And the sacred grove of Zeus they have from old time called Altis, slightly changing the Greek word for grove: it is indeed called Altis also by Pindar, in the Ode he composed for a victor at Olympia. And the temple and statue of Zeus were built out of the spoils of Pisa, which the people of Elis razed to the ground, after quelling the revolt of Pisa and some of the neighboring towns that revolted with Pisa. And that the statue of Zeus was the work of Phidias is shown by the inscription written at the base of it:

'Phidias the Athenian, the son of Charmides, made me.'

The temple is a Doric building, and outside it is a colonnade. And the temple is built of stone of the district. Its height up to the gable is 68 feet, its breadth 95 feet, and its length 230 feet. And its architect was Libon, a native of Elis. And the tiles on the roof are not of baked earth, but Pentelican marble to imitate tiles. . . . And there are pillars inside the temple, and porticos above, and an approach by them to the image of Zeus. There is also a winding staircase to the roof.

The image of the god is in gold and ivory, seated on a throne. And a crown is on his head imitating the foliage of the olive tree. In his right hand he holds a Victory in ivory and gold, with a tiara and crown on his head: and in his left hand a scepter adorned with all manner of precious stones, and the bird seated on the scepter is an eagle. The robes and sandals of the god are also of gold: and on his robes are imitations of flowers, especially of lilies. And the throne is

richly adorned with gold and precious stones, and with ebony and ivory. And there are imitations of animals painted on it, and models worked on it. There are four Victories like dancers, one at each foot of the throne, and two also at the instep of each foot: and at each of the front feet are Theban boys carried off by Sphinxes, and below the Sphinxes Apollo and Artemis shooting down the children of Niobe. And between the feet of the throne are four divisions formed by straight lines drawn from each of the four feet. In the division nearest the entrance there are seven models, the eighth has vanished, no one knows where or how. And they are imitations of ancient contests, for in the days of Phidias the contests for boys were not yet established. And the figure with its head muffled up in a scarf is, they say, Pantarces, who was a native of Elis and the darling of Phidias. This Pantarces won the wrestling prize for boys in the 86th Olympiad. And in the remaining divisions is the band of Hercules fighting against the Amazons. The number on each side is 29, and Theseus is on the side of Hercules. And the throne is supported not only by the four feet, but also by four pillars between the feet. But one cannot get under the throne, as one can at Amyclæ, and pass inside, for at Olympia there are panels like walls that keep one off. Of these panels the one opposite the doors of the temple is painted sky blue only, but the others contain paintings by Panæus. . . .

This Panæus was the brother of Phidias, and at Athens in the Painted Stoa he has painted the action at Marathon. At the top of the throne Phidias has represented above the head of Zeus the three Graces and three Seasons. For these too, as we learn from the poets, were daughters of Zeus. Homer in the *Iliad* has represented the Seasons as having the care of Heaven, as a kind of guards of a royal palace. And the base under the feet of Zeus (what is called in Attic *θρανιον*), has golden lions engraved on it, and the battle between Theseus and the Amazons, the first famous exploit of the Athenians beyond their own borders. And on the platform that supports the throne there are

various ornaments round Zeus and gilt carving, the Sun seated in his chariot, and Zeus and Hera, and near is Grace. Hermes is close to her, and Vesta close to Hermes. And next to Vesta is Eros receiving Aphrodite, just rising from the sea, who is being crowned by Persuasion. And Apollo and Artemis, Athene, and Hercules are standing by, and at the end of the platform Amphitrite and Poseidon, and Selene apparently urging on her horse. And some say it is a mule and not a horse that the goddess is riding upon, and there is a silly tale about this mule.

I know that the size of the Olympian Zeus both in height and breadth has been stated, but I cannot bestow praise on the measurers, for their recorded measurement comes far short of what anyone would infer looking at the statue. They make the god also to have testified to the art of Phidias. For they say when the statue was finished, Phidias prayed him to signify if the work was to his mind, and immediately Zeus struck with lightning that part of the pavement, where in our day there is a brazen urn with a lid.

And all the pavement in front of the statue is not of white but of black stone. And a border of Parian marble runs round this black stone, as a preservative against spilled oil. For oil is good for the statue at Olympia, as it prevents the ivory being harmed by the dampness of the grove. . . .

Next ought I to describe the temple of Hera, and all that is worth narrating in it. The people of Elis have a tradition that the people of Scillus in Triphylia built it about eight years after Oxylus became king at Elis. Its architecture is Doric, there are pillars all round it, one pillar in a chamber at the back of the temple is of oak. And the length of the temple is 63 feet. . . .

And in Hera's temple there is a statue of Zeus, and also one of Hera seated on a throne, and standing by is a person with a beard and helmet on his head. . . . What I have enumerated are in ivory and gold: but in later times there were other statues placed in the temple of Hera, as a stone Hermes carrying Dionysus as a babe, by Praxiteles.

EPICTETUS (Arrian, 95-175 A.D.)

Born at Hierapolis in Phrygia, a slave at Rome in the time of Nero, lame and sickly, self-taught, Epictetus nevertheless became one of the most influential teachers among the Stoics. Banished with other philosophers by Domitian in 94, he went to live in Epirus, where he was heard by Arrian the writer of history, who became a devoted follower and recorded his master's teachings in the *Discourses* and *Manual* which usually bear the name of Epictetus, who himself did not write. Both works are exhortations to the use of the will in the attainment of self-sufficiency and freedom from externals. The translation is by George Long.

DISCOURSES

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST HABIT

Every habit and faculty is maintained and increased by the corresponding actions: the habit of walking by walking, the habit of running by running. If you would be a good reader, read; if a writer, write. But when you shall not have read for thirty days in succession, but have done something else, you will know the consequence. In the same way, if you shall have lain down ten days, get up and attempt to make a long walk, and you will see how your legs are weakened. Generally then if you would make anything a habit, do it; if you would not make it a habit, do not do it, but accustom yourself to do something else in place of it.

So it is with respect to the affections of the soul: when you have been angry, you must know that not only has this evil befallen you, but that you have also increased the habit, and in a manner thrown fuel upon fire. . . .

If then you wish not to be of an angry temper, do not feed the habit: throw nothing on it which will increase it: at first keep quiet, and count the days on which you have not been angry. I used to be in passion every day; now every second day; then every third, then every fourth. But if you have intermitted thirty days, make a sacrifice to God. For the habit at first begins to be weakened, and then is completely destroyed.

THE ENCHEIRIDION

DESIRE ONLY THE POSSIBLE

Of things some are in our power, and others are not. In our power are opinion, movement towards a thing, desire, aversion; and in a word, whatever are our own acts: not in our power are the body, property, reputation, offices, and in a word, whatever are not our own acts. And the things in our power are by nature free, not subject to restraint nor hindrance: but the things not in our power are weak, slavish, subject to restraint, in the power of others. Remember then that if you think the things which are by nature slavish to be free, and the things which are in the power of others to be your own, you will be hindered, you will lament, you will be disturbed, you will blame both gods and men: but if you think that only which is your own to be your own, and if you think that what is another's, as it really is, belongs to another, no man will ever compel you, no man will hinder you, you will never blame any man, you will accuse no man, you will do nothing involuntarily, no man will harm you, you will have no enemy, for you will not suffer any harm.

If then you desire such great things, remember that you must not lay hold of them with a small effort; but you must leave alone some things entirely, and postpone others for the present. But if you wish for these things also, and power and

wealth, perhaps you will not gain even these very things because you aim also at those former things: certainly you will fail in those things through which alone happiness and freedom are secured.

THE TYRANNY OF OPINION

Men are disturbed not by the things which happen, but by the opinions about the things: for example, death is nothing terrible, for if it were, it would have seemed so to Socrates; for the opinion about death, that it is terrible, is the terrible thing. When then we are impeded or disturbed or grieved, let us never blame others, but ourselves, that is, our opinions. It is the act of an ill-instructed man to blame others for his own bad condition; it is the act of one who has begun to be instructed, to lay the blame on himself; and of one whose instruction is completed, neither to blame another, nor himself.

AT THE BANQUET OF LIFE

Remember that in life you ought to behave as at a banquet. Suppose that something is carried round and is opposite to you. Stretch out your hand and take a

portion with decency. Suppose that it passes you. Do not detain it. Suppose that it is not yet come to you. Do not send your desire forward to it, but wait till it is opposite to you. Do so with respect to children, so with respect to a wife, so with respect to magisterial offices, so with respect to wealth, and you will be some time a worthy partner of the banquets of the gods. But if you take none of the things which are set before you, and even despise them, then you will be not only a fellow banqueter with the gods, but also a partner with them in power. For by acting thus Diogenes and Heracleitus and those like them were deservedly divine, and were so called.

IN THE PLAY OF LIFE

Remember that thou art an actor in a play, of such a kind as the teacher may choose; if short, of a short one; if long, of a long one: if he wishes you to act the part of a poor man, see that you act the part naturally; if the part of a lame man, of a magistrate, of a private person, do the same. For this is your duty, to act well the part that is given to you; but to select the part, belongs to another.

MARCUS AURELIUS (121-180 A.D.)

The twelve books of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, emperor of Rome from 161 to 180 A.D., were written at least in part while he was in camp on the distant frontiers of the empire, defending it against the ancient Bohemians. Addressed to himself, and written really without regard to stylistic appeal, they are usually called *Meditations*. They are like the works of Epictetus in exhorting to self-mastery and independence of the external and transitory, but are farther removed from the common experiences of life. Translation by George Long.

TO HIMSELF

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

From my grandfather Verus [I learned] good morals and the government of my temper.

From the reputation and remembrance of my father, modesty and a manly character.

From my mother, piety and beneficence, and abstinence, not only from evil deeds, but even from evil thoughts; and further, simplicity in my way of living, far removed from the habits of the rich.

From my great-grandfather, not to have frequented public schools, and to have had good teachers at home, and to know that on such things a man should spend liberally.

From my governor, to be neither of the green nor of the blue party at the games in the Circus, nor a partizan either of the Parmularius or the Scutarius at the gladiators' fights; from him too I learned endurance of labor, and to want little, and to work with my own hands, and not to meddle with other people's affairs, and not to be ready to listen to slander. . . .

From Maximus I learned self-government, and not to be led aside by anything; and cheerfulness in all circumstances, as well as in illness; and a just admixture in the moral character of sweetness and dignity, and to do what was set before me without complaining. I observed that everybody believed that he thought as he spoke, and that in all that he did he never had any bad intention; and he never showed amazement and surprise, and was never in a hurry, and never put off doing a thing, nor was perplexed nor dejected,

nor did he ever laugh to disguise his vexation, nor, on the other hand, was he ever passionate or suspicious. He was accustomed to do acts of beneficence, and was ready to forgive, and was free from all falsehood; and he presented the appearance of a man who could not be diverted from right rather than of a man who had been improved. I observed, too, that no man could ever think that he was despised by Maximus, or ever venture to think himself a better man. He had also the art of being humorous in an agreeable way.

In my father I observed mildness of temper, and unchangeable resolution in the things which he had determined after due deliberation; and no vain-glory in those things which men call honors; and a love of labor and perseverance; and a readiness to listen to those who had anything to propose for the common weal; and undeviating firmness in giving to every man according to his deserts; and a knowledge derived from experience of the occasions for vigorous action and for remission. . . . but every one acknowledged him to be a man ripe, perfect, above flattery, able to manage his own and other men's affairs. Besides this, he honored those who were true philosophers, and he did not reproach those who pretended to be philosophers, nor yet was he easily led by them. He was also easy in conversation, and he made himself agreeable without any offensive affectation. He took a reasonable care of his body's health, not as one who was greatly attached to life, nor out of regard to personal appearance, nor yet in a careless way, but so that, through his own attention, he very seldom stood in need of the physician's art or of medicine or external applications. He was most ready

to give way without envy to those who possessed any particular faculty, such as that of eloquence or knowledge of the law or of morals, or of anything else; and he gave them his help, that each might enjoy reputation according to his deserts; and he always acted conformably to the institutions of his country, without showing any affectation of doing so. Further, he was not fond of change nor unsteady, but he loved to stay in the same places, and to employ himself about the same things; and after his paroxysms of headache he came immediately fresh and vigorous to his usual occupations. His secrets were not many, but very few and very rare, and these only about public matters; and he showed prudence and economy in the exhibition of the public spectacles and the construction of public buildings, his donations to the people, and in such things, for he was a man who looked to what ought to be done, not to the reputation which is got by a man's acts. He did not take the bath at unseasonable hours; he was not fond of building houses, nor curious about what he ate, nor about the texture and color of his clothes, nor about the beauty of his slaves. His dress came from Lorium, his villa on the coast, and from Lanuvium generally. We know how he behaved to the toll-collector at Tusculum who asked his pardon; and such was all his behavior. There was in him nothing harsh, nor implacable, nor violent, nor, as one may say, anything carried to the sweating point; but he examined all things severally, as if he had abundance of time, and without confusion, in an orderly way, vigorously and consistently. And that might be applied to him which is recorded of Socrates, that he was able both to abstain from, and to enjoy, those things which many are too weak to abstain from, and cannot enjoy without excess. But to be strong enough both to bear the one and to be sober in the other is the mark of a man who has a perfect and invincible soul, such as he showed in the illness of Maximus.

To the gods I am indebted for having good grandfathers, good parents, a good sister, good teachers, good associates, good kinsmen and friends, nearly everything good. Further, I owe it to the gods that I was not hurried into any offence against any of them, though I had a disposition which, if opportunity had offered, might

have led me to do something of this kind; but, through their favor, there never was such a concurrence of circumstances as put me to the trial. Further, I am thankful to the gods that . . . whenever I wished to help any man in his need, or on any other occasion, I was never told that I had not the means of doing it; and that to myself the same necessity never happened, to receive anything from another; that I have such a wife, so obedient, and so affectionate, and so simple; that I had abundance of good masters for my children . . . and that, when I had an inclination to philosophy, I did not fall into the hands of any sophist, and that I did not waste my time on writers [of histories], or in the resolution of syllogisms, or occupy myself about the investigation of appearances in the heavens; for all these things require the help of the gods and fortune.

Among the Quadi at the Granua.

OF LIFE AND DEATH

Begin the morning by saying to thyself, I shall meet with the busybody, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious, unsocial. All these things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil. But I who have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful and of the bad that it is ugly, and the nature of him who does wrong, that it is akin to me, not [only] of the same blood or seed but that it participates in [the same] intelligence and [the same] portion of the divinity, I can neither be injured by any of them, for no one can fix on me what is ugly, nor can I be angry with my kinsman, nor hate him. For we are made for cooperation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. To act against one another then is contrary to nature; and it is acting against one another to be vexed and to turn away. . . .

Though thou shouldest be going to live three thousand years, and as many times ten thousand years, still remember that no man loses any other life than this which he now lives, nor lives any other than this which he now loses. The longest and shortest are thus brought to the same. For the present is the same to all, though that which perishes is not the same; and so that which is lost appears to be a mere moment. For a man cannot lose either the

past or the future: for what a man has not how can any one take this from him? These two things then thou must bear in mind; the one, that all things from eternity are of like forms and come round in a circle, and that it makes no difference whether a man shall see the same things during a hundred years or two hundred, or an infinite time; and the second, that the longest liver and he who will die soonest lose just the same. For the present is the only thing of which a man can be deprived, if it is true that this is the only thing which he has, and that a man cannot lose a thing if he has it not. . . .

Of human life the time is a point, and the substance is in a flux, and the perception dull, and the composition of the whole body subject to putrefaction, and the soul a whirl, and fortune hard to divine, and fame a thing devoid of judgment. And, to say all in a word, everything which belongs to the body is a stream, and what belongs to the soul is a dream and vapor, and life is a warfare and a stranger's sojourn, and after-fame is oblivion. What then is that which is able to conduct a man? One thing and only one, philosophy. But this consists in keeping the demon within a man free from violence and unharmed, superior to pains and pleasures, doing nothing without a purpose, nor yet falsely and with hypocrisy, not feeling the need of another man's doing or not doing anything; and besides, accepting all that happens, and all that is allotted, as coming from thence, wherever it is, from whence he himself came; and, finally, waiting for death with a cheerful mind, as being nothing else than a dissolution of the elements of which every living being is compounded. But if there is no harm to the elements themselves in each continually changing into another, why should a man have any apprehension about the change and dissolution of all the elements? For it is according to nature, and nothing is evil which is according to nature.

This is Carnuntum. . . .

Thou art a little soul bearing about a corpse, as Epictetus used to say.

It is no evil for things to undergo change, and no good for things to subsist in consequence of change.

Time is like a river made up of the events which happen, and a violent stream;

for as soon as a thing has been seen, it is carried away, and another comes in its place, and this will be carried away too.

Everything which happens is as familiar and well known as the rose in spring and the fruit in summer; for such is disease and death, and calumny, and treachery, and whatever else delights fools or vexes them. . . .

Always remember the saying of Heraclitus, that the death of earth is to become water, and the death of water is to become air, and the death of air is to become fire, and reversely. And think too of him who forgets whither the way leads, and that men quarrel with that with which they are most constantly in communion, the reason which governs the universe; and the things which they daily meet with seem to them strange.

If any god told thee that thou shalt die to-morrow, or certainly on the day after to-morrow, thou wouldst not care much whether it was on the third day or on the morrow, unless thou wast in the highest degree mean-spirited,—for how small is the difference?—so think it no great thing to die after as many years as thou canst name rather than to-morrow.

Think continually how many physicians are dead after often contracting their eyebrows over the sick; and how many astrologers after predicting with great pretensions the deaths of others; and how many philosophers after endless discourses on death or immortality; how many heroes after killing thousands; and how many tyrants who have used their power over men's lives with terrible insolence as if they were immortal; and how many cities are entirely dead, so to speak, Helice and Pompeii and Herclanum, and others innumerable. Add to the reckoning all whom thou hast known, one after another. One man after burying another has been laid out dead, and another buries him: and all this in a short time. To conclude, always observe how ephemeral and worthless human things are, and what was yesterday a little mucus, to-morrow will be a mummy or ashes. Pass then through this little space of time conformably to nature, and end thy journey in content, just as an olive falls off when it is ripe, blessing nature who produced it, and thanking the tree on which it grew. . . .

It is a vulgar, but still a useful help towards contempt of death, to pass in re-

view those who have tenaciously stuck to life. What more then have they gained than those who have died early? Certainly they lie in their tombs somewhere at last, Cadicianus, Fabius, Julianus, Lepidus, or any one else like them, who have carried out many to be buried, and then were carried out themselves. Altogether the interval is small [between birth and death]; and consider with how much trouble, and in 10 company with what sort of people and in what a feeble body this interval is laboriously passed. Do not then consider life a thing of any value. For look to the immensity of time behind thee, and to the time which is before thee, another boundless space. In this infinity then what is the difference between him who lives three days and him who lives three generations?

DIODENES LAERTIUS (About 200 A.D.)

In the ten books of the *Lives of the Philosophers*, Diogenes, probably of Laerte in Cilicia, begins with pre-Socratic times and concludes with Epicurus, whom he admired. Not remarkable either for literary or critical excellence, his work is valuable for its assemblage of interesting facts in a single account and for the realization it brings of the largeness of the part played by philosophy in ancient life. Translation by C. D. Yonge.

EPICURUS

There are plenty of witnesses of the unsurpassable kindness of the man to everybody; both his own country, which honored him with brazen statues, and his friends, who were so numerous that they could not be contained in whole cities; and all his acquaintances who were bound to him by nothing but the charms of his doctrine, none of whom ever deserted him, except Metrodorus, the son of Stratoniceus, who went over to Carneades, probably because he was not able to bear with equanimity the unapproachable excellence of Epicurus. Also, the perpetual succession of his school, which, when every other school decayed, continued without any falling off, and produced a countless number of philosophers, succeeding one another without any interruption. We may also speak here of his gratitude towards his parents, and his beneficence to his brothers, and his gentleness to his servants (as is plain from his will, and from the fact too, that they united with him in his philosophical studies, and the most eminent of them was the one whom I have mentioned already, named Inus); and his universal philanthropy towards all men.

His piety towards the Gods, and his affection for his country, was quite unspeakable; though, from an excess of modesty, he avoided affairs of state. And though he lived when very difficult times oppressed Greece, he still remained in his own country, only going two or three times across to Ionia to see his friends, who used to throng to him from all quarters, and to live with him in his garden, as we are told by Apollodorus. (This garden he bought for eighty minae.)

And Diocles, in the third book of his *Excursion*, says that they all lived in the most simple and economical manner; 'They were content,' says he, 'with a small cup of

light wine, and all the rest of their drink was water.' He also tells us that Epicurus would not allow his followers to throw their property into a common stock, as Pythagoras did, who said that the possessions of friends were held in common. For he said that such a doctrine as that was suited rather for those who distrusted one another; and that those who distrusted one another were not friends. But he himself in his letters says that he is content with water and plain bread, and adds, 'Send me some Cytherean cheese, that if I wish to have a feast, I may have the means.' This was the real character of the man who laid down the doctrine that pleasure was the chief good. . . .

He uses in his works plain language with respect to anything he is speaking of, for which Aristophanes, the grammarian, blames him, on the ground of that style being vulgar. But he was such an admirer of perspicuity, that even in his treatise on Rhetoric, he aims at and recommends nothing but clearness of expression. And, in his letters, instead of the usual civil expressions, 'Greeting,' 'Farewell,' and so on, he substitutes, 'May you act well,' 'May you live virtuously,' and expressions of that sort. . . .

He died of the stone, as Hermarchus mentions in his letters, after having been ill a fortnight; and at the end of the fortnight, Hermippus says that he went into a brazen bath, properly tempered with warm water, and asked for a cup of pure wine and drank it; and having recommended his friends to remember his doctrines, he expired. And there is an epigram of ours on him, couched in the following language:—

Now, fare-ye-well, remember all my words;
This was the dying charge of Epicurus:
Then to the bath he went, and drank some wine,
And sank beneath the cold embrace of Pluto.

Such was the life of the man, and such was his death.

LONGINUS (250 A.D.)

The learned minister of Queen Zenobia who lost his life in 273 A.D. when Aurelian conquered Palmyra, may or may not be the author of the treatise *On the Sublime*, or *On the Grand Style*, but his name is lastingly associated with it. *On the Sublime* is the product of an experienced and mature judgment, and is remarkable for its direct appreciation of the fundamentals in literary art.

ON THE GRAND STYLE

But this is first to be inquired into by us, whether or not there is any art in the sublime or deep; since some think that those who reduce such things to the rules of art are quite deceived. 'For the sublime,' such an objector says, 'is the gift of nature, and cannot be acquired by instruction,' and 'there is but one art for it, to be born with the talent,' and 'the works of nature,' as they imagine, 'become worse, and, in every respect, inferior, when parched up by the rules of art;' but I affirm that this can be proved to be otherwise. . . . For what Demosthenes asserts about common life, 'that good fortune is the greatest advantage, but next, and no less important, is prudence, which completely takes with it, even the benefit of the other, from those with whom it is not present;' this we could also affirm of composition, that nature supplies the place of fortune, but art, that of prudence.

This fact also, and it is of greatest weight, viz., that there are some things in writing which depend on nature alone, we must learn from no other source than art. If, as I said, he who censures those learning useful precepts would consider those things separately, he would no longer, as it seems to me, suppose a few thoughts on the subject superfluous or useless. . . .

But since the first, I mean natural sublimity of thought, holds the chief place, we ought to even here, though it is the gift of nature, rather than a quality to be acquired, still educate our souls to sublimity, as far as possible, and make them, as it were, pregnant with some noble elevation. In what way? will some one ask.

I have said, in another place, that such sublimity is the echo of a noble mind; whence even without words a naked thought by itself is sometimes admired, on account of that greatness of soul: such as the silence of Ajax, in the descent into Hell, is grand, and more sublime than any expression. First then, it is absolutely necessary to lay down the source from which it is derived; namely, that a true orator ought not to have mean or ungenerous thoughts. For it is not possible that those who, during their whole lives, think of and pursue low and servile things, could produce anything surprising, and worth the attention of all ages. But the expressions of those are necessarily grand whose thoughts are weighty and important; thus the sublime falls to the lot of those of the most exalted minds. . . .

Come now, let us see if we have any other thing that can render writing sublime: since then some particulars are naturally united to all things, originating with the matter itself, it would of necessity be a cause of the sublime, to select always the principal of those which offer, and be able to form them, by connecting them with each other, into one body. For sublimity attracts the audience, partly by a selection of the principal circumstances, and partly by crowding them together when judiciously selected.

Thus Sappho, from all sides, collects the passions which accompany the frenzy of love from attendant circumstances, and nature itself: but where does she show her chief excellence? In being skilful enough both to choose and connect with each other the principal and most sublime of them—

'That man appears to me to be equal to the gods, who sits opposite to you,

'And near hears you sweetly speaking; you smile, too, most enchantingly;

'It was this that made my heart beat in my breast; for when

'I behold you, my voice quickly leaves me; my tongue indeed falters,

'A subtle flame runs quickly through my veins; I see nothing with

'My eyes; my ears ring; a cold sweat is poured forth; a trembling seizes

'My whole frame, I become paler than grass; I seem not to be far

'Distant from death. Everything, however, must be tried, since the poor, &c.'

Do you not admire how, at the same time, she seeks after soul, body, ears, tongue, color, everything vanishing, as if distinct from herself? and by the most opposite changes she chills, she burns, she raves, she reasons, she is either out of her wits, or dying away: that no one passion may appear in her, but an assemblage of conflicting passions. All such things happen to lovers, but the choice, as I said, of the principal circumstances, and of uniting them together, has formed the sublimity of this ode. . . .

It is right, therefore, that we also, when we earnestly undertake anything requiring sublimity, should figure to our minds how Homer, suppose, would express this same thing, or how Plato or Demosthenes would dress it in sublimity, or Thucydides in history. For those celebrated persons occurring to us for imitation, and, in a manner, shining as a light before us, will raise our souls to the fancied measure. But still more, if we would represent this to our minds, how would Homer, were he present, listen to this expression of mine, or Demosthenes; or how would they be affected by it? For it is, in truth, a great excitement to constitute such a theater and tribunal for our compositions; and to fancy we must submit to an examination of our writings before such heroes, at once our judges and witnesses; but it is a greater motive to animate than those, if you add, 'What will future ages think of me who write thus?'

And here, if any one apprehends that he could not express anything which might outlive his own life and age, it is necessary that the conceptions of his mind, imperfect and abortive, should, as it were, miscarry, not lasting till the time when posterity may applaud him.

Come then, let us suppose a writer, in

reality, free and faultless;—is it not then worth our attention to consider at large this important question, which is to be preferred in poetry and writing, sublimity with some errors, or what is moderate in its best parts, but correct and faultless? And still more, whether the number or excellence of the beauties should with justice bear the prize in writing? For these are enquiries peculiar to a treatise on sublimity, and absolutely require examination. For I well know that a sublime genius is far from being correct, for that accuracy in every point is exposed to the danger of flatness, but in sublimity, as in great wealth, something must be overlooked. But consider whether this be not a necessary consequence, that authors of humble, moderate talents, as they hazard nothing and aim not at excellence, will in general remain faultless and more safe than others; but that those of a sublime nature are liable to error on account of that very sublimity. Nor am I ignorant of this other consideration, that all human works are best known by their imperfection, and that the recollection of errors remains indelible; but that of excellencies quickly passes away. But I, who have remarked not a few faults in Homer and those other writers who are most celebrated, and am by no means pleased with such slips, although I do not consider them wilful errors, but rather oversights occasioned by their negligence, expressed carelessly, and at random, unknown to themselves from the sublimity of their nature, nevertheless I am of opinion, that excellencies of a higher order, though they may not preserve an equality throughout, should always hold the first rank, if it were for no other reason than their sublimity. Because Apollonius, the author of the *Argonautics*, was a faultless writer; and in *Pastorals* Theocritus was most happy, except in a few things where he quitted his province; would you therefore wish to be Apollonius rather than Homer? But what! Is Eratosthenes in his *Erigone*, for it is a delicate little poem without a single fault, a poet superior to Archilochus, who unexpectedly breaks out into many irregularities, by the force of that godlike spirit which it is difficult to reduce to laws? But what! In lyrics, would you choose to be Bacchylides rather than Pindar, and in tragedy, Ion of Chios, than, ye gods! the great Sophocles? for they are faultless, and with a

smooth delicate style have left nothing without decoration: whilst Pindar and Sophocles sometimes, by their rapidity, set everything, as it were, in a blaze, but are unexpectedly extinguished and sink most unhappily. Truly no man of sense, collecting together all the plays of Ion, would put them in competition with that single play of Sophocles—the 5 *Œdipus*.

LUCIAN (About 125-200 A.D.)

Parody was favorite in Greece from the earliest comic imitation of Homer and the earliest writing of comic drama, and satire inhered in it or was its near relative. Both flourished in the Alexandrian period, but satire did not find a really famous representative in Greek letters until long after Horace, Persius, and Juvenal at Rome had justified Quintilian's claim that 'satire is entirely ours.'

Lucian of Samosata in Asia Minor, who flourished about 160 A.D., had a lively wit, a satiric spirit, and a light pen which made his *Dialogues of the Gods*, *Dialogues of the Dead*, *A True Story*, and *Peregrinus*, the delight of all succeeding times. *A True Story* reminds the reader of *Gulliver's Travels* and similar works inspired by Lucian, his ludicrous representations of gods and philosophers are in the spirit of an Aristophanes, and his deft and suave manner of exposing and laughing at the superstitions and pretensions of men is unsurpassed.

The translation of the *Dialogues* by W. Lucas Collins is here used with the approval of the J. B. Lippincott Company; that of *A True Story* is by A. M. Harmon, in the Loeb Library.

A TRUE STORY

PREFACE

Men interested in athletics and in the care of their bodies think not only of condition and exercise but also of relaxation in season; in fact, they consider this the principal part of training. In like manner students, I think, after much reading of serious works may profitably relax their minds and put them in better trim for future labor. It would be appropriate recreation for them if they were to take up the sort of reading that, instead of affording just pure amusement based on wit and humor, also boasts a little food for thought that the Muses would not altogether spurn; and I think they will consider the present work something of the kind. They will find it enticing not only for the novelty of its subject, for the humor of its plan and because I tell all kinds of lies in a plausible and specious way, but also because everything in my story is a more or less comical parody of one or another of the poets, historians and philosophers of old, who have written much that smacks of miracles and fables. I would cite them by name, were it not that you yourself will recognize them from your reading. One of them is Ctesias, son of Ctesiochus, of Cnidos, who wrote a great deal about India and its

characteristics that he had never seen himself nor heard from anyone else with a reputation for truthfulness. Iambulus also wrote much that was strange about the countries in the great sea: he made up a falsehood that is patent to everybody, but wrote a story that is not uninteresting for all that. Many others, with the same intent, have written about imaginary travels and journeys of theirs, telling of huge beasts, cruel men and strange ways of living. Their guide and instructor in this sort of charlatanry is Homer's Odysseus, who tells Alcinous and his court about winds in bondage, one-eyed men, cannibals and savages; also about animals with many heads, and transformations of his comrades wrought with drugs. This stuff, and much more like it, is what our friend humbugged the illiterate Phæacians with! Well, on reading all these authors, I did not find much fault with them for their lying, as I saw that this was already a common practice even among men who profess philosophy. I did wonder, though, that they thought that they could write untruths and not get caught at it. Therefore, as I myself, thanks to my vanity, was eager to hand something down to posterity, that I might not be the only one excluded from the privileges of poetic license, and as I had nothing true to tell, not having had any adventures of significance, I

took to lying. But my lying is far more honest than theirs, for though I tell the truth in nothing else, I shall at least be truthful in saying that I am a liar. I think I can escape the censure of the world by my own admission that I am not telling a word of truth. Be it understood, then, that I am writing about things which I have neither seen nor had to do with nor learned from others—which, in fact, do not exist at all and, in the nature of things, cannot exist. Therefore my readers should on no account believe in them.

Once upon a time, setting out from the Pillars of Hercules and heading for the western ocean with a fair wind, I went a-voyaging. The motive and purpose of my journey lay in my intellectual activity and desire for adventure, and in my wish to find out what the end of the ocean was, and who the people were that lived on the other side. On this account I put aboard a good store of provisions, stowed water enough, enlisted in the venture fifty of my acquaintances who were like-minded with myself, got together also a great quantity of arms, shipped the best sailing-master to be had at a big inducement, and put my boat—she was a pinnacle—in trim for a long and difficult voyage. Well, for a day and a night we sailed before the wind without making very much offing, as land was still dimly in sight; but at sunrise on the second day the wind freshened, the sea rose, darkness came on, and before we knew it we could no longer even get our canvas in. Committing ourselves to the gale and giving up, we drove for seventy-nine days. On the eightieth day, however, the sun came out suddenly and at no great distance we saw a high, wooded island ringed about with sounding surf, which, however, was not rough, as already the worst of the storm was abating.

Putting in and going ashore, we lay on the ground for some time in consequence of our long misery, but finally we arose and told off thirty of our number to stay and guard the ship and twenty to go inland with me and look over the island. When we had gone forward through the wood about three furlongs from the sea, we saw a slab of bronze, inscribed with Greek letters, faint and obliterated, which said: 'To this point came Hercules and Dionysus.' There were also two footprints in the rock close by, one of which was a hundred feet long, the other less—to my

thinking, the smaller one was left by Dionysus, the other by Hercules. We did obeisance and went on, but had not gone far when we came upon a river of wine, just as like as could be to Chian. The stream was large and full, so that in places it was actually navigable. Thus we could not help having much greater faith in the inscription on the slab, seeing the evidence of Dionysus' visit. I resolved to find out where the river took its rise, and went up along the stream. What I found was not a source, but a number of large grapevines, full of clusters; beside the root of each flowed a spring of clear wine, and the springs gave rise to the river.

THE ESCAPE FROM THE WHALE'S BELLY IS FOLLOWED BY A WONDERFUL SERIES OF ADVENTURES

From that time on, as I could no longer endure the life in the whale and was discontented with the loneliness, I sought a way of escape. First we determined to dig through the right side and make off, and we made a beginning and fell to cutting in. But when we had advanced some five furlongs without getting anywhere, we left off digging and decided to set the forest afire, thinking that in this way the whale could be killed, and in that case our escape would be easy. So we began at the tail end and set it afire. For seven days and seven nights he was unaffected by the burning, but on the eighth and ninth we gathered that he was in a bad way. For instance, he yawned less frequently, and whenever he did yawn he closed his mouth quickly. On the tenth and eleventh day mortification at last set in and he was noisome. On the twelfth we perceived just in time that if someone did not shore his jaws open when he yawned, so that he could not close them again, we stood a chance of being shut up in the dead whale and dying there ourselves. At the last moment, then, we propped the mouth open with great beams and made our boat ready, putting aboard all the water we could and the other provisions. Our sailing-master was to be Scintharus.

On the next day the whale was dead at last. We dragged the boat up, took her through the gaps, made her fast to the teeth and lowered her slowly into the sea. Climbing on the back and sacrificing to Poseidon there by the trophy, we camped

for three days, as it was calm. On the fourth day we sailed off, and in so doing met and grounded on many of the dead from the sea-fight, and measured their bodies with amazement. For some days we sailed with a moderate breeze, and then a strong norther blew up and brought on great cold. The entire sea was frozen by it, not just on the surface but to a depth of fully six fathoms, so that we could leave the boat and run on the ice. The wind held and we could not stand it, so we devised an odd remedy—the proposer of the idea was Scintharus. We dug a very large cave in the water and stopped in it for thirty days, keeping a fire burning and eating the fish that we found in digging. When our provisions at last failed, we came out, hauled up the boat, which had frozen in, spread our canvas and slid, gliding on the ice smoothly and easily, just as if we were sailing. On the fifth day it was warm again, the ice broke up and everything turned to water once more.

After sailing about three hundred furlongs we ran in at a small desert island, where we got water—which had failed by this time—and shot two wild bulls, and then sailed away. These bulls did not have their horns on their head but under their eyes, as Momus wanted. Not long afterwards we entered a sea of milk, not of water, and in it a white island, full of grapevines, came in sight. The island was a great solid cheese, as we afterwards learned by tasting it. It was twenty-five furlongs in circumference. The vines were full of grapes, but the liquid which we squeezed from them and drank was milk instead of wine. A temple had been constructed in the middle of the island in honor of Galatea the Nereid, as its inscription indicated. All the time that we stopped in the island the earth was our bread and meat and the milk from the grapes our drink. The ruler of that region was said to be Tyro, daughter of Salmoneus, who after departure from home received this guerdon from Poseidon.

After stopping five days on the island we started out on the sixth, with a bit of breeze propelling us over a rippling sea. On the eighth day, by which time we were no longer sailing through the milk but in briny blue water, we came in sight of many men running over the sea, like us in every way, both in

shape and in size, except only their feet, which were of cork: that is why they were called Corkfeet, if I am not mistaken. We were amazed to see that they did not go under, but stayed on the top of the waves and went about fearlessly. Some of them came up and greeted us in the Greek language; they said that they were on their way to Cork, their native city. For some distance they traveled with us, running alongside, and then they turned off and went their way, wishing us luck on our voyage.

In a little while many islands came in sight. Near us, to port, was Cork, where the men were going, a city built on a great round cork. At a distance and more to starboard were five islands, very large and high, from which much fire was blazing up. Dead ahead was one that was flat and low-lying, not less than five hundred furlongs off. When at length we were near it, a wonderful breeze blew about us, sweet and fragrant, like the one that, on the word of the historian Herodotus, breathes perfume from Araby the blest. The sweetness that met us was as if it came from roses and narcissi and hyacinths and lilies and violets, from myrrh and laurel and vines in bloom. Delighted with the fragrance and cherishing high hopes after our long toils, we gradually drew near to the island at last. Then we saw many harbors all about it, large and unfretted by beating waves; transparent rivers emptying softly into the sea; meads, too, and woods and songbirds, some of them singing on the shore and many in the branches. A rare, pure atmosphere enfolded the place, and sweet breezes with their blowing stirred the woods gently, so that from the moving branches came a whisper of delightful, unbroken music, like the fluting of Pandean pipes in desert places. Moreover, a confused sound could be heard incessantly, which was not noisy but resembled that made at a drinking-party, when some are playing, others singing and others beating time to the flute or the lyre. Enchanted with all this, we put in, anchored our boat and landed, leaving Scintharus and two of my comrades on board. Advancing through a flowery mead, we came upon the guards and sentinels, who bound us with rosy wreaths—the strongest fetter that they have—and led us inland to their ruler. They told us on the way that the island was the one

that is called the Isle of the Blest, and that the ruler was the Cretan Rhadamanthus. On being brought before him, we were given fourth place among the people awaiting trial. The first case was that of Ajax, son of Telamon, to decide whether he should be allowed to associate with the heroes or not: he was accused of having gone mad and killed himself. At last, when much had been said, Rhadamanthus gave judgment that for the present, after taking a dose of hellebore, he should be given in charge of Hippocrates, the Coan physician, and that later on, when he had recovered his wits, he should have a place at the table of the heroes. The second case was a love-affair—Theseus and Menelaus at law over Helen, to determine which of the two she should live with. Rhadamanthus pronounced that she should live with Menelaus, because he had undergone so much toil and danger on account of his marriage: then too, Theseus had other wives, the Amazon and the daughters of Minos. The third judgment was given in a matter of precedence between Alexander, son of Philip, and Hannibal, of Carthage, and the decision was that Alexander outranked Hannibal, so his chair was placed next the elder Cyrus of Persia. We were brought up fourth; and he asked us how it was that we trod on holy ground while still alive, and we told him the whole story. Then he had us removed, pondered for a long time, and consulted with his associates about us. Among many other associates he had Aristides the Just, of Athens. When he had come to a conclusion, sentence was given that for being inquisitive and not staying at home we should be tried after death, but that for the present we might stop a definite time in the island and share the life of the heroes, and then we must be off. They set the length of our stay at not more than seven months.

Thereupon our garlands fell away of themselves, and we were set free and taken into the city and to the table of the blessed. The city itself is all of gold and the wall around it of emerald. It has seven gates, all of single planks of cinnamon. The foundations of the city and the ground within its walls are ivory. There are temples of all the gods, built of beryl, and in them great monolithic altars of amethyst, on which they make their great burnt-offerings. Around the city runs a river

of the finest myrrh, a hundred royal cubits wide and five deep, so that one can swim in it comfortably. For baths they have large houses of glass, warmed by burning cinnamon; instead of water there is hot dew in the tubs. For clothing they use delicate purple spider-webs. As for themselves, they have no bodies, but are intangible and fleshless, with only shape and figure. Incorporeal as they are, they nevertheless live and move and think and talk. In a word, it would appear that their naked souls go about in the semblance of their bodies. Really, if one did not touch them, he could not tell that what he saw was not a body, for they are like upright shadows, only not black. Nobody grows old, but stays the same age as on coming there. Again, it is neither night among them nor yet very bright day, but the light which is on the country is like the gray morning toward dawn, when the sun has not yet risen. Moreover, they are acquainted with only one season of the year, for it is always spring there and the only wind that blows there is Zephyr. The country abounds in flowers and plants of all kinds, cultivated and otherwise. The grape-vines yield twelve vintages a year, bearing every month; the pomegranates, apples and other fruit-trees were said to bear thirteen times a year, for in one month, their Minoan, they bear twice. Instead of wheat-ears, loaves of bread all baked grow on the tops of the halms, so that they look like mushrooms. In the neighborhood of the city there are three hundred and sixty-five springs of water, as many of honey, five hundred of myrrh—much smaller, however—seven rivers of milk and eight of wine.

Their table is spread outside the city in the Elysian Fields, a very beautiful mead with thick woods of all sorts round about it, overshadowing the feasters. The couches they lie on are made of flowers, and they are attended and served by the winds, who, however, do not pour out their wine, for they do not need anyone to do this. There are great trees of the clearest glass around the table, and instead of fruit they bear cups of all shapes and sizes. When anyone comes to table he picks one or two of the cups and puts them at his place. These fill with wine at once, and that is the way they get their drink. Instead of garlands, the nightingales and the other song-birds gather flowers in their

bills from the fields hard by and drop them down like snow, flying overhead and singing. Furthermore, the way they are scented is that thick clouds draw up myrrh from the springs and the river, stand over the table and under the gentle manipulation of the winds rain down a delicate dew. At the board they pass their time with poetry and song. For the most part they sing the epics of Homer, who is there 10 himself and shares the revelry, lying at table in the place above Odysseus. Their choruses are of boys and girls, led and accompanied by Eunomus of Locris, Arion of Lesbos, Anacreon and Stesichorus. 15 There can be no doubt about the latter, for I saw him there—by that time Helen had forgiven him. When they stop singing another chorus appears, composed of swans and swallows and nightingales, and as they sing the whole wood renders the accompaniment, with the winds leading. But the greatest thing that they have for ensuring a good time is that two springs 20 are by the table, one of laughter and the other of enjoyment. They all drink from each of these when the revels begin, and thenceforth enjoy themselves and laugh all the while.

DIALOGUES OF THE GODS

JUPITER, ÆSCULAPIUS, AND HERCULES

J. Be quiet, do, both of you—Hercules and Æsculapius—quarreling with one another, just like mortals. It's really quite unseemly, this kind of conduct; not at all the thing in Olympian society.

H. But do you mean to say, Jupiter, this apothecary fellow is to sit above me?

Æ. Quite fair I should; I'm the better deity.

H. In what way, you staring ass? Because Jupiter struck you with his lightning for doing what you had no right to do, and now out of sheer pity has made you into an immortal?

Æ. Have you forgot, Hercules, the bonfire that you made of yourself upon Mount Eta, that you taunt me with having been burnt?

H. Our lives were considerably different. I, the son of Jove, who undertook all 55 those labors to benefit my generation, conquering monsters and punishing tyrants, while you went about like a vagabond, col-

lecting roots, of some little use perhaps to dose a few sick folk, but never having done a single deed of valor.

Æ. All very fine; when I healed your 5 sores, sir, when you came up here the other day half roasted between the effects of the tunic and the fire together. Well, if I haven't done much, at least I was never a slave, as you were—never carded wool 10 in Lydia in a woman's dress—never had my face slapped by Omphale with her gilt slipper—and never went mad and killed my wife and children.

H. If you don't stop that abuse, sir, you'll pretty soon find out that your immortality is not of much use to you. I'll take and pitch you head-first out of heaven; and it will be more than Pæan himself can do to mend you when your skull's broken.

J. Stop! I tell you both again, and don't annoy the company, or I'll turn you both out of the hall. But it's quite fair, Hercules, that Æsculapius should sit above you—because he died first.

VENUS AND CUPID

V. How in the world is it, Cupid, 30 that you, who have mastered all the other gods, Jupiter and Neptune and Apollo and Rhea—and even me, your mother—yet you never try your hand upon Minerva? In her case, your torch seems to lose its fire, 35 your quiver has no arrows, and your skill and cunning is all at fault.

C. I am afraid of her, mother; she has such a terrible look, and such stern eyes, and is so horribly man-like. When- 40 ever I bend my bow and take aim at her, she shakes her crest at me and frightens me so that I absolutely shake, and the arrow drops out of my hands.

V. But was not Mars even more terrible? Yet you disarmed and conquered him.

C. Oh, he gives in to me of his own accord, and invites me to attack him. But Minerva always eyes me suspiciously, and whenever I fly near her with my torch, 'If you dare to touch me,' she says, 'I swear by my father, I'll run my spear through you, or take you by the leg and pitch you into Tartarus, or tear you limb from limb.' 55 She has often threatened me so; and then she looks so savage, and has got a horrible head of some kind fixed upon her breast, with snakes for hair, which I am dread-

fully afraid of. It terrifies me, and I run away whenever I see it.

V. You are afraid of Minerva and her Gorgon, you say—you, who are not afraid of Jupiter's thunderbolt! And pray, why are the Muses still untouched, as if they were out of the reach of your arrows? Do they shake their crests too, or do they display any Gorgon's heads?

C. Oh, mother! I should be ashamed to meddle with them—they are such respectable and dignified young ladies, always deep in their studies, or busy with their music; I often stand listening to them till I quite forget myself.

V. Well, let them alone; they are very respectable. But Diana, now—why do you never aim a shaft at her?

C. The fact is, I can't catch her; she is always flying over the mountains; besides, she has a little private love-affair of her own already.

V. With whom, child?

C. With the game—stags and fauns—that she hunts and brings down with her arrows; she cares for nothing else, that I know of. But as for that brother of hers, great archer as he is, and far as he is said to shoot—

V. (*laughing*). Yes, yes, I know, child—you've hit him often enough.

Dialogues of the Dead

Charon and His Passengers

Ch. Now listen to me, good people—I'll tell you how it is. The boat is but small, as you see, and somewhat rotten and leaky withal: and if the weight gets to one side, over we go: and here you are crowding in all at once, and with lots of luggage, every one of you. If you come on board here with all that lumber, I suspect you'll repent of it afterwards—especially those who can't swim.

Mercury. What's best for us to do then, to get safe across?

Ch. I'll tell you. You must all strip before you get in, and leave all those encumbrances on shore: and even then the boat will scarce hold you all. And you take care, Mercury, that no soul is admitted that is not in light marching order, and who has not left all his encumbrances, as I say, behind. Just stand at the gangway

and overhaul them, and don't let them get in till they've stripped.

M. Quite right; I'll see to it.—Now, who comes first here?

Men. I—Menippus. Look—I've pitched my wallet and staff into the lake; my coat, luckily, I didn't bring with me.

M. Get in, Menippus—you're a capital fellow. Take the best seat there, in the stern-sheets, next the steersman, and watch who gets on board.—Now, who's this fine gentleman?

Charmolaus. I'm Charmolaus of Megara—a general favorite. Many a lady would give fifty guineas for a kiss from me.

M. You'll have to leave your pretty face, and those valuable lips, and your long curls and smooth skin behind you, that's all. Ah! now you'll do—you're all right and tight now: get in.—But you, sir, there, in the purple and the diadem,—who are you?

Lampichus. Lampichus, king of Gelo.

M. And what d'ye mean by coming here with all that trumpery?

L. How? Would it be seemly for a king to come here unrobed?

M. Well, for a king, perhaps not—but for a dead man, certainly. So put it all off.

L. There—I've thrown my riches away.

M. Yes—and throw away your pride too, and your contempt for other people. You'll infallibly swamp the boat if you bring all that in.

L. Just let me keep my diadem and mantle.

M. Impossible—off with them too.

L. Well—anything more? because I've thrown them all off, as you see.

M. Your cruelty—and your folly—and your insolence—and bad temper—off with them all!

L. There, then—I'm stripped entirely.

M. Very well—get in.—And you fat fellow, who are you, with all that flesh on you?

Damasias. Damasias, the athlete.

M. Ay, you look like him: I remember having seen you in the games.

D. (*smiling*). Yes, Mercury; take me on board—I'm ready stripped, at any rate.

M. Stripped? Nay, my good sir, not with all that covering of flesh on you. You must get rid of that, or you'll sink the boat the moment you set your other foot in. And you must take off your garlands and trophies too.

D. Then—now I'm really stripped, and

not heavier than these other dead gentlemen.

M. All right—the lighter the better: get in.

[In like manner the patrician has to lay aside his noble birth, his public honors, and statues, and testimonials—the very thought of them, Mercury declares, is enough to sink the boat; and the general is made to leave behind him all his victories and trophies—in the realms of the dead there is peace. Next comes the philosopher's turn.]

M. Who's this pompous and conceited personage, to judge from his looks—he with the knitted eyebrows there, and lost in meditation—that fellow with the long beard?

Men. One of those philosophers, Mercury—or rather those cheats and charlatans: make him strip too; you'll find some curious things hid under that cloak of his.

M. Take your habit off, to begin with, if you please—and now all that you have there,—great Jupiter! what a lot of humbug he was bringing with him—and ignorance, and disputatiousness, and vain-glory, and useless questions, and prickly arguments, and involved statements,—ay, and wasted ingenuity, and solemn trifling, and quips and quirks of all kinds! Yes—by Jove! and there are gold pieces there, and impudence and luxury and debauchery—oh! I see them all, though you are trying to hide them! And your lies, and pomposity, and thinking yourself better than everybody else—away with all that, I say! Why, if you bring all that aboard, a fifty-oared galley wouldn't hold you!

Philosopher. Well, I'll leave it all behind then, if I must.

Men. But make him take his beard off too, Master Mercury; it's heavy and bushy, as you see; there's five pound weight of hair there, at the very least.

M. You're right. Take it off, sir!

Ph. But who is there who can shave me?

M. Menippus there will chop it off with the boat-hatchet—he can have the gunwale for a chopping-block.

Men. Nay, Mercury, lend us a saw—it will be more fun.

M. Oh, the hatchet will do! So—that's well; now you've got rid of your goatishness, you look something more like a man.

Men. Shall I chop a bit off his eyebrows as well?

M. By all means; he has stuck them up

on his forehead, to make himself look grander, I suppose. What's the matter now? You're crying, you rascal, are you—afraid of death? Make haste on board, will you?

Men. He's got something now under his arm.

M. What is it, Menippus?

Men. Flattery it is, Mercury—and a very profitable article he found it, while he was alive.

Ph. (in a fury). And you, Menippus—leave your lawless tongue behind you, and your cursed independence, and mocking laugh; you're the only one of the party who dares laugh.

M. (laughing). No, no, Menippus—they're very light, and take little room; besides, they are good things on a voyage. But you, Mr. Orator there, throw away your rhetorical flourishes, and antitheses, and parallelisms, and barbarisms, and all that heavy wordy gear of yours.

Orator. There, then—there they go!

M. All right. Now then, slip the moorings. Haul that plank aboard—up anchor, and make sail. Mind your helm, master! And a good voyage to us!—What are you howling about, you fools? You, Philosopher, specially? Now that you've had your beard chopped?

Ph. Because, dear Mercury, I always thought the soul had been immortal.

Men. He's lying! It's something else that troubles him, most likely.

M. What's that?

Men. That he shall have no more expensive suppers—nor, after spending all the night in debauchery, profess to lecture to the young men on moral philosophy in the morning, and take pay for it. That's what vexes him.

Ph. And you, Menippus—are you not sorry to die?

Men. How should I be, when I hastened to death without any call to it? But, while we are talking, don't you hear a noise as of some people shouting on the earth?

M. Yes, I do—and from more than one quarter. There's a public rejoicing yonder for the death of Lampichus; and the women have seized his wife, and the boys are stoning his children; and in Sicyon they are all praising Diophantus the orator for his funeral oration upon Crato here. Yes—and there is Damasias's mother wailing for him amongst her women. But

there's not a soul weeping for you, Menippus—you're lying all alone.

Men. Not at all—you'll hear the dogs howling over me presently, and the ravens mournfully flapping their wings, when they gather to my funeral.

M. Stoutly said. But here we are at the landing-place. March off, all of you, to the judgment-seat straight; I and the ferryman must go and fetch a fresh batch.

Men. A pleasant trip to you, Mercury. So we'll be moving on. Come, what are you all dawdling for? You've got to be judged, you know; and the punishments, they tell me, are frightful—wheels, and stones, and vultures. Every man's life will be strictly inquired into, I can tell you.

MENIPPUS AND CERBERUS

Men. I say, Cerberus (I'm a kind of cousin of yours, you know—they call me a dog), tell me, by the holy Styx, how did Socrates behave himself when he came down among ye? I suppose, as you're a divinity, you can not only bark, but talk like a human creature, if you like?

C. (growling). Well, when he was some way off, he came on with a perfectly unmoved countenance, appearing to have no dread at all of death, and to wish to make that plain to those who stood outside the gates here. But when once he got within the archway of the Shades, and saw the gloom and darkness; and when, as he seemed to be lingering, I bit him on the foot (just to help the hemlock), and dragged him down, he shrieked out like a child, and began to lament over his family and all sorts of things.

Men. So the man was but a sophist after all, and had no real contempt for death?

C. No; but when he saw it must come, he steeled himself to meet it, professing to suffer not unwillingly what he must needs have suffered anyhow, that so he might win the admiration of the bystanders. In short, I could tell you much the same story of all those kind of people: up to the gate they are stout-hearted and bold enough, but it is when they get within that the trial comes.

Men. And how did you think I behaved when I came down?

C. You were the only man, Menippus, who behaved worthy of your profession—you and Diogenes before you. You both came here by no force or compulsion, but of your own accord, laughing all the way, and bidding the others who came with you howl and be hanged to them.

MENIPPUS AND MERCURY

Men. I say, Mercury, where are all the handsome men and women? Come—show me about a little, I am quite a stranger here.

M. I haven't time, really. But look yonder, on your right; there are Hyacinthus, and Narcissus, and Nireus, and Achilles,—and Tyro, and Helen, and Leda; and, in short, all the celebrated beauties.

Men. I can see nought but bones and bare skulls,—all very much alike.

M. Yet all the poets have gone into raptures about those very bones which you seem to look upon with such contempt.

Men. Anyway, show me Helen; for I should never be able to make her out from the rest.

M. This skull is Helen.

Men. And it was for this that a thousand ships were manned from all Greece, and so many Greeks and Trojans died in battle, and so many towns were laid waste!

M. Ay, but you never saw the lady alive, Menippus, or you would surely have said with Homer,

No marvel Trojans and the well-armed Greeks
For such a woman should long toils endure:
Like the immortal goddesses is she.

If one looks at withered flowers which have lost their color, of course they seem to have no beauty; but when they are in bloom, and have all their natural tints, they are very beautiful to see.

Men. Still I do wonder, Mercury, that the Greeks should never have bethought themselves that they were quarreling for a thing that was so short-lived, and would perish so soon.

M. I have really no leisure for moralizing, my good Menippus. So pick out a spot for yourself, and lay yourself down quietly; I must go and fetch some more dead people.

THE SALE OF THE PHILOSOPHERS

Scene, a Slave-mart; JUPITER, MERCURY, PHILOSOPHERS in the garb of slaves for sale; audience of Buyers

J. Now, you arrange the benches, and get the place ready for the company. You bring out the goods, and set them in a row; but trim them up a little first, and make them look their best, to attract as many customers as possible. You, Mercury, must put up the lots, and bid all comers welcome to the sale.—Gentlemen, we are here going to offer you philosophical systems of all kinds, and of the most varied and ingenious description. If any gentleman happens to be short of ready money, he can give his security for the amount, and pay next year.

M. (to Jupiter). There are a great many come; so we had best begin at once, and not keep them waiting.

J. Begin the sale, then.

M. Whom shall we put up first?

J. This fellow with the long hair,—the Ionian. He's rather an imposing personage.

M. You, Pythagoras! step out, and show yourself to the company.

J. Put him up.

M. Gentlemen, we here offer you a professor of the very best and most select description—who buys? Who wants to be a cut above the rest of the world? Who wants to understand the harmonies of the universe? and to live two lives?

Customer (turning the Philosopher round and examining him). He's not bad to look at. What does he know best?

M. Arithmetic, astronomy, prognostics, geometry, music, and conjuring—you've a first-rate soothsayer before you.

Cust. May one ask him a few questions?

M. Certainly—(aside) and much good may the answers do you.

Cust. What country do you come from?

Pythagoras. Samos.

Cust. Where were you educated?

P. In Egypt, among the wise men there.

Cust. Suppose I buy you, now—what will you teach me?

P. I will teach you nothing—only recall things to your memory.

Cust. How will you do that?

P. First, I will clean out your mind, and wash out all the rubbish.

Cust. Well, suppose that done, how do you proceed to refresh the memory?

P. First, by long repose, and silence—speaking no word for five whole years.

Cust. Why, look ye, my good fellow, you'd best go teach the dumb son of Croesus! I want to talk, and not be a dummy. Well,—but after this silence and these five years?

P. You shall learn music and geometry.

Cust. A queer idea, that one must be a fiddler before one can be a wise man!

P. Then you shall learn the science of numbers.

Cust. Thank you, but I know how to count already.

P. How do you count?

Cust. One, two, three, four—

P. Ha! what you call four is ten, and the perfect triangle, and the great oath by which we swear.

Cust. Now, so help me the great Ten and Four, I never heard more divine or more wonderful words!

P. And afterwards, stranger, you shall learn about Earth, and Air, and Water, and Fire,—what is their action, and what their form, and what their motion.

Cust. What! have Fire, Air, or Water bodily shape?

P. Surely they have; else, without form and shape, how could they move?—Besides, you shall learn that the Deity consists in Number, Mind, and Harmony.

Cust. What you say is really wonderful!

P. Besides what I have just told you, you shall understand that you yourself, who seem to be one individual, are really somebody else.

Cust. What! do you mean to say I'm somebody else, and not myself, now talking to you?

P. Just at this moment you are; but once upon a time you appeared in another body, and under another name; and hereafter you will pass again into another shape still. . . .

[The next lot is Diogenes, the Cynic]

M. Who'll you have next? That dirty fellow from Pontus?

J. Ay—he'll do.

M. Here! you with the wallet on your back,—you round-shouldered fellow! come

out, and walk round the ring.—A grand character, here, gentlemen; a most extraordinary and remarkable character, I may say; a really free man here I have to offer you—who'll buy?

Cust. How say you, Mr. Salesman? Sell a free citizen?

M. Oh yes.

Cust. Are you not afraid he may bring you before the court of Areopagus for kidnapping?

M. Oh, he doesn't mind about being sold; he says he's free wherever he goes or whatever becomes of him.

Cust. But what could one do with such a dirty, wretched-looking body—unless one were to make a ditcher or a water-carrier of him?

M. Well, or if you employ him as door-porter, you'll find him more trustworthy than any dog. In fact, 'Dog' is his name.

Cust. Where does he come from, and what does he profess?

M. Ask him—that will be most satisfactory.

Cust. I'm afraid of him, he looks so savage and sulky; perhaps he'll bark if I go near him, or even bite me, I shouldn't wonder. Don't you see how he handles his club, and knits his brows, and looks threatening and angry?

M. Oh, there's no fear—he's quite tame.

Cust. (*approaching Diogenes cautiously*). First, my good fellow, of what country are you?

Diogenes (*surlily*). All countries.

Cust. How can that be?

D. I'm a citizen of the world.

Cust. What master do you profess to follow?

D. Hercules.

Cust. Why don't you adopt the lion's hide, then? I see you have the club.

D. Here's my lion's hide,—this old cloak. Like Hercules, I wage war against pleasure; but not under orders, as he did, but of my own free will. My choice is to cleanse human life.

Cust. A very good choice too. But what do you profess to know best? or of what art are you master?

D. I am the liberator of mankind, the physician of the passions; in short, I claim to be the prophet of truth and liberty.

Cust. Come now, Sir Prophet, suppose I buy you, after what fashion will you instruct me?

D. I shall first take and strip you of all your luxury, confine you to poverty, and put an old garment on you: then I shall make you work hard, and lie on the ground, and drink water only, and fill your belly with whatever comes first; your money, if you have any, at my bidding you must take and throw into the sea; and you must care for neither wife nor children, nor country; and hold all things vanity; and leave your father's house and sleep in an empty tomb, or a ruined tower,—ay, or in a tub: and have your wallet filled with lentils, and parchments close-written on both sides. And in this state you shall profess yourself happier than the King of the East. And if any man beats you, or tortures you, this you shall hold to be not painful at all.

Cust. How! do you mean to say I shall not feel pain when I'm beaten? Do you think I've the shell of a crab or a tortoise, man?

D. You can quote that line of Euripides, you know,—slightly altered.

Cust. And what's that, pray?

D.

Thy mind shall feel pain, but thy tongue confess none.

But the qualifications you will most require are these: you must be unscrupulous, and brazen-faced, and ready to revile prince and peasant alike; so shall men take notice of you, and hold you for a brave man. Moreover, let your speech be rough, and your voice harsh, and in fact like a dog's growl; and your countenance rigid, and your gait corresponding to it, and your manner generally brute-like and savage. All modesty and gentleness and moderation put far from you; the faculty of blushing you must eradicate utterly. Seek the most crowded haunts of men; but when there, keep solitary, and hold converse with none; address neither friend nor stranger, for that would be the ruin of your empire. Do in sight of all what others are almost ashamed to do alone. At the last, if you choose, choke yourself with a raw polypus, or an onion. And this happy consummation I devoutly wish you.

Cust. (*recovering from some astonishment*). Get out with you! what abominable and unnatural principles!

D. But very easy to carry out, mind you, and not at all difficult to learn. One needs no education, or reading, or such

nonsense, for this system; it's the real short cut to reputation. Be you the most ordinary person,—cobbler, sausagemonger, carpenter, pawnbroker,—nothing hinders your being the object of popular admiration, provided only that you've impudence enough, and brass enough, and a happy talent for bad language.

Cust. Well, I don't require your instructions in that line. Possibly, however, you might do for a bargeman or a gardener, at a pinch, if this party has a mind to sell you for a couple of oboli,—I couldn't give more.

M. (eagerly). Take him at your own bidding; we're glad to get rid of him, he is so troublesome,—bawls so, and insults everybody up and down, and uses such very bad language.

J. Call out the next—the Cyrenaic there, in purple, with the garland on.

M. Now, gentlemen, let me beg your best attention. This next lot is a very valuable one—quite suited to parties in a good position. Here's Pleasure and Perfect Happiness, all for sale! Who'll give me a bidding now, for perpetual luxury and enjoyment? [*A Cyrenaic, bearing traces of recent debauch, staggers into the ring.*]

Cust. Come forward here, and tell us what you know: I shouldn't mind buying you, if you've any useful qualities.

M. Don't disturb him, sir, if you please, just now—don't ask him any questions. The truth is, he has taken a little too much; that's why he doesn't answer—his tongue's not quite steady.

Cust. And who in their senses, do you suppose, would buy such a debauched and drunken rascal? Faugh! how he stinks of unguents! and look how he staggers and goes from side to side as he walks! But tell us, now, Mercury, what qualifications he really has, and what he knows anything about.

M. Well, he's very pleasant company—good to drink with, and can sing and dance a little—useful to a master who is a man of pleasure and fond of a gay life. Besides, he is a good cook, and clever in made dishes—and, in short, a complete master of the science of luxury. He was brought up at Athens, and was once in the service of the Tyrants of Sicily, who gave him a very good character. The sum of his principles is to despise everything, to make use of everything, and to extract the

greatest amount of pleasure from everything.

Cust. Then you must look out for some other purchaser, among the rich and wealthy here; I can't afford to buy such an expensive indulgence.

M. I fear, Jupiter, we shall have this lot left on our hands—he's unsalable.

J. Put him aside, and bring out another. Stay,—those two there, that fellow from Abdera who is always laughing, and the Ephesian, who is always crying; I've a mind to sell them as a pair.

M. Stand out there in the ring, you two.—We offer you here, sirs, two most admirable characters, the wisest we've had for sale yet.

Cust. By Jove, they're a remarkable contrast! Why, one of them never stops laughing, while the other seems to be in trouble about something, for he's in tears all the time. Holloa, you fellow! what's all this about? What are you laughing at?

Democritus. Need you ask? Because everything seems to me so ridiculous—you yourselves included.

Cust. What! do you mean to laugh at us all to our faces, and mock at all we say and do?

D. Undoubtedly; there's nothing in life that's serious. Everything is unreal and empty—a mere fortuitous concurrence of indefinite atoms.

Cust. You're an indefinite atom yourself, you rascal! Confound your insolence, won't you stop laughing? But you there, poor soul (*to Heraclitus*), why do you weep so? for there seems more use in talking to you.

Heraclitus. Because, stranger, everything in life seems to me to call for pity and to deserve tears; there is nothing but what is liable to calamity; wherefore I mourn for men, and pity them. The evil of to-day I regard not much; but I mourn for that which is to come hereafter—the burning and destruction of all things. This I grieve for, and that nothing is permanent, but all mingled, as it were, in one bitter cup,—pleasure that is no pleasure, knowledge that knows nothing, greatness that is so little, all going round and round and taking their turn in this game of life.

Cust. What do you hold human life to be, then?

H. A child at play, handling its toys, and changing them with every caprice.

Cust. And what are men?

H. Gods—but mortal.

Cust. And the gods?

H. Men—but immortal.

Cust. You speak in riddles, fellow, and put us off with puzzles. You are as bad as Apollo Loxias, giving oracles that no man can understand.

H. Yea; I trouble not myself for any of ye.

Cust. Then no man in his senses is like to buy you.

H. Woe! woe to every man of ye, I say! buyers or not buyers.

Cust. Why, this fellow is pretty near mad!—I'll have nought to do with either of them, for my part.

M. (*turning to Jupiter*). We shall have this pair left on our hands too.

J. Put up another.

M. Will you have that Athenian there, who talks so much?

J. Ay—try him.

M. Step out, there!—A highly moral character, gentlemen, and very sensible. Who makes me an offer for this truly pious lot?

[The morality which the satirist puts into the mouth of Socrates is that which was attributed to him by his enemies. The customer next asks, where he lives?]

Socrates. I live in a certain city of mine own building, a new model Republic, and I make laws for myself.

Cust. I should like to hear one of them.

S. Listen to my grand law of all, then, about wives—that no man should have a wife of his own, but that all should have wives in common.

Cust. What! do you mean to say you have abrogated all the laws of marriage?

S. It puts an end, you see, to so many difficult questions, and so much litigation in the divorce courts.

Cust. Grand idea that! But what is the main feature of your philosophy?

S. The existence of ideals and patterns of all things in nature. Everything you see—the earth, and all that is on it, the heavens, the sea—of all these there exist invisible ideals, external to this visible universe.

Cust. And pray where are they?

S. Nowhere. If they were confined to any place, you see, they could not be at all.

Cust. I never see any of these ideals of yours.

S. Of course not: the eyes of your soul

are blind. But I can see the ideals of all things. I see an invisible double of yourself, and another self besides myself—in fact, I see everything double.

Cust. Bless me! I must buy you, you are so very clever and sharp-sighted. Come (*turning to Mercury*), what do you ask for him?

M. Give us two talents for him.

Cust. I'll take him at your price. I'll pay you another time.

PEREGRINUS AND THE CHRISTIANS

About this time, Peregrinus became a disciple of that extraordinary philosophy of the Christians, having met with some of their priests and scribes in Palestine. He soon convinced them that they were all mere children to him, becoming their prophet and choir-leader and chief of their synagogue, and, in short, everything to them. Several of their sacred books he annotated and interpreted, and some he wrote himself. They held him almost as a god, and made him their lawgiver and president. You know they still reverence that great man, Him that was crucified in Palestine for introducing these new doctrines into the world. On this account Proteus was apprehended and thrown into prison, which very thing brought him no small renown for the future, and the admiration and notoriety which he was so fond of. For, during the time that he was in prison, the Christians, looking upon it as a general misfortune, tried every means to get him released. Then, when this was found impossible, their attention to him in all other ways was zealous and unremitting. From early dawn you might see widows and orphans waiting at the prison-doors; and the men of rank among them even bribed the jailers to allow them to pass the night with him inside the walls. Then they brought in to him there sumptuous meals, and read their sacred books together; and this good Peregrinus (for he was then called so) was termed by them a second Socrates. There came certain Christians, too, from some of the cities in Asia, deputed by their community to bring him aid, and to counsel and encourage him. For they are wonderfully ready whenever their public interest is concerned—in short,

they grudge nothing; and so much money came in to Peregrinus at that time, by reason of his imprisonment, that he made a considerable income by it. For these poor wretches persuade themselves that they shall be immortal, and live for everlasting; so that they despise death, and some of them offer themselves to it voluntarily. Again, their first lawgiver taught them that they were all brothers, when once they had committed themselves so far as to renounce the gods of the Greeks, and worship that crucified sophist, and live according to his laws. So they hold all things alike in contempt, and consider all property common, trusting each other in such matters without any valid security. If, therefore, any clever impostor came among them, who knew how to manage matters, he very soon made himself a rich man, by practising on the credulity of these simple people.

THE FABLE

The ancients attributed their many beast-fables to Æsop, a figure of about the sixth century before Christ almost as legendary as Homer, and gifted with great powers of observation, philosophic mind, and satiric mood. Nothing of his survives, the fables so well known to all ages being the work of imitators and adapters, chiefly the Roman Phædrus, of the first century, and Babrius, of uncertain date, who wrote in Greek.

The following fables of Greek origin have been freely translated by William Ellery Leonard in his volume *Æsop and Hyssop* and are here used by permission of the Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN

An Ass put on a Lion's skin and went
About the forest with much merriment,
Scaring the foolish beasts by brooks and
 rocks,

Till at the last he tried to scare the Fox.
But Reynard, hearing from beneath the mane
That raucous voice so petulant and vain,
Remarked, 'O Ass, I too would run away,
But that I know your old familiar bray.'

That's just the way with asses, just the way.

THE GNAT AND THE BULL

Upon a Bull's horn once there sat
A consequential little Gnat.
And, as he was about to fly,
He buzzed unto the Bull, 'Good-bye,
May I go now?' 'You tiny Hum,'
Said Bull, 'I didn't know you'd come.'

Some people in their lives and labors
Seem larger to themselves than to their
 neighbors.

THE MOUNTAIN IN LABOR

A Mountain was in great distress and loud
She roared and rumbled, till there rushed
 a crowd
Of peasants, kings, and princes, looking at
 her
And wondering what of all things was the
 matter,

When mid her pangs there issued from her
 side

A Mouse—who gave one little squeak and
 died.

5 The moral here is learned and occult—
The bigger fuss, the smaller the result.

THE BELLY AND THE MEMBERS

10 The Members of the Body once rebelled
against the Belly:

'What use for us to labor thus to feed you
jam and jelly,

15 And grind you corn both night and morn,
and broil you little chickens?—

No more we'll work for such a shirk who
treats us like the Dickens.'

And soon the Members, having done exactly
20 what they stated,

Began to wither one by one, and, much
debilitated,

The hands, the feet, the eyes, too late re-
pent of their folly.

25 If men will strike, they're very like to do
the same, by golly.

THE MAN AND THE LION

A Man and Lion on their travels tried
Each to convince the other in his pride
Of strength and prowess given to him alone;
And as they passed a statue carved in stone,
Labeled, 'A Lion strangled by a Man,'
The fellow said: 'How strong we are, you
 can

From this conceive.' The Lion he replied:
 'Had but a Lion there the chisel plied,
 The Man had been beneath the Lion's paws.'

'Stop, Boys—for what's to you a joke,
 To us, to us is slaughter.'

'The point of view' is still the saving clause. 5

THE VINE AND THE GOAT

THE SHEPHERD-BOY AND THE WOLF

A Shepherd-boy beside a stream
 'The Wolf, the Wolf,' was wont to scream,
 And when the Villagers appeared,
 He'd laugh and call them silly-eared.
 A Wolf at last came down the steep—
 'The Wolf, the Wolf—my legs, my sheep!'
 The creature had a jolly feast,
 Quite undisturbed, on boy and beast.

For none believes the liar, forsooth,
 Even when the liar speaks the truth.

THE BOYS AND THE FROGS

Some boys did pelt the Frogs with stones
 And banged them on the brains;
 And laughed to hear the dying groans
 Of Rana Pipiens.
 Till one petitioned with a croak,
 His head above the water:

A Goat was nibbling on a Vine,
 On glossy leaves and tendrils fine:
 'Why wilt thou rend me thus, alas—
 And is there then no good in grass?
 10 But when the vintage comes, I'll be,
 Thou bearded Goat, revenged on thee—
 For at the altar 'twill be mine
 To furnish to the priest the wine
 Which he with pious lips and eyes
 15 Shall pour o'er thee, thou sacrifice
 To Dionysos, god of grapes.'

THE SWAN AND THE GOOSE

20 A rich man bought a Swan and Goose—
 That for song, and this for use.
 It chanced his simple-minded cook
 One night the Swan for Goose mistook.
 25 But in the dark about to chop
 The Swan in two above the crop,
 He heard the lyric note, and stayed
 The action of the fatal blade.
 30 And thus we see a proper tune
 Is sometimes very opportune.

THE NOVEL (100-400 A.D.)

Before prose romance could rise, it was necessary that the forms of narrative usual in Greece should run the natural course of their development and use. These forms were all metrical, the epic, the tragic drama of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the New Comedy, and the Pastoral. The prose story, already known in the lost Milesian tales, developed into sophisticated form from the first Christian century on, included Greek and oriental contributions, and is represented by the surviving tales of Xenophon of Ephesus, Longus, Heliodorus, and Achilles Tatius, the last two being distinctly oriental; and by the poem *Hero and Leander*, by Musæus. All of them belong to several centuries after Christ, and all, with the story-letters of Alciphron, about 180 A.D., and the Christian Greek romances of 300 A.D. onwards, are more or less artificial in manner and romantically miraculous in material. The pastoral romance of Longus, *Daphnis and Chloe*, a beautiful story of country life whose scenes are Theocritean and whose plot is of the New Comedy sort, is an exception in its reserve and reality, and justly the favorite with modern readers.

LONGUS (About 275 A.D.)

In spite of pirates, the miraculous, declamation, coarseness, exposure and recognition by token, and all the baggage of New Comedy and formal rhetoric, Longus produced in *Daphnis and Chloe* a love story whose naïve sex-innocence and Theocritean settings gave it a lasting charm. Many have known it unawares in *Paul and Virginia*, of which it is the chief inspiration. The translation of George Thornley, revised by J. M. Edmonds, is here used with the permission of the Loeb Classical Library.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

THE HERO AND THE HEROINE

Mytilene is a city in Lesbos, and by ancient titles of honor it is the great and fair Mytilene. For it is distinguished and divided (the sea flowing in) by a various euripus, and is adorned with bridges built of white polished marble. You would not think you saw a city, but an island. From this Mytilene some two hundred furlongs there lay a manor of a certain rich lord, the most sweet and pleasant prospect under all the eyes of heaven. There were mountains stored with wild beasts for game; there were hills and banks that were spread with vines; the fields abounded with all sorts of corn; the valleys with orchards and gardens and purls from the hills; the pastures with sheep and goats and kine; the sea-billows, swelling and gushing upon a shore which lay extended along in an open horizon, made a soft magic and enchantment.

In this sweet country, the field and farm

of Mytilene, a goatherd dwelling, by name Lamo, found one of his goats suckling an infant-boy, by such a chance, it seems, as this: There was a lawn, and in it a dell, and in the nethermost part of the dell a place all lined with wandering ivy, the ground furred over with a finer sort of grass, and on that the infant lay. The goat coming often hither, disappeared very much, neglecting still her own kid to attend the wretched child. Lamo observes her frequent outs and discursions, and pitying that the kid should be so forsaken, follows her even at high noon. And anon he sees the goat bestriding the child carefully, lest she should chance to hurt it with her hooves, and the infant drawing milk as from the breast of a kind mother. And wondering at it, as well he might, he comes nearer and finds it a man-child, a lusty boy and beautiful, and wrapped in richer clothes than you should find upon a foundling. His mantle or little cloak was purple, fastened with a golden brooch, and by his side a little dagger, the handle polished ivory.

He thought at first to take away the tokens and take no thought about the child. But afterwards conceiving shame within himself if he should not imitate the kindness and philanthropy he had seen even in that goat, waiting till the night came on he brings all to Myrtale his wife, the boy, his precious trinkets, and the goat. But Myrtale, all amazed at this, 'What?' quoth she, 'do goats cast boys?' Then he fell to tell her all, namely how he had found him exposed, how suckled; how overcome by mere shame he could not leave the sweet child to die in that forsaken thicket. And therefore, when he discerned Myrtale was of his mind, the things exposed together with him are laid up carefully and hid, they say the boy's their own child, and put him to the goat to nurse. And that his name might be indeed a shepherd's name, they agreed to call him Daphnis.

And now, when two years' time was past, a shepherd of the neighboring fields, Dryas by name, had the luck, watching his flock, to see such sights and find such rarities as Lamo did. There was a solitary sacred cave of the Nymphs, a huge rock, hollow and vaulted within, but round without. The statues or images of the Nymphs were cut out most curiously in stone; their feet unshod, their arms bare to the shoulder, their hair loose over their necks, their eyes sweetly smiling, their lawny petticoats tucked up at the waist. The whole presence made a figure as of a divine amusing dance or masque. The mouth of the cave was in the midst of that great rock; and from it gushed up a strong crystal fountain, and running off in a fair current or brook, made before the holy cave a fresh, green, and flowery mead. There were hanging up and consecrated there milking-pails, pipes, and hautboys, whistles, and reeds, the offerings of the ancient shepherds.

To this cave the often gadding of a sheep newly delivered of young, made the shepherd often think that she undoubtedly was lost. Desiring therefore to correct the straggler and reduce her to her rule, of a green with he made a snare, and looked to catch her in the cave. But when he came there he saw things he never dreamed of. For he saw her giving suck from her dugs in a very human manner to an infant, which without crying, greedily did lay, first to one dug then the tother, a most neat and fair mouth; for when the

child had sucked enough, the careful nurse licked it still and trimmed it up. That infant was a girl, and in such manner as before, there lay tokens beside her; a girdle embroidered with gold, a pair of shoes gilded, and ankle-bands all of gold.

Wherefore Dryas, thinking with himself that this could not come about without the providence of the Gods, and learning mercy and love from the sheep, takes her up into his arms, puts her monuments into his scrip, and prays to the Nymphs they may have happily preserved and brought up their suppliant and votary. Now therefore, when it was time to drive home his flocks, he comes to his cottage and tells all that he had seen to his wife, shows her what he had found, bids her think she is her daughter, and, however, nurse her up, all unbeknown, as her child. Nape, that was her name, began presently to be a mother, and with a kind of jealousy would appear to love the child lest that ewe should get more praise; and, like Myrtale before, gives her the pastoral name of Chloe to assure us it's their own.

These infants grew up apace, and still their beauty appeared too excellent to suit with rustics or derive at all from clowns. And Daphnis now is fifteen and Chloe younger two years. . . .

UNCONSCIOUS LOVE

Now besides this, the season of the year inflamed and burnt them. For now the cooler spring was ended and the summer was come on, and all things were got to their highest flourishing, the trees with their fruits, the fields with standing corn. Sweet then was the singing of the grasshoppers, sweet was the odor of the fruits, and not unpleasant the very bleating of the sheep. A man would have thought that the very rivers, by their gentle gliding away, did sing; and that the softer gales of wind did play and whistle on the pines; that the apples, as languishing with love, fell down upon the ground; and that the Sun, as a lover of beauty unveiled, did strive to undress and turn the rurals all naked. By all these was Daphnis inflamed, and therefore often he goes to the rivers and brooks, there to bathe and cool himself, or to chase the fish that went to and fro in the water. And often he drinks of the clear purls, as thinking by that to quench his inward caum and scorching.

When Chloe had milked the sheep and most of the goats and had spent much time and labor (because the flies were importunate and vexatious, and would sting if one chased them) to curdle and press the milk into cheeses, she would wash herself and crown her head with pine-twigs, and when she had girt her fawnskin about her, take her piggin and with wine and milk make a sillibub for her dear Daphnis and herself.

When it grew towards noon they would fall to their catching of one another by their eyes. For Chloe, seeing Daphnis naked, was all eyes for his beauty to view it every whit; and therefore could not choose but melt, as being not able to find in him the least moment to dislike or blame. Daphnis again, if he saw Chloe, in her fawnskin and her pine coronet, give him the sillibub to drink, thought he saw one of the Nymphs of the holy cave. Therefore taking off her pine and kissing it o'er and o'er, he would put it on his own head; and Chloe, when he was naked and bathing, would in her turn take up his vest, and when she kissed it, put it on upon herself. Sometimes now they flung apples at one another, and dressed and distinguished one another's hair into curious trammels and locks. And Chloe likened Daphnis his hair to the myrtle because it was black; Daphnis, again, because her face was white and ruddy, compared it to the fairest apple. He taught her too to play on the pipe, and always when she began to blow would catch the pipe away from her lips and run it presently o'er with his. He seemed to teach her when she was out, but with that specious pretext, by the pipe, he kissed Chloe.

But it happened, when he played on his pipe at noon and the cattle took shade, that Chloe fell unawares asleep. Daphnis observed it and laid down his pipe, and without any shame or fear was bold to view her, all over and every limb, insatiably; and withal spoke softly thus: 'What sweet eyes are those that sleep! How sweetly breathes that rosy mouth! The apples smell not like to it, nor the flowery lawns and thickets. But I am afraid to kiss her. For her kiss stings to my heart and makes me mad like new honey. Besides, I fear lest a kiss should chance to wake her. Oh the prating grasshoppers! they make a noise to break her sleep. And the goats besides are fighting, and they clatter with

their horns. Oh the wolves, worse dastards than the foxes, that they have not ravished them away!'

While he was muttering this passion, a grasshopper that fled from a swallow took sanctuary in Chloe's bosom. And the pursuer could not take her, but her wing by reason of her close pursuit slapped the girl upon the cheek. And she not knowing what was done cried out, and started from her sleep. But when she saw the swallow flying near by and Daphnis laughing at her fear, she began to give it over and rub her eyes that yet would be sleeping. The grasshopper sang out of her bosom, as if her suppliant were now giving thanks for the protection. Therefore Chloe again squeaked out; but Daphnis could not hold laughing, nor pass the opportunity to put his hand into her bosom and draw forth friend Grasshopper, which still did sing even in his hand. When Chloe saw it she was pleased and kissed it, and took and put it in her bosom again, and it prattled all the way.

A GREEK DANCE

Therefore the rest in deep silence sat still, delighted and charmed with that music. But Dryas, rising and bidding him strike up a Dionysiac tune, fell to dance before them the dance of the wine-press. And now he acted to the life the cutting and gathering of the grapes, now the carrying of the baskets, then the treading of the grapes in the press, then presently the tunning of the wine into the butts, and then again their joyful and hearty carousing the must. All these things he represented so aptly and clearly in his dancing, that they all thought they verily saw before their face the vines, the grapes, the press, the butts, and that Dryas did drink indeed. This third old man when he had pleased them so well with his dance, embraced and kissed Daphnis and Chloe. Therefore they two, rising quickly, fell to dancing Lamo's tale. Daphnis played Pan, and Chloe Syrinx. He woos and prays to persuade and win her; she shows her disdain, laughs at his love, and flies him. Daphnis follows as to force her, and running on his tiptoes, imitates the hooves of Pan. Chloe on the other side, acts Syrinx wearied with her flight, and throws herself into the wood as she had done into the fen. But Daphnis, catching up that great pipe of Philetas,

plays at first something that was doleful and bewailing, as a lover, then something that made love and was persuasive to relenting, then a recall from the wood, as from one that dearly sought her. Inso-
 much that Philetas, struck with admiration and joy, could not hold from leaping up and kissing Daphnis. Then he gave him that pipe of his and commanded him to leave it to a successor like himself.
 Daphnis hanged up his own small one to Pan, and when he had kissed his Chloe, as returning from a true unfeigned flight, he began to drive home his flocks (for night was fallen), piping all the way.
 Chloe too by the same music gathered together her flocks and drove them home, the goats strutting along with the sheep, and Daphnis walking close by Chloe. Thus till it was night they filled themselves the one with the other, and agreed to drive out their flocks sooner the next morning.

And so they did. For as soon as it was day they went out to pasture, and when they had first saluted the Nymphs and then Pan, afterwards sitting down under the oak they had the music of the pipe. After that, they kissed, embraced, and hugged one another, and lay down together on the ground; and so rose up again. Nor were they incurious of their meat, and for their drink they drank wine mingled with milk. With all which incentives being more heated and made more lively and forward, they practised between them an amorous controversy about their love to one another, and by little and little came to bind themselves by the faith of oaths. For Daphnis coming up to the pine, swore by Pan that he would not live alone in this world without Chloe so much as the space of one day. And Chloe swore in the cave of the Nymphs that she would have the same death and life with Daphnis.

LOVE'S STRATAGEM

And now winter was come on, a winter more bitter than war to Daphnis and Chloe. For on a sudden there fell a great snow, which blinded all the paths, stopped up all the ways, and shut up all the shepherds and husbandmen. The torrents rushed down in flood, and the lakes were frozen and glazed with crystal. The hedges and trees looked as if they had been breaking down. All the ground was hoodwinked up but that which lay upon the fountains and the

rills. And therefore no man drove out his flocks to pasture or did so much as come out of the door, but about the cock's crowing made their fires nose-high, and some spun flax, some wove tarpaulin for the sea, others with all their sophistry made gins and nets and traps for birds. At that time their care was employed about the oxen and cows that were foddered with chaff in the stalls, about the goats and about the sheep which fed on green leaves in the sheepcotes and the folds, or else about fattening their hogs in the sties with acorns and other mast.

When all was thus taken up perforce with their domestic affairs, the other husbandmen and shepherds were very jovial and merry, as being for a while discharged of their labors and able to have their breakfast in the morning after sleeping long winter nights; so that the winter was to them more pleasant than the summer, the autumn, or the very spring. But Chloe and Daphnis, when they remembered what a sweet conversation they had held before, how they had kissed, how they had embraced and hugged one another, how they had lived at a common scrip, all which were now as pleasures lost, now they had long and sleepless nights, now they had sad and pensive days, and desired nothing so much as a quick return of the spring, to become their regeneration and return from death.

Besides this, it was their grief and complaint if but a scrip came to their hands out of which they had eaten together, or a sillibub-piggin out of which they had used both to drink, or if they chanced to see a pipe laid aside and neglected such as had been not long before a lover's gift from one to the other. And therefore they prayed severally to Pan and the Nymphs that they would deliver them from these as from the other evils and miseries, and show to them and their flocks the Sun again. And while they prayed, they labored too and cast about to find a way by which they might come to see one another. Poor Chloe was void of all counsel and had no device nor plot. For the old woman her reputed mother was by her continually, and taught her to card the fine wool and twirl the spindle, or else was still a clocking for her, and ever and anon casting in words and twattling to her about her marriage. But Daphnis, who was now at leisure enough and was of a more project-

ing wit than a maid, devised this sophism to see her: Before Dryas his cottage, and indeed under the very cottage itself, there grew two tall myrtles and an ivy-bush. The myrtles stood not far off from one another, and between them the ivy ran, and so that it made a kind of arbor by clasping the arms about them both and by the order, the thickness, and interweaving of its branches and leaves, many and great clusters of berries hanging from it like those of the vines from the palmitis. And therefore it was, that great store of winter birds haunted the bush, for want, it seems, of food abroad, many blackbirds, many thrushes, stock-doves and starlings, with other birds that feed on berries.

Under pretext of birding there, Daphnis came out, his scrip furnished indeed with sweet country dainties, but bringing with him, to persuade and affirm his meaning, snares and lime-twigs for the purpose. The place lay off but ten furlongs, and yet the snow that lay unmelted found him somewhat to do to pass through it. But all things are pervious to love, even fire, water, and Scythian snows. Therefore plodding through, he came up to the cottage, and when he had shook off the snow from his thighs, he set his snares and pricked his lime-twigs. Then he sat down and waited for Chloe and the birds.

There flew to the bushes many birds, and a sufficient number was taken to busy Daphnis a thousand ways, in running up and down, in gathering, killing, and depluming his game. But nobody stirred out of the cottage, not a man or woman to be seen, not so much as a hen at the door, but all were shut up in the warm house; so that poor Daphnis knew not what in the world to do, but was at a stand as if his luck had been less fair than fowl. And assuredly he would have ventured to intrude himself, if he could but have found out some specious cause and plausible enough; and so deliberated with himself what was the likeliest to be said: 'I'll say I came to fetch fire; And was there no neighbor, they will say, within a furlong, let alone ten? I came to borrow bread; But thy scrip is stuffed with cakes. I wanted wine; Thy vintage was but tother day. A wolf pursued me; Where are the tracings of a wolf? I came hither to catch birds; And when thou hast caught them why gettest thou not thyself home? I have a mind to see Chloe; But who art thou to

confess such a thing as that to the father and mother of a maid?—and then, on every side vanquished, I shall stand mum. But enough; there is not one of all these things that carries not suspicion with it. Therefore it's better to go presently away in silence; and I shall see Chloe at the first peeping of the spring, since, as it seems, the Fates prohibit it in winter.'

These thoughts cast up and down in his anxious mind and his prey taken up, he was thinking to be gone and was making away, when, as if Love himself had pitied his cause, it happened thus: Dryas and his family were at table, the meat was taken up and divided to messes, the bread was laid out, the wine-bowl set and trimmed. But one of the flock-dogs took his time while they were busy, and ran out adoors with a shoulder of mutton. Dryas was vexed (for that belonged to his mess), and snatching up a club, followed at his heels as if it had been another dog. This pursuit brought him up to the ivy, where he espied the young Daphnis with his birds on his back, and about to pack away. With that, forgetting the dog, and the flesh, he cries out amain, 'Hail, boy! hail, boy!' and fell on his neck to kiss him, and catching him by the hand, led him along into the house.

And then it wanted but a little that Daphnis and Chloe fell not both to the ground when at first they saw one another. Yet while they strove with themselves to stand upright, there passed salutations and kisses between them, and those to them were as pillars and sustentations to hold them from toppling into swoons. Daphnis having now got, beyond all hope, not only a kiss but Chloe herself too, sat down by the fire and laid upon the table his black-birds and stock-doves; and fell to tell them how tedious the business of the house and keeping within had been to him, and that therefore he was come to recreate himself and, as they saw, to catch birds; how he had taken some with lime-twigs, some with snares, as they were feeding greedily upon the ivy and the myrtle-berries.

They, on the other side, fell to commend and praise Daphnis his diligence, and bade him eat of that which the dog had left; and commanded Chloe to wait on them and fill their wine. She with a merry countenance filled to the rest, and after them to Daphnis; for she feigned a pretty anger because that when he was there he would

offer to go away in such a manner and not see her. Yet before she gave it to him she kissed the cup and sipped a little, and so gave it. Daphnis, although he was almost choked for want of drink, drank slowly, tickling himself, by that delay, with longer pleasure.

Dinner was quickly done and the table voided of bread and meat, and when they were sat down everybody began to ask how Lamo and Myrtale had done a great while, and so went on to pronounce them happy folks who had got such a stay and cherisher of their old age. And it was no small pleasure to Daphnis to be praised so in the hearing of Chloe. And when, besides, they said that he must and should tarry with them the next day because it was their sacrifice to Bacchus, it wanted but a little that for very pleasure the ravished lover had worshiped them instead of Bacchus himself; and therefore presently he drew out of his scrip good store of sweet-cakes and the birds he had caught, and these were ordered to be made ready for supper.

A fresh bowl of wine was set, a new fire kindled up, and night soon coming on they fell to eat again. When supper was done and part of their time was spent in telling of old tales, part in singing some of the ditties of the fields, they went to bed, Chloe with her mother, Daphnis with Dryas. But then nothing was sweet and pleasing to poor Chloe but that the next morning she should see her Daphnis again; and Daphnis entertained the night himself with a fantastic, empty pleasure; for it was sweet to his imagination to lie but with the father of Chloe, and he often embraced and kissed him, dreaming to himself that it was she.

AND LIVED HAPPY EVER AFTERWARD

Dionysophanes upon that burst out louder than Megacles, and sprung away into a near withdrawing-room, and brought in Chloe finely dressed as curiosity could do it. And in haste to Megacles 'This,' quoth he, 'is that same daughter of thine that thou didst expose. This girl a sheep by a divine providence did nurse for thee, as a goat did my Daphnis. Take her tokens, take thy daughter; then by all means give her to Daphnis for a bride. We exposed both of them, and have now found them both. Pan, the Nymphs, and

Love himself took care of both.' Megacles highly approved the motion, and commanded his wife Rhode should be sent for thither, and took his sweet girl to his bosom. And that night they lay where they were; for Daphnis had sworn by all the Gods he would not let Chloe go, no, not to her own father.

When it was day, 'twas agreed to turn again into the fields. For Daphnis and Chloe had impetrated that, by reason of the strangeness of city conversation to them. Besides, to the others too it seemed the best to make it a kind of pastoral wedding. Therefore coming to Lamo's house, to Megacles they brought Dryas, Nape to Rhode, and all things were finely disposed and furnished to the rural celebration. Then before the statues of the Nymphs her father gave Chloe to Daphnis, and with other more precious things suspended her tokens for offerings in the cave. Then in recognition of Dryas his care, they made up his number ten thousand drachmas.

And Dionysophanes for his share, the day being serene, open, and fair, commanded there should be beds of green leaves made up before the very cave, and there disposed the villagers to their high feasting jollity. Lamo was there and Myrtale, Dryas and Nape, Dorco's kindred and friends, Philetas and his lads, Chromis and his Lycanium. Nor was even Lampis absent; for he was pardoned by that beauty that he had loved.

Therefore then, as usually when rural revelers are met together at a feast, nothing but georgics, nothing but what was rustical was there. Here one sang like the reapers, there another prattled it and flung flirts and scoffs as in the autumn from the press. Philetas played upon his pipes, Lampis upon the hautboy. Dryas and Lamo danced to them. Daphnis and Chloe clipped and kissed. The goats too were feeding by, as themselves part of that celebrity; and that was not beyond measure pleasing to those from the city, but Daphnis calls up some of the goats by their names, and gives them boughs to browse upon from his hand, and catching them fast by the horns, took kisses thence.

And thus they did not only then for that day; but for the most part of their time held on still the pastoral mode, serving as their Gods the Nymphs, Cupid, and Pan, possessed of sheep and goats innumerable, and nothing for food more pleasant to

them than apples and milk. Besides, they laid a son down under a goat, to take the dug, and a daughter that was born after him under a sheep. Him they called Philopœmen, her they named the fair Agelæa. And so the pastoral mode grew old with them. The cave they adorned with curious work, set up statues, built an altar of Cupid the Shepherd, and to Pan a fane to dwell instead of a pine, and called him Pan Stratiotes, Pan the Soldier.

But this adorning of the cave, building an altar and a fane, and giving them their names, was afterwards at their opportunity. Then, when it was night, they all lead the

bride and bridegroom to their chamber, some playing upon whistles and hautboys, some upon the oblique pipes, some holding great torches. And when they came near to the door, they fell to sing, and sang, with the grating harsh voices of rustics, nothing like the Hymenæus, but as if they had been singing at their labor with mattock and hoe. But Daphnis and Chloe lying together began to clip and kiss, sleeping no more than the birds of the night. And Daphnis now profited by Lycænum's lesson; and Chloe then first knew that those things that were done in the wood were only the sweet sports of children.

X. THE ANTHOLOGY (490 B.C.-1000 A.D.)

The Greek Anthology, or 'collection of flowers,' is a body of over four thousand epigrams and epigrammatic poems, rarely exceeding twelve lines in length, composed in elegiac meter, representing at least a thousand years and over three hundred poets, and comprising a subject matter as wide and as varied as human life itself. It owes its formation and preservation to a succession of hands: (1) Meleager of Syria and his 'Garland,' first century B.C., (2) Philippos of Thessalonica, first century after Christ, (3) Strato of Sardis, (4) Agathias of Constantinople, in the time of Justinian (527-565), (5) Cephalas of Constantinople, about 950, (6) Planudes, ambassador from Constantinople to Venice in 1327. The specimens here given are in rough chronological order, with titles mostly the editor's. Classified, as in Mackail's convenient *Select Epigrams*, the epigrams are seen to illustrate Love, Prayers and Dedications, Literature and Art, Religion, Nature, The Family, Beauty, Fate and Change, The Human Comedy, Death, and Life.

Mackail calls the *Anthology* 'an epitome, slightly sketched with a facile hand, of the book of Greek life.' In it, says Symonds, 'we possess an everlasting treasury of sweet thoughts. . . . The slight effusions of the minor poets are even nearer to our hearts than the masterpieces of the noblest Greek literature. They treat with a touching limpidity and sweetness of the joys and fears and hopes and sorrows that are common to all humanity.' Their varied and universal content, the long period they represent, their precise, clean cut, chiseled language, their simplicity, directness, and harmonious versification, make them not only a summary-like and fit, but a most pleasant, conclusion to a collection of extracts illustrating Greek letters and life.

THE PERSIAN PERIL

When on a razor's edge all Hellas stood,
We, who lie here, preserved her with our
blood.

—ANON., LORD NEAVES.

THE LION OVER THE TOMB OF LEONIDAS

Of beasts am I, of men was he most brave
Whose bones I guard, bestriding this his
grave.

—ANON., WALTER LEAF.

ON THE TOMB OF ÆSCHYLUS

The Athenian Æschylus these walls retain,
Euphorion's son, by Gela's wide champaign.
The man he was, 'tis Marathon can tell
And many a long-haired Mede who proved
it well.

—ÆSCHYLUS, ALEXANDER LOTHIAN.

FOR A BOUNTEOUS HARVEST

To Zephyr, most propitious of all airs,
Eudemos on his land erects this fane:
Zephyr, kind help, who hastened at his prayers,
To winnow from the stalk the ripened grain.

—BACCHYLIDES, H. WELLESLEY.

MY STAR

Star-gazing, O my Star; would I could be
Heaven, with a host of eyes to gaze on
thee.

—PLATO, ALEXANDER LOTHIAN.

A FAREWELL

Venus, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was:
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

—PLATO, PRIOR.

MORNING AND EVENING STAR

Thou wert the morning star among the
 living,
 Ere thy fair light had fled;
 Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus,
 giving
 New splendor to the dead.
 —PLATO, SHELLEY.

RESOURCEFULNESS

The blind man bears the lame, and onward
 hies,
 Made right by lending feet and borrowing
 eyes.
 —PLATO, LORD NEAVES.

AN IRONY

A man found a treasure; and, what's very
 strange,
 Running off with the cash, left a rope in
 exchange:
 The poor owner, at missing his gold, full
 of grief,
 Hung himself with the rope which was left
 by the thief.
 —PLATO, SIR ALEXANDER CROKE.

TO APOLLO AND THE MUSES

Ye mistresses of Helicon,
 These offerings we bring to you—
 The close-curled wild thyme lying there,
 The roses, dropping with the dew.

The dark-leaved laurel branch, to thee,
 O Pythian Healer, we would bring;
 For this the Delphian Rock doth bear
 To glorify its lord and king.

The he-goat yonder, white of horn,
 Shall also, Pythian, soon be thine;
 He's cropping the tips of the terebinth,
 But now his blood shall stain thy shrine.
 —THEOCRITUS, GRANT SHOWERMAN.

TIMON

I, Timon, hated human race;
 Ye passengers, begone;
 Curse as ye will, but leave the place,
 And let me rest alone.
 —CALLIMACHUS, H. W. TYTLER.

A READER OF PLATO

Cleombrotus, high on a rock,
 Above Ambracia stood,
 Bade Sol adieu, and, as he spoke,
 Plunged headlong in the flood.

From no mischance the leap he took,
 But sought the realms beneath,
 Because he read in Plato's book,
 That souls live after death.
 —CALLIMACHUS, H. W. TYTLER.

THE LAST DRAUGHT

Twice Erasixen filled his cup,
 And twice he drank the liquor up;
 He drank his wine, but much too deep,
 And closed his eyes in endless sleep.
 —CALLIMACHUS, H. W. TYTLER.

THE DEAD FRIEND

I hear, O friend, the fatal news
 Of Heraclitus' death.
 A sudden tear my cheek bedews,
 And sighs suppress my breath.
 For I must often call to mind
 How from the crowd we run;
 And how, to jesting still inclined,
 We sported in the sun.

Alas! he's gone, and part we must,
 And repartee's no more;
 But, though my friend be sunk in dust,
 His muse shall ever soar.
 The dart of death shall never fly
 To stop her waving wings;
 Like Philomel, she mounts on high,
 And still, like her, she sings.

—CALLIMACHUS, H. W. TYTLER.

A DINNER GIFT

The Muses to Herodotus one day
 Came, nine of them, and dined;
 And in return, their host to pay,
 Left each a book behind.
 —LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA, DE TEISSIER.

THE TRUST OF THE LITTLE SHIP

They say that I am small and frail,
 And cannot live in stormy seas;

It may be so; yet every sail

Makes shipwreck in the swelling breeze.
Nor strength nor size can then hold fast,
But Fortune's favor, Heaven's decree:

Let others trust in oar and mast;

But may the gods take care of me.

—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM, C. MERIVALE.

THE LAST JOURNEY

With courage seek the kingdom of the dead;

The path before you lies,

It is not hard to find, nor tread;

No rocks to climb, no lanes to thread;

But broad, and straight, and even still,

And ever gently slopes down-hill;

You cannot miss it, though you shut your eyes.

—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM, C. MERIVALE.

THE FOUNTAIN AT THE TOMB

Stay, weary traveler, stay!

Beneath these boughs repose;

A step out of the way

My little fountain flows.

And never quite forget

The monumental urn,

Which Simus here hath set

His buried child to mourn.

—NICIAS, C. MERIVALE.

WITHOUT THE HERDSMAN

Covered with snow, the herd, with none to guide,

Came to the stall adown the mountain side;
For, ah! Therimachus beneath an oak

Slept the long sleep, from which he ne'er
awoke,

Sent to his slumber by the lightning's stroke.

—DIOTIMUS, JOHN WILLIAM BURGON.

SAIL ON

A sailor's grave. Sail on; for when with me
Perished our barque, yet others rode the sea.

—THEODORIDES, ALEXANDER LOTHIAN.

THE MOTHER'S OFFERING

Eight sons Demænetæ at Sparta's call

Sent forth to fight; one tomb received them
all.

No tear she shed, but shouted—'Victory!
'Sparta, I bore them but to die for thee.'

—DIOSCORIDES, GEORGE BURGESS.

THE DEAD WARRIOR

Lifeless to Pitana from Argive field
Was Thrasybulus carried on his shield.

Seven wounds he showed in front. His aged
sire

Placed his dead son upon the funeral pyre,
And said—'Be cowards wept for. With no
tear

My own and Sparta's son I'll bury here.'

—DIOSCORIDES, M. A. S.

UNDYING THIRST

This rudely sculptured porter-pot

Denotes where sleeps a female sot;

Who passed her life, good easy soul,

In sweetly chirping o'er her bowl.

Not for her friends or children dear

She mourns, but only for her beer.

E'en in the very grave, they say,

She thirsts for drink to wet her clay;

And, faith, she thinks it very wrong

This jug should stand unfilled so long.

—ANTIPATER OF SIDON, ROBERT BLAND.

AT MY EXPENSE

As infant Love one morning lay

Upon his mother's breast at play,

He found my soul, that stood hard by,

And, laughing, staked it on the die.

—MELEAGER, J. H. MERIVALE.

WRIT IN WATER

In holy night we made the vow;

And the same night, that long before

Had seen our early passion grow,

Was witness to the faith we swore.

Did I not swear to love her ever?

And have I ever dared to rove?

Did she not vow a rival never

Should shake her faith, or steal her love?

Yet now she says those words are air;

Those vows were written in the water;

And, by the lamp that heard her swear,

Hath yielded to the first who sought her.

—MELEAGER, C. MERIVALE.

IN THE SPRING

Now the bright crocus flames, and now
 The slim narcissus takes the rain,
 And, straying o'er the mountain's brow,
 The daffodillies bud again.
 The thousand blossoms wax and wane
 On wold, and heath, and fragrant bough,
 But fairer than the flowers art thou,
 Than any growth of hill or plain.

Ye gardens cast your leafy crown,
 That my love's feet may tread it down,
 Like lilies on the lilies set;
 My Love, whose lips are softer far
 Than drowsy poppy petals are,
 And sweeter than the violet!
 —MELEAGER, ANDREW LANG.

ONLY WAIT

Though thou shouldst gnaw me to the root,
 Destructive goat, enough of fruit
 I bear, betwixt thy horns to shed,
 When to the altar thou art led.
 —EUVENUS, J. H. MERIVALE.

ANTICIPATION

Far happier are the dead, methinks, than
 they
 Who look for death, and fear it every day.
 —LUCILIUS, WILLIAM COWPER.

A BAD EMINENCE

The screech-owl sings; death follows at her
 cries:
 Demophilus strikes up; the screech-owl dies.
 —NICARCHUS, H. WELLESLEY.

A CELEBRATED CASE

Defendant and plaintiff were deaf as a post,
 And the judge in the cause was deafer
 almost:
 The plaintiff he sued for a five-months' rent;
 The defendant thought something different
 meant,
 And answered—'By night I did grind the
 corn';
 And the judge he decided with anger and
 scorn—
 'The woman's the mother of both; why, then,
 Maintain her between you, undutiful men.'
 —NICARCHUS, GEORGE CARLESS SWAYNE.

A HEAVYWEIGHT

Chæremon, lighter than a wisp of straw,
 Sailed once uplifted on a summer's flaw
 Sky-high, and might be spinning still through
 air,
 But that his foot caught in a spider's snare.
 Five days he downwards dangled there his
 head,
 But on the sixth clomb down the spider's
 thread.
 —LUCILIUS, ALEXANDER LOTHIAN.

THE MISER AND THE MOUSE

The miser, Asclepias, set eyes on a mouse
 And cried: 'Dearie, what do you want in
 my house?'
 Said the mouse with a smile, 'Never fear
 for your hoard;
 I'm only enquiring for lodging, not board.'
 —LUCILIUS, ALEXANDER LOTHIAN.

DEAD AT SIXTEEN

Thine, Anastasia, of each grace the bloom,
 Were timely spousal and untimely tomb.
 Tears, bitter tears, thy sire, thy husband
 shed;
 In tears shall melt the boatman of the dead.
 Scarce one short year to marriage joys
 allowed,
 Thy sixteenth summer wraps thee in a
 shroud.
 —JULIAN OF EGYPT, FRANCIS WRANGHAM.

DANGEROUS DRINKING

As a rosy wreath I bound,
 'Mongst the roses Love I found:
 Swift I seized his pinions fast,
 And in wine the wanton cast.
 Taking then the laughing cup,
 Swift I drank the wanton up.
 Now with ever-tickling wings
 Up and down my breast he springs.
 —JULIAN OF EGYPT, JOSEPH ADDISON.

EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY

Of't have I sung—now from the tomb I cry—
 Drink, ere enveloped in this dust you lie.
 —JULIAN OF EGYPT, H. WELLESLEY.

THIS WIDE AND UNIVERSAL
THEATER

This life a theater we well may call,
Where every actor must perform with art,
Or laugh it through, and make a farce of all,
Or learn to bear with grace his tragic part.
—PALLADAS, ROBERT BLAND.

VANITY OF VANITIES

Naked to earth was I brought—naked to
earth I descend.
Why should I labor for naught, seeing how
naked the end?
—PALLADAS, WILLIAM HARDINGE.

NO MATTER

My name, my country, what are they to
thee?
What, whether proud or base my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpassed all other men;
Perhaps I fell below them all. What then?
Suffice it, stranger, that thou seest a tomb.
Thou knowst its use. It hides—no matter
whom.
—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS, WILLIAM COWPER.

THE PURE IN HEART

To the pure precincts of Apollo's portal,
Come, pure in heart, and touch the lustral
wave;
One drop sufficeth for the sinful mortal;
All else, e'en ocean's billows cannot lave.
—ANON., J. E. SANDYS.

FOOL OR SPORTSMAN?

He that once widowed fain would married
be again,
Puts out new shipwrecked on a stormy sea
again.
—ANON., ALEXANDER LOTHIAN.

NOT OF ITSELF BUT THEE

I send thee myrrh, not that thou mayest be
By it perfumed, but it perfumed by thee.
—ANON., RICHARD GARNETT.

NATURE'S TRAVAIL

Long Nature travailed, till at last she bore
Homer: then ceased from bearing evermore.
—ANON., GOLDWIN SMITH.

VEXATION OF SPIRIT

Dion of Tarsus, here I lie, who sixty years
have seen.
I was not ever wed, and would my father
had not been!
—ANON., ALMA STRETTELL.

THE OLIVE TO THE VINE

I am Athene's sacred plant;
Press me no more, intruding vine!
Unwreath your wanton arms! Avaunt!
A modest maiden loves not wine.
—ANON., M., IN BLAND'S COLLECTIONS.

LATIN LITERATURE

(500 B.C.—500 A.D.)

I. EARLY LATIN LITERATURE

If all the rude writings of Rome in law, annals, drama, song, speech, and inscription from before 240 B.C. were extant, instead of a few scant fragments, they would be of linguistic and antiquarian rather than literary interest. So far as may be judged, their promise was not great: for five hundred years from her founding, and indeed from beginning to end, the outlet of Rome's genius was in conquest, organization, and administration rather than in letters and art; but, whatever it was, the presentation at Rome in 240 by Livius Andronicus, brought to the capital a slave after the capture of Tarentum in 272 and the submission of Greek Italy, of a Greek tragedy and a Greek comedy translated into Latin, and his use as a teacher about the same time of Latin versions of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* made by himself, at once changed the course and stimulated the production of Roman literature.

APPIUS CLAUDIUS AND MARCUS CATO

APPIUS CLAUDIUS (Consul 307 B.C.), the builder of the Appian Way and the Appian aqueduct, was also an orator and a writer of verse. His most famous oration was delivered in 280, seventeen years after he was consul the second time and when he was blind, against treating with Pyrrhus until he had withdrawn from Italy. His verse was in the Saturnian meter, roughly represented by 'The-queen-was-in-the-parlor-eating-bread-and-honey.' Two fragments may be quoted:—'Every man is the architect of his own fortune.' 'When you see a friend you forget your troubles.'

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO (234-149 B.C.). Cato's short essay *On Agriculture* retains the rude simplicity of early prose in a greater measure than the 150 orations known to Cicero and surviving to-day in fragments. Its uncouth style and intensely practical content may be taken as representative of the form and spirit of Latin literature before the invasion of Hellenism, and, with men like Cato who were opposed to the foreign culture, even after Hellenism was the vogue. The old censor thought little of the devotion of the Scipios and their friends to Greek letters, though in later years he turned his attention to the Greek language. He may be set down as the last and belated example of Latin culture uncontaminated.

ON AGRICULTURE

It is sometimes of advantage to venture in trade, if it were not so risky, and likewise to lend out money, if it were as honorable. Our forefathers held this way, and so set it down in their laws, that a thief should be condemned twofold, and a lender of money at interest fourfold. How much worse a citizen they judged the money-lender than the thief, you may judge from this. And when they praised a man as good, they praised him this way, 'a good farmer' and 'a good tiller of the soil.' Any man praised in that manner was thought to be most amply praised. The trader's life I consider full of action and interest in the pursuit of gain, but, as I said before, liable to risk and accident. But from among the tillers of the soil both the strongest men and the most

efficient soldiers come, and that way of gaining a livelihood carries with it beyond all others fidelity to gods and men, and stability and freedom from envy, and those occupied in it are least liable to evil thoughts.

Now, to come back to my subject, the plan I proposed I will begin on in this way.

When you have in mind to buy a farm, remember this, not to buy on the spur of the moment, not to neglect going to see it, and not to be satisfied with one going over of it. Every time you go it will please you the more—if it is a good one. Keep an eye out as to how the neighbors look: if it is a good locality, of course they will look prosperous. And when you go in, see that you look about—carefully enough to know how to come out. Be sure the weather conditions are good, not troublous, and that the soil is good, and good because

of its native qualities. If possible, have it at the foot of a hill, sloping to the south, in a healthful location, with plenty of hired help to be had, and good drinking places for the animals, and near a substantial town or the sea, or a river where boats ply, or there is a good main-traveled road. Have it in a place where farms don't often change owners: where anybody that has sold an estate feels sorry for it. See that it is one with good buildings.

See that you don't disregard other men's ways of managing. You will do best to buy of an owner who is a good cultivator and a good builder.

When you go to the farmhouse, notice whether there are many vats and storage-jars with the presses; where there are not, you may know that the income is according. . . .

When you go to set out olives, elms, figs, apples, vines, pines, or cypresses, take them up with the roots in their own dirt, as much of it as possible, and tie them around so that you can carry them; have them carried in a vessel or a basket. Be sure not to dig them up or carry them during wind or rain: don't forget that of all things. When you put them in the trench, first throw in top soil; afterwards cover with dirt all over the roots, then tamp well with your feet, then tamp as firmly as you can with pole and bar: that will be the most important thing. Trees more than five inches thick, trim them off when you plant them, treat their extremities with manure, and bind them up with leaves. . . .

Remedy for cattle. If you are afraid of sickness, give them while they are well three grains of salt, three laurel leaves, three chive stems, three stalks of leek, three spikes of garlic, three grains of incense, three shoots of juniper, three leaves of rue, three stems of white-vine, three white beans, three live coals, three pints of wine. All these must be assembled, mixed, and

given, standing upright. You must be on a fast when you give it. For three days give to each of the herd this drink. Divide so that when you have given it three times to each you have used it all; and remember that the cattle themselves and the one who gives it are to be standing upright. Give from a wooden container.

If an ox begins to ail, give him right away one hen's egg raw; make him swallow it whole. The day after, pound up the head of a leek with a half pint of wine and make him drink it. Pound up standing on your feet and give from a wooden container, and have the ox himself and the one who gives the dose be on their feet. You must be fasting when you give it, and the ox when he takes it. . . .

Make your threshing-floor this way. Dig out the place when you are going to make it. Afterwards, sprinkle it with olive dregs and let the ground soak well. Afterwards, pulverize well the lumps. Then level off and tamp down with beaters. Afterwards, sprinkle again and let dry. If you do it this fashion, ants will not damage it nor grass grow up in it. . . .

If you've got a dislocation, you can cure it with this charm. Take a green reed four or five feet long, cut it in two and have two persons hold the parts to your hip-bones. Begin to chant,

*In alio s.f. mētas vāta
Daries dardaries asiadarides,*

and at the same try until they come together;

*Motas vāta
Daries dardares astataries dissunapiter,*

until they come together. Wave a knife above them. When they have come together and the one touches the other, take the knife in your hand and cut the pieces to right and left, bind them on the dislocation or fracture, and it will be cured.

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

II. THE COMING OF HELLENISM (272-169 B.C.)

As a result of contact with Greek letters through Livius Andronicus, which was but a detail following the larger contact with Greek culture during the campaigns of the first Punic war among the superior cities of southern Italy and Sicily, Roman intelligence acquired a new vision and new ambition. In the course of a single generation, the efforts of Livius (about 284-204), Nævius (about 270-199), and Ennius (239-169) had given Rome a considerable body of epic, including the story of the first Punic war and the story of Rome, as well as Latinized Homer; these narrative poems were in some cases written in hexameter, in others in the old and soon discarded Saturnian verse. The drama they produced consisted mainly of adaptations from Euripidean tragedy and New Comedy, but included Roman historical plays and Italian comedies. In addition, they had written a few lyrics and a miscellany called satire.

All three of these earliest writers may be described as good literary craftsmen, though the little that survives of Nævius and Ennius indicates a measure of originality and even of inspiration. It is to be noticed that their drama adaptations were originally called forth by the state need on public holidays, that their historical plays and epic celebrated the history of Rome and the deeds of Romans, and that the Latinized Homer of Livius was for instructional purposes. Roman literature already had the practical public and national bent which later became so manifest in the oratory of the late Republic, the epic of Virgil, the commentaries of Cæsar and the histories of Livy and Tacitus, the satire of Juvenal, and the long line of juristic writers whose work began in the time of Cicero and concluded with Justinian. Roman letters never stray far from reality and the Roman state.

GNÆUS NÆVIUS (About 270-199 B.C.)

THE GIRL FROM TARENTUM

As if she were playing ball in a dancing-ring,
She skips about and makes up to each and all;
Nodding to one, to another giving a wink,
To one a loving tap, to another still an
 embrace;
With a squeeze of the hand here,
And a touch of the foot yonder;
With her ring to this one to look at,
And to that one the lure of a blown kiss;
With one a song, with another her fingers in
 signs.

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

QUINTUS ENNIUS (239-169 B.C.)

FRAGMENTS

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

He hath freedom whoso beareth
Clean and constant heart within.

Pay me no tears; nor for my passing grieve:
I linger on the lips of men—and live.

J. WIGHT DUFF.

THE ROMAN IN BATTLE

Upon the tribune like rain
From every side the spears come flying.
They pierce his shield, the boss rings with
 their shafts,
His helmet of brass resounds under their
 strokes.
Strive though his enemies may on every hand,
No one can rend his body with the steel;
The spears that ever surge upon him
He shatters and breaks in pieces.
His whole body flows with perspiration,
His travail is great, his breath is failing.

THE SKEPTIC

I have ever said and ever shall say that the
 gods exist on high,
But that they care at all for the lot of man-
 kind, I deny;
For, did they care, 'twould be well with the
 good, and ill with the bad—which now
Is not the case.

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

III. LATIN DRAMA

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS (About 254-184 B.C.)

Plautus, an Umbrian employed in the Roman theater as stage-hand and perhaps actor, had a union of inspiration and practical knowledge of dramatics that made him the greatest of Rome's comic writers. The twenty somewhat carelessly constructed plays surviving from the much greater number written by him and the still greater number which claimed his authorship are adaptations, not without originality, from the Greek New Comedy. They are distinguished by broad, vigorous, refreshing humor, vivacious dialogue, and spirited action. The *Menachmi* was imitated and not improved in Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, the *Aulularia* was Molière's inspiration for *L'Avare*, the Danish Holberg made use of the *Mostellaria*, *Pseudolus*, and *Miles Gloriosus*, Lessing of *Trinummus*, Von Kleist of *Amphitruo*, Machiavelli of *Casina*.

The Pot of Gold, translated by Paul Nixon, is here printed by permission of the Loeb Classical Library.

AULULARIA; THE POT OF GOLD

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE HOUSEHOLD GOD OF EUCLIO, the *Prologue*.

EUCLIO, an old gentleman of Athens.

STAPHYLA, his old slave.

EUNOMIA, a lady of Athens.

MEGADORUS, an old gentleman of Athens, 10

Eunomia's brother

PYTHODICUS, his slave.

CONGRIO } cooks.

ANTHRAX }

STROBILUS, slave of Lyconides.

LYCONIDES, a young gentleman of Athens,

Eunomia's son.

PHÆDRIA, Euclio's daughter.

MUSIC GIRLS.

Scene:—Athens. A street on which are the houses of Euclio and Megadorus, a narrow lane between them; in front, an altar.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY EUCLIO'S HOUSEHOLD GOD.

That no one may wonder who I am, I shall inform you briefly. I am the Household God of that family from whose house you saw me come. For many years now I have possessed this dwelling, and pre-

served it for the sire and grandsire of its present occupant. Now this man's grandsire as a suppliant entrusted to me, in utter secrecy, a hoard of gold: he buried it in the center of the hearth, entreating me to guard it for him. When he died he could not bear—so covetous was he—to reveal its existence to his own son, and he chose to leave him penniless rather than apprise him of this treasure. Some land, a little only, he did leave him, whereon to toil and moil for a miserable livelihood.

After the death of him who had committed the gold to my keeping, I began to observe whether the son would hold me in greater honor than his father had. As a matter of fact, his neglect grew and grew apace, and he showed me less honor. I did the same by him: so he also died. He left a son who occupies this house at present, a man of the same mold as his sire and grandsire. He has one daughter. She prays to me constantly, with daily gifts of incense, or wine, or something: she gives me garlands. Out of regard for her I caused Euclio to discover the treasure here in order that he might the more easily find her a husband, if he wished. For she has been ravished by a young gentleman of very high rank. He knows who it is that he has wronged; who he is she does not know, and as for her father, he is ignorant of the whole affair.

I shall make the old gentleman who lives

next door here [*pointing*] ask for her hand to-day. My reason for so doing is that the man who wronged her may marry her the more easily. And the old gentleman who is to ask for her hand is the uncle of the young gentleman who violated her by night at the festival of Ceres. [*an uproar in Euclio's house*] But there is old Euclio clamoring within as usual, and turning his ancient servant out of doors lest she learn his secret. I suppose he wishes to look at his gold and see that it is not stolen.

[*Exit.*

ACT I

Euclio. [*within*] Out with you, I say! Come now, out with you! By the Lord, you've got to get out of here, you snook-around, you, with your prying and spying.

[*Enter STAPHYLA from EUCLIO'S house, followed by EUCLIO who is pushing and beating her.*]

Staphyla. [*groaning*] Oh, what makes you go a-hitting a poor wretch like me, sir?

Euc. [*savagely*] To make sure you are a poor wretch, so as to give a bad lot the bad time she deserves.

Sta. Why, what did you push me out of the house for now?

Euc. I give my reasons to you, you,—you patch of beats, you? Over there with you, [*pointing*] away from the door! [*STAPHYLA hobbles to place indicated*] Just look at her, will you,—how she creeps along! See here, do you know what'll happen to you? Now, by heaven, only let me lay my hand on a club or a stick and I'll accelerate that tortoise crawl for you!

Sta. [*aside*] Oh, I wish Heaven would make me hang myself, I do! Better that than slaving it for you at this rate, I'm sure.

Euc. [*aside*] Hear the old criminal mumbling away to herself, though! [*aloud*] Ah! those eyes of yours, you old sinner! By heaven, I'll dig 'em out for you, I will, so that you can't keep watching me whatever I do. Get farther off still! still farther! still—Whoa! Stand there! You budge a finger's breadth, a nail's breadth, from that spot; you so much as turn your head till I say the word, and by the Almighty, the next minute I'll send you to the gallows for a lesson, so I will. [*aside*] A worse reprobate than this old

crone I never did see, no, never. Oh, but how horribly scared I am she'll come some sly dodge on me when I'm not expecting it, and smell out the place where the gold is hidden. She has eyes in the very back of her head, the hell-cat. Now I'll just go see if the gold is where I hid it. Dear, dear, it worries the life out of me!

[*Exit EUCLIO into house.*

Sta. Mercy me! What's come over master, what crazy streak he's got, I can't imagine,—driving a poor woman out of the house this way ten times a day, often. Goodness gracious, what whim-whams the man's got into his head I don't see. Never shuts his eyes all night: yes, and then in the daytime he's sitting around the house the whole livelong day, for all the world like a lame cobbler. How I'm going to hide the young mistress's disgrace now is beyond me, and she with her time so near. There's nothing better for me to do, as I see, than tie a rope round my neck and dangle myself out into one long capital I.

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[*Re-enter EUCLIO from house.*]

Euc. [*aside*] At last I can feel easy about leaving the house, now I have made certain everything is all right inside. [*to STAPHYLA*] Go back in there this instant, you, and keep watch inside.

Sta. [*tartly*] I suppose so! So I'm to keep watch inside, am I? You aren't afraid anyone'll walk away with the house, are you? I vow we've got nothing else there for thieves to take—all full of emptiness as it is, and cobwebs.

Euc. It is surprising Providence wouldn't make a King Philip or Darius of me for your benefit, you viper, you! [*threateningly*] I want those cobwebs watched! I'm poor, poor; I admit it, I put up with it; I take what the gods give me. In with you, bolt the door. I shall be back soon. No outsider is to be let in, mind you. And in case anyone should be looking for a light, see you put the fire out so that no one will have any reason to come to you for it. Mark my words, if that fire stays alive, I'll extinguish you instantly. And then water—if anyone asks for water, tell him it's all run out. As for a knife, or an axe, or a pestle, or a mortar,—things the neighbors are all the time wanting to borrow—tell 'em burglars got in and stole the whole lot. I won't have a living soul let into my house while I'm

gone—there! Yes, and what's more, listen here, if Dame Fortune herself comes along, don't you let her in.

Sta. Goodness me, she won't get in: she'll see to that herself, I fancy. Why, she never comes to our house at all, no matter how near she is.

Enc. Keep still and go inside. [*advances on her*]

Sta. [*hurrying out of reach*] I'm still, 10 sir; I'm going!

Enc. Mind you lock the door, both bolts. I'll soon be back.

[*Exit STAPHYLA into house.*]

It's agony having to leave the house, down-right agony. Oh, my God, how I do hate to go! But I have my reasons. The director of our ward gave notice he was going to make us a present of two shillings a man; and the minute I let it pass with- 20 out putting in my claim, they'd all be suspecting I had gold at home, I'm sure they would. No, it doesn't look natural for a poor man to think so little of even a tiny bit of money as not to go ask for his 25 two shillings. Why, even now, hard as I try to keep every one from finding out, it seems as if every one knew: it seems as if every one has a heartier way of saying good day than they used to. Up they 30 come, and stop, and shake hands, and keep asking me how I'm feeling, and how I'm getting on, and what I'm doing. Well, I must get along to where I'm bound; and then I'll come back home just as fast as 35 I possibly can.

[*Exit EUCLIO.*]

ACT II

[*Enter EUNOMIA and MEGADORUS from latter's house*]

Eunomia. Brother, I do hope you'll believe I say this out of my loyalty to you and for your welfare, as a true sister should. Of course I'm well enough aware you men think us women are a bother; yes, awful chatterboxes—that's the name we all have, and [*ruefully*] it fits. And then that common saying: 'Never now, nor through the ages, never, any woman dumb.' But just the same, do remember this one thing, brother,—that I am closer to you and you to me than anyone else in the whole world. So both of us ought to advise and counsel each other as to what we feel is to either's advantage, not keep such

things back or be afraid to speak out openly; we ought to confide in one another fully, you and I. This is why I've taken you aside out here now—so that we can have a quiet talk on a matter that concerns you intimately.

Megadorus. [*warmly*] Let's have your hand, you best of women!

Eun. [*pretending to look about*] Where is she? Who on earth is that best of women?

M. Yourself.

Eun. You say that—you?

M. [*banteringly*] Oh, well, if you deny 15 it—

Eun. Really now, you ought to be truthful. There's no such thing, you know, as picking out the best woman: it's only a question of comparative badness, brother.

M. My own opinion precisely: I'll never differ with you there, sister, you may count on that.

Eun. Now do give me your attention, there's a dear.

M. It is all your own: use me, command me—anything you wish.

Eun. I'm going to advise you to do something that I think will be the very best thing in the world for you.

M. Quite like you, sister.

Eun. I certainly hope so.

M. And what is this something, my dear?

Eun. Something that will make for your everlasting welfare. You should have children—God grant you may!—and I want you to marry.

M. Oh-h-h, murder!

Eun. How so?

M. Well, you're knocking my poor brains out with such a proposition, my dear girl: you're talking cobble-stones.

Eun. Now, now, now, do what your sister tells you.

M. I would, if it appealed to me.

Eun. It would be a good thing for you. *M.* Yes—to die before marrying.

[*pause*] All right, I'll marry anyone you please, on this condition, though: her wedding to-morrow, and her wake the day after. Still wish it, on this condition? Produce her! Arrange for the festivities!

Eun. I can get you one with ever so big a dowry, dear. To be sure, she's not a young girl—middle-aged, as a matter of fact. I'll see about it for you, brother, if you want.

M. You don't mind my asking you a question, I dare say?

Eun. Why, of course not; anything you like.

M. Now supposing a man pretty well on in life marries a lady of maturity and this aged female should happen to show intentions of making the old fellow a father—can you doubt but that the name in store for that youngster is Postumus? See here, sister, I'll relieve you of all this and save you trouble. I'm rich enough, thanks be to heaven and our forbears. And I have no fancy at all for those ladies of high station and hauteur and fat dowries, with their shouting and their ordering and their ivory-trimmed carriages and their purple and fine linen that cost a husband his liberty.

Eun. For mercy's sake, tell me who you do want to marry, then?

M. I'm going to. You know the old gentleman—rather hard up, poor fellow,—that lives next door, Euclio?

Eun. Yes, indeed. Why, he seems quite nice.

M. It's his daughter—there's the engagement I'm eager for. Now don't make a fuss, sister. I know what you're about to say—that she's poor. But this particular poor girl suits me.

Eun. God's blessing on your choice, dear!

M. I trust so.

Eun. [about to leave] Well, there's nothing I can do?

M. Yes—take good care of yourself.

Eun. You too, brother.

[Exit EUNOMIA.]

M. Now for an interview with Euclio, if he's at home. [looking down street] Hullo, though! here he is! Just getting back from somewhere or other.

[Enter EUCLIO.]

Euc. [without seeing Megadorus] I knew it! Something told me I was going on a fool's errand when I left the house; that's why I hated to go. Why, there wasn't a single man of our ward there, or the director either, who ought to have distributed the money. Now I'll hurry up and hurry home: I'm here in the body, but that's where my mind is.

M. [advancing with outstretched hand] Good day to you, Euclio, yes, and the best of everything to you always!

Euc. [taking hand gingerly] God bless you, Megadorus.

M. How goes it? All right, are you? Feeling as well as you could wish?

Euc. [aside] There's something behind it when a rich man puts on that smooth air with a poor one. Now that fellow knows I've got gold: that's why he's so uncommon smooth with his salutations.

M. You say you are well?

Euc. Heavens, no! I feel low, very low—in funds.

M. [cheerily] Well, well, man, if you have a contented mind, you've got enough to enjoy life with.

Euc. [aside, frightened] Oh, good Lord! The old woman has let on to him about the gold! It's discovered, clear as can be! I'll cut her tongue out, I'll tear her eyes out, the minute I get at her in the house!

M. What is that you're saying to yourself?

Euc. [startled] Just . . . how awful it is to be poor. And I with a grown-up girl, without a penny of dowry, that I can't get off my hands or find a husband for.

M. [clapping him on the back] There, there, Euclio! Cheer up. She shall be married: I'll help you out. Come now, call on me, if you need anything.

Euc. [aside] When he agrees to give he wants to grab! Mouth wide open to gobble down my gold! Holds up a bit of bread in one hand and has a stone in the other! I don't trust one of these rich fellows when he's so monstrous civil to a poor man. They give you a cordial handshake, and squeeze something out of you at the same time. I know all about those octopuses that touch a thing and then—stick.

M. I should be glad to have a moment of your time, Euclio. I want to have a brief talk with you on a matter that concerns us both.

Euc. [aside] Oh, God save us! My gold's been hooked, and now he wants to make a deal with me! I see it all! But I'll go in and look. [hurries toward house]

M. Where are you off to?

Euc. Just a moment . . . I'll be back . . . the fact is . . . I must see to something at home. [Exit into house.]

M. By Jove! I suppose he'll think I'm making fun of him when I speak about his

giving me his daughter; poverty never made a fellow closer-fisted.

[*Re-enter EUCLIO.*]

Euc. [*aside*] Thank the Lord, I'm saved! It's safe—that is, if it's all there. Ah, but that was a dreadful moment! I nearly expired before I got in the house. [*to MEGADORUS*] Here I am, Megadorus, 10 if you want anything of me.

M. Thanks. Now I trust you won't mind answering the questions I'm going to ask.

Euc. [*cautiously*] No-no—that is, if you 15 don't ask any I don't like to answer.

M. Frankly, now, what do you think of my family connections?

Euc. [*grudgingly*] Good.

M. And my sense of honor?

Euc. Good.

M. And my general conduct?

Euc. Not bad, not disreputable.

M. You know my age?

Euc. Getting on, getting on, I know 25 that—[*aside*—financially, too.

M. Now Euclio, I've always considered you a citizen of the true, trusty type, by Jove, I certainly have, and I do still.

Euc. [*aside*] He's got a whiff of my 30 gold. [*aloud*] Well, what do you want?

M. Now that we appreciate each other, I'm going to ask you—and may it turn out happily for you and your girl and me—to give me your daughter in marriage. 35 Promise you will.

Euc. [*whining*] Now, now, Megadorus! This is unlike you, unworthy of you, making fun of a poor man like me that never harmed you or yours. Why, I never said 40 or did a thing to you to deserve being treated so.

M. Good Lord, man! I didn't come here to make fun of you, and I'm not making fun of you: I couldn't think of 45 such a thing.

Euc. Then why are you asking for my daughter?

M. Why? So that we may all of us make life pleasanter for one another. 50

Euc. Now here's the way it strikes me, Megadorus,—you're a rich man, a man of position: but as for me, I'm poor, awfully poor, dreadfully poor. Now if I was to marry off my daughter to you, it strikes me 55 you'd be the ox and I'd be the donkey. When I was hitched up with you and couldn't pull my share of the load, down

I'd drop, I, the donkey, in the mud; and you, the ox, wouldn't pay any more attention to me than if I'd never been born at all. You would be too much for me: and 5 my own kind would haw-haw at me: and if there should be a falling out, neither party would let me have stable quarters: the donkeys would chew me up and the oxen would run me through. It is a very hazardous business for donkeys to climb into the ox set.

M. But honorable human beings—the more closely connected you are with them, the better. Come, come, accept my offer: listen to what I say and promise her to me.

Euc. But not one penny of dowry can I give.

M. Don't. Only let me have a girl 20 that's good, and she has dowry enough.

Euc. [*forcing a laugh*] I mention this just so that you mayn't think I've found some treasure.

M. Yes, yes, I understand. Promise.

Euc. So be it. [*aside, starting at noise*] Oh, my God! Can it be I'm ruined, ruined?

M. What's the matter?

Euc. That noise? What was it—a sort of clinking sound?

[*Exit into house hurriedly.*]

M. [*not noticing his departure*] I told them to do some digging in my garden here. [*looking around*] But where is the man? Gone away and left me—without a word! Scorns me, now he sees I desire his friendship! Quite the usual thing, that. Yes, let a wealthy man try to get the regard of a poorer one, and the poor one is afraid to meet him half-way: his timidity makes him injure his own interests. Then when it's too late and the opportunity is gone he longs to have it again.

[*Re-enter EUCLIO.*]

Euc. [*to STAPHYLA within*] By heaven, if I don't have your tongue torn out by the very roots, I give you orders, give you full authority, to hand me over to anyone you please to be skinned alive. [*approaches MEGADORUS*]

M. Upon my word, Euclio! So you think I am the proper sort of man to make a fool of, at my time of life, and without the slightest reason.

Euc. Bless my soul! I'm not making a fool of you, Megadorus: I couldn't if I would.

M. [*doubtfully*] Well, now, do you mean I am to have your daughter?

Euc. On the understanding she goes with the dowry I mentioned.

M. You consent, then?

Euc. I consent.

M. And may God prosper us!

Euc. Yes, yes,—and mind you remember our agreement about the dowry: she doesn't bring you a single penny.

M. I remember.

Euc. But I know the way you folks have of juggling things: now it's on and now it's off, now it's off and now it's on, just as you like.

M. You shall have no occasion to quarrel with me. But about the marriage—there's no reason for not having it to-day, is there?

Euc. Dear, dear, no! The very thing, the very thing!

M. I'll go and make arrangements, then. [*turning to leave*] Anything else I can do?

Euc. Only that. Go along. Good-bye.

M. [*calling at the door of his house*] Hey, Pythodicus! quick! [*enter PYTHODICUS*] Down to the market with me—come, look alive! [*Exeunt.*]

Euc. [*looking after them*] He's gone! Ah, ye immortal gods, doesn't money count! That is what he's gaping after. That is why he's so set on being my son-in-law. [*goes to the door and calls*] Where are you, you blabber, telling the whole neighborhood I'm going to give my daughter a dowry! Hi-i! Staphyla! It's you I'm calling. Can't you hear!

[*enter STAPHYLA*] Hurry up with the dishes inside there and give them a good scouring. I have betrothed my daughter: she marries Megadorus here to-day.

Sta. God bless them! [*hastily*] Goodness, though! It can't be done. This is too sudden.

Euc. Silence! Off with you! Have things ready by the time I get back from the forum. And lock the door, mind; I shall be here soon. [*Exit EUCLIO.*]

Sta. What shall I do now? Now we're all but ruined, the young mistress and me: now it's all but public property about her being disgraced and brought to bed. We can't conceal it, we can't keep it dark any longer now. But I must go in and do what master ordered me before he gets back. Oh, deary me! I'm afraid I've got to take a drink of trouble and tribulation mixed. [*Exit STAPHYLA into house.*]

[*An hour has elapsed.*]

[*Enter PYTHODICUS bringing cooks, ANTHRAX and CONGRIO, music girls, 5 PHRYGIA and ELEUSIUM, and attendants, with provisions from the market and two lambs.*]

Pythodicus. [*importantly*] After master did the marketing and hired the cooks and 10 these music girls at the forum, he told me to take and divide all he'd got into two parts.

Anthrax. By Jupiter, you shan't make two parts of me, let me tell you that 15 plainly! If you'd like to have the whole of me anywhere, why, I'll accommodate you.

Congrio. [*to ANTHRAX*] You pretty boy, yes, you nice little everybody's darling, you! Why, if anyone wanted to make two parts of a real man out of you, you oughtn't to be cut up about it.

Py. Now, now, Anthrax, I mean that otherwise from what you make out. Look 25 here, my master's marrying to-day.

A. Who's the lady?

Py. Daughter of old Euclio that lives next door here. Yes, sir, and what's more, he's to have half this stuff here, and one 30 cook and one music girl, too, so master said.

A. You mean to say half goes to him and half to you folks?

Py. Just what I do mean.

A. I say, couldn't the old boy pay for the catering for his daughter's wedding his own self?

Py. [*scornfully*] Pooh!

A. What's the matter?

Py. The matter, eh? You couldn't squeeze as much out of that old chap as you could out of a pumice stone.

A. [*incredulously*] Oh, really, now!

Py. That's a fact. Judge for yourself. 45 Why, I tell you he begins bawling for heaven and earth to witness that he's bankrupt, gone to everlasting smash, the moment a puff of smoke from his beggarly fire manages to get out of his house. Why, 50 when he goes to bed he strings a bag over his jaws.

A. What for?

Py. So as not to chance losing any breath when he's asleep.

A. Oh, yes! And he puts a stopper on his lower windpipe, doesn't he, so as not to chance losing any breath while he's asleep?

Py. [*ingenuously*] You should believe me, I believe, just as I should believe you.

A. [*hurriedly*] Oh, no, no, no! I do believe, of course!

Py. But listen to this, will you? Upon my word, after he takes a bath it just breaks him all up to throw away the water.

A. D'ye think the old buck could be induced to make us a present of a couple of hundred pounds to buy ourselves off with?

Py. Lord! He wouldn't make you a loan of his hunger, no sir, not if you begged him for it. Why, the other day when a barber cut his nails for him he collected all the clippings and took 'em home.

A. My goodness, he's quite a tight one, from what you say.

Py. Honest now, would you believe a man could be so tight and live so wretched? Once a kite flew off with a bit of food of his: down goes the fellow to the magistrate's, blubbering all the way, and there he begins, howling and yowling, demanding to have the kite bound over for trial. Oh, I could tell hundreds of stories about him if I had time. [*to both cooks*] But which of you is the quicker? Tell me that.

A. I am, and a whole lot better, too.

Py. At cooking I mean, not thieving.

A. Well, I mean cooking.

Py. [*to CONGRIO*] And how about you?

C. [*with a meaning glance at ANTHRAX*] I'm what I look.

A. He's nothing but a market-day cook, that chap: he only gets a job once a week.

C. You running me down, you? You five letter man, you! You T-H-I-E-F!

A. Five letter man yourself! Yes, and five times—penned!

Py. [*to ANTHRAX*] Come, come, shut up, you: and this fattest lamb here [*pointing*], take it and go over to our house.

A. [*grinning triumphantly at CONGRIO*] Aye, aye, sir.

[*Exit ANTHRAX into house of MEGADORUS leading lamb.*]

Py. Congrio, you take this one he's left [*pointing*] and go into that house there, [*pointing to EUCLIO's*] and as for you, [*indicating some of the attendants*] you follow him. The rest of you come over to our house.

C. Hang it! That's no way to divide: they've got the fattest lamb.

Py. Oh well, I'll give you the fattest

music girl. [*turning to girls*] That means you, Phrygia: you go with him. As for you, Eleusium, you step over to our place. [*Exeunt ELEUSIUM and others into house of MEGADORUS.*]

C. Oh, you're a wily one, Pythodicus! Shoving me off on this old screw, eh? If I ask for anything there, I can ask myself hoarse before I get a thing.

Py. An ungrateful blockhead is what you are. The idea of doing you a favor, when it's only thrown away!

C. Eh? How so?

Py. How so? Well, in the first place there won't be an uproarious gang in that house to get in your way: if you need anything, just you fetch it from home so as not to waste time asking for it. Here at our establishment, though, we do have a great big uproarious gang of servants, and knick-knackery and jewelry and clothes and silver plate lying about. Now if anything was missing,—of course it's easy for you to keep your hands off, provided there's nothing in reach,—they'd say: 'The cooks got away with it! Collar 'em! Tie 'em up! Thrash 'em! Throw 'em in the dungeon!' Now over there [*pointing to EUCLIO's*] nothing like this will happen to you—as there's nothing at all about for you to filch. [*going toward EUCLIO's house*] Come along.

C. [*sulkily*] Coming. [*he and the rest follow*]

Py. [*knocking at door*] Hey! Staphyla! Come here and open the door.

Sta. [*within*] Who is it?

Py. Pythodicus.

Sta. [*sticking her head out*] What do you want?

Py. Take these cooks and the music girl and the supplies for the wedding festival. Megadorus told us to take 'em over to Euclio's.

Sta. [*examining the provisions disappointedly*] Whose festival are they going to celebrate, Pythodicus? Ceres'?

Py. Why hers?

Sta. Well, no tipples been brought, as I notice.

Py. But there'll be some all right when the old gent gets back from the forum.

Sta. We haven't got any firewood in the house.

C. Any rafters in it?

Sta. Mercy, yes.

C. There's firewood in it, then: never mind going for any.

Sta. Hey? You godless thing! even though you are a devotee of Vulcan, do you want us to burn our house down, all for your dinner or your pay? [*advances on him*]

C. [*shrinking back*] I don't, I don't!

Py. Take 'em inside.

Sta. [*brusquely*] This way with you.

[*Exeunt CONGRIO and others into EUCLIO'S house.*]

Py. [*as they leave*] Look out for things. [*starting for MEGADORUS'S house*] I'll go see what the cooks are at. By gad, it's the devil's own job keeping an eye on those chaps. The only way is to make 'em cook dinner in the dungeon and then haul it up in baskets when it's done. Even so, though, if they're down there gobbling up all they cook, it's a case of starve in heaven and stuff in hell. But here I am gabbling away just as if there wasn't anything to do, and the house all full of those young Grabbits. [*Exit PYTHODICUS.*]

[*Enter EUCLIO from forum carrying a small package and a few forlorn flowers.*]

Euc. Now I did want to be hearty to-day, and do the handsome thing for daughter's wedding, yes, I did. Off I go to the market—ask for fish! Very dear! And lamb dear . . . and beef dear . . . and veal and tunny and pork . . . everything dear, everything! Yes, and all the dearer for my not having any money! It just made me furious, and seeing I couldn't buy anything, I up and left. That's how I circumvented 'em, the whole dirty pack of 'em. Then I began to reason things out with myself as I walked along. 'Holiday feasting makes everyday fasting,' says I to myself, 'unless you economize.' After I'd put the case this way to my stomach and heart, my mind supported my motion to cut down daughter's wedding expenses just as much as possible. Now I've bought a little frankincense here and some wreaths of flowers: we'll put 'em on the hearth in honor of our Household God, so that he may bless daughter's marriage. [*looking toward house*] Eh! What's my door open for? A clattering inside, too! Oh, mercy on us! It can't be burglars, can it?

C. [*within, to an attendant*] See if you can't get a bigger pot from one of the neighbors: this here's a little one: it won't hold it all.

Euc. Oh, my God! my God! I'm ruined! They're taking my gold! They're after my pot! Oh, oh, Apollo, help me, save me! Shoot your arrows through them, the treasure thieves, if you've ever helped a man in such a pinch before! But I must rush in before they ruin me entirely! [*Exit EUCLIO.*]

10 [*Enter ANTHRAX from house of MEGADORUS.*]

A. [*to servants inside*] Dromo, scale the fish. As for you, Machaerio, you bone the conger and lamprey as fast as you know how. I'm going over next door to ask Congrio for the loan of a bread-pan. And you there! if you know what's good for you, you won't hand me back that rooster till it's plucked cleaner than a ballet dancer. [*sound of scuffle in EUCLIO'S house*] Hullo, though! What's the row in the house next door? Hm! the cooks settling down to business, I reckon! I'll hustle back, or we'll be having a rumpus at our place, too. [*Exit.*]

ACT III

30 [*Enter CONGRIO and his associates tumbling out of EUCLIO'S house, slamming door behind them.*]

Congrio. [*in burlesque panic*] Hi—i—i! Citizens, natives, inhabitants, neighbors, foreigners, every one—give me room to run! Open up! Clear the street! [*stopping at some distance from the house*] This is the first time I ever came to cook for Bacchantes at a Bacchante den. Oh dear, what an awful clubbing I and my disciples did get! I'm one big ache! I'm dead and gone! The way that old codger took me for a gymnasium! [*Euclio's door opens and he appears, cudgel in hand*] Oh—ow—ow! Good Lord, be merciful! I'm done for! He's opening the den: he's at the door: he's after me! I know what I'll do: [*retires*] he's taught me my lesson, my master has. I never in all my life saw a place where they were freer-handed with their wood: [*rubbing his shoulders*] why, when he drove the lot of us out he let us have big sticks of it, all we could stagger under.

Euc. [*going into street*] Come back. Where are you running to now? Stop him, stop him!

C. What are you yelling for, stupid?

Euc. Because I am going to report your name to the police this instant.

C. Why?

Euc. Well, you carry a knife.

C. And so a cook should.

Euc. And how about your threatening me?

C. It's a pity I didn't jab it through you, I'm thinking.

Euc. There isn't a more abandoned villain than you on the face of the earth, or one I'd be gladder to go out of my way to punish more, either.

C. Good Lord! That's evident enough, even if you didn't say so: the facts speak for themselves. I've been clubbed till I'm looser than any fancy dancer. Now what did you mean by laying hands on me, you beggar?

Euc. What's that? You dare ask me? Didn't I do my duty by you—is that it? [*lifts cudgel*]

C. [*backing away*] All right: but by gad, you'll pay heavy for it, or I'm a numskull.

Euc. Hm! I don't know anything about the future of your skull, but [*chuckling and tapping his cudgel*] it must be numb now. [*savagely*] See here, what the devil were you doing in my house without my orders while I was gone? That's what I want to know.

C. Well then, shut up. We came to cook for the wedding, that's all.

Euc. And how does it concern you, curse you, whether I eat my food cooked or take it raw—unless you are my guardian?

C. Are you going to let us cook dinner here or not? That's what I want to know.

Euc. Yes, and I want to know whether my things at home will be safe?

C. All I hope is I can get safe away with my own things that I brought there. That'll do for me: don't worry about my hankering for anything you own.

Euc. [*incredulous*] I know. You needn't go on. I quite understand.

C. Why won't you let us cook dinner here now? What have we done? What have we said that you didn't like?

Euc. A pretty question, you villainous rascal, with your making a public highway of every nook and cranny in my whole house! If you had stayed by the oven where your business lay, you wouldn't be carrying that cloven pate: it serves you

right. [*with forced composure*] Now further, just to acquaint you with my sentiments in the matter,—you come any nearer this door without my permission, and I will make you the most forlorn creature in God's world. Now you know my sentiments. [*Exit into house.*]

C. [*calling after him*] Where are you off to? Come back! So help me, holy Mother of Thieves, but I'll soon make it warm for you, the way I'll rip up your reputation in front of the house here, if you don't have my dishes brought back! [*as EUCLIO closes the door*] Now what? Oh, hell! It certainly was an unlucky day when I came here! Two shillings for the job, and now it'll take more than that to pay the doctor's bill.

20 [*Re-enter EUCLIO from house with object under his cloak.*]

Euc. [*aside*] By heaven, wherever I go this goes [*peering under cloak*] too: I won't leave it there to run such risks, never. [*to CONGRIO and others*] Very well, come now, in with you, cooks, music girls, every one! [*to CONGRIO*] Go on, take your understrappers inside if you like. the whole hireling herd of 'em. Cook away, work away, scurry around to your hearts' content now.

C. A nice time for it, after you've clubbed my head till it's all cracks!

35 Euc. In with you. You were engaged to get up a dinner here, not a declamation.

C. I say, old boy, I'll come to you with my bill for that basting, by the Lord I will. I was hired a while ago to be cook, 40 not to be thumped.

Euc. Well, go to law about it. Don't bother me. Away with you: get dinner, or else get to the devil out of here.

C. You just get to—[*mildly, as he pushes in past him*] one side, then. [*Exeunt CONGRIO and his associates into house.*]

Euc. [*looking after them*] He's disappeared. My Lord, my Lord! It's an awful chance a poor man takes when he begins to have dealings or business with a wealthy man. Here's Megadorus now, trying to catch me—oh, dear, dear!—in all sorts of ways. Sending cooks over here and pretending it's because of regard for me! Sent 'em to steal this [*looking under cloak*] from a poor old man—that's what his sending 'em was because of! And then

of course that dunghill cock of mine in there, that used to belong to the old woman, had to come within an inch of ruining me, beginning to scratch and claw around where this [*looking under cloak*] was buried. Enough said. It just got me so worked up I took a club and annihilated that cock, the thief, the redhanded thief! By heaven, I do believe the cooks offered that cock a reward to show them where this [*looking under cloak*] was. I took the handle [*looking under cloak*] out of their hands! [*looking down street*] Ah, but there is son-in-law Megadorus swaggering back from the forum. I suppose it would hardly do for me to pass him without stopping for a word or two, now.

[*Enter MEGADORUS.*]

M. [*not seeing EUCLIO*] Well, I've told a number of friends of my intentions regarding this match. They were full of praise for Euclio's daughter. Say it's the sensible thing to do, a fine idea. Yes, for my part I'm convinced that if the rest of our well-to-do citizens would follow my example and marry poor men's daughters and let the dowries go, there would be a great deal more unity in our city, and people would be less bitter against us men of means than they are, and our wives would stand in greater awe of marital authority than they do, and the cost of living would be lower for us than it is. . . .

Euc. [*aside*] God bless my soul, how I do love to hear him talk! Those thoughts of his about economizing—beautiful, beautiful!

M. Then you wouldn't hear them saying: 'Well, sir, you never had anything like the money I brought you, and you know it. Fine clothes and jewelry, indeed! And maids and mules and coachmen and footmen and pages and private carriages—well, if I haven't a right to them!'

Euc. [*aside*] Ah, he knows 'em, knows 'em through and through, these society dames! Oh, if he could only be appointed supervisor of public morals—the women's!

M. Wherever you go nowadays you see more wagons in front of a city mansion than you can find around a farmyard. That's a perfect glorious sight, though, compared with the time when the trades-

men come for their money. The cleanser, the ladies' tailor, the jeweler, the woolen worker—they're all hanging round. And there are the dealers in flounces and underclothes and bridal veils, in violet dyes and yellow dyes, or muffs, or balsam scented foot-gear. . . .

Euc. [*aside*] I'd hail him, only I'm afraid he'd stop talking about how the women go on. No, no, I'll let him be.

M. When you've got all these fellows of fluff and ruffles satisfied, along comes a military man, bringing up the rear, and wants to collect the army tax. . . . [*seeing EUCLIO*] But there's my new relative in front of the house! How are you, Euclio?

Euc. Gratified, highly gratified with your discourse—I devoured it.

M. Eh? you heard?

Euc. Every word of it.

M. [*looking him over*] But I say, though, I do think it would be a little more in keeping, if you were to spruce up a bit for your daughter's wedding.

Euc. [*whining*] Folks with the where-withal and means to let 'em spruce up and look smart remember who they are. My goodness, Megadorus! I haven't got a fortune piled up at home [*peers slyly under cloak*] any more than people think, and no other poor man has, either.

M. [*genially*] Ah well, you've got enough, and heaven make it more and more, and bless you in what you have now.

Euc. [*turning away with a start*] 'What you have now!' I don't like that phrase! He knows I have this money just as well as I do! The old hag's been blabbing!

M. [*pleasantly*] Why that secret session over there?

Euc. [*taken aback*] I was—damme sir, —I was framing the complaint against you that you deserve.

M. What for?

Euc. What for, eh? When you've filled every corner of my house with thieves, confound it! When you've sent cooks into my house by the hundred and every one of 'em a Geryonian with six hands apiece! Why, Argus, who had eyes all over him and was set to guarding Io once by Juno, couldn't ever keep watch on those fellows, not if he tried. And that music girl besides! She could take the fountain of Pirene at Corinth and drink it dry, all by

herself, she could,—if it ran wine. Then as for the provisions—

M. Bless my soul! Why, there's enough for a regiment. I sent you a lamb, too.

Euc. Yes, and a more shearable beast than that same lamb doesn't exist, I know that.

M. I wish you would tell me how the lamb is shearable.

Euc. Because it's mere skin and bones, wasted away till it's perfectly—[*tittering*] sheer. Why, why, you put that lamb in the sun and you can watch its inwards work: it's as transparent as a Punic lantern.

M. [*protestingly*] I got that lamb in myself to be slaughtered.

Euc. [*dryly*] Then you'd best put it out yourself to be buried, for I do believe it's dead already.

M. [*laughing and clapping him on the shoulder*] Euclio, we must have a little carouse to-day, you and I.

Euc. [*frightened*] None for me, sir, none for me! Carouse! Oh my Lord!

M. But see here, I'll just have a cask of good old wine brought over from my cellars.

Euc. No, no! I don't care for any! The fact is, I am resolved to drink nothing but water.

M. [*digging him in the ribs*] I'll get you properly soaked to-day, on my life I will, you with your 'resolved to drink nothing but water.'

Euc. [*aside*] I see his game! Trying to fuddle me with his wine, that's it, and then give this [*looking under cloak*] a new domicile! [*pauses*] I'll take measures against that: yes, I'll secrete it somewhere outside the house. I'll make him throw away his time and wine together.

M. [*turning to go*] Well, unless I can do something for you, I'll go take a bath and get ready to offer sacrifice.

[*Exit into house.*]

Euc. [*paternally to object under cloak*] God bless us both, pot, you do have enemies, ah yes, many enemies, you and the gold entrusted to you! As matters stand, pot, the best thing I can do for you is to carry you off to the shrine of Faith: I'll hide you away there, just as cosy! You know me, Faith, and I know you: don't change your name, mind, if I trust this to you. Yes, I'll go to you, Faith, relying on your faithfulness.

[*Exit EUCLIO.*]

ACT IV

[*Enter STROBILUS.*]

5 *Strobilus.* [*self-complacently*] This is the way for a good servant to act, the way I do: no thinking master's orders are a botheration and nuisance. I tell you what, if a servant wants to give satisfaction, he'd
10 just better make it a case of master first and man second. Even if he should fall asleep, he ought to do it with an eye on the fact that he's a servant. He's got to know his master's inclinations like a book, so
15 that he can read his wishes in his face. And as for orders, he must push 'em through faster than a fast four-in-hand. If a chap minds all this, he won't be paying taxes on rawhide, or ever spend his
20 time polishing a ball and chain with his ankles. Now the fact is, master's in love with the daughter of poor old Euclio here; and he's just got word she's going to be married to Megadorus there. So he's sent
me over to keep my eyes peeled and report on operations. I'll just settle down alongside this sacred altar [*does so*] and no one'll suspect me. I can inspect proceedings at both houses from here.

[*Enter EUCLIO without seeing STROBILUS.*]

Euc. [*plaintively*] Only be sure you don't let anyone know my gold is there, Faith: no fear of anyone finding it, not after the lovely way I tucked it in that
35 dark nook. [*pauses*] Oh my God, what a beautiful haul he would get, if anyone should find it—a pot just crammed with gold! For mercy's sake, though, Faith, don't let him! [*walks slowly toward*
40 *house*] Now I'll have a bath, so that I may sacrifice and not hinder my prospective son-in-law from marrying my girl the moment he claims her. [*looking down street toward temple*] Take care now,
45 Faith, do, do, do take care I get my pot back from you safe. I've trusted my gold to your good faith, laid it away in your grove and shrine.

[*Exit EUCLIO into house.*]

50 *Str.* [*jumping up*] Ye immortal gods! What's all this I heard the fellow tell of! A pot just crammed with gold hidden in the shrine of Faith here! For the love of
55 heaven, Faith, don't be more faithful to him than to me. Yes, and he's the father of the girl that is master's sweetheart, or I'm mistaken. I'm going in there: I'll search that shrine from top to bottom and

see if I can't find the gold somewhere while he's busy here. But if I come across it—oh, Faith, I'll pour you out a five pint pot of wine and honey! There now! that's what I'll do for you; and when I've done that for you, why, I'll drink it up for myself. *[Exit to temple on the run.]*

[Re-enter EUCLIO from house.]

Euc. [excitedly] It means something—10 that raven cawing on my left just now! And all the time a-clawing the ground, croaking away, croaking away! The minute I heard him my heart began to dance a jig and jumped up into my throat. But I must run, run! *[Exit to temple.]*

[A few moments elapse. Then the sound of a scuffle down the street. Re-enter EUCLIO dragging STROBILUS.] 20

Euc. Come! out, you worm! crawling up from underground just now! A minute ago you weren't to be found anywhere, and *[grimly]* now you're found you're finished! Oh-h-h-h, you felon! I'm going to give it to you, this very instant! *[beats him]*

Str. What the devil's got into you? What business have you got with me, old fellow? What are you pounding me for? What are you jerking me along for? 30 What do you mean by battering me?

Euc. [still pummeling him] Mean, eh? You batterissimo. You're not a thief: you're three thieves.

Str. What did I steal from you?

Euc. [threatening] You kindly give it back.

Str. Back? What back?

Euc. A nice question!

Str. I didn't take a thing from you, 40 honestly.

Euc. Well, what you took dishonestly, then! Hand it over! Come, come, will you!

Str. Come, come what?

Euc. You shan't get away with it.

Str. What is it you want?

Euc. Down with it!

Str. Down with it, eh! Looks as if you'd downed too much of it yourself 50 already, old boy.

Euc. Down with it, I tell you! None of your repartee. I'm not in the humor for trifling now.

Str. Down with what? Come along, 55 speak out and give it its name, whatever it is. Hang it all, I never took a thing nor touched a thing, and that's flat.

Euc. Show me your hands.

Str. [stretching them out] All right—there they are: have a look.

Euc. [dryly] I see. Come now, the 5 third one: out with it.

Str. [aside] He's got 'em! The old chap's mad, stark, staring mad! *[to EUCLIO, virtuously]* Now aren't you doing me an injury?

Euc. I am, a hideous injury—in not hanging you. And I'll soon do that, too, if you don't confess.

Str. Confess what?

Euc. What did you carry off from here? 15 *[pointing toward temple]*

Str. [solemnly] May I be damned, if I carried off a thing of yours. *[aside]* Likewise if I didn't want to.

Euc. Come on, shake out your cloak.

Str. [doing so] Anything you say.

Euc. Um! probably under your tunic.

Str. [cheerfully] Feel anywhere you please.

Euc. Ugh! you rascal! How obliging 25 you are! That I may think you didn't take it! I'm up to your dodges. *[searches him]* Once more now—out with your hand, the right one!

Str. [obeying] There you are.

Euc. Now the left one.

Str. [obeying] Why, certainly: here's the both of 'em.

Euc. Enough of this searching. Now give it here.

Str. What?

Euc. Oh-h! Bosh! You must have it!

Str. I have it? Have what?

Euc. I won't say: you're too anxious to know. Anything of mine you've got, hand it over.

Str. Crazy! You went all through me as much as you liked without finding a solitary thing of yours on me.

Euc. [excitedly] Wait, wait! *[turns 45 toward temple and listens]* Who's in there? Who was that other fellow in there along with you? *[aside]* My Lord! this is awful, awful! There's another one at work in there all this time. And if I let go of this one, he'll skip off. *[pauses]* But then I've searched him already: he hasn't anything. *[aloud]* Off with you, anywhere! *[releases him with a final cuff]*

Str. [from a safe distance] You be everlastingly damned!

Euc. [aside, dryly] Nice way he has of showing his gratitude. *[aloud, sternly]*

I'll go in there, and that accomplice of yours—I'll strangle him on the spot. Are you going to vanish? Are you going to get out, or not? [*advances*]

Str. [*retreating*] I am, I am!

Euc. And kindly see I don't set eyes on you again.

[*Exit EUCLIO toward temple.*]

Str. I'd sooner be tortured to death than not give that old fellow a surprise to-day. [*reflecting*] Well, after this he won't dare hide his gold here. What he'll most likely do is bring it out with him and put it somewhere else. [*listening*] Hm-m-m! There goes the door! Aha! the old boy's coming out with it. I'll just back up by the doorway for a while. [*hides by MEGADORUS's house*]

[*Re-enter EUCLIO with pot.*]

Euc. I used to fancy Faith, of all deities, was absolutely faithful, and here she's just missed making a downright ass of me. If that raven hadn't stood by me, I'd be a poor, poor ruined man. By heavens, I'd just like that raven to come and see me, the one that warned me, I certainly should, so that I might pay him a handsome—compliment. As for tossing him a bite to eat, why, that would amount to throwing it away. [*meditating*] Let me think now; where is some lonely spot to hide this in? [*after a moment*] There's that grove of Silvanus outside the wall, solitary, willow thickets all around. There's where I'll pick my place. I'd sooner trust Silvanus than Faith, and that's settled. [*Exit EUCLIO.*]

Str. Good! Good! The gods are with me: I'm a made man! Now I'll run on ahead and climb some tree there so as to sight the place where the old fellow hides it. What if master did tell me to wait here! I'd sooner look for a thrashing along with the cash, and that's settled.

[*Exit STROBILUS.*]

[*Enter LYCONIDES and EUNOMIA.*]

Lyconides. That's the whole story, mother: you see how it is with me and Euclio's daughter as well as I do. And now, mother, I beg you, beg you again and again, as I did before: do tell my uncle about it, mother dear.

Eun. Your wishes are mine, dear; you know that yourself: and I feel sure your

uncle will not refuse me. It's a perfectly reasonable request, too, if it's all as you say and you actually did get intoxicated and treat the poor girl so.

L. Is it like me to look you in the face and lie, my dear mother?

Ph. [*within Euclio's house*] Oh—oh! Nurse! Nurse dear! Oh, God help me! The pain!

L. There, mother! There's better proof than words give. Her cries! The child!

Eun. [*agitated*] Come, darling, come in to your uncle with me, so that I may persuade him to let it be as you urge.

L. You go, mother: I'll follow you in a moment.

[*Exit EUNOMIA into MEGADORUS's house.*]
I wonder [*looking around*] where that fellow Strobilus of mine is that I told to wait for me here. [*pauses*] Well, on thinking it over, if he's doing something for me, it's all wrong my finding fault with him. [*turning toward MEGADORUS's door*] Now for the session that decides my fate. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter STROBILUS with pot.*]

Str. [*elated*] Woodpeckers that haunt the Hills of Gold, eh! I can buy 'em up my own single self. As for the rest of your big kings—not worth mentioning, poor beggarlets! I am the great King Philip. Oh, this is a grand day! Why, after I left here a while ago I got there long before him and was up in a tree long before he came: and from there I spotted where the old chap hid the stuff. After he'd gone I scabbled down, dug up the pot full of gold! Then I saw him coming back from the place; he didn't see me, though. I slipped off a bit to one side of the road. [*looking down street*] Aha! there he comes! I'll home and tuck this out of sight. [*Exit STROBILUS.*]

[*Enter EUCLIO frantic.*]

Euc. [*running wildly back and forth*] I'm ruined, I'm killed, I'm murdered! Where shall I run? Where shan't I run? Stop thief! Stop thief! What thief? Who? I don't know! I can't see! I'm all in the dark! Yes, yes, and where I'm going, or where I am, or who I am—oh, I can't tell, I can't think! [*to audience*] Help, help, for heaven's sake, I beg you, I implore you! Show the man that took it. Eh, what's that? What are you grin-

ning for? I know you, the whole lot of you! I know there are thieves here, plenty of 'em, that cover themselves up in dapper clothes and sit still as if they were honest men. [*to a spectator*] You, sir, what do you say? I'll trust you, I will, I will. Yes, you're a worthy gentleman; I can tell it from your face. Ha! none of them has it? Oh, you've killed me! Tell me, who has got it, then? You don't know? Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear! I'm a ruined man! I'm lost, lost! Oh, what a plight! Oh, such a cruel, disastrous, dismal day—it's made a starveling of me, a pauper! I'm the forlornest wretch on earth! Ah, what is there in life for me when I've lost all that gold I guarded, oh, so carefully! I've denied myself, denied my own self comforts and pleasures; yes, and now others are making merry over my misery and loss! Oh, it's unendurable!

[*Enter LYCONIDES from house of MEGADORUS.*]

L. Who in the world is raising all this howling, groaning hullabaloo before our house here? [*looking round*] Upon my word, it's Euclio, I do believe. [*drawing back*] My time has certainly come: it's all out. He's just learned about his daughter's child, I suppose. Now I can't decide whether to leave or stay, advance or retreat. By Jove, I don't know what to do!

Enc. [*hearing sound of voice only*] Who's that talking here?

L. [*stepping forward*] I'm the poor wretch, sir.

Enc. No, no, I'm the poor wretch, a poor ruined wretch, with all this trouble and tribulation.

L. Keep your courage up, sir.

Enc. For heaven's sake, how can I?

L. Well, sir, that outrage that distresses you—[*hesitantly*] I'm to blame, and I confess it, sir.

Enc. Hey? What's that?

L. The truth.

Enc. How have I ever harmed you, young man, for you to act like this and try to ruin me and my children?

L. It was some demon got hold of me, sir, and led me on.

Enc. How is this?

L. I admit I've done wrong, sir; I deserve your reproaches, and I know it; more than that, I've come to beg you to be patient and forgive me.

Enc. How did you dare do it, dare touch what didn't belong to you?

L. [*penitently*] Well, well, sir,—it's done, and it can't be undone. I think it must have been fated; otherwise it wouldn't have happened, I'm sure of that.

Enc. Yes, and I think it must have been fated that I'm to shackle you at my house and murder you!

L. Don't say that, sir.

Enc. Then why did you lay hands on what was mine, without my permission?

L. It was all because of drink . . . and . . . love, sir.

Enc. The colossal impudence of it! To dare to come to me with a tale like that, you shameless rascal! Why, if it's legal to clear yourself that way, we should be stripping ladies of their jewelry on the public highways in broad daylight! And then when we were caught we'd excuse ourselves on the score that we were drunk and did it out of love. Drink and love are altogether too cheap, if your drunken lover can do what he likes and not suffer for it.

L. Yes, but I've come of my own accord, sir, to entreat you to pardon my madness.

Enc. I have no patience with men who do wrong and then try to explain it away. You knew you had no right to act so: you should have kept hands off.

L. Well, now that I did venture to act so, I have no objection to holding to it, sir,—I ask nothing better.

Enc. [*more angry*] Hold to it? Against my will?

L. I won't insist on it against your will, sir; but I do think my claim is just. Why, you'll soon come to realize the justice of it yourself, sir, I assure you.

Enc. I'll march you off to court and sue you, by heaven I will, this minute, unless you bring it back.

L. I? Bring what back?

Enc. What you stole from me.

L. I stole something of yours? Where from? What?

Enc. [*ironically*] God bless your innocence—you don't know!

L. Not unless you say what you're looking for.

Enc. The pot of gold, I tell you; I want back the pot of gold you owned up to taking.

L. Great heavens, man! I never said that or did it, either.

Euc. You deny it?

L. Deny it? Absolutely. Why, I don't know, haven't any idea, about your gold, or what that pot is.

Euc. The one you took from the grove of Silvanus—give it me. Go, bring it back. [*pleadingly*] You can have half of it, yes, yes, I'll divide. Even though you are such a thief, I won't make any trouble for you. Do, do go and bring it 10 back, oh do!

L. Man alive, you're out of your senses, calling me a thief. I supposed you had found out about something else that does concern me, Euclio. There's an important 15 matter I'm anxious to talk over quietly with you, sir, if you're at leisure.

Euc. Give me your word of honor: you didn't steal that gold?

L. [*shaking his head*] On my honor.

Euc. And you don't know the man that did take it?

L. Nor that, either, on my honor.

Euc. And if you learn who took it, you'll inform me?

L. I will.

Euc. And you won't go shares with the man that has it, or shield the thief?

L. No.

Euc. What if you deceive me?

L. Then, sir, may I be dealt with as great God sees fit.

Euc. That will suffice. All right now, say what you want.

L. In case you're not acquainted with 35 my family connections, sir,—Megadorus here is my uncle: my father was Antimachus, and my own name is Lyconides: Eunomia is my mother.

Euc. I know who you are. Now what 40 do you want? That's what I wish to know.

L. You have a daughter.

Euc. Yes, yes, at home there!

L. You have betrothed her to my uncle, 45 I understand.

Euc. Precisely, precisely.

L. He has asked me to inform you now that he breaks the engagement.

Euc. [*furious*] Breaks the engagement, 50 with everything ready, the wedding prepared for? May all the everlasting powers above consume that villain that's to blame for my losing my gold, all that gold, poor God-forsaken creature that I am!

L. Brace up, sir: don't curse. And now for something that I pray will turn out well and happily for yourself and your

daughter—"God grant it may!" Say that.

L. [*doubtfully*] God grant it may!

L. And God grant it may for me, too!

Now listen, sir. There isn't a man alive 5 so worthless but what he wants to clear himself when he's done wrong and is ashamed. Now, sir, if I've injured you or your daughter without realizing what I was doing, I implore you to forgive me and let me marry her as I'm legally bound to. [*nervously*] It was the night of Ceres' festival . . . and what with wine and . . . a young fellow's natural impulses together . . . I wronged her, I confess it.

Euc. Oh, oh, my God! What villainy am I hearing of?

L. [*patting his shoulder*] Lamenting, sir, lamenting, when you're a grandfather, and this your daughter's wedding day? 20 You see it's the tenth month since the festival—reckon it up—and we have a child, sir. This explains my uncle's breaking the engagement: he did it for my sake. Go in and inquire if it isn't just as I tell you.

25 *Euc.* Oh, my life is wrecked, wrecked! The way calamities swarm down and settle on me one after another! Go in I will, and have the truth of it!

[*Exit into his house.*]

30 *L.* [*as he disappears*] I'll soon be with you, sir. [*after a pause, contentedly*] It does look as if we were pretty nearly safe in the shallows now. [*looking around*] Where in the world my fellow Strobilus is I can't imagine. Well, the only thing to do is to wait here a bit longer; then I'll join father-in-law inside. Meanwhile, I'll let him have an opportunity to inquire into the case from the old nurse that's been his daughter's maid: she knows about it all. [*waits in doorway*]

ACT V

[*Enter STROBILUS.*]

Str. Ye immortal gods, what joy, what bliss, ye bless me with! I have a four pound pot of gold, chock full of gold! Show me a man that's richer! Who's the chap in all Athens now that Heaven's kinder to than me?

L. Why, it surely seemed as if I heard 55 some one's voice just then. [*catches a glimpse of STROBILUS's face, the latter wheeling around as he sees LYCONIDES*]

Str. [*aside*] Hm! Is that master there?

L. [aside] My servant, is it?

Str. [aside, after a quick glance] It's the governor.

L. [aside] Himself.

Str. [aside] Here goes. [*moves toward* LYCONIDES]

L. [aside] I'll go meet him. No doubt he's followed instructions and been to see that old woman I mentioned, my girl's nurse.

Str. [aside] Why not tell him I've found this prize? Then I'll beg him to set me free. I'll up and let him have the whole story. [*to* LYCONIDES, *as they meet*] I've found—

L. [scoffingly] Found what?

Str. No such trifle as youngsters hurrah over finding in a bean.

L. At your old tricks? You're chaffing. [*pretends to be about to leave*]

Str. Hold on, sir: I'll tell you all about it this minute. Listen.

L. Well, well, then, tell away.

Str. Sir, to-day I've found—boundless riches!

L. [interested] You have? Where?

Str. A four pound pot, sir, I tell you, a four pound pot just full of gold!

L. What's all this you've done? He's the man that robbed old Euclio. Where is 30 his gold?

Str. In a box at home. Now I want you to set me free.

L. [angrily] I set you free, you, you great lump of iniquity?

Str. [crestfallen, then laughing heartily] Go along with you, sir! I know what you're after. Gad! that was clever of me, testing you in that way! And you were just getting ready to drop on it! Now what would you be doing, if I really had found it?

10 *L.* No, no, that won't pass. Off with you: hand over the gold.

Str. Hand over the gold? I?

L. Yes, hand it over, so that it may be handed over to Euclio.

15 *Str.* Gold? Where from?

L. The gold you just admitted was in the box.

Str. Bless your heart, sir, my tongue's all the time running on foolish-like.

20 *L.*

Str. That's what I say.

L. [seizing him] See here, do you know what you'll get?

Str. By heaven, sir, you can even kill 25 me, but you won't have it from me, never—

The rest of the play is lost, save for a few fragments. Apparently LYCONIDES, on returning the pot of gold, was given permission to marry EUCLIO's daughter; and EUCLIO, having a change of heart, or influenced by his Household God, gave it to the young couple as a wedding present.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER (About 195-159 B. C.)

In the steps of Plautus followed Cæcilius Statius (219-166), a North Italian Gaul, and at one time a slave. He is known by over forty titles, mostly Greek and Menandrian, is praised by Horace for *gravitas*, and to him Terence submitted his first play.

Terence, a slave of African origin, educated and freed, a protégé and friend of Scipio Africanus the Younger and Lælius, dying young during a visit to Greece, where he was said to have gone for a stock of Menander's plays, left six comedies: *The Girl from Andros*, *The Mother-in-law*, *The Brothers*, *The Self-tormentor*, *The Eunuch*, and *Phormio the Parasite*. Four are Menandrian, two from Apollodorus, three are 'contaminations,' or blending of two originals in one play for the sake of greater interest. They are skillful in plot, pure in language, and polished in expression, their characterization and psychology excellent, and their wisdom genial and mellow; Horace says Terence 'surpasses in art.' Their lack as produced on the stage was felt in the author's own time, when in the prologues he pleaded with his audience not to be drawn away by the attractions of the street shows, and throughout Roman times, whose sentiment is expressed by Cæsar's epigram addressing Terence as a 'halved Menander, lover of pure speech, worthy of a place among the best,' and lamenting only that 'comic power was not also added to his suavity, so that he might share honors equally with the Greeks.' In a word, Terence was an artist writing to please his own and his friends' refined tastes, while Plautus was a genius, more or less undisciplined and thinking of how his product would act. The play-reader will enjoy them both.

With Terence the history of Roman comic production is at an end. The tragic drama ran a parallel course, beginning with Livius, Nævius, and Ennius, finding its greatest genius in Marcus Pacuvius, about 220-130 B.C., and Lucius Accius, 170 to about 86 B.C., and there coming to an end; with this difference, that tragedy about a hundred years after the death of Accius enjoyed a revival, beginning under Augustus and culminating in Seneca.

Terence's *Adelphi*, translated by John Sargeant, is here printed with the permission of the Loeb Classical Library.

THE BROTHERS

SUMMARY OF THE PLAY

BY GAIUS SULPICIUS APOLLINARIS

Demea having two sons, Æschinus and Ctesipho, allowed the one to be adopted by his brother Micio but kept the other. Demea was a grim and harsh father, and Ctesipho being captivated by the charms of a cithern-player was sheltered by his brother Æschinus, who allowed rumor to ascribe the intrigue to himself. Further, he carried off the girl from the slave-lealer who owned her. Æschinus had himself seduced an Athenian lady of scanty means and pledged himself to marry her. Demea angrily protested against the affair, but on the truth becoming known Æschinus married the lady and Ctesipho was left in possession of the fiddle-girl.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- MICIO, *an old gentleman of Athens.*
 DEMEA, *brother to Micio, resident in the country.*
 5 ÆSCHINUS, *son to Demea, adopted by Micio.*
 CTESIPHO, *son to Demea.*
 HEGIO, *an old gentleman of Athens.*
 10 SANNIO, *a slave-dealer.*
 SYRUS, *servant [slave] to Micio and Æschinus.*
 DROMO, *servant [slave] to Micio.*
 GETA, *servant [slave] to Sostrata.*
 15 SOSTRATA, *a lady of Athens.*
 CANTHARA, *an old crone, servant to Sostrata.*

PERSONÆ MUTÆ

- 20 PARMENO, *servant [slave] to Æschinus.*
 PAMPHILA, *beloved by Æschinus.*
 BACCHIS, *a cithern-player.*

PROLOGUE

Our playwright, having become aware that his composition is unfairly criticized and that his enemies carp at the play which we are about to present, will give evidence in his own case and you shall be the court to decide whether the line he has taken ought to redound to his honor or to his discredit. 'Linked in Death' is a comedy by Diphilus. Plautus turned it into Latin without change of title. In the Greek play there is a young man who in the first act carries off a girl from a slave-dealer. Plautus omitted this incident. Our playwright has introduced it, translated word for word, into his 'Brothers.' This is the new play which we are about to present. It is for you to scrutinize whether in your view this is a theft or the recovery of an incident which was negligently omitted.

As for the malignant accusation that our playwright is assisted by men of high rank who perpetually aid him with the pen, his enemies may regard it as a bitter reproach, but he himself considers it as a high honor that he finds favor with those who are in favor with all of you and with the country at large, men of whose assistance in war and in the various occupations of peace every one has at his need availed himself and thought no shame.

I will not detain you on the plot of the play. Part of it will be opened by the old men who first come on the stage, the rest will appear in the course of the action. See that your candor stimulates the poet's zeal in his calling.

SCENE:—*Athens, a place where four streets meet. On one side the house of Micio, next to it that of Sostrata.*

ACT I

[*Time, Early Morning.*]

[*Enter MICIO from his house.*]

Micio. [*calling through the door*] Storax! [*after a pause he turns round and advances*] Then Æschinus never came back last night after dinner nor any of the servant lads who went to escort him. I am sure it is a true saying that if you are away anywhere or at least slow to return it is better to have happen to you what your wife says at you, even what she thinks in

her heart, when she is in a temper, than what indulgent parents fear. The wife, if you are late, thinks you are after another woman or another woman after you, or that you are at a drinking-party and making merry, enjoying yourself without her while she is miserable. I, now, what things I imagine from my son's not returning, what anxieties harry me! I dread his having caught a chill or fallen in the street or broken a limb. Bah! why should a man take it into his head to procure a thing to be dearer to him than his own self? Yes, and this lad isn't my own son but my brother's. My brother's bent has differed from mine right away from boyhood. I have led this easy life of town without a calling and, a thing which men at the clubs call a blessing, without even taking a wife. His career has been the very opposite. He has passed his days in the country, always lived a sparing and hard life, married, and had two sons. The elder of them I have adopted. I have brought him up from his childhood, regarded him and loved him as my own son. In that is the joy of my life, the one thing I hold dear. I am zealous that he should show the same spirit towards me. I give him money, overlook his peccadilloes, don't feel compelled to exercise full authority over him. In fact, whereas other sons hide their youthful pranks from their fathers, I have trained my son not to keep his a secret from me; for if a lad has got accustomed or brings himself to meet his father with falsehoods or tricks, all the more will he so meet others.

In my view honor and gentlemanly feeling are better curbs on a gentleman's son than fear. My brother and I disagree in this, he is quite against this view. He comes to me perpetually, crying 'What are you about, Micio? Why are you bringing the boy to ruin on our hands? Why this licence? Why these drinking parties? Why do you pile him up the guineas for such a life and let him spend so much at the tailor's? It's extremely silly of you.' He himself is extremely hard, past right and sense, and in my opinion it's a great mistake to suppose that the authority which is founded on force has more weight and stability than that which hangs by the link of friendliness. My system, my theory, is this: he who does his duty under the lash of punishment has no dread except in the thought of detection; if he thinks he won't

be found out, back he goes to his natural bent. When you link a son to you by kindness, there is sincerity in all his acts, he sets himself to make a return, and will be the same behind your back as to your face. That's the spirit of a true father, to accustom his son to do right rather by his own inclination than by fear of another, and that's the difference between the parent of sons and the owner of slaves. A man who can't do this should own that he doesn't know how to rule a gentleman's sons. Ah, is that the man I was talking of? It is. He looks a bit glum. I suppose we shall now have the usual scolding.

[Enter DEMEA as from the country.]

Glad to see you well, Demea.

Demea. [bluntly] Ah, well met! you're the man I'm hunting up.

M. Why are you so glum?

D. A pretty question! Asking why I'm glum when we have an Æschinus on our hands!

M. [aside] Didn't I say so? [aloud] What's he done?

D. Done? Ashamed of nothing, afraid of nobody, holding himself above the check of law! Of his old doings I say nothing: what is his last outrage?

M. What is it?

D. Broken a door-lock, forced his way into a strange house, beaten the owner and all the household almost to death, carried off the girl he loved. All the town is crying out at it as a most scandalous business. Man after man has told me of it in the streets, it's on everybody's lips. Bad enough that, and, if he wants a pattern set him, doesn't he see how his brother attends to business and leads a thrifty and sober life in the country on quite other lines? My reproaches to him are reproaches to you, Micio: it's you that let him grow debauched.

M. [calmly] There is nothing more unjust than a man without knowledge of the world: he thinks nothing right except what he has done himself.

D. [gruffly] And the point of that observation?

M. Is that you, Demea, misjudge these matters. There is no heinous crime, believe me, in a stripling's having an amour or attending a drinking party. [DEMEA makes a gesture of dissent] No, there isn't, nor in his breaking a door-lock. If neither you nor I did these things, it was our poverty wouldn't let us. Do you now

take credit for an abstinence which at the time was due only to lack of means? It's not just, for if we had had the wherewithal we should have done the same. And if you were flesh and blood you'd allow that son of yours to do it now, while his youth makes it reasonable, rather than have him look forward to tumbling your corpse out of doors and then at a less fitting time of life run riot for all your care.

D. [furiously] Good God! you're a man to drive one to Bedlam! Not a heinous crime for these things to be done by a stripling?

M. [stopping his ears] Oh! listen to me instead of stunning me by your perpetual repetitions. You gave me your son to adopt; he is become mine: if he commits an offence, Demea, it's an offence against me, the chief share in the matter is mine. His dinner parties, drinking parties, reeking of perfumes, are at my cost. He has an amour, I shall give him the money so long as it's convenient; when it isn't, possibly his mistress will shut her door against him. He has broken a door-lock, I'll send a locksmith: he has torn a man's coat, I'll send a tailor. The means for this, thank God, the means I have, and up to now it isn't irksome. To end all, either have done or else name an arbitrator. I shall show that you are the worse offender in the matter.

D. Man, man, learn to be a father from those who know what it is.

M. You are his father by nature, but by design I am.

D. [sneering] Design? You and design?

M. Oh, if you are going on, I'm off.

D. [in remonstrance] Is that the way you treat me?

M. Am I to hear the same story over and over again?

D. It touches me.

M. It touches me too. But, Demea, let the concern for it be divided between us, you looking after one and I after the other. Your looking after both is as good as asking back the son you gave me.

D. No, no, Micio.

M. Well, I think so.

D. Very well, then. If that's your pleasure, let him squander, ruin and be ruined, it's no concern of mine. Now if ever again one single word—

M. [interrupting] Again going into a passion, Demea?

D. Don't you take my word? Do I ask back the son I gave you? It troubles me: his blood is mine. If I oppose—*[Micio makes a gesture of remonstrance]* Well, well, I have done. You wish me to look after one: so I do, and I thank God he is a son after my heart. That fellow of yours will find out some day—well, harsher words against him I won't use. *[Exit.]*

M. There's something in what he says, 10 but it isn't everything. Not but what these doings annoy me, still I wouldn't let him see my vexation. This is the nature of the man: to pacify him I must earnestly thwart him and scare him off, though even that 15 hardly brings him to human patience. Still, if I inflamed or even fell in with his passionate temper, I should surely give him another madman for company. Not but what Æschinus does me no little wrong 20 in this matter. His love affairs have been innumerable, and every one of them has cost a pretty penny. At last only the other day, weary, I suppose, of them all he announced a desire to marry. I hoped his hot 25 blood had cooled down and I was delighted. And now, bless us, he starts again. But in any case I should like to know the facts and for that end to see my gentleman. He may be in the Piazza. *[Exit.]* 30

ACT II

[Half an hour has elapsed. Æschinus had 35 the night before carried off the girl to the house where he dined. He is now bringing her to Micio's house and SANNIO has intercepted him. He enters with PARMENO and the girl followed by a small crowd.]

Sannio. In heaven's name, good people, help an unfortunate and innocent man assist the distressed.

Æschinus. *[to the girl]* Don't be afraid, 45 stand just there. Why look over your shoulder? There's no danger, he shall never lay a finger on you while I am by.

San. In spite of all the world, I'll—
Æ. Rogue as he is, he'll never make the mistake of getting a second cudgelling.

San. One word, Æschinus. You shan't say you didn't know my character. I am a slave-dealer.

Æ. *[drily]* I know it.

San. But as honest a man at that as ever man was anywhere. As for your apologizing afterwards and saying you are

sorry, I shan't care that for it. *[snaps his fingers]* You may take it from me that I shall go to law for my rights, and it's not words will pay for your maltreatment 5 of me. I know your ways: 'Sorry,' you'll say, 'sorry; I'll take an oath you're a man it was a shame to wrong like that,' and that when I have been treated in the most shameful way.

Æ. *[to PARMENO]* Go on, be brisk, open the door.

San. What? No regard for what I say? *[PARMENO opens the door of MICIO's house]*

Æ. *[to the girl]* In with you straight.

San. *[getting between her and the door]* I tell you I won't have it.

Æ. Stand near him, Parmeno: you've got too much this way. Here, stand here 20 close to the fellow. *[PARMENO does so]* Yes, that's right. Now take care you never take your eyes off mine, so that, if I nod to you, you may be quick and plant your fist on his jaw that very instant.

25 San. I should just like to see him try. *[the girl goes towards the door and SANNIO clutches her]*

Æ. There, look out; let go the girl. *[nods to PARMENO who gives SANNIO a violent blow]*

San. Shameful, shameful!

Æ. He'll give you another if you don't look out. *[PARMENO repeats the blow]*

San. Oh, oh!

Æ. I hadn't nodded but it's better to err on that side, it's true. *[to the girl]* Now in with you.

[Exit the girl and PARMENO into the house.]

San. What's all this? Are you a monarch here, Æschinus?

Æ. *[drily]* If I were a monarch, you should have a place to suit your qualities.

San. What have you to do with me?

Æ. Nothing.

San. Do you know what sort of man I am?

Æ. I have no yearning for that knowledge.

50 San. Have I laid a finger on anything of yours?

Æ. If you had, you'd have been suffering for it.

San. What greater right have you to 55 detain my girl whom I bought and paid for? Answer me that.

Æ. You will find it just as well not to bellow in front of the house. Ay, if you

persist in your annoyance, you shall be haled in straight away and be covered with stripes till you're half dead.

San. Stripes to a free man?

Æ. You'll find it so.

San. Beast of a man! And this is Athens, where they say all free men are equal!

Æ. If you have brawled enough, master slave-dealer, now be so good as to listen.

San. Who's the brawler? I or you?

Æ. Drop that, come to business.

San. What business? What am I to come to?

Æ. Are you ready yet for me to tell you what concerns you?

San. Ready? Eager; it must be a fair proffer, though.

Æ. Bah! A slave-dealer and wants me to make no unfair proffer.

San. Slave-dealer I am, the common bane, I own it, of youth, liar, and nuisance; still I didn't start outraging you.

Æ. [*sarcastically*] Pugh! that's to come, is it?

San. Please go back to your starting point, Æschinus.

Æ. You gave a hundred pounds for her. (Curse on your purchase!) You shall have the sum.

San. What? If I refuse to sell, will you force me?

Æ. Not at all.

San. Oh, I was afraid you would.

Æ. And I don't think she ought to be sold, being a free woman. Yes, I enter a plea that free she is. Now then consider your choice, getting the money or getting up your case. Think it over till I come back, [*sneering*] master slave-dealer.

[*Exit into his house.*]

San. God in heaven! I don't wonder that outrage drives men into Bedlam. He tore me out of my house, cudgelled me, carried off my girl in spite of my teeth, showered a thousand blows or more on an unhappy creature, and in requital for these enormities he demands to have the girl at cost price. [*ironically*] However, in return for all his noble services to me, so be it: he has a right to be gratified. Come now, come, I am eager for it, if only he would pay me. But I talk like a fool. As soon as I agree to the price he will have witnesses to prove that I have sold her and the money will be moonshine. 'I'll pay you before long, come again to-morrow.' Even that I could put up with, provided he does

pay, outrage though it is. But I face facts: when you set up in my line, you must receive and pocket outrages from young men. Still here nobody will pay me, so these private calculations are all beside the mark.

[*Enter SYRUS from MICIO's house.*]

Syrus [*to ÆSCHINUS within*] No more, Sir: I'll see him in person, I'll soon make him eager to treat and say he has been well treated besides. [*comes forward*] What's this I hear, Sannio, of your having a bit of a fight with my master?

San. The unfairest match that ever I saw, that between us to-day. I taking, he giving, a drubbing, we're both fairly worn out.

Sy. It was your fault.

San. What ought I to have done?

Sy. Humored him, being he's young.

San. How could I better, man? Why, I let him hit me on the mouth.

Sy. Come now, do you know what I say about it? Slighting money at the right moment is sometimes the way to make it. Phew? you were afraid that if you gave up an inch or two of your rights and humored our young gentleman, you silliest of all silly fellows, that it wouldn't come back to you with interest.

San. Pay cash for expectations? Not I.

Sy. You'll never make your fortune. Go along with you, you don't know the baits to catch men with, Sannio.

San. [*ironically*] No doubt yours is the better way, but I never had sharpness enough not to prefer all I could get on the nail.

Sy. Come, I know your spirit. Surely a hundred pounds is neither here nor there to you if you can oblige our man. Besides, they tell me you're bound on a voyage to Cyprus.

San. [*aside*] The devil!

Sy. That you've got together a pile of purchases to take there and chartered a merchantman. I'm sure this puts you in two minds between this and that. Anyhow, when you are come back you'll attend, I hope, to this.

San. Not a step do I budge. [*aside*] Damnation! that was the hope that set 'em on this.

Sy. [*aside*] He's frightened: grit in his shoes!

San. [*aside*] The scoundrels! Look at

that now, he's hit me on the very joint. I've bought a shipload of women and other goods here to export to Cyprus. If I'm too late for the fair, it's a devil of a loss. If I drop this business now and take it up again when I get back, it's no go, it will be a frost. The court will say 'What? After all this time? Why did you put up with it? Where have you been?' In fact I'd better lose it than either stop here ever so long or go into court so late.

Sy. Reckoned up yet what you may count your gain?

San. Is this conduct worthy of the party? A gentleman like Æschinus scheming to get the girl from me by a surprise attack?

Sy. [*aside*] He's on the seesaw. [*aloud*] I've only one word more, see if it satisfies you. Rather than take the hazard of getting or losing the whole, halve it, Sannio. Fifty pounds he'll scrape up from somewhere or other.

San. Good heavens! is a poor wretch put in doubt about his principal even? Is your man utterly shameless? He's loosened every tooth in my head, beside my skull being all swellings from his blows, and on the top of it all is he to cheat me? [*stamping his foot*] Here I stop.

Sy. [*turning to go*] As you please. Anything more I can do for you before leaving you?

San. No, no, hang it! please, Syrus, please. Never mind how I've been treated, rather than go to law let me have my own repaid me, cost price anyhow, Syrus. [*wheeling*] I know you've had no tokens of my friendship up to now: [*giving him moneys*] you shall have cause to say that I don't forget and am grateful.

Sy. I'll put my back into it. Ah, here comes Ctesipho: he's in joy about his mistress.

San. But about my request?

Sy. One moment.

[*Enter CTESIPHO in raptures.*]

Ctesipho. [*not seeing the others*] To get a good thing from anyone, when you want it, may give you joy, but the only real delight is when your benefactor is the right man. O brother, brother mine, how can I find words to praise you? This I am sure of, my most splendid phrases must fall short of your goodness. So there's one thing in which I think I take first place of

all: there isn't a man with a brother such a complete master in every good quality.

Sy. [*coming forward*] You, Sir, is it?

Cte. Oh Syrus, where is Æschinus?

Sy. At home there, waiting for you.

Cte. [*ecstatically*] Oh heaven!

Sy. What do you mean?

Cte. Don't you know? O Syrus, it's his doing that I'm now alive. A pearl of a man! Why he sacrificed all his interests to mine: the hard words, the disrepute, my trouble and offence, he took 'em all on himself. It's beyond anything. Why's the door on the move? [*turns to go*]

Sy. Stop, stop, it's your brother himself.

[*Enter ÆSCHINUS.*]

Æ. Where's that piece of impiety?

San. [*starting forward*] It's me he means. Anything in his hand? Damn! I can't see anything.

Æ. [*to CTESIPHO*] Ah, well met: I was looking for you. How goes it, Ctesipho? All's secure: no more of your glum looks!

Cte. No more, indeed, by Jove, no, with a brother like you. My dear Æschinus, my true brother! Oh, I dare not praise you more to your face; you might take it for flattery else instead of gratitude.

Æ. Silly boy! Surely at this time we know one another, Ctesipho. What pains me is that on this side the discovery was so late and things were almost come to the pass where the best will of the whole world couldn't have helped you.

Cte. [*bashfully*] I was too modest.

Æ. Foily, dear boy, not modesty. A trifle like that almost make you flee the country? Scandalous! God forbid such a thing!

Cte. I was wrong.

Æ. [*to SYRUS*] Pray, what says our friend Sannio.

Sy. He's tamed down.

Æ. I'm going to the Piazza to pay him. In with you, Ctesipho, to your love.

[*Exit CTESIPHO into the house.*]

San. [*aside to SYRUS*] Press it, Syrus.

Sy. [*airily*] Let's be off: our friend's for Cyprus and in haste. [*teasing him*]

San. [*angrily*] Not so much as you want. I've plenty of time and here I stop.

Sy. You shall be paid, never fear.

San. But will he pay in full?

Sy. He'll pay in full. Only hold your tongue and go along with him.

San. I'm with you.

[*Exeunt ÆSCHINUS and SANNIO. SYRUS is following when CTESIPHO reappears at the door.*

Cte. Hi, hi, Syrus!

Sy. [*stopping*] What's the matter?

Cte. In heaven's name pay that beast of a man as soon as possible, else, if his rage increases, it may leak through by some channel to my father and then I'm ruined for good and all.

Sy. It won't: courage, Sir! Enjoy yourself with the lady indoors and have dinner laid for us and so on. As soon as the business is settled I shall come back with the fish and vegetables.

Cte. Please do: as things have gone so well with us let us make merry for the day.

[*Goes back into the house. Exit SYRUS.*

ACT III

[*About a quarter of an hour has elapsed.*

Enter SOSTRATA from her house with CANTHARA.]

Sostrata. Nurse, dear nurse, how will it go with her?

Can. Go with her? Quite well, I warrant you. [*looking towards the house*] My poor dear, your first throes are just beginning. [*turning to SOSTRATA*] Afraid now, as though you'd never been present at a childbirth or borne a child yourself.

So. Oh dear, we have no friend, we have only ourselves. And then Geta is out and there's no one to send for the midwife or fetch Æschinus.

Can. Bless you, he'll be here in a minute: he never misses a day, he always comes.

So. He's my only stay in my troubles.

Can. Considering the circumstances things are as well as they could be, Ma'am. It's well the lover was a man like that, such a character and such a good heart, and of such a high family too.

So. Indeed he is what you call him: Heaven preserve him to us!

[*Enter GETA in much excitement.*]

Geta. [*pacing up and down and not seeing the others*] Now it's come to this that if all the world put their heads together to find a way out of this trouble, they couldn't help us the least bit, trouble to me and my mistress and my mistress's daughter. Lord,

deliver us! A bristling wall of evils and not a way over it! Violence, poverty, wickedness, helplessness, disgrace! What a world! Oh the sins of it, the tribes of impiety, the unnatural wretch!

So. [*aside to CANTHARA*] Mercy on us, why is Geta so terrified and so agitated?

G. [*as before*] His honor, his oath, compassion, not one of them kept him or turned him back, not even the throes, so near at hand, of the poor lady whom he had so shamefully and violently outraged.

So. [*as before*] I can't quite follow what he says.

Can. Let us go nearer, Ma'am, pray. [*they come more forward*]

G. [*as before*] Heavens! I'm almost off my head, I'm such a blaze of passion. There's nothing I should like better than to have that whole household put in front of me so as to disgorge all my fury on them while the smart is fresh. First, I'd crush the breath out of the old man, the master, him that brought the monster up.

Then as for Syrus who set him on, God! how I'd mangle him! I'd catch him by the waist, lift him up, and dash his skull right on the ground to scatter his brains over the pavement. For the young man I'd tear out his eyes and then hurl him over a precipice. The rest of 'em I'd knock down, worry to bits, trample and crush under my feet. But why don't I hurry and tell the mistress about this disaster? [*moves towards the door*]

So. [*behind him*] Let's call him back. Geta!

G. No, I shan't stop whoever you are.

So. It's me, Sostrata.

G. [*turning round*] Where? Oh, I've been looking for you, seeking for you, Ma'am. Very lucky you met me. Ma'am, —[*hesitates*]

So. What's the matter? Why are you panting?

G. Oh dear!

Can. Why so excited, my dear Geta? Get your breath back.

G. We are utterly—[*hesitates*]

So. Utterly what, then?

G. Undone: all's over.

So. For heaven's sake explain.

G. Now—[*hesitates*]

So. 'Now' what, Geta?

G. Æschinus—

So. What of Æschinus?

G. —has cut himself off from our family.

So. What? Heaven save us! [*buries her face in her hands*] Ah, why?

G. He's fallen in love with some one else.

So. Heaven help me!

G. And makes no secret of it, carried her off himself from a slave-dealer's with no concealment.

So. Are you quite sure of it?

G. Quite. I saw it myself, Ma'am.

So. [*crying bitterly*] Unhappy woman that I am! What is one to believe any longer? Whom can one trust? What, our Æschinus, the life of all of us, on whom all our hopes and chances lay? He who swore that without my daughter he wouldn't live a single day? He who said he would put his boy in his father's arms and thus implore his leave to marry her?

G. Stop weeping, Ma'am; rather look to the future and see what we must do. Are we to sit down under it or tell the facts to some one?

Can. Gracious goodness, man alive, are you in your senses? Do you think it ought to be disclosed anywhere?

G. No, I don't for one. In the first place the facts show that he is estranged from us: now, if we disclose the thing, he'll deny it, I'm sure of that; consequently your good name, Ma'am, and your daughter's life will fall into hazard. What's more, even if he owned up to the full, as he's in love with some one else, it would be a bad thing for her to be married to him. So, take it as you will, we must hold our tongues.

So. No, no, not for the world: I won't.

G. What shall you do?

So. Disclose it.

Can. Oh dear, my dear lady, are you sure what you are about?

So. Things can't be in a worse position than they are now. In the first place she has no dowry: next, what's worse, that which was next best to a dowry is lost. She can't be married with an untarnished name. There's only one way left: if he denies the fact, I have a witness in the ring which he let drop. Lastly, as my conscience tells me that with this fault I have no connection and that there has been no payment of money or anything else unfitting my daughter or me, Geta, I will go to court.

G. Very well, Ma'am, I give in, your suggestion is the better.

So. Off with you quick as you can and

give her kinsman Hegio a full account of the facts. He was my poor dear Simulus's nearest friend and has always been most attentive to us.

5 G. [*bitterly*] Most indeed! There's no one else regards us at all. [*Exit*]

So. Now, dear Canthara, make haste, run and call the midwife that she may be at hand when she's wanted.

10 [*Exeunt, SOSTRATA into her house, CANTHARA down the street.*]

[*Enter DEMEA much agitated.*]

D. Death and destruction! I have learnt that Ctesipho had a hand with Æschinus in this affray. It's the crown of my miseries if the son who is still good for something can be enticed by the other into debauchery. Where am I to look for the boy? Drawn, I suppose, into some home of iniquity, allured by that profligate, that I'm sure of! Ah, here comes Syrus: he'll tell me at once where he is. Yet, by heaven, he's one of that gang. If he smells out that I'm on the hunt for him, he'll never tell me, the villain.

[*Enter SYRUS carrying a fishbasket.*]

I won't let out my wishes.

Sy. [*making as if he did not see DEMEA*] I've just told this whole story to our old gentleman, every point in it as it fell out. I never saw a body more delighted.

D. [*aside*] Powers above us! what a fool of a man!

Sy. [*as before*] He praised his son to the skies, and me he thanked for having given him that advice.

D. [*aside*] I burst with rage.

Sy. The coins he counted down on the spot, and gave me a couple of sovereigns besides for an entertainment: that I've laid out quite satisfactorily. [*looking into the basket*]

D. [*aside*] See there! This is the fellow for a commission, if you want it rightly executed. [*comes forward*]

Sy. [*pretending surprise*] O Sir, I didn't see you were there. What's going on?

D. Going on? I can't enough wonder at the management of you people.

Sy. Yes, on my word, Sir, it is silly; to be frank with you it's ridiculous. [*goes to the door and hands in the basket*] Gut

these fish, Dromo, except the biggest conger, let that play in the water for a bit; when I come back it shall be filleted, not before, mind.

D. Perfectly scandalous!

Sy. [*turning round*] It doesn't satisfy me either, Sir: I often protest. [*turning again to the door*] Those salt fish, Stephanio, see they're properly soaked.

D. Good heavens! does he do it on purpose or think it will be a credit to him if he ruins the boy? Lord help me! I think I see the day when he will flee the country a beggar and enter some foreign service.

Sy. [*mockingly*] Ah Sir, that is indeed wisdom, not only seeing what is in front of your nose but foreseeing what is to come.

D. Here you, is that cithern-girl still in your house?

Sy. That's what she is, Sir.

D. Lord bless us! is he to keep her there at home?

Sy. I suppose so: there's lunacy enough for it.

D. Incredible!

Sy. His father's foolish mildness, Sir, so easy-going, quite wicked.

D. I am sick and ashamed of my brother.

Sy. The difference between you, Sir (it's not because you are on the spot that I say it), the enormous difference! You, Sir, from top to toe [*bowing low*] are nothing but wisdom, he's a dotard. You wouldn't have been likely to let that son of yours do such things, would you now?

D. I let him? Shouldn't I have smelt it out six months before he started any-thing?

Sy. You talk to me of your all-aliveness? Really now, Sir!

D. My only prayer is that he may remain what he is now.

Sy. Each of you finds his son what he would like him to be.

D. What of my son? Have you seen him to-day?

Sy. Your son, Sir! [*aside*] I'll pack the old boy into the country. [*aloud*] I think he's been some time in the country on some farm job.

D. Are you sure he's there?

Sy. Oh yes, Sir: I walked out with him myself.

D. Good; I was afraid he was hanging about here.

Sy. And a pretty temper he was in.

D. What about?

Sy. He attacked his brother with hard words in the Piazza about that cithern-girl.

D. [*delighted*] Really?

Sy. Dear me, yes, he didn't mince matters. Just as the money was counting out, up comes our gentleman unexpectedly and cries out 'O Æschinus, you to do such wicked things! You to bring disgrace upon the family.'

D. Oh, it makes me weep for joy.

Sy. 'It's not money you're squandering, it's your life.'

D. Bless him, bless him! The good old blood comes out.

Sy. Good indeed!

D. Syrus, he's full of those maxims, my boy is.

Sy. No wonder, Sir: he had some one at home to learn from.

D. I'm a zealous teacher, never let a point slide, train him to it. In fine, I tell him to look into all men's ways of living as into a looking-glass, and draw from others a model for himself. 'Do this' I say.

Sy. Very right and proper.

D. 'Avoid that.'

Sy. A skilful lesson.

D. 'That is a credit to you.'

Sy. Hits the nail.

D. 'That is reprehensible.'

Sy. Perfect.

D. Then moreover—

Sy. [*interrupting*] Lord, Sir, I haven't time to listen at the moment. I have hit on a good bargain in fish and must see they're not spoiled in the cooking. Yes, it's just as much a sin in us servants not to do this as it is in you masters, Sir, not to do what you said just now, and as far as I can I school my fellow servants after that same pattern of yours. [*imitating DEMEA*] 'That's too salt,' I say, 'that's roasted to a cinder, that's not properly cleaned; that one's right, remember to do like that again.' I'm a zealous teacher up to my lights. Lastly I tell 'em to look into the dishes as into a looking-glass, Sir, and I teach 'em what ought to be done. Silly enough these doings of ours I'm aware, but what can one do? As a man's made, so you should humor him. Anything more I can do for you, Sir?

D. [*gruffly*] Get yourself supplied with a better mind.

Sy. You'll be off to the country, Sir?

D. Straight away.

Sy. Yes, what should you do in town where your good instructions fall on deaf ears?

[Exit into the house.]

D. Off to the country? I should think so, as the boy I came about is off there already. He is my sole care, he is my possession. As my brother so desires it, let him look to the other fellow himself. But who's that down the street? Is it my connexion Hegio? If my eyes speak truth, Hegio it certainly is. Ah, a man who has been a friend of ours from a boy. Bless us all; we have a sore lack of men of that stamp, men of the old worth and honor. It would be long before any harm to the country grew out of him. What a pleasure to see him! When I look on the remains of that breed still among us, ah, there's joy in life yet. I'll stop to greet him and talk with him.

[Enter HEGIO and GETA in conversation.]

Hegio. [not seeing DEMEA] Great heavens! a monstrous act, Geta: can it be so?

Geta. It's a fact, Sir.

H. That house the source of such an ungentlemanly action! Æschinus, Æschinus, I swear you've not trodden in your father's steps.

D. [aside] Obviously he has heard about this cithern-girl. It's painful to him though he's a stranger in blood, the father doesn't care a jot. Dear, dear, I wish he'd been by somewhere to hear this.

H. If they don't take the righteous line, they shan't carry it off like this.

G. Oh Sir, all our hope rests on you, there's no one else, you are her champion, her father. My old master entrusted us to you with his last breath: if you forsake us, we are undone.

H. Don't name it: I won't do it: I should think myself deaf to the call of affection.

D. [aside] I will go up to him. [aloud, coming forward] The best of health to you, Hegio.

H. [coldly] Ah, the very man I was looking for. Good day to you, Demea.

D. You were looking for me?

H. Yes. Your elder son, Æschinus, whom you gave to your brother to adopt, has acted very unlike an honest man and a gentleman.

D. How is that?

H. You knew our friend and contemporary Simulus?

D. Of course I did.

H. His daughter has been wronged by your son.

D. Heaven above us.

H. One moment: you haven't yet heard the worst.

D. Can there be anything worse to tell?

H. Indeed there is. So much must in some way be put up with. There were the inducements of darkness, passion, wine, young blood: it's human nature. On realizing what he had done he came of his own accord to the girl's mother, weeping, begging, beseeching, promising, swearing to marry her. He was forgiven, the matter was hushed up, his word was taken. The girl is now with child, it's the tenth month. Our honest gentleman, bless us all, has bought a cithern-player to live with: the other he deserts.

D. Are you quite sure of your facts?

H. The girl's mother can be produced, there's the girl herself, there's the obvious fact, and here's Geta too, not a bad fellow as slaves go and active enough. He finds them a livelihood, he's the sole prop of the whole house. Take him off, put him in fetters, have the truth out of him.

G. Ay, put me on the rack if it isn't the truth, Sir. Put him to it and he won't deny it. Have him up before you.

D. [aside] I'm ashamed. I don't know what to do or how to answer him.

Pam. [within] Oh, the pain, the pain! Help, Madonna! Save me for mercy's sake.

H. What, is her time come?

G. Certainly, Sir.

H. See now, there she is, appealing to the honor of your house, Demea. Let what you are forced to do be done of your good will. I pray heaven that, if possible, your course may be such as becomes you all, but if your intentions are different, I, Demea, will strain every nerve in support of the girl and my departed friend. He was my kinsman, we were brought up together from our earliest infancy, we stood side by side in war and in peace, side by side we wore through the bitterness of poverty. For that cause I shall toil, be active, go to law, yes, lay down my very life rather than forsake them. What is your answer?

D. I will see my brother, Hegio.

H. Yes, Demea, but see that you take this thought to heart: the more easy your life and your brother's, the greater your influence, riches, prosperity, rank, the more are you bound in the spirit of justice to recognize what is just, if you wish to have a reputation for probity.

D. You may go back home: everything that is just shall be done.

H. That course befits you. Geta, take 10 me in to Sostrata.

[Exit with GETA into SOSTRATA'S house.]

D. I foretold as much. Would to heaven this were the end of it! but that excessive licence will certainly end in some 15 grievous catastrophe. I will go and find my brother to pour out this iniquity on him.

[Exit.]

[Re-enter HEGIO.]

H. [at the door] Keep a good heart, 20 Sostrata, and do what you can to comfort your daughter. I will see Micio, if he's in the Piazza and tell him the whole course of events. If it prove that he means to do his duty, let him do it. If he takes a different view of the situation, let him give me an answer so that I may know as soon as possible what steps to take. [Exit.]

ACT IV

[Half an hour has elapsed.]

[Enter CTESIPHO and SYRUS from MICIO'S house.]

Cte. Do you really mean that my father is gone off to the country?

Sy. Some time ago.

Cte. No, but really?

Sy. He's at your country house. [grinning] I expect at this very moment he's on some farm job.

Cte. I hope to heaven he is! Short of hurting his health I should like him to 45 get so tired out that for the next three days he couldn't get out of bed.

Sy. That I desire, or, if possible, something better.

Cte. Just so, for I'm dreadfully eager to 50 pass the whole day as I have begun it in unbroken delight. And the chief spite I have against our country place is that it's so near. If it were further off, night would have overtaken him before he could 55 get back here a second time. As it is, not finding me there, he'll trot back here in a moment, I am sure of that. There'll

be a volley of questions where I've been: 'I haven't had a sight of you all day.' What's to be my answer?

Sy. Nothing occur to you?

5 Cte. [blankly] Nothing at all.

Sy. The more good for nothing you! Is there no dependent, acquaintance, family friend?

Cte. There are: what follows?

Sy. So that you had business with 'em?

Cte. When I hadn't? Not to be said!

Sy. To be said.

Cte. [dubiously] For the daytime, but if I stop the night here, what excuse can 15 I make, Syrus?

Sy. Bah, how I could have wished it were the custom to attend to one's friends' business by night as well! Never mind, be you easy: I've got the hang of his dis- position finely. When he's at his hottest I make him as gentle as an ewe.

Cte. How?

Sy. He's delighted to hear you praised. I make you out to him to be an angel. 25 Virtues are my theme.

Cte. [astonished] Mine?

Sy. Yours. The tears start at once down his old cheeks like a boy's for de- light. [points up the street] There's for 30 you now!

Cte. What is it?

Sy. The wolf in the story.

Cte. Is it my father?

Sy. Your father it is.

35 Cte. [alarmed] Syrus, what are we to do?

Sy. Run away indoors, I'll see to it.

Cte. If he asks, you haven't seen me anywhere, do you hear?

40 Sy. Can't you shut up? [pushes him off]

[Enter DEMEA.]

D. [not seeing SYRUS] On my word 45 I'm an unfortunate creature! I can't find my brother anywhere in the world. More, while I was looking for him, I caught sight of one of my farm servants: he says my son is not in the country, and I don't know what to do.

Cte. [putting his head out at the door and whispering] Syrus!

Sy. [whispering] What's the matter?

Cte. Is it me he's looking for?

Sy. Yes.

Cte. Confound it!

Sy. Just you keep your heart up. [CTESIPHO disappears]

D. [*as before*] What the plague does this ill luck mean? I can't account for it, only I believe that's what I was born for, enduring distresses. I'm the first to become aware of our troubles, the first to find everything out, the first too to give the bad news. Any trouble, and I alone bear the annoyance.

Sy. [*aside*] He makes me laugh: he says he's the first to know: he's the only one that's quite in the dark.

D. Now I come back to see if my brother happens to be back.

Cte. [*reappearing at the door*] Syrus, for mercy's sake don't let him dash straight in here.

Sy. Will you be quiet? I'll take care.

Cte. By Jove, I won't, no I won't trust that to you. I'll lock myself up in some room with her. That's the safest way.

Sy. All right: I'll clear him away from here all the same. [CTESIPHO disappears.]

D. Ah, there's that scoundrel Syrus.

Sy. [*whining, as if to himself*] By Jove, there isn't a soul can endure living here if this is to go on. I should like to know for my part how many masters I've got. Pretty misery this is!

D. What's the fellow grunting about? What does he want? [*louder and sneering*] Now then, my worthy Sir, is my brother at home?

Sy. Why the plague do you say 'worthy Sir' to me? I'm a dead man, I am.

D. What's happened to you?

Sy. Happened? Ctesipho's fists have pretty nearly been the death of poor me and that cithern-girl.

D. What? What's that?

Sy. There, see how he's cut my lip. [*shows it*]

D. What for?

Sy. He says it was I prompted buying the girl.

D. Didn't you say just now that you'd gone with him into the country?

Sy. So I did, but he came back here raving. He had no mercy. Fancy not being ashamed to drub an old fellow, and when he was an urchin no bigger than that [*illustrates*] I carried him in my arms.

D. Bravo, Ctesipho! Good, good! A man, I warrant you!

Sy. Bravo indeed! My word, in future, if he's wise, he'll keep his fists to himself.

D. Bravely done!

Sy. Oh very! Because he got the best of a poor lady and a bit of a slave who

daren't hit him back, phew, mighty bravely!

D. It couldn't have been better. He sees as I do that you are at the bottom of this business. But is my brother at home?

Sy. [*sulkily*] No, he ain't.

D. I wonder where I can find him.

Sy. I know where he is, [*half aside*] but hang me if I ever tell you.

D. What's that you say?

Sy. What I say.

D. I'll break your head on the spot.

Sy. [*still affecting the sulks*] Well, I don't know the man's name, but I know the place where he is.

D. Tell me the place then.

Sy. Do you know the colonnade by the meat-market, down that way? [*points*]

D. Of course I do.

Sy. Go that way straight up the street. When you get there the Slope is right down in front of you: down it you go. At the end there's a chapel on this side. Just by the side of it there's an alley.

D. Which?

Sy. That where the great wild-fig-tree is.

D. I know it.

Sy. Take that way.

D. [*reflecting*] That's a blind alley.

Sy. So it is, by Jove. Tut, tut, you must think me a fool. I made a mistake. Come back to the colonnade: yes, yes, that's a much nearer way and much less chance of missing it. Do you know Cratinus's house, the millionaire man there?

D. Yes.

Sy. When you are past it turn to your left, go straight along the street and when you come to the Church turn to the right. Before you come to the town-gate, close by the pool there's a baker's shop and opposite it a workshop. That's where he is.

D. What's he doing there?

Sy. Giving an order for some garden seats with holmoak legs.

D. [*sneering as at extravagance*] For one of your drinking parties, quite so, quite so. I'd better go to him at once. [*Exit.*]

Sy. [*looking after him*] Yes, go your way. I'll give you the exercise you deserve, I swear I will, [*with a loud cackle*] old Drybones! [*turning round and yawning*] Æschinus is cursedly late, this dinner's spoiling, Ctesipho is drowned in love. Now I'll look out for myself, for I'll go off at once and pick out every blessed tid-

bit and with one glass after another I'll lazily lengthen out the day.

[Exit into the house.]

[Enter MICIO and HEGIO.]

M. Really, Hegio, I see no reason in this matter why you should belaud me so much. I am only doing my duty. The offence was ours and I make amends. You can hardly have reckoned me with the class of men who take the view that it is an unprovoked wrong, if you protest against a wrong done by themselves and themselves positively attack you. Is it because I have not acted thus that you thank me?

H. Not at all, not at all. I have never imagined your disposition to be other than it is. Now be so good as to come with me and see the girl's mother, Micio, and say in person to the lady just what you have said to me, that what has caused her suspicion was done for his brother's sake, that the cithern-girl is Ctesipho's.

M. If you think it the right course or if it is necessary, let us go.

H. That is right. Not only will it be a relief to her mind, wasting away as she is, under pain and affliction, but you will have done your duty. If you don't take this view, I will myself repeat to her what you have said.

M. Oh no, I will go.

H. That is right. When people are not so prosperous as they might be, they are always somehow more inclined to take offence, to imagine that a slight is intended. Their want of means always makes them think that you are toying with them. Hence an apology made in person is the better way to soothe them.

M. A just and true observation.

H. Then come with me indoors.

M. By all means.

[Exeunt into SOSTRATA'S.]

[Enter ÆSCHINUS in much dejection.]

Æ. What torture this is! To be suddenly confronted with such disaster! What to do with myself, what line to take, I can't see. Apprehension brings palsy on my limbs, fear has dazed my thoughts. Confound it, how am I to clear myself from this coil? To what a horrible suspicion I am exposed! And such a natural one! Sostrata thinks I have

bought this cithern-girl for myself: the old crone let me into that. I happened to catch sight of her on her way to the mid-wife's, ran up and asked her how Pamphila was, whether the birth was imminent, whether that was the cause of her errand. 'Go away,' cries she, 'go away; you have deceived us long enough, young Sir; we want no more of your broken promises.' 'What?' I said: 'For heaven's sake, what do you mean by that?' 'Good-bye,' says she, 'stick to the girl of your choice.' I saw in a flash the suspicion they had, but I checked myself, for one word about my brother to that chatterbox and all would be out. What am I to do now? Say the girl is my brother's? That secret must be kept at all hazards. I won't breathe a word of it. Absolute secrecy is still possible. Besides, I doubt if they would ever believe the truth. All the probabilities are against it: it was I that carried her off, I that paid the money, it was to our house she was taken. It was all my own fault, I own it. Badly as I may have acted, why didn't I tell my father all about it? I could have won him over to let me marry her. I have been dilatory all this time: from this moment, Æschinus, wake up! The first thing to do is to go to the women and clear myself. There's the door. [moves towards it, then stops] Confusion! I'm always of a shudder when I start knocking at this door, poor wretch. [knocks] Anyone there? It's Æschinus. Open the door some one at once. [the door opens] Some one coming out? I'll stand aside. [goes behind the door]

[Enter MICIO through the doorway.]

M. [at the door] Do as I have told you, Sostrata, both of you. I will see Æschinus to let him know of these arrangements. [turns round] Some one knocked: who was it?

Æ. [aside] Heavens! it's my father. Destruction!

M. Æschinus!

Æ. [aside in confusion] What's the meaning of this?

M. Was it you knocked here? [aside] No answer? Why shouldn't I play with him a bit? He deserves it for never choosing to tell me himself. [aloud] Have you no answer for me?

Æ. N-n-not there, Sir, as far as I know.

M. So? I wondered what business you could have there. [*aside*] He blushed: all's well.

Æ. Tell me, father, please what takes you there?

M. No business of my own: a friend of mine brought me here just now to help him in a law affair.

Æ. What affair?

M. I will tell you. There are some 10 ladies living here in a very small way. I think you don't know them, in fact I'm sure you don't: it isn't long since they moved here.

Æ. What follows?

M. There's a girl and her mother.

Æ. Yes, and?

M. The girl has lost her father, my friend is next of kin, and the law enjoins a marriage between them.

Æ. [*aside but overheard*] Destruction!

M. What's the matter?

Æ. Nothing, nothing; it's all right: well?

M. He is come to take her with him: 25 Miletus he lives at.

Æ. What! Take the girl with him?

M. That is so.

Æ. O heavens, all the way to Miletus?

M. Yes.

Æ. [*aside*] Oh my heart! [*aloud*] 30 And the ladies? what do *they* say?

M. What do you expect them to say? Some nonsense. The mother has faked up a story about a child by some other man, but she doesn't give him a name. He came first, she says, and her daughter oughtn't to be married to my friend.

Æ. Good Lord! and don't you think the claim is just!

M. No, I don't.

Æ. You don't? Oh heavens! and is he to take her away, father?

M. Why shouldn't he?

Æ. Your side has acted harshly and 45 barbarously and what's more, if I must speak more openly, father, not like gentlemen.

M. How so?

Æ. Can you ask? Pray what do you 50 suppose will be the feelings of the unhappy man who loved her first and for all I know is desperately in love with her still, poor wretch, when he sees her snatched off before his very eyes, dragged out of his 55 sight? A monstrous act, father!

M. How do you make that out? Who betrothed her? Who gave her in mar-

riage? Who is her husband? When was the wedding? Who gave consent? Why did the man marry another's bride?

Æ. Was a girl of that age to sit at 5 home and wait for a kinsman to turn up from Miletus? That's what in justice you ought to have said, my dear father, and stood to the point too.

M. Absurd! Was I to plead against 10 the man for whom I was briefed? However, my boy, how does this concern us? Let us come away. [*ÆSCHINUS bursts into tears*] What's the matter? What are you weeping for?

15 Æ. Father, in heaven's name hear me.

M. My boy, I have heard all, I know all, for I love you, and so all your doings touch me the more.

Æ. May I never deserve your love in 20 all your life, father mine, if my fault against you doesn't cause me grievous pain and I can't look you in the face. [*hides his face in his hands*]

M. By heaven, I believe it: I know you 25 have a gentleman's heart, but I am afraid you are very heedless. Pray, what country do you think you are living in? You have wronged a girl contrary to all law. That's a great fault to start with, a great fault, but still not unnatural: honest men have 30 often done it before you. But after it happened, tell me, had you any consideration, any forethought for yourself, what was to be done, how it was to be done? If 35 you were ashamed to tell me openly yourself, did you ever think how I was to find it out? You hesitated and hesitated and ten months passed away. You have been false to yourself and to the poor lady and 40 to the child, as far as it lay with you. What, did you think heaven would do your work while you slept, that without your lifting a finger the wife would be brought home to the bridal chamber? I should be 45 sorry to see you so thoughtless in the rest of your affairs. [*a pause*] Be of good heart: you shall marry her.

Æ. What, Sir!

M. Be of good heart, I say.

Æ. Father, in honor's name, you're not 50 mocking me, are you?

M. No indeed: why should I?

Æ. I don't know; I'm so desperately 55 eager for this to be true, and that makes me fear the more.

M. Go off home, pray for heaven's favor in fetching your wife. Off with you.

Æ. What? My wife at once?

M. At once.

Æ. At once?

M. As soon as ever you can.

Æ. All the anger of heaven on my head, father, if I don't love you more than my own eyes!

M. What? More than—eh? [*smiles and points to PAMPHILA'S house*]

Æ. Just the same.

M. Very kind of you.

Æ. [*starting*] But by the way, where's that Milesian?

M. Lost, vanished, gone aboard ship. Why are you lingering?

Æ. You go, father: you are more likely to gain heaven's favor. I am sure you are a much better man than I am and they will have more ear for your prayers.

M. I am going indoors to make the necessary preparations. Do as I tell you if you are wise.

Æ. Did ever anyone hear the like? Is this to be a father or this to be a son? Had he been my brother or my friend could he have been more complaisant? Is he not a man to be loved, to be next one's heart? It's wonderful, and so his kindness fills me with the most vehement desire not to do from want of thought anything to displease him. Forewarned is forearmed. But I must go in at once or I shall be myself a hindrance to my own speedy marriage. [*Exit.*]

ACT V

[*About an hour has elapsed.*]

[*Enter DEMEA wearily.*]

Demca. I've walked and walked till I'm dead tired. Devil take you, Syrus, and your directions! I've hobbled all over the town, to the gate, to the pool, where not? Deuce a workshop there, and not a soul could speak of having seen my brother. Now I'm determined to sit on blockading his house till he comes back.

[*Enter MICIO.*]

M. [*at the door to ÆSCHINUS within*] I'll go and tell them we are quite ready to receive her.

D. There he is. I've been looking for you ever so long, Micio.

M. What for?

D. I have news for you of other crimes,

monstrous crimes, of your good young man.

M. At it again!

D. Fresh ones, of the worst.

M. You bore me, man.

D. You don't know what he is.

M. I do.

D. Fool of a man, you fancy I'm talking about the cithern-girl. This wrong is against an Athenian born.

M. I know.

D. Good heavens, you know it and allow it?

M. Why shouldn't I?

D. Just tell me, don't you burst out? don't you go mad?

M. I don't. It's true I should prefer—

D. [*interrupting*] There's a child born.

M. Heaven bless it!

D. The girl hasn't a penny.

M. So I'm told.

D. And must be married without a dowry.

M. Undoubtedly.

D. What's to happen now?

M. What the circumstances suggest. The lady shall be moved across from that house to this. [*points*]

D. Heaven above us! is that the proper thing?

M. What more can I do?

D. Why, if the thing doesn't cause you genuine anguish, it is unnatural not at least to affect that it does.

M. No, I have already betrothed the lady to him, the matter is settled, the wedding goes on, I have removed all their apprehensions. That is the more natural course.

D. But, but are you pleased with the transaction, Micio?

M. No, not if I could alter it. As it is I can't, so I bear it with equanimity. Human life is like a game with dice; if you don't get the throw you most want, you must show your skill in making the best of the throw which you do get.

D. Make the best, you? By your skill you've thrown away a hundred pounds on the cithern-girl, for she must be sold out of hand and if no one bids be given away.

M. Sold she can't be, and I admit I'm not keen on selling her.

D. What shall you do then?

M. She will remain in my house.

D. [*astounded*] Heaven above us! A

concubine and a married wife under one roof?

M. Why not?

D. Do you suppose you are in your senses?

M. I imagine so.

D. As I hope to be saved, I see your tomfoolery. I believe your object is to sing to her accompaniment.

M. Why not?

D. And the new bride will be taught the same songs.

M. Undoubtedly.

D. And you'll dance with a string and one of them on each side of you. [*imitates such a dance*]

M. To be sure.

D. To be sure?

M. And you shall make a fourth if we want one.

D. Heaven save us, aren't you ashamed of yourself?

M. Enough, Demea, enough; drop your ill temper, think of the occasion, be merry and sociable at your son's wedding. I'm going to call there. [*points to SOSTRATA'S*]

Afterwards I'm coming back here. [*Exit*].
D. Heaven above us. What a life! What morals! What lunacy! The bride won't bring a halfpenny, the cithern-girl's in the house, a home of extravagance, a son ruined by luxury, and the head of the house a maniac! It is absolutely beyond the power of Providence itself to save this household.

[*Re-enter SYRUS tipsy.*]

Sy. S'help me, little Syrus, you've taken downy care of yourself and filled your office in fine style. G'along. Still, as I've filled my belly indoors from all the dishes, taking a stroll out here has caught my fancy.

D. Look at that, so please you: a pattern of domestic discipline!

Sy. [*seeing Demea*] Hello now, here's our old man. [*staggers up to him*] What's going on? Why are you s' glum?

D. You scoundrel!

Sy. That'll do. So you're pouring out your maxims here, old Wisdom?

D. If you were my man—

Sy. [*interrupting*] You'd be rich, you would, Master, and have put your fortunes on a firm footing. [*lurches*]

D. —I should have made an example of you to the whole household.

Sy. What for? What have I done?

D. Done? In the very middle of this trouble, with a great wrong committed and hardly settled yet, you've been drinking, you scoundrel, as if you were celebrating a great achievement.

Sy. [*aside*] Sorry I came out, that I am.

[*DROMO appears at MICIO's door.*]

10 Dromo. Hi, Syrus! Ctesipho wants you to come back.

Sy. Go along. [*DROMO disappears.*]

D. What does he say of Ctesipho?

Sy. It's nothing.

D. What, you gallows-bird, is Ctesipho in there?

Sy. No, he isn't.

D. Why does that fellow speak of him?

20 Sy. It's another person, a bit of an adventurer fellow: d'you know him?

D. I shall soon find out. [*going towards the door*]

Sy. [*catching hold of him*] What are you about? Where are you going?

D. Let go of me.

Sy. Don't, I say.

D. Hands off, whipping-post! Would you rather I knocked your brains out on the spot? [*strikes him, wrenches himself free, and dashes into the house*]

Sy. [*looking stupidly after him*] He's gone! A noisy unbidden guest, and a damnably unwelcome one too, especially to Ctesipho. What am I to do now? Till this to-do quiets down, best go off to a corner somewhere and sleep off this little drop of wine. That's what I'll do.

[*Exit drunkenly.*]

[*Re-enter MICIO from SOSTRATA'S.*]

M. [*at the door*] Yes, as I have told you, Sostrata, we have everything ready, when you like. [*turns round*] MICIO'S door is thrown violently open! Who's making all that noise at my door?

[*Enter Demea hastily.*]

50 D. Great heavens, what shall I do? How shall I act? What cries and protests are enough? O heaven and earth! O great sea!

M. [*aside*] There you are. He has found it all out: that's what he's crying out about. Ring down the curtain! Now for a row! I must go to the rescue.

D. [*seeing* Micio] There he is, the corrupting spirit of both our sons!

M. Do, pray, curb your passion and be yourself again.

D. I have curbed it, I am myself again; not another hard word from me. Let us look at the facts. Was it agreed between us (the proposal, remember, came from you) that you should not look to my boy nor I to yours? Answer me that.

M. It was so agreed, I don't deny it.

D. Why is he now at his cups in your house? Why do you harbor the boy that is mine? Why do you buy him a mistress, Micio? Is it not right that I should have my due from you as you have yours from me? As I don't look to your boy, don't you look to mine.

M. You don't put it fairly.

D. I don't?

M. No, it's an old saying that friends have all things in common.

D. Smart! The sentiment comes to birth a little late.

M. Listen to me for a minute if it doesn't annoy you, Demea. To start with, if what grieves you is the money which the boys spend, please reflect on it in this light: in days past you chose to bring up two sons as a thing your means would stand, reckoning that your own property would be enough for the pair, and of course at that time you expected me to marry. Now keep to your original reckoning: hoard, get, save, endeavor to have as much as possible to leave them; hold to that as your glory. My property, coming as a windfall, let them enjoy. There will be no loss in your capital, the addition from me should be reckoned a clear gain. If you will think this over in a true light, Demea, you will find that you have relieved me and yourself and them of a world of trouble.

D. Property I say nothing of: it's the way of life which both of them—

M. [*interrupting*] One moment; I know, I was coming to that. There are many tokens in a man, Demea, which facilitate an inference; I mean that in the case of two doing the same thing you can often say 'The one may, the other may not, do this without harm,' the difference lying not in the deed but in the doer. I see in our boys tokens which give me confidence that they will come up to our wishes concerning them. I see in them sense, intelligence, reverence at the right time, mutual

affection. You may leave their natural inclinations a free scope, being sure that any day you can call them to hand. You may tell me you would fear them being a little careless in money matters. Oh, my dear Demea, in all other respects we get wiser as we grow older: there is only this one flaw that old age brings on a man, we all think too much of money. In this point years will make them sharp enough.

D. [*bitterly*] Only see that these fine reasonings of yours, Micio, and your easiness of temper do not prove our ruin.

M. Hush, man, it won't be so. Now away with your fears, for this day be ruled by me, smooth your brow.

D. [*half unwillingly*] Undoubtedly the occasion requires it. I must do it. Still to-morrow I shall be off with my son to the country at daybreak.

M. Before daybreak I should say, only make yourself pleasant to-day.

D. And that cithern-girl shall be haled off with me.

M. [*smiling*] You'll have hit it there, for in that way you'll keep your son tied at home for the future. Only mind she doesn't run away.

D. I'll see to that, and when she's there, what with cooking and with grinding corn I'll take care she's a mass of ashes, smoke, and meal. Yes, and I'll set her gathering stubble under the midday sun, I'll make her as dry and as black as a lump of charcoal.

M. [*laughing*] Good! Now I count you wise. And for my part I'd make your son then, even against his will, treat her as his wife.

D. [*bitterly*] Laughing at me, are you? Lucky you to have that disposition. I feel—

M. [*interrupting*] Ah, again?

D. Well, well, I've done.

M. In with you then and let us spend to-day as it ought to be spent. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT VI

[*An hour has elapsed.*]

[*Enter Demea in town dress.*]

Demea. However well a man may have calculated his scheme of life, still circumstances, years, experience, always introduce a new element and teach new lessons. You find that you don't know what you thought you did know, and what you

thought of primary importance that in practice you reject. That's what has happened to me. The hard life, which up to now I have lived, now that my race is almost run I renounce. And why? Hard facts have taught me that a man can have no better qualities than mildness and complaisance. The truth of this anyone can see by looking at me and my brother. He has spent all his days without a calling 10 given up to society, complaisant, easy-going, affronting no man and having a smile for everybody. He has lived for himself and spent his money on himself, all the world speaks well of him and loves him. I, the rugged countryman, sour and thrifty, hot-headed and close-fisted, took a wife. What a world of misery that brought me! Sons were born to me; another anxiety! Heigho! struggling to 20 make all the money I could for them I have worn out the prime of my life in getting it. Now in this last act of life's drama the reward that my toil for them receives is—dislike! That brother of mine with no effort enjoys all a father's comforts. They love *him*, they skulk from *me*. To him they confide all their designs, on him they bestow their affection, in his house the pair of them spend their time, and I am left desolate. They pray for his life, with me it's death they are waiting for, not a doubt of it. To me it has been an endless toil to bring them up, and he has made them his at an insignificant cost. I endure all the misery, he enjoys all the delight. Come then, come, let us now adventure the opposite course and see whether I have any power of winning speech and kind act, since he challenges me to it. 40 Like him I desire to be loved and valued by my own kin. If the means to that end be liberality and complaisance, I will play none but the leading part. The money will fail, but that matters least to me who am the oldest of the four.

[Enter SYRUS.]

Sy. Please, Sir, your brother begs you 50 not to go and leave us.

D. [affecting great politeness] Whom do I see? My good Syrus, good evening to you. What's doing? What's in hand?

Sy. [astonished] All well, Sir.

D. Excellent! [aside] I have already used three new phrases which are not natural to me, 'my good,' 'what's doing,'

'what's in hand.' [aloud] You are a servant but you have something of the gentleman about you, and I should be delighted to do you a good turn.

5 Sy. [bowing but incredulous] Thank you, Sir.

D. But, Syrus, I really mean it and you will find it so directly. [Exit SYRUS.]

[Enter GETA from SOSTRATA'S.]

G. [at the door] I'm stepping round, Ma'am, to see how soon they are ready to send for the bride. Ah, there's Demea.

15 [comes forward] Good evening, Sir.

D. Ah, what is your name?

G. Geta, Sir.

D. Geta, I assure you I have settled in my mind that you are a very valuable person. Dear me, yes, it's a tried and proved servant that looks after his master's interests, as I have perceived you to do, Geta, and for this reason I shall be glad of the opportunity of doing you a good turn. 25 [aside] I am practising affability, and with much success.

G. A kind gentleman you are, Sir, to think so well of me.

D. [aside] Man by man I make a start 30 in winning over the masses.

[Enter ÆSCHINUS.]

Æ. [not seeing the others] They bore 35 me to death with their anxiety over all the ceremonies of the wedding. They're wasting the whole day over the arrangements.

D. What's in hand, Æschinus?

Æ. Ah, father dear, are you there?

D. Yes indeed, your father in heart no less than by nature, who loves you more than his own eyes. But why don't you fetch your wife across?

Æ. I'm keen on it, but there's a hitch. 45 They're waiting for the musician and the choir for the marriage hymn.

D. I say, my boy, will you listen to an old man?

Æ. What is it, Sir?

D. Drop all this, the hymn, the to-do, the lanterns, the musicians, and have a hole knocked in the garden-wall this very moment. Bring her in that way, make one house of the two, bring mother and 55 household and all into ours.

Æ. Agreed, you old dear of a father!

D. [aside] Bravo! I'm called an old dear now. My brother's house will be

turned into a thoroughfare, he'll have no end of people in, and it'll cost him heavens knows what. What does it matter to me? I'm an old dear and step into favor. Now that Don Magnifico may pay down his hundred at a time. [*aloud*] Syrus, why don't you go and do it?

Sy. Do what, Sir?

D. Knock a hole in the wall. [*to* ÆSCHINUS] You go round and bring 'em 10 through. [*Exit* SYRUS.]

G. Heaven bless you, Sir! I see you're a hearty well-wisher to our family.

D. I think they deserve it. [*to* ÆSCHINUS] What do you say to it? 15

[*Exit* GETA.]

Æ. I am quite of your mind.

D. Much better than for a mother in her weak state to be carried along the street.

Æ. Yes, I never saw anything better done, father.

D. [*off-hand*] My way, my way. Ah, here comes Micio.

[*Enter* MICIO *much surprised.*]

M. My brother's orders? Where is he? [*comes forward*] Your orders, Demea?

D. Yes, my orders. In this way and in every other way I would have us make one household of it, support, assistance, union, everything.

Æ. Yes, please, father.

M. I'm not against it.

D. I should think not: it's the thing for us to do. Now in the first place our boy's wife has a mother.

M. True: what follows?

D. An honest and reputable person.

M. They tell me so.

D. Not quite young.

M. That's evident.

D. Too old to be a mother and with 45 no one to look after her. She's alone in the world.

M. What's he got in his head?

D. The right thing is for you to—marry her, and you [*to* ÆSCHINUS] ought 50 to bring him to it.

M. [*horrified*] I marry?

D. You.

M. I?

D. You, I say.

M. How silly you are!

D. [*to* ÆSCHINUS] If you were worth your salt he'd do it.

Æ. [*to* MICIO *coaxingly*] Father mine.

M. And why do *you* listen to him, donkey?

D. It's no good objecting, you can't 5 help it.

M. You're clean mad.

Æ. Do it for my sake, father. [*lays his hands on* MICIO's shoulder]

M. You're daft, off with you! [*shakes* 10 *him off*]

D. Come now, oblige your son.

M. Are you in your senses? I become a bridegroom after five and sixty years and marry a broken-down old woman? Is that 15 what you advise me?

Æ. Do, please; I have promised them.

M. Promised them, have you? Be bountiful with your own self, child.

D. Come, what if he asked for some- 20 thing bigger?

M. Bigger? Could there be anything bigger?

D. Do comply.

Æ. Don't be obdurate.

25 D. Do it, promise now. [DEMEA and ÆSCHINUS have each a hand on a shoulder of MICIO]

M. Won't you leave me alone?

Æ. Not till you're won over.

30 M. This is direct violence.

D. Come, be generous, Micio. [*a pause*]

M. [*unwillingly*] Though this seems to me wrong, silly, ridiculous, and foreign to 35 my way of life, still, if you are both so bent on it, be it so.

Æ. You are very kind.

D. You deserve my affection, but—

[*pauses*]

40 M. Well?

D. I will tell you, since so far my wishes are answered.

M. What else is there?

D. There is Hegio, their nearest relative, now a connexion of ours, not a rich 45 man: we ought to do something for him.

M. Do what?

D. You have something of a small farm a little way out of town which you 50 are by way of letting: let us give it to him for an income.

M. Small do you call it?

D. If it's a big one, still it must be done. He has been a father to her, he's 55 a worthy person, he's one of ourselves; it's right to give it. In fact I adopt as mine the sound and wise saying which you uttered some time ago: 'It's a flaw com-

mon to us all that in old age we think too much of money.' That is a stain we ought to avoid. The saying was sound and should be carried out in action.

Æ. Do, father.

M. Very well: Hegio shall have the farm as the boy desires it.

Æ. How glad I am.

D. Now you're my real brother, soul as well as body. [*aside chuckling*] I cut his throat with his own sword.

[Enter SYRUS.]

Sy. [*to DEMEA*] Your instructions have been carried out, Sir.

D. That's an honest fellow. [*to MICIO*] Well then, on my word here's one juryman at any rate says it's right Syrus should be made a free man.

M. That fellow made a free man? Why?

D. For many reasons.

Sy. [*to DEMEA*] O Sir, you are a good man, Sir, I vow you are. I have looked after both the young gentlemen since their boyhood, zealously I have. I've taught 'em, counseled 'em, always given 'em good instructions as far as my power went.

D. The thing's manifest. Why, such things as honest marketing, helping in a love affair, supplying a dinner at short notice, call for no mean fellow to do them.

Sy. Oh, what a dear old gentleman!

D. To crown all to-day in buying the cithern-girl he was chief helper, it was he that got it done. It's right to do him some good, it'll improve the other fellows. Besides 'the boy desires it.'

M. [*to ÆSCHINUS*] Do you desire it?

Æ. Immensely.

M. [*ironically*] Of course, if you wish it—Here, Syrus, come here. [*turns SYRUS round and boxes his ear*] Be free on that.

Sy. Thank you, Sir, thank you. I am grateful to everybody and especially to you, Sir. [*to DEMEA*]

D. I am delighted.

Æ. So am I.

Sy. I am sure of it. [*whcedling*] To make my joy complete, oh if I could only see my wife Phrygia free with me!

D. Yes, an excellent woman.

Sy. Indeed, Sir, she was the first to act

as wet nurse to your grandson, your son's son, Sir, she was indeed.

D. Then, by Jove, in real earnest, as she was the first, beyond all doubt it is just that she should be emancipated.

M. For that?

D. For that. To end it let me pay you her value.

Sy. O Sir, may heaven always give you every blessing you pray for!

M. Syrus, you've done pretty well for yourself to-day.

D. Yes, if only, Micio, you will complete your duty and advance the man something in hand to live on. He'll repay you before long.

M. Less than that! [*snaps his fingers*]

Æ. He's a good creature.

Sy. I'll repay it, I swear I will. Do but give it, Sir.

Æ. Do now, father.

M. I'll think about it.

D. [*to ÆSCHINUS*] He'll do it.

Sy. The best of men you are, Sir.

Æ. Oh, my dear delightful father!

[Exit SYRUS.]

M. What's the meaning of this? What has brought about this sudden change in your ways? What's the whim of it? What's this sudden openness of hand?

D. I will tell you. I did it to show that what our boys account your good nature and pleasant ways doesn't spring from sincerity, no, nor from justice and goodness, but from complaisance, from indulgence, from an open hand, Micio. Now if the reason why my life is odious to you, Æschinus, and to your brother is that I do not at once wholly fall in with all your desires, right or wrong, I wash my hands of it. Squander, spend, indulge every caprice. But if you choose rather, in points where your youthful eyes cannot see so far, where your desires are stronger and your consideration inadequate, to have one to reprove and correct you and to indulge you when it is right, here am I to do it for you.

Æ. We submit to you, father: you know better what is needful for us. But what is to be done about my brother?

D. I consent, let him have his will, but let it be the last thing of the kind.

M. A right decision.

Mus. Clap your hands. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

IV. THE TIMES OF CICERO (106-43 B.C.)

Up to the first century before Christ, drama, usually the most easily adapted of literary forms and the first to be borrowed, was the only form to be perfected in the rising Roman state. Other forms, less transferable because more dependent upon Roman content and Roman inspiration, were still in process of development after comedy in Terence and tragedy in Accius had reached their terms and ceased. Of these, some were to attain their stature in Augustan times. The epic left by Ennius, and the bare chronicles of the Annalists, were to wait for their masters in Virgil and Livy; satire in its proper character was to come only with Horace and Juvenal, and the meditative poem with the elegies of Tibullus and Propertius. Others were to attain their growth a generation earlier, in Ciceronian times. In the drama itself, the native Italian farce and the mime were greatest in the days of Cicero and Cæsar, the farce in Pomponius and Novius, the mime in Laberius and Publilius Syrus. The literature of learning then first assumed stature in the vast activities of Cicero's friend Varro. The lyric rose to its height in Catullus, and the philosophical poem in Lucretius. The oration, the philosophical essay, the rhetorical and political treatise, and the epistle all found their supreme expression in Cicero alone.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

By virtue of sheer talent and moral earnestness, Cicero, born to middle-class rank near the provincial town of Arpinum, seventy-five miles from Rome, rose to the patrician class, held the highest offices in the state, and, in the latter days of opposition to Antony and the enemies of the old régime, became the tragic figure whose fall symbolized the death of the Republic. By virtue of this political significance, by virtue of his intellectual range, to which we owe the preservation of an ample store of the best Greek thought as well as most of the facts and sentiment of his own times, and by virtue of the style which made him one of the world's two greatest orators, its greatest letter-writer, and one of its best essayists, he became for all after generations the most important character of his century, and one of the most important of all antiquity.

Cicero's life was marked by his political rise, culminating in 63 in the consulship, his exile in 58-57 through the effort of his personal enemy, Clodius, on the pretext of his having put Roman citizens to death without appeal to the people, his governorship of Cilicia in 51-50, his support of Pompey and forgiveness by Cæsar in 49-47, and his stand against Antony in 44-43. His works include *Orations* from 81 to 43; *Essays* on oratory, philosophy, politics, law, ethics, and religion, including *On Old Age* and *On Friendship*; *Letters* to his brother Quintus, to Atticus, to Brutus, and to friends, in all amounting to

774; and a number of not very important verses.

The translation of the letters to Atticus is by E. O. Winstedt, and is used with the consent of the Loeb Classical Library; the translation of other letters is by E. S. Shuckburgh.

THE LAWS

THE CICERO HOME AT ARPINUM

Atticus. Do you feel inclined, since we have had walking enough for the present, and since you must now take up a fresh part of the subject for discussion, to vary our situation? If you do, let us pass over to the island which is surrounded by the Fibrenus, for such, I believe, is the name of the other river, and sit down while we prosecute the remainder of our discourse.

Cicero. I like your proposal; for that is the very spot which I generally select when I want a place for undisturbed meditation, or uninterrupted reading or writing.

Att. In truth, now I am come to this delicious retreat, I cannot see too much of it. Would you believe that the pleasure I find here makes me almost despise magnificent villas, marble pavements, and

paneled ceilings? Who would not smile at the artificial canals which our great folks call their Niles and Euripi, after he had seen these beautiful streams? Therefore, as you just now, in our conversation on justice and law, referred all things to Nature, so you seek to preserve her domination even in those things which are constructed to recreate and amuse the mind. I therefore used to wonder before, as I expected nothing better in this neighborhood than hills and rocks (and, indeed, I had been led to form these ideas by your own speeches and verses)—I used to wonder, I say, that you were so exceedingly delighted with this place. But my present wonder, on the contrary, is how, when you retire from Rome, you condescend to rusticate in any other spot.

Cic. But when I can escape for a few days, especially at this season of the year, I usually do come here, on account of the beauty of the scenery, and the salubrity of the air; but it is but seldom that I have it in my power to do so. There is one reason, however, why I am so fond of this Arpinum, which does not apply to you.

Att. What reason is that?

Cic. Because, to confess the truth, it is the native place of myself and my brother; for here indeed, descended from a very ancient race, we first saw the day. Here is our altar, here are our ancestors, and here still remain many vestiges of our family. Besides, this villa which you behold in its present form was originally constructed, at considerable expense, under my father's superintendence; for having very infirm health, he spent the later years of his life here, engaged in literary pursuits. And on this very place, too, while my grandfather was alive, and while the villa, according to the olden custom, was but a little one, like that one of Curius in the Sabine district, I myself was born. There is, therefore, an indescribable feeling insensibly pervading my soul and sense which causes me, perhaps, to find a more than usual pleasure in this place. And even the wisest of men, Ulysses, is related to have renounced immortality that he might once more revisit his beloved Ithaca.

Att. I indeed think what you have mentioned a very sufficient reason for your feelings, and for your coming hither with pleasure, and being attached to this place

. . . I shall for the future love the place the more where you were born.

Cic. That being the case, I am very glad that I have brought you here, and shown you what I may almost call my cradle.

Att. And I am greatly pleased at having seen it. . . . But here we are arrived at your favorite island. How beautiful it appears! How bravely it stems the waves of the Fibrenus, whose divided waters lave its verdant sides, and soon rejoin their rapid currents! The river just embraces space enough for a moderate walk; and having discharged this office, and secured us an arena for disputation, it immediately precipitates itself into the Liris; and then, like those who ally themselves to patrician families, it loses its more obscure name, and gives the waters of the Liris a greater degree of coolness. For I have never found water much colder than this, although I have seen a great number of rivers; and I can hardly bear my foot in it, when I wish to do what Socrates did in Plato's *Phaedrus*.

—C. D. YONGE.

LETTERS

FAMILY DIFFICULTIES

(Menturnæ, May 5 or 6, B.C. 51.)

Cicero to Atticus, Greeting.—Yes, I did see your feelings when we parted, and to my own I can testify. That is an additional reason why you should take care that no new decrees are passed, to prevent this painful separation from lasting more than one year. You have taken the right steps with Annus Saturninus. As to the guarantee, please give it yourself, while you are in town. There are some proofs of ownership, for instance, those for Mennius' or rather Atilius' estate. You have done exactly what I wanted in Oppius' case, especially in putting the £7,000 to his credit. I must have that paid off without waiting till I've got in all my arrears, even if I have to get into the hands of the Jews over it.

Now I come to the line you wrote cross-wise at the end of your letter, in which you give me a word of advice about your sister. The facts of the case are that when I reached Arpinum and my brother had

AFTER THE RUBICON

come, the first thing we did was to have a long talk about you. After that I brought the talk round to the discussion you and I had about your sister at Tusculum. My brother's behavior then to your sister was gentleness and kindness itself. If there ever was any quarrel about expense, there were no signs of it. So passed that day. On the next day we started from Arpinum. A festival caused Quintus to stop at Arcanum, while I went on to Aquinum; but we lunched together at Arcanum. You know his place there. Well, when we reached it, Quintus said most politely, 'Pomponia, you invite the ladies, I will ask the men.' Nothing, so far as I could see, could have been more gentle than his words or his intention or his expression. But before us all she answered 'I'm only a stranger here'; just because Statius had been sent on in front to get dinner ready for us, I suppose. Says Quintus to me: 'There you are. That's what I have to put up with every day.' You may say there surely was not much in that. But there was a good deal: indeed she upset me myself; she answered with such uncalled for acrimony in word and look. I concealed my annoyance. We all took our places except her: but Quintus sent her something from the table, which she refused. In a word, it seemed to me that my brother was as good-tempered and your sister as cross as could be, and I have omitted a lot of things that aroused my wrath more than Quintus'. Then I went on to Aquinum. Quintus stayed at Arcanum, and came to me the next morning, and told me that she would not sleep with him and, when she was leaving, she was as cross as when I saw her. In fact, I don't care if you tell her herself, that to my mind she behaved with a lack of courtesy that day.

I have said perhaps more than necessary about it to show you that it is your turn to do a little instructing and advising too. It only remains for you to fulfil all my commissions before you start, and send me an account of all of them, to rout Pomptinus out, and when you have left, to let me know, believing that there is nothing I hold dearer than yourself, nothing that gives me more delight. I bade that good fellow, A. Torquatus, a most affectionate farewell at Menturnæ. I should like you to tell him I mentioned him in a letter.

(Formiæ, the evening of Feb. 8 or morning of Feb. 9, B.C. 49.)

5 Cicero to Atticus, Greeting.—I see there is not a foot of ground in Italy which is not in Cæsar's power. I have no news of Pompey, and I imagine he will be captured unless he has taken to the sea. What marvellous dispatch! While our leader—: but it grieves me to blame him, as I am in an agony of suspense on his account. There is reason for you to fear butchery, not that anything could be less advantageous to secure Cæsar a lasting victory and power; but I see on whose advice he will act. I hope it will be all right; and think we shall have to yield. As regards the Oppii I have no suggestion to make. Do what you think best. You should speak with Philotimus, and besides you will have Terentia on the 13th. What can I do? In what land or on what sea can I follow a man, when I don't know where he is? 25 After all how can I follow on land, and by sea whither? Shall I then surrender to Cæsar? Suppose I could surrender with safety, as many advise, could I surrender with honor? By no means. I will ask your advice as usual. The problem is insoluble. Still, if anything comes into your head, please write; and let me know what you will do yourself.

THE QUALITIES OF CÆSAR

(Formiæ, March 1, B.C. 49.)

40 Cicero to Atticus, Greeting.—Let my secretary's handwriting be proof that I am suffering from inflammation of the eyes, and that is my reason for brevity, though now to be sure I have no news. I depend entirely on news from Brundisium. If Cæsar has come up with our friend Pompey, there is some slight hope of peace: but, if Pompey has crossed the sea, we must look for war and massacre. Do you see the kind of man into whose hands the state has fallen? What foresight, what energy, what readiness! Upon my word, if he refrain from murder and rapine, he will be the darling of those who dreaded him most. The people of the country towns and the farmers talk to me a great deal. They care for nothing at all but their lands, their little homesteads and their tiny hoards. And see how public

opinion has changed. They fear the man they once trusted, and adore the man they once dreaded. It pains me to think of the mistakes and wrongs of ours that are responsible for this reaction. I wrote you what I thought would be our fate, and I now await a letter from you.

CÆSAR TO CÍCERO

(On the march, March, B.C. 49.)

Cæsar the Imperator sends greetings to Cícero the Imperator.—Though I have only had a glimpse of our friend Furnius, and have not yet been able conveniently to speak to him or hear what he has to say, being in a hurry and on the march, yet I could not neglect the opportunity of writing to you and sending him to convey my thanks. Be sure I have often thanked you and I expect to have occasion to do so still more often in the future: so great are your services to me. First I beg you, since I trust that I shall quickly reach Rome, to let me see you there, and employ your advice, favor, position and help of all kinds. I will return to what I began with: pardon my haste and the shortness of my letter. All the other information you may get from Furnius.

CÍCERO TO CÆSAR

(Formiæ, March 19, B.C. 49.)

Cícero the Imperator to Cæsar the Imperator, Greeting.—On reading your letter, which I got from our friend Furnius, in which you told me to come near Rome, I was not much surprised at your wishing to employ 'my advice and my position,' but I asked myself what you meant by my 'influence' and 'help.' However, my hopes led me to think that a man of your admirable statesmanship would wish to act for the comfort, peace, and agreement of the citizens, and for that purpose I considered my own character and inclination very suitable. If that is the case, and if you are touched by the desire to protect our friend Pompey and reconcile him to yourself and the State, I am sure you will find no one more suited for the purpose than I am. I have always advocated peace both with Pompey and the Senate ever since I have been able to do so, nor since the outbreak of hostilities have I taken any

part in the war; I have considered that the war was attacking your rights in that envious and hostile persons were opposing a distinction conferred on you by the grace of the Roman people. But, as at that time I not only upheld your rights but urged others to assist you, so now I am greatly concerned with the rights of Pompey. It is many years since I chose you two men for my special respect, and to be my closest friends, as you are. So I ask you, or rather beseech and entreat you with all urgency, that in spite of all your anxieties you may devote some time to considering how I may be enabled by your kindness to be what decency and gratitude, nay good-feeling, require, in remembering my great debt to Pompey. If this only mattered to myself, I should yet hope to obtain my request; but to my mind it touches your honor and the public weal that I, a friend of peace and of both of you, should be so supported by you that I may be able to work for peace between you and peace amongst our fellow-citizens. I thanked you formerly in the matter of Lentulus, for having saved him, as he had saved me. Yet on reading the letter he has sent me full of thankfulness for your generous kindness, I feel that his safety is my debt as much as his. If you understand my gratitude to him, pray give me the opportunity of showing my gratitude to Pompey too.

35

A FAMOUS INTERVIEW

(Arpinum, March 28, B.C. 49.)

Cícero to Atticus, Greeting.—In both respects I followed your advice. I spoke so as to gain Cæsar's respect rather than his gratitude; and I persisted in my resolve not to go to Rome. We were mistaken in thinking he would be easy to manage. I have never seen anyone less easy. He kept on saying that my decision was a slur on him, and that others would be less likely to come, if I did not come. I pointed out that my case was very unlike theirs. After much talk he said, 'Well, come and discuss peace.' 'On my own terms?' I asked. 'Need I dictate to you?' said he. 'Well,' said I, 'I shall contend that the Senate cannot sanction your invasion of Spain or your going with an army into Greece, and,' I added, 'I shall lament Pompey's fate.' He replied, 'That is not what I want.' 'So I fancied,' said I: 'but I do not

want to be in Rome, because either I must say that and much else, on which I cannot keep silent, if I am present, or else I cannot come.' The upshot was that I was to think over the matter, as Cæsar suggested, with a view to closing our interview. I could not refuse. So we parted. I am confident then he has no liking for me. But I like myself, as I have not for a long time.

For the rest, ye gods, what a following! What *âmes damnées* in your phrase! Celer is an hero to the rest. What an abandoned cause, and what desperate gangs! What can one think of a son of Servius and a son of Titinius being in an army which beset Pompey? Six legions! He is very wide-awake and bold. I see no end to our evil days. Now assuredly you must produce your advice. This was the limit we contemplated.

Cæsar's *finale*, which I had almost forgotten, was hateful:—'If I may not use your advice, I shall use the advice I can and go to any length.' You will say: 'You have seen him to be as you have described him: and did you heave a sigh?' Indeed I did. You ask for the rest of our talk. What more is there to tell? He went straight to Pedom, I to Arpinum. From thence I await the 'twittering swallow' you talk of. You will say you prefer me not to dwell on past mistakes. Even Pompey, our leader, has made many.

But I await a letter from you. There is no room now, as before, for your 'await the event.' The limit we fixed was that interview; and I have no doubt I annoyed Cæsar; so I must act the more quickly. Please send me a letter and deal with *la haute politique*. I await a letter from you now very anxiously.

A WARNING

(April 16, on the march.)

Cæsar Imperator to Cicero Imperator, Greeting.—Although I had concluded that you would do nothing rashly or imprudently, nevertheless I have been so stirred by what people say that I thought it best to write to you and ask you in the name of our goodwill to each other not to go anywhere, now that fortune inclines my way, where you did not think it necessary to go before anything was certain. For you will have done a serious injury to our

friendship and consulted your own interest very little, if you show that you are not following fortune (for everything that has happened seems most favorable to me and most unfavorable to Pompey), nor yet following the right cause (for the cause was the same then, when you thought fit to hold aloof from it), but that you have condemned some act of mine, the greatest harm you could do me. Do not take such a step, I pray you by the right of our friendship. Finally what better befits a good and peaceful man and a loyal citizen than to keep out of civil disturbance. There are some who approved such a course, but could not follow it because of the danger. But you may examine the evidence of my life and the opinion given by my friendship, you will find no safer or more honorable course than to keep quite clear of the quarrel.

TO TERENTIA (AT ROME)

(Brundisium, November 4, 48 B.C.)

You say that you are glad of my safe arrival in Italy. I only hope you may continue to be glad. But I am afraid that, disordered as I was by mental anguish and the signal injuries which I have received, I have taken a step involving complications which I may find some difficulty in unraveling. Wherefore do your best to help me: yet what you can do I cannot think. It is no use your starting on a journey at such a time as this. The way is both long and unsafe; and I don't see what good you can do me if you do come. Good-bye.

SERVIVS SLPICIVS CONSOLES CICERO

(Athens, March, 45 B.C.)

When I received the news of your daughter Tullia's death, I was indeed as much grieved and distressed as I was bound to be, and looked upon it as a calamity in which I shared. For, if I had been at home, I should not have failed to be at your side, and should have made my sorrow plain to you face to face. That kind of consolation involves much distress and pain, because the relations and friends, whose part it is to offer it, are themselves overcome by an equal sorrow. They cannot attempt it without many tears,

so that they seem to require consolation themselves rather than to be able to afford it to others. Still I have decided to set down briefly for your benefit such thoughts as have occurred to my mind, not because I suppose them to be unknown to you, but because your sorrow may perhaps hinder you from being so keenly alive to them.

Why is it that a private grief should agitate you so deeply? Think how fortune 10 has hitherto dealt with us. Reflect that we have had snatched from us what ought to be no less dear to human beings than their children—country, honor, rank, every political distinction. What additional wound 15 to your feelings could be inflicted by this particular loss? Or where is the heart that should not by this time have lost all sensibility and learned to regard everything else as of minor importance? Is it on her 20 account, pray, that you sorrow? How many times have you recurred to the thought—and I have often been struck with the same idea—that in times like these theirs is far from being the worst fate to 25 whom it has been granted to exchange life for a painless death? Now what was there at such an epoch that could greatly tempt her to live? What scope, what hope, what heart's solace? That she might 30 spend her life with some young and distinguished husband? How impossible for a man of your rank to select from the present generation of young men a son-in-law, to whose honor you might think 35 yourself safe in trusting your child! Was it that she might bear children to cheer her with the sight of their vigorous youth? who might by their own character maintain the position handed down to them by their 40 parent, might be expected to stand for the offices in their order, might exercise their freedom in supporting their friends? What single one of these prospects has not been taken away before it was given? 45 But, it will be said, after all it is an evil to lose one's children. Yes, it is: only it is a worse one to endure and submit to the present state of things.

I wish to mention to you a circumstance 50 which gave me no common consolation, on the chance of its also proving capable of diminishing your sorrow. On my voyage from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to survey the 55 localities that were on every side of me. Behind me was Ægina, in front Megara, on my right Piræus, on my left Corinth:

towns which at one time were most flourishing, but now lay before my eyes in ruin and decay. I began to reflect to myself thus: 'Hah! do we mannikins feel 5 rebellious if one of us perishes or is killed—we whose life ought to be still shorter—when the corpses of so many towns lie in helpless ruin? Will you please, Servius, restrain yourself and recollect that you are born a mortal man?' Believe me, I was no little strengthened by that reflection. Now take the trouble, if you agree with me, to put this thought before your eyes. Not long ago all those most illustrious men perished at one blow; the empire of the Roman people suffered that huge loss: all the provinces were shaken to their foundations. If you have become the poorer by the frail spirit of one poor 20 girl, are you agitated thus violently? If she had not died now, she would yet have had to die a few years hence, for she was mortal born. You, too, withdraw soul and thought from such things, and rather remember those which become the part you have played in life: that she lived as long as life had anything to give her; that her life outlasted that of the Republic; that she lived to see you—her own father— 30 prætor, consul, and augur; that she married young men of the highest rank; that she had enjoyed nearly every possible blessing; that, when the Republic fell, she departed from life. What fault have you or she to find with fortune on this score? 35 In fine, do not forget that you are Cicero, and a man accustomed to instruct and advise others; and do not imitate bad physicians, who in the diseases of others profess to understand the art of healing, but 40 are unable to prescribe for themselves. Rather suggest to yourself and bring home to your own mind the very maxims which you are accustomed to impress upon others. There is no sorrow beyond the power of 45 time at length to diminish and soften: it is a reflection on you that you should wait for this period, and not rather anticipate that result by the aid of your wisdom. But if there is any consciousness still exist- 50 ing in the world below, such was her love for you and her dutiful affection for all her family, that she certainly does not wish you to act as you are acting. Grant this to her—your lost one! Grant it to 55 your friends and comrades who mourn with you in your sorrow! Grant it to your country, that if the need arises she may

have the use of your services and advice.

Finally—since we are reduced by fortune to the necessity of taking precautions on this point also—do not allow anyone to think that you are not mourning so much for your daughter as for the state of public affairs and the victory of others. I am ashamed to say any more to you on this subject, lest I should appear to distrust your wisdom. Therefore, I will only make one suggestion before bringing my letter to an end. We have seen you on many occasions bear good fortune with a noble dignity which greatly enhanced your fame: now is the time for you to convince us that you are able to bear bad fortune equally well, and that it does not appear to you to be a heavier burden than you ought to think it. I would not have this be the only one of all the virtues that you do not possess.

As far as I am concerned, when I learn that your mind is more composed, I will write you an account of what is going on here, and of the condition of the province. Good-bye.

GAIUS TREBONIUS TO CICERO ON MARCUS JUNIOR, STUDENT AT ATHENS

(Athens, May 25, 44 B.C.)

If you are well, I am glad. I arrived at Athens on the 22nd of May, and there, as I was very anxious to do, I saw your son devoting himself to the best kinds of learning, and enjoying an excellent reputation for steadiness. How much pleasure that gave me you can imagine without a word from me: for you are not ignorant of my high esteem for you, and how much our very old friendship and very sincere affection make me rejoice in everything good that happens to you, however small, to say nothing of such a great blessing as this. Do not imagine, my dear Cicero, that I send you this report merely to please you. Nothing could be more popular with everybody at Athens than your young man—indeed I should call him *ours*, for I can have no interest disconnected with myself. Nor could there be greater devotion than his to the studies which you love above everything, that is, to the most excellent. Accordingly, as I can do with sincerity, I am delighted to congratulate you—and myself quite as much—that we have in him, whom we should be obliged to love

in any case, whatever his conduct, one whom we can love with pleasure as well. In the course of conversation he remarked to me that he would like to visit Asia, and was not only invited but pressed by me to do so if possible while I was governing the province. You ought to have no doubt that in affection and love I shall be a father to him in your place. Another thing I shall take care of is that Cratippus accompanies him, that you may not imagine him in Asia as taking a complete holiday from the studies to which he is inspired by your admonitions. For though I see that he is fully prepared, and has already taken a great stride in that direction, I will not omit my exhortations, to induce him to make farther progress every day by learning and keeping himself in practice.

MARCUS JUNIOR TO TIRO

(Athens, August, 44 B.C.)

After I had been anxiously expecting letter-carriers day after day, at length they arrived forty-six days after they left you. Their arrival was most welcome to me: for while I took the greatest possible pleasure in the letter of the kindest and most beloved of fathers, still your most delightful letter put a finishing stroke to my joy. So I no longer repent of having suspended writing for a time, but am rather rejoiced at it; for I have reaped a great reward in your kindness from my pen having been silent. I am, therefore, exceedingly glad that you have unhesitatingly accepted my excuse. I am sure, dearest Tiro, that the reports about me which reach you answer your best wishes and hopes. I will make them good, and will do my best that this belief in me, which day by day becomes more and more *en évidence*, shall be doubled. Wherefore you may with confidence and assurance fulfil your promise of being the trumpeter of my reputation. For the errors of my youth have caused me so much remorse and suffering, that not only does my heart shrink from what I did, my very ears abhor the mention of it. And of this anguish and sorrow I know and am assured that you have taken your share. And I don't wonder at it! for while you wished me all success for my sake, you did so also for your own; for I have ever meant you to be my partner in all my good fortunes. Since, therefore, you

have suffered sorrow through me, I will now take care that through me your joy shall be doubled. Let me assure you that my very close attachment to Cratippus is that of a son rather than a pupil: for though I enjoy his lectures, I am also specially charmed with his delightful manners. I spend whole days with him, and often part of the night: for I induce him to dine with me as often as possible. This intimacy having been established, he often drops in upon us unexpectedly while we are at dinner, and laying aside the stiff airs of a philosopher joins in our jests with the greatest possible freedom. He is such a man—so delightful, so distinguished—that you should take pains to make his acquaintance at the earliest possible opportunity. I need hardly mention Bruttius, whom I never allow to leave my side. He is a man of a strict and moral life, as well as being the most delightful company. For in him fun is not divorced from literature and the daily philosophical inquiries which we make in common. I have hired a residence next door to him, and as far as I can with my poor pittance I subsidize his narrow means. Furthermore, I have begun practising declamation in Greek with Cassius; in Latin I like having my practice with Bruttius. My intimate friends and daily company are those whom Cratippus brought with him from Mitylene—good scholars, of whom he has the highest opinion. I also see a great deal of Epicrates, the leading man at Athens, and Leonides, and other men of that sort. So now you know how I am getting on.

You remark in your letter on the character of Gorgias. The fact is, I found him very useful in my daily practice of declamation; but I subordinated everything to obeying my father's injunctions, for he had written ordering me to give him up at once. I wouldn't shilly-shally about the business, for fear my making a fuss should cause my father to harbor some suspicion. Moreover, it occurred to me that it would be offensive for me to express an opinion on a decision of my father's. However, your interest and advice are welcome and acceptable. Your apology for lack of time I quite accept; for I know how busy you always are. I am very glad that you have bought an estate, and you have my best wishes for the success of your purchase. Don't be surprised at my congratulations

coming in at this point in my letter, for it was at the corresponding point in yours that you told me of your purchase. You are a man of property! You must drop your city manners: you have become a Roman country-gentleman. How clearly I have your dearest face before my eyes at this moment! For I seem to see you buying things for the farm, talking to your bailiff, saving the seeds at dessert in the corner of your cloak. But as to the matter of money, I am as sorry as you that I was not on the spot to help you. But do not doubt, my dear Tiro, of my assisting you in the future, if fortune does but stand by me; especially as I know that this estate has been purchased for our joint advantage. As to my commissions about which you are taking trouble—many thanks! But I beg you to send me a secretary at the earliest opportunity—if possible a Greek; for he will save me a great deal of trouble in copying out notes. Above all, take care of your health, that we may have some literary talk together hereafter. I commend Anteros to you.

BRUTUS

CICERO'S TRAINING FOR ORATORY

But as you seem desirous not so much to be acquainted with any incidental marks of my character, or the first sallies of my youth, as to know me thoroughly, I shall mention some particulars, which otherwise might have seemed unnecessary. At this time my body was exceedingly weak and emaciated; my neck long and slender; a shape and habit which I thought to be liable to great risk of life, if engaged in any violent fatigue, or labor of the lungs. And it gave the greater alarm to those who had a regard for me, that I used to speak without any remission or variation, with the utmost stretch of my voice, and a total agitation of my body. When my friends, therefore, and physicians, advised me to meddle no more with forensic causes, I resolved to run any hazard rather than quit the hopes of glory which I had proposed to myself from pleading; but when I considered, that by managing my voice, and changing my way of speaking, I might both avoid all future danger of that kind and speak with greater ease, I took a resolution of traveling into Asia, merely for an

opportunity to correct my manner of speaking; so that after I had been two years at the bar, and acquired some reputation in the forum, I left Rome. When I came to Athens, I spent six months with Antiochus, the principal and most judicious philosopher of the old Academy; and under this able master, I renewed those philosophical studies which I had laboriously cultivated and improved from my earliest youth. At the same time, however, I continued my *rhetorical exercises* under Demetrius the Syrian, an experienced and reputable master of the art of speaking. After leaving Athens, I traversed every part of Asia, where I was voluntarily attended by the principal orators of the country, with whom I renewed my rhetorical exercises. The chief of them was Menippus of Stratonica, the most eloquent of all the Asiatics; and if to be neither tedious nor impertinent is the characteristic of an Attic orator, he may be justly ranked in that class. Dionysius also of Magnesia, Æschylus of Cnidos, and Xenocles of Adramyttium, who were esteemed the first rhetoricians of Asia, were continually with me. Not contented with these, I went to Rhodes, and applied myself again to Molo, whom I had heard before at Rome; and who was both an experienced pleader and a fine writer, and particularly judicious in remarking the faults of his scholars, as well as in his method of teaching and improving them. His principal trouble with me was to restrain the luxuriancy of a juvenile imagination, always ready to overflow its banks, within its due and proper channel. Thus, after an excursion of two years, I returned to Italy, not only much improved, but almost changed into a new man. The vehemence of my voice and action was considerably abated; the excessive ardor of my language was corrected; my lungs were strengthened; and my whole constitution confirmed and settled.

—J. S. WATSON.

ON THE ORATOR

But the chief point of all is that which (to say the truth) we hardly ever practice (for it requires great labor, which most of us avoid); I mean, to write as much as possible. *Writing* is said to be the best and most excellent modeler and

teacher of oratory; and not without reason; for if what is meditated and considered easily surpasses sudden and extemporary speech, a constant and diligent habit of writing will surely be of more effect than meditation and consideration itself; since all the arguments relating to the subject on which we write, whether they are suggested by art, or by a certain power of genius and understanding, will present themselves, and occur to us, while we examine and contemplate it in the full light of our intellect; and all the thoughts and words, which are the most expressive of their kind, must of necessity come under and submit to the keenness of our judgment while writing; and a fair arrangement and collocation of the words is effected by writing, in a certain rhythm and measure, not poetical, but oratorical. Such are the qualities which bring applause and admiration to good orators; nor will any man ever attain them, unless after long and great practice in writing, however resolutely he may have exercised himself in extemporary speeches; and he who comes to speak after practice in writing, brings this advantage with him, that though he speak at the call of the moment, yet what he says will bear a resemblance to something written; and if ever, when he comes to speak, he brings anything with him in writing, the rest of his speech, when he departs from what is written, will flow on in a similar strain. As, when a boat has once been impelled forward, though the rowers suspend their efforts, the vessel herself still keeps her motion and course during the intermission of the impulse and force of the oars; so, in a continued stream of oratory, when written matter fails, the rest of the speech maintains a similar flow, being impelled by the resemblance and force acquired from what was written.

But in my daily exercises I used, when a youth, to adopt chiefly that method which I knew that Caius Carbo, my adversary, generally practised; which was, that, having selected some nervous piece of poetry, or read over such a portion of a speech as I could retain in my memory, I used to declaim upon what I had been reading in other words, chosen with all the judgment that I possessed. But at length I perceived that in that method there was this inconvenience, that Ennius, if I exercised myself on his verses, or Gracchus, if I laid one of his orations before me, had

forestalled such words as were peculiarly appropriate to the subject, and such as were the most elegant and altogether the best; so that, if I used the same words, it profited nothing; if others, it was prejudicial to me, as I habituated myself to use such as were less eligible. Afterwards I thought proper, and continued the practice at a rather more advanced age, to translate the orations of the best Greek orators; by fixing upon which I gained this advantage, that while I rendered into Latin what I had read in Greek, I not only used the best words, and yet such as were of common occurrence, but also formed some words by imitation, which would be new to our countrymen, taking care, however, that they were unobjectionable.

As to the exertion and exercise of the voice, of the breath, of the whole body, and of the tongue itself, they do not so much require art as labor; but in those matters we ought to be particularly careful whom we imitate and whom we would wish to resemble. Not only orators are to be observed by us, but even actors, lest by vicious habits we contract any awkwardness or ungracefulness. The memory is also to be exercised, by learning accurately by heart as many of our own writings, and those of others, as we can. In exercising the memory, too, I shall not object if you accustom yourself to adopt that plan of referring to places and figures which is taught in treatises on the art. Your language must then be brought forth from this domestic and retired exercise, into the midst of the field, into the dust and clamor, into the camp and military array of the forum; you must acquire practice in everything; you must try the strength of your understanding; and your retired lucubrations must be exposed to the light of reality. The poets must also be studied; an acquaintance must be formed with history; the writers and teachers in all the liberal arts and sciences must be read, and turned over, and must, for the sake of exercise, be praised, interpreted, corrected, censured, refuted; you must dispute on both sides of every question; and whatever may seem maintainable on any point, must be brought forward and illustrated. The civil law must be thoroughly studied; laws in general must be understood; all antiquity must be known; the usages of the senate, the nature of our government, the rights of our allies, our treaties and

conventions, and whatever concerns the interests of the state, must be learned. A certain intellectual grace must also be extracted from every kind of refinement, with which, as with salt, every oration must be seasoned. I have poured forth to you all I had to say, and perhaps any citizen whom you had laid hold of in any company whatever would have replied to your inquiries on these subjects equally well.

—J. S. WATSON.

DE OFFICIIS

PREFACE

My dear son Marcus, you have now been studying a full year under Cratippus, and that too in Athens, and you should be fully equipped with the practical precepts and the principles of philosophy; so much at least one might expect from the preëminence not only of your teacher but also of the city; the former is able to enrich you with learning, the latter to supply you with models. Nevertheless, just as I for my own improvement have always combined Greek and Latin studies—and I have done this not only in the study of philosophy but also in the practice of oratory—so I recommend that you should do the same, so that you may have equal command of both languages. And it is in this very direction that I have, if I mistake not, rendered a great service to our countrymen, so that not only those who are unacquainted with Greek literature but even the cultured consider that they have gained much both in oratorical power and in mental training.

You will, therefore, learn from the foremost of present-day philosophers, and you will go on learning as long as you wish; and your wish ought to continue as long as you are not dissatisfied with the progress you are making. For all that, if you will read my philosophical books, you will be helped; my philosophy is not very different from that of the Peripatetics (for both they and I claim to be followers of Socrates and Plato). As to the conclusions you may reach, I leave that to your own judgment (for I would put no hindrance in your way), but by reading my philosophical writings you will be sure to render your mastery of the Latin language

more complete. But I would by no means have you think that this is said boastfully. For there are many to whom I yield precedence in knowledge of philosophy; but if I lay claim to the orator's peculiar ability to speak with propriety, clearness, elegance, I think my claim is in a measure justified, for I have spent my life in that profession.

PROPRIETY AND DECENCY

Since, too, the duties that properly belong to different times of life are not the same, but some belong to the young, others to those more advanced in years, a word must be said on this distinction also.

It is, then, the duty of a young man to show deference to his elders and to attach himself to the best and most approved of them, so as to receive the benefit of their counsel and influence. For the inexperience of youth requires the practical wisdom of age to strengthen and direct it. And this time of life is above all to be protected against sensuality and trained to toil and endurance of both mind and body, so as to be strong for active duty in military and civil service. And even when they wish to relax their minds and give themselves up to enjoyment they should beware of excesses and bear in mind the rules of modesty. And this will be easier, if the young are not unwilling to have their elders join them even in their pleasures.

The old, on the other hand, should, it seems, have their physical labors reduced; their mental activities should be actually increased. They should endeavor, too, by means of their counsel and practical wisdom to be of as much service as possible to their friends and to the young, and above all to the state. But there is nothing against which old age has to be more on its guard than against surrendering to feebleness and idleness, while luxury, a vice in any time of life, is in old age especially scandalous. But if excess in sensual indulgence is added to luxurious living, it is a twofold evil; for old age not only disgraces itself; it also serves to make the excesses of the young more shameless.

At this point it is not at all irrelevant to discuss the duties of magistrates, of private individuals, and of foreigners.

It is, then, peculiarly the place of a magistrate to bear in mind that he repre-

sents the state and that it is his duty to uphold its honor and its dignity, to enforce the law, to dispense to all their constitutional rights, and to remember that all this has been committed to him as a sacred trust.

The private individual ought first, in private relations, to live on fair and equal terms with his fellow-citizens, with a spirit neither servile and groveling nor yet domineering; and second, in matters pertaining to the state, to labor for her peace and honor; for such a man we are accustomed to esteem and call a good citizen.

As for the foreigner or the resident alien, it is his duty to attend strictly to his own concerns, not to pry into other people's business, and under no condition to meddle in the politics of a country not his own.

In this way I think we shall have a fairly clear view of our duties when the question arises what is proper and what is appropriate to each character, circumstance, and age. But there is nothing so essentially proper as to maintain consistency in the performance of every act and in the conception of every plan.

But the propriety to which I refer shows itself also in every deed, in every word, even in every movement and attitude of the body. And in outward, visible propriety there are three elements—beauty, tact, and taste; these conceptions are difficult to express in words, but it will be enough for my purpose if they are understood. In these three elements is included also our concern for the good opinion of those with whom and amongst whom we live. For these reasons I should like to say a few words about this kind of propriety also.

First of all, nature seems to have had a wonderful plan in the construction of our bodies. Our face and our figure generally, in so far as it has a comely appearance, she has placed in sight; but the parts of the body that are given us only to serve the needs of nature and that would present an unsightly and unpleasant appearance she has covered up and concealed from view. Man's modesty has followed this careful contrivance of nature's; all right-minded people keep out of sight what nature has hidden and take pains to respond to nature's demands as privately as possible; and in the case of those parts of the body which only serve nature's needs, neither

the parts nor the functions are called by their real names. To perform these functions—if only it be done in private—is nothing immoral; but to speak of them is indecent. And so neither public performance of those acts nor vulgar mention of them is free from indecency.

But we should give no heed to the Cynics (or to some Stoics who are practically Cynics) who censure and ridicule us for holding that the mere mention of some actions that are not immoral is shameful, while other things that are immoral we call by their real names. Robbery, fraud, and adultery, for example, are immoral indeed, but it is not indecent to name them. To beget children in wedlock is indeed morally right; to speak of it is indecent. And they assail modesty with a great many other arguments to the same purport. But as for us, let us follow nature and shun everything that is offensive to our eyes or our ears. So, in standing or walking, in sitting or reclining, in our expression, our eyes, or the movements of our hands, let us preserve what we have called 'propriety.'

In these matters we must avoid especially the two extremes: our conduct and speech should not be effeminate and over-nice, on the one hand, nor coarse and boorish, on the other. And we surely must not admit that while this rule applies to actors and orators, it is not binding upon us. As for stage-people, their custom, because of its traditional discipline, carries modesty to such a point that an actor would never step out upon the stage without a breech-cloth on, for fear he might make an improper exhibition, if by some accident certain parts of his person should happen to become exposed. And in our own custom, grown sons do not bathe with their fathers, nor sons-in-law with their fathers-in-law. We must, therefore, keep to the path of this sort of modesty, especially when nature is our teacher and guide.

CONVERSATION

Conversation, then, in which the Socratics are the best models, should have these qualities. It should be easy and not in the least dogmatic; it should have the spice of wit. And the one who engages in conversation should not debar others from participating in it, as if he were

entering upon a private monopoly; but, as in other things, so in a general conversation he should think it not unfair for each to have his turn. He should observe, first and foremost, what the subject of conversation is. If it is grave, he should treat it with seriousness; if humorous, with wit. And above all, he should be on the watch that his conversation shall not betray some defect in his character. This is most likely to occur, when people in jest or in earnest take delight in making malicious and slanderous statements about the absent, on purpose to injure their reputations.

The subjects of conversation are usually affairs of the home or politics or the practice of the professions and learning. Accordingly, if the talk begins to drift off to other channels, pains should be taken to bring it back again to the matter in hand—but with due consideration to the company present; for we are not all interested in the same things at all times or in the same degree. We must observe, too, how far the conversation is agreeable and, as it had a reason for its beginning, so there should be a point at which to close it tactfully.

But as we have a most excellent rule for every phase of life, to avoid exhibitions of passion, that is, mental excitement that is excessive and uncontrolled by reason; so our conversation ought to be free from such emotions: let there be no exhibition of anger or inordinate desire, of indolence or indifference, or anything of the kind. We must also take the greatest care to show courtesy and consideration toward those with whom we converse.

VIRTUES OF SELF-COMMAND

We have still left our fourth division, comprising propriety, moderation, temperance, self-restraint, self-control.

Can anything be expedient, then, which is contrary to such a chorus of virtues? And yet the Cyrenaics, adherents of the school of Aristippus, and the philosophers who bear the name of Anniceris find all good to consist in pleasure and consider virtue praiseworthy only because it is productive of pleasure. Now that these schools are out of date, Epicurus has come into vogue—an advocate and supporter of practically the same doctrine. Against

such a philosophy we must fight it out 'with horse and foot,' as the saying is, if our purpose is to defend and maintain our standard of moral rectitude.

For if, as we find it in the writings of Metrodorus, not only expediency but happiness in life depends wholly upon a sound physical constitution and the reasonable expectation that it will always remain sound, then that expediency—and what is more, the highest expediency, as they estimate it—will assuredly clash with moral rectitude. For, first of all, what position will wisdom occupy in that system? The position of collector of pleasures from every possible source? What a sorry state of servitude for a virtue—to be pandering to sensual pleasure! And what will be the function of wisdom? To make skilful choice between sensual pleasures? Granted that there may be nothing more pleasant, what can be conceived more degrading for wisdom than such a rôle?

Then again, if anyone hold that pain is the supreme evil, what place in his philosophy has fortitude, which is but indifference to toil and pain? For however many passages there are in which Epicurus speaks right manfully of pain, we must nevertheless consider not what he says, but what is consistent for a man to say who has defined the good in terms of pleasure and evil in terms of pain.

And further, if I should listen to him, I should find that in many passages he has a great deal to say about temperance and self-control; but 'the water will not run,' as they say. For how can he command self-control and yet posit pleasure as the supreme good? For self-control is the foe of the passions, and the passions are the handmaids of pleasure.

And yet when it comes to these three cardinal virtues, those philosophers shift and turn as best they can, and not without cleverness. They admit wisdom into their system as the knowledge that provides pleasures and banishes pain; they clear the way for fortitude also in some way to fit in with their doctrines, when they teach that it is a rational means for looking with indifference upon death and for enduring pain. They bring even temperance in—not very easily, to be sure, but still as best they can; for they hold that the height of pleasure is found in the absence of pain. Justice totters or rather, I should say, lies already prostrate; so also with all those

virtues which are discernible in social life and the fellowship of human society. For neither goodness nor generosity nor courtesy can exist, any more than friendship can, if they are not sought of and for themselves, but are cultivated only for the sake of sensual pleasure or personal advantage.

Let us now recapitulate briefly.

As I have shown that such expediency as is opposed to moral rectitude is no expediency, so I maintain that any and all sensual pleasure is opposed to moral rectitude. And therefore Calliphon and Dinomachus, in my judgment, deserve the greater condemnation; they imagined that they should settle the controversy by coupling pleasure with moral rectitude; as well yoke a man with a beast! But moral rectitude does not accept such a union; she abhors it, spurns it. Why, the supreme good, which ought to be simple, cannot be a compound and mixture of absolutely contradictory qualities. But this theory I have discussed more fully in another connection; for the subject is a large one. Now for the matter before us.

We have, then, fully discussed the problem how a question is to be decided, if ever that which seems to be expediency clashes with moral rectitude. But if, on the other hand, the assertion is made that pleasure admits of a show of expediency also, there can still be no possible union between it and moral rectitude. For, to make the most generous admission we can in favor of pleasure, we will grant that it may contribute something that possibly gives some spice to life, but certainly nothing that is really expedient.

Herewith, my son Marcus, you have a present from your father—a generous one, in my humble opinion, but its value will depend upon the spirit in which you receive it. And yet you must welcome these three books as fellow-guests, so to speak, along with your notes on Cratippus's lectures. But as you would sometimes give ear to me also, if I had come to Athens (and I should be there now, if my country had not called me back with accents unmistakable, when I was half-way there), so you will please devote as much time as you can to these volumes, for in them my voice will travel to you; and you can devote to them as much time as you will. And when I see that you take delight in this branch of philosophy, I shall then talk further with

you—at an early date, I hope, face to face—but as long as you are abroad, I shall converse with you thus at a distance.

Farewell, my dear Cicero, and be assured that, while you are the object of my deepest affection, you will be dearer to me still, if you find pleasure in such counsel and instruction.

—WALTER MILLER, in Loeb Library.

ON FRIENDSHIP

For friendship is nothing else than agreement in thought and feeling on all things, divine and human, accompanied by good will and affection; and I think that perhaps, with the exception of wisdom, no better gift has come from the immortal gods to mankind. Some set riches first, others good health, others power, others preferment in office, and many even pleasure. But, really, this last belongs to beasts, and the former, too, are subject to failure and uncertain, and grounded not so much in our counsels as in the chance of fortune; while those who look to virtue for the highest good, do admirably indeed, but this very virtue both begets friendship and keeps it, and without virtue friendship can in no wise exist.

Now let us interpret friendship from our ordinary habit of life and speech, and not, like certain of the erudite, measure it by pompous words. Let us number among good men those so regarded, men like Paullus, Cato, Galus, Scipio, Philus. Ordinary life is content with these. On the other hand, let us take no account of those nowhere to be found. Well, between men of this kind friendship is attended by blessings so great that I can hardly express them.

In the first place, how can there be a 'living life,' as Ennius says, which does not repose in the mutual good will of a friend? What is sweeter than to have some one with whom you feel at liberty to discuss everything as with yourself? How would there be so great enjoyment in your prosperity if you had not some one to delight in it equally with yourself? and, really, to support ill fortune would be difficult without one who bore it with greater grief than even yourself. And, finally, all other things which men pursue are useful each for its individual purpose: riches, to use; power, to bring deference; preferment, to bring you praise; pleasures,

to enjoy; good health, to keep you free from pain and in proper function of body—but friendship comprises a great many uses. Wherever you turn it is at hand, it is excluded from no place, it is never untimely, never an annoyance; so true is it, that we do not use water or fire, as the saying goes, on more occasions than friendship. And I am not speaking now of the common or the mediocre sort, which nevertheless both profits and delights, but about true and perfect friendship, such as was that of the few who have come to be named among men. For friendship both makes success more splendid, and makes failure, by dividing and sharing it, a lighter burden.

And while friendship brings with it a great many very great advantages, it also beyond a doubt excels all in this, that it sheds the light of a good hope over the future, and does not allow our spirits to weaken or fall. He who looks upon the face of a true friend looks, so to speak, upon a sort of exemplar of himself; so that the absent are present, and the needy have abundance, and the weak are strong, and, what is a harder saying, the dead live—so great is the honor, the remembrance, and the affection of friends that follows them; so that as a consequence the death of the departed seems blessed, the life of their friends praiseworthy. But if you should remove from nature the uniting power of good will, no house and no city would be able to stand, and not even the tillage of the fields would continue.

If it is not entirely clear how great is the might of friendship and harmony, it may be realized from dissension and discord; for what house is so stable, what state so solid, that it may not by hatred and disunion be overthrown to its foundation? From this it can be judged how much good there is in friendship. Indeed, they say that a certain philosopher of Agrigentum taught in Greek verses that all things in nature and the whole world which cohere, and all things which are subject to movement, are drawn together by friendship and dispersed by discord, and this, to be sure, all mankind both understand and in their actions prove. . . .

It is virtue, virtue, I say, Gaius Fannius, and you, Quintus Mucius, that draws us together in friendship and keeps us, for in it lies harmony, in it stability, in it con-

sistency. When friendship has arisen, and displayed her light, and likewise beheld and recognized the light in another, she draws near, and in her turn receives that which is in the other, so that there is a kindling, whether of love or of friendship—for both words are derived from 'loving.' To love, too, is nothing else than to cherish him whom you love, prompted by no need, and seeking no advantage; yet this very thing flowers out of friendship even though you may not have made it your first object. . . . And, since the plan of our life and nature is so constituted that another generation is ever rising, it is surely to be desired earnestly that we cross the chalk-
line, as they say, with those of our own years, with whom, so to speak, we were started in the race; but, since human existence is frail and fleeting, we must always feel out for some one to love and be loved by, for with affection and kindly feeling removed all joy is taken from life.

To take my own case, I assure you that for me Scipio, though suddenly snatched away, still lives, and always will live, for it was virtue in the man which I loved, and that is not extinguished; and not to my eyes alone is it ever present, mine, who had it ever to enjoy, but to posterity also it will be bright and renowned, for no one will ever undertake large things either in spirit or in hope who will not think that he must set before him the memory and the image of that man. For my part, out of all the blessings bestowed upon me by either fortune or nature, there is nothing I can compare with the friendship of Scipio. In it I had sympathy in public undertakings, in it counsel for my private affairs, and in it, too, a repose that was full of delight. Never in even the slightest matter did I offend him, so far as I could perceive, I heard no single word from him that I was not willing to hear, our home was in common, our living was the same and likewise in common, and in common were not only our army service but even our sojourns abroad and in the country. For what need I say about our eagerness always to be knowing and learning; in which, remote from the eyes of the people, we consumed all our leisure time?

If the recollection and the memory of these things had perished at the same time with him, I could in no wise endure the separation from that most intimate and affectionate man. But these things are not

extinct; rather, they are nourished and made greater by my thoughts as I remember, and if I had been entirely bereft of them, my time of life would nevertheless bring me great consolation. For I cannot now be long separated from him; and, besides, all things of brief duration, even if of great moment, ought to be tolerable.

This is what I had to say on friendship. As for you, I exhort you to give such a place to virtue, without which friendship cannot be, that, with this exception, you consider nothing more excellent than friendship.

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

THE SECOND PHILIPPIC

To what destiny of mine, O conscript fathers, shall I say that it is owing, that none for the last twenty years has been an enemy to the republic without at the same time declaring war against me? Nor is there any necessity for naming any particular person; you yourselves recollect instances in proof of my statement. They have all hitherto suffered severer punishments than I could have wished for them; but I marvel that you, O Antonius, do not fear the end of those men whose conduct you are imitating. And in others I was less surprised at this. None of those men of former times was a voluntary enemy to me; all of them were attacked by me for the sake of the republic. But you, who have never been injured by me, not even by a word, in order to appear more audacious than Catiline, more frantic than Clodius, have of your own accord attacked me with abuse, and have considered that your alienation from me would be a recommendation of you to impious citizens.

The name of peace is sweet, the thing itself is most salutary. But between peace and slavery there is a wide difference. Peace is liberty in tranquillity; slavery is the worst of all evils,—to be repelled, if need be, not only by war, but even by death. But if those deliverers of ours have taken themselves away out of our sight, still they have left behind the example of their conduct. They have done what no one else had done. Brutus pursued Tarquinius with war; who was a king when it was lawful for a king to exist in Rome. Spurius Cassius, Spurius Mælius, and Marcus Manlius were all slain because

they were suspected of aiming at regal power. These are the first men who have ever ventured to attack, sword in hand, a man who was not aiming at regal power, but actually reigning. And their action is not only of itself a glorious and godlike exploit, but it is also one put forth for our imitation; especially since by it they have acquired such glory as appears hardly to be bounded by heaven itself. For although in the very consciousness of a glorious action there is a certain reward, still I do not consider immortality of glory a thing to be despised by one who is himself mortal.

Recollect then, O Marcus Antonius, that day on which you abolished the dictatorship. Set before you the joy of the senate and people of Rome; compare it with this infamous market held by you and by your friends; and then you will understand how great is the difference between praise and profit. But in truth, just as some people, through some disease which has blunted the senses, have no conception of the niceness of food, so men who are lustful, avaricious, and criminal, have no taste for true glory. But if praise cannot allure you to act rightly, still cannot even fear turn you away from the most shameful actions? You are not afraid of the courts of justice. If it is because you are innocent, I praise you; if because you trust in your power of overbearing them by violence, are you ignorant of what that man has to fear, who on such an account as that does not fear the courts of justice?

But if you are not afraid of brave men and illustrious citizens, because they are prevented from attacking you by your armed retinue, still, believe me, your own fellows will not long endure you. And what a life is it, day and night to be fearing danger from one's own people! Unless, indeed, you have men who are bound to you by greater kindnesses than some of those men by whom he was slain were bound to Cæsar; or unless there are points in which you can be compared with him.

In that man were combined genius, method, memory, literature, prudence, deliberation, and industry. He had performed exploits in war which, though calamitous for the republic, were nevertheless mighty deeds. Having for many years aimed at being a king, he had with great labor, and much personal danger, accomplished what he intended. He had con-

ciliated the ignorant multitude by presents, by monuments, by largesses of food, and by banquets; he had bound his own party to him by rewards, his adversaries by the appearances of clemency. Why need I say much on such a subject? He had already brought a free city, partly by fear, partly by patience, into a habit of slavery.

With him I can, indeed, compare you as to your desire to reign; but in all other respects you are in no degree to be compared to him. But from the many evils which by him have been burnt into the republic, there is still this good, that the Roman people has now learnt how much to believe every one, to whom to trust itself, and against whom to guard. Do you never think on these things? And do you not understand that it is enough for brave men to have learnt how noble a thing it is as to the act, how grateful it is as to the benefit done, how glorious as to the fame acquired, to slay a tyrant? When men could not bear him, do you think they will bear you? Believe me, the time will come when men will race with one another to do this deed, and when no one will wait for the tardy arrival of an opportunity.

Consider, I beg you, Marcus Antonius, do some time or other consider the republic: think of the family of which you are born, not of the men with whom you are living. Be reconciled to the republic. However, do you decide on your conduct. As to mine, I myself will declare what that shall be. I defended the republic as a young man, I will not abandon it now that I am old. I scorned the sword of Catiline, I will not quail before yours.

May the indignation of the Roman people at last bring forth what it has been so long laboring with. In truth, if twenty years ago in this very temple I asserted that death could not come prematurely upon a man of consular rank, with how much more truth must I now say the same of an old man? To me, indeed, O conscript fathers, death is now even desirable, after all the honors which I have gained, and the deeds which I have done. I only pray for these two things: one, that dying I may leave the Roman people free. No greater boon than this can be granted me by the immortal gods. The other, that every one may meet with a fate suitable to his deserts and conduct towards the republic.

—C. D. YONGE.

LUCRETIUS (95-55 B.C.)

Cicero's attitude toward religion as a part of society and the state was one of acquiescence. Personally, his religion was philosophic rather than popular, and he probably conformed to ordinary cult practice without concerning himself as to belief. Titus Lucretius Carus, whose work Cicero edited, was of another type. He wrote the six books of *De Rerum Natura*, which might be interpreted as *The World and Man*, with the purpose of setting forth to his times the Epicurean theory of creation and man's relation to it, and of liberating mankind from the obsessions of religion. His work is consequently a mingling of the scientific and the philosophical, but it is so permeated as a whole by deep feeling for nature, sympathy for men, and the emotion of high purpose that it is rightly famed as poetry rather than either philosophy or science.

The science of Lucretius, which is after all more surprising for fundamental truths than for the amusing falsities with which they are entangled, is the atomic theory of Democritus the Greek, who lived four hundred years before him. The infinite variety of the universe is composed of matter only; the beginning and the end of every existing object and phenomenon find their causes in the association and the dissipation of material particles called atoms; the variations of nature and man, of matter and the senses, of the physical and the spiritual, being due to variety in atomic form, combination, and movement. The end of man, therefore, as of all else that exists, is the dissociation of the atoms which form him, body and soul. There is no future life, and there should be no fear of death. Man has risen by evolution from primordial nature to savagery, and from savagery to civilization, and will continue his ascent until he reaches full measure of perfection. The gods exist, but without intervention in human affairs, and without concern for them. The belief that they are concerned has been the source of nothing but unhappiness to mankind.

Lucretius appeals to the intelligence because he asks and attempts to answer questions that thoughtful men have always asked and always will ask. He appeals to the emotions because he feels deeply the tragedy of the common lot, with its hardships, struggles, and fears, its vain affections and hopes, its pathetic separations, and its final hopeless descent into nothingness. He appeals to lovers of poetry because of these, and because of his fresh depictions of charming terrestrial nature and his splendid stagings of the stupendous drama of creation in the infinite spaces of the cosmos.

Lucretius died at forty and insane, made mad, it was said, by a love potion from the hands of his wife. Tennyson's *Lucretius* is a stimulating amplification of the story which also presents the main lines of Lucretian thought.

Mr. William Ellery Leonard's translation reproduces the archaic and austere quality of Lucretian diction, the ruggedness of the verse, and the solemnity of the poet's feeling. It is here used in part by permission of the publishers, J. M. Dent and Sons.

OF THE NATURE OF THINGS

INVOCATION

Mother of Rome, delight of Gods and men,
Dear Venus that beneath the gliding stars
Makest to teem the many-voyagèd main
And fruitful lands—for all of living things
Through thee alone are evermore conceived, 5
Through thee are risen to visit the great
sun—

Before thee, Goddess, and thy coming on,
Flee stormy wind and massy cloud away,

For thee the dædal Earth bears scented
flowers,

For thee the waters of the unvexèd deep 10
Smile, and the hollows of the sérene sky
Glow with diffused radiance for thee!

For soon as comes the springtime face of day,
And procreant gales blow from the West un-
barred,

First fowls of air, smit to the heart by thee,
Foretoken thy approach, O thou Divine, 16
And leap the wild herds round the happy
fields

Or swim the bounding torrents. Thus amain,

Seized with the spell, all creatures follow
 thee
 Whithersoever thou walkest forth to lead, ²⁰
 And thence through seas and mountains and
 swift streams,
 Through leafy homes of birds and greening
 plains,
 Kindling the lure of love in every breast,
 Thou bringest the eternal generations forth,
 Kind after kind. And since 'tis thou alone ²⁵
 Guidest the Cosmos, and without thee naught
 Is risen to reach the shining shores of light,
 Nor aught of joyful or of lovely born,
 Thee do I crave co-partner in that verse
 Which I presume on Nature to compose ³⁰
 For Memmius mine, whom thou hast willed
 to be
 Peerless in every grace at every hour—
 Wherefore indeed, Divine one, give my words
 Immortal charm.

THE GUILT OF RELIGION

I fear perhaps thou deemest that we fare ³⁵
 An impious road to realms of thought pro-
 fane;
 But 'tis that same religion oftener far
 Hath bred the foul impieties of men:
 As once at Aulis, the elected chiefs,
 Foremost of heroes, Danaan counsellors, ⁴⁰
 Defiled Diana's altar, virgin queen,
 With Agamemnon's daughter, foully slain.
 She felt the chaplet round her maiden locks
 And fillets, fluttering down on either cheek,
 And at the altar marked her grieving sire, ⁴⁵
 The priests beside him who concealed the
 knife,
 And all the folk in tears at sight of her.
 With a dumb terror and a sinking knee
 She dropped; nor might avail her now that
 first ⁴⁹
 'Twas she who gave the king a father's name.
 They raised her up, they bore the trembling
 girl
 On to the altar—hither led not now
 With solemn rites and hymeneal choir,
 But sinless woman, sinfully foredone,
 A parent felled her on her bridal day, ⁵⁵
 Making his child a sacrificial beast
 To give the ships auspicious winds for
 Troy:
 Such are the crimes to which religion leads.

KNOWLEDGE WILL DRIVE OUT FEAR

'Tis sweet, when, down the mighty main, the
 winds
 Roll up its waste of waters, from the land ⁶⁰

To watch another's laboring anguish far,
 Not that we joyously delight that man
 Should thus be smitten, but because 'tis sweet
 To mark what evils we ourselves be spared;
 'Tis sweet, again, to view the mighty strife
 Of armies embattled yonder o'er the plains, ⁶⁶
 Ourselves no sharers in the peril; but naught
 There is more goodly than to hold the
 high

Serene plateaus, well fortified by the wise,
 Whence thou may'st look below on other men
 And see them ev'rywhere wand'ring, all dis-
 persed ⁷¹

In their lone seeking for the road of life;
 Rivals in genius, or emulous in rank,
 Pressing through days and nights with
 hugest toil

For summits of power and mastery of the
 world. ⁷⁵

O wretched minds of men! O blinded
 hearts!

In how great perils, in what darks of life
 Are spent the human years, however brief!—
 O not to see that nature for herself ⁷⁹

Barks after nothing, save that pain keep off,
 Disjoined from the body, and that mind enjoy
 Delightful feeling, far from care and fear!
 Therefore we see that our corporeal life
 Needs little, altogether, and only such
 As takes the pain away, and can besides ⁸⁵
 Strew underneath some number of delights.
 More grateful 'tis at times (for nature
 craves

No artifice nor luxury); if forsooth
 There be no golden images of boys ⁸⁹
 Along the halls, with right hands holding out
 The lamps ablaze, the lights for evening
 feasts,

And if the house doth glitter not with gold
 Nor gleam with silver, and to the lyre re-
 sound

No fretted and gilded ceilings overhead,
 Yet still to lounge with friends in the soft
 grass ⁹⁵

Beside a river of water, underneath
 A big tree's boughs, and merrily to refresh
 Our frames, with no vast outlay—most of
 all

If the weather is laughing and the times of
 the year

Besprinkle the green of the grass around with
 flowers. ¹⁰⁰

Nor yet the quicker will hot fevers go,
 If on a pictured tapestry thou toss,
 Or purple robe, than if 'tis thine to lie
 Upon the poor man's bedding. Wherefore,
 since

Treasure, nor rank, nor glory of a reign ¹⁰⁵

Avail us naught for this our body, thus
Reckon them likewise nothing for the mind:
Save then perchance, when thou beholdest
forth

Thy legions swarming round the Field of
Mars,

Rousing a mimic warfare—either side ¹¹⁰
Strengthened with large auxiliaries and horse,
Alike equipped with arms, alike inspired;
Or save when also thou beholdest forth
Thy fleets to swarm, deploying down the
sea:

For then, by such bright circumstance
abashed, ¹¹⁵

Religion pales and flees thy mind; O then
The fears of death leave heart so free of
care.

But if we note how all this pomp at last
Is but a drollery and a mocking sport,
And of a truth man's dread, with cares at
heels, ¹²⁰

Dreads not these sounds of arms, these
savage swords,

But among kings and lords of all the world
Mingles undaunted, nor is overawed
By gleam of gold nor by the splendor bright
Of purple robe, canst thou then doubt that
this ¹²⁵

Is aught, but power of thinking?—when, be-
sides

The whole of life but labors in the dark.
For just as children tremble and fear all
In the viewless dark, so even we at times
Dread in the light so many things that be ¹³⁰
No whit more fearsome than what children
feign,

Shuddering, will be upon them in the dark.
This terror then, this darkness of the
mind,

Not sunrise with its flaring spokes of light,
Nor glittering arrows of morning can dis-
perse, ¹³⁵

But only nature's aspect and her law.

THE SWERVE OF THE ATOMS

In these affairs

We wish thee also well aware of this:
The atoms, as their own weight bears them
down

Plumb through the void, at scarce determined
times, ¹⁴⁰

In scarce determined places, from their
course

Decline a little—call it, so to speak,
Mere changed trend. For were it not their
wont

Thuswise to swerve, down would they fall,
each one,

Like drops of rain, through the unbottomed
void; ¹⁴⁵

And then collisions ne'er could be nor blows
Among the primal elements; and thus
Nature would never have created aught.

But, if perchance be any that believe ¹⁴⁹

The heavier bodies, as more swiftly borne
Plumb down the void, are able from above
To strike the lighter, thus engendering blows
Able to cause those procreant motions, far
From highways of true reason they retire.

For whatsoever through the waters fall, ¹⁵⁵
Or through thin air, must quicken their de-
scent,

Each after its weight—on this account, be-
cause

Both bulk of water and the subtle air
By no means can retard each thing alike
But give more quick before the heavier
weight; ¹⁶⁰

But contrariwise the empty void cannot,
On any side, at any time, to aught
Oppose resistance, but will ever yield,
True to its bent of nature. Wherefore
all, ¹⁶⁴

With equal speed, though equal not in weight,
Must rush, borne downward through the still
inane.

Thus ne'er at all have heavier from above
Been swift to strike the lighter, gendering
strokes

Which cause those divers motions, by whose
means ¹⁶⁹

Nature transacts her work. And so I say,
The atoms must a little swerve at times—
But only the least, lest we should seem to
feign

Motions oblique, and fact refute us there.

THE SOUL IS MORTAL

Now come: that thou mayst able be to
know ¹⁷⁴

That minds and the light souls of all that live
Have mortal birth and death, I will go on
Verses to build meet for thy rule of life,
Sought after long, discovered with sweet toil.
But under one name I'd have thee yoke them
both; ¹⁷⁹

And when, for instance, I shall speak of
soul,

Teaching the same to be but mortal, think
Thereby I'm speaking also of the mind—
Since both are one, a substance inter-joined.

First, then, since I have taught how soul
exists

A subtle fabric, of particles minute, ¹⁸⁵
Made up from atoms smaller much than
those

Of water's liquid damp, or fog, or smoke,
So in mobility it far excels,
More prone to move, though strook by lighter
cause, ¹⁸⁹

Even moved by images of smoke or fog—
As where we view, when in our sleeps we're
lulled,

The altars exhaling steam and smoke aloft—
For, beyond doubt, these apparitions come
To us from outward. Now, then, since thou
seest, ¹⁹⁴

Their liquids depart, their waters flow away,
When jars are shivered, and since fog and
smoke

Depart into the winds away, believe
The soul no less is shed abroad and dies ¹⁹⁸
More quickly far, more quickly is dissolved
Back to its primal bodies, when withdrawn
From out man's members it has gone
away.

For, sure, if body (container of the same
Like as a jar), when shivered from some
cause,

And rarefied by loss of blood from veins, ²⁰⁴
Cannot for longer hold the soul, how then
Thinkst thou it can be held by any air—
A stuff much rarer than our bodies be?

Besides we feel that mind to being comes
Along with body, with body grows and ages.
For just as children totter round about ²¹⁰
With frames infirm and tender, so there fol-
lows

A weakling wisdom in their minds; and then,
Where years have ripened into robust powers,
Counsel is also greater, more increased
The power of mind; thereafter, where
already ²¹⁵

The body's shattered by master-powers of eld,
And fallen the frame with its enfeebled
powers,

Thought hobbles, tongue wanders, and the
mind gives way;

All fails, all's lacking at the selfsame time.
Therefore it suits that even the soul's dis-
solved, ²²⁰

Like smoke, into the lofty winds of air;
Since we behold the same to being come
Along with body and grow, and, as I've
taught,

Crumble and crack, therewith outworn by eld.

Then, too, we see, that, just as body takes
Monstrous diseases and the dreadful pain, ²²⁶
So mind its bitter cares, the grief, the fear;
Wherefore it tallies that the mind no less
Partaker is of death; for pain and disease

Are both artificers of death,—as well ²³⁰
We've learned by the passing of many a man
ere now.

Nay, too, in diseases of body, often the mind
Wanders afield; for 'tis beside itself,
And crazed it speaks, or many a time it
sinks,

With eyelids closing and a drooping nod, ²³⁵
In heavy drowse, on to eternal sleep;
From whence nor hears it any voices more,
Nor able is to know the faces here
Of those about him standing with wet cheeks
Who vainly call him back to light and life. ²⁴⁰

OUR BODIES AFTER DEATH NO CONCERN TO US

Hence, where thou seest a man to grieve
because

When dead he rots with body laid away,
Or perishes in flames or jaws of beasts,
Know well: he rings not true, and that be-
neath ²⁴⁴

Still works an unseen sting upon his heart,
However he deny that he believes
His shall be aught of feeling after death.
For he, I fancy, grants not what he says,
Nor what that presupposes, and he fails
To pluck himself with all his roots from
life

And cast that self away, quite unawares ²⁵¹
Feigning that some remainder's left behind.
For when in life one pictures to oneself
His body dead by beasts and vultures torn,
He pities his state, dividing not himself ²⁵⁵
Therefrom, removing not the self enough
From the body flung away, imagining
Himself that body, and projecting there
His own sense, as he stands beside it: hence
He grieves that he is mortal born, nor marks
That in true death there is no second self ²⁶¹
Alive and able to sorrow for self destroyed,
Or stand lamenting that the self lies there
Mangled or burning. For if it an evil is
Dead to be jerked about by jaw and fang ²⁶⁵
Of the wild brutes, I see not why 'twere not
Bitter to lie on fires and roast in flames,
Or suffocate in honey, and, reclined
On the smooth oblong of an icy slab,
Grow stiff in cold, or sink with load of earth
Down-crushing from above. ²⁷⁰

"Thee now no more
The joyful house and best of wives shall
welcome.

Nor little sons run up to snatch their kisses
And touch with silent happiness thy heart.
Thou shalt not speed in undertakings more,

Nor be the warder of thine own no more. 276
 Poor wretch,' they say, 'one hostile hour hath
 ta'en

Wretchedly from thee all life's many
 guerdons,'

But add not, 'yet no longer unto thee
 Remains a remnant of desire for them.' 280

If this they only well perceived with mind
 And followed up with maxims, they would
 free

Their state of man from anguish and from
 fear.

'O even as here thou art, aslumber in death,
 So shalt thou slumber down the rest of time,
 Released from every harrying pang. But
 we,

We have bewept thee with insatiate woe, 287
 Standing beside whilst on the awful pyre

Thou wert made ashes; and no day shall take
 For us the eternal sorrow from the breast.'

But ask the mourner what's the bitterness
 That man should waste in an eternal
 grief, 292

If, after all, the thing's but sleep and rest?
 For when the soul and frame together are
 sunk

In slumber, no one then demands his self 295
 Or being. Well, this sleep may be forever,

Without desire of any selfhood more,
 For all it matters unto us asleep.

Yet not at all do those primordial germs
 Roam round our members, at that time, afar

From their own motions that produce our
 senses— 301

Since, when he's startled from his sleep, a
 man

Collects his senses. Death is, then, to us
 Much less—if there can be a less than that

Which is itself a nothing: for there comes
 Hard upon death a scattering more great 306

Of the throng of matter, and no man wakes
 up

On whom once falls the icy pause of life.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES

In the beginning, earth gave forth, around
 The hills and over all the length of plains, 311

The race of grasses and the shining green;
 The flowery meadows sparkled all aglow

With greenish color, and thereafter, lo,
 Unto the divers kinds of trees was given 315

An emulous impulse mightily to shoot,
 With a free rein, aloft into the air.

As feathers and hairs and bristles are begot
 The first on members of the four-foot breeds

And on the bodies of the strong-y-winged,

Thus then the new Earth first of all put
 forth 321

Grasses and shrubs, and afterward begat
 The mortal generations, there upsprung—

Innumerable in modes innumerable—
 After diverging fashions. For from sky 325

These breathing-creatures never can have
 dropped,

Nor the land-dwellers ever have come up
 Out of sea-pools of salt. How true remains,

How merited is that adopted name
 Of earth—"The Mother!"—since from out
 the earth 330

Are all begotten. And even now arise
 From out the loams how many living things—

Concreted by the rains and heat of the sun.
 Wherefore 'tis less a marvel, if they sprang

In Long Ago more many, and more big, 335
 Matured of those days in the fresh young

years
 Of earth and ether. First of all, the race

Of the wingèd ones and parti-colored birds,
 Hatched out in spring-time, left their eggs
 behind;

As now-a-days in summer tree-cricket 340
 Do leave their shiny husks of own accord,

Seeking their food and living. Then it was
 This earth of thine first gave unto the day

The mortal generations; for prevailed
 Among the fields abounding hot and wet. 345

And hence, where any fitting spot was given,
 There 'gan to grow womb-cavities, by roots

Affixed to earth. And when in ripened time
 The age of the young within (that sought the
 air

And fled earth's damps) had burst these
 wombs, O then 350

Would Nature thither turn the pores of earth
 And make her spurt from open veins a juice

Like unto milk; even as a woman now
 Is filled, at child-bearing, with the sweet milk,

Because all that swift stream of aliment 355
 Is thither turned unto the mother-breasts.

There earth would furnish to the children
 food;

Warmth was their swaddling cloth, the grass
 their bed

Abounding in soft down. Earth's newness
 then

Would rouse no dour spells of the bitter
 cold, 360

Nor extreme heats nor winds of mighty
 powers—

For all things grow and gather strength
 through time

In like proportions; and then earth was
 young.

—WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.

THE EVOLUTION OF MAN

Translated by Grant Showerman.

That primal race of man, that roamed the fields,
 Were hardier far than we, and so 'twas fit,
 For hard the mother earth that brought them forth.
 More massive were their frames, more firm their bones,
 And powerful sinews all their members knit. 5
 Not easily did summer's tide of heat,
 Nor frigid winter bring them aught of harm,
 Nor change of food, nor any fleshly ill.
 And many lustra did the sun through heaven
 Roll on its course, while yet their life they lived 10
 In manner like the wild wide-wandering beasts.
 No robust ruler of the curvèd share
 As yet was known, no one with iron tool
 To break the stubborn glebe, no delver dug
 To plant in earth the shrub, no one with hook 15
 Pruned old and withering branches from the tree.
 What sun and rains brought forth, earth's self-given gift,
 This was enough to satisfy their hearts.
 Oft times, among the acorn-bearing groves
 They found the food to give their bodies strength, 20
 And berries such as now in winter time
 You see red-ripening on the arbutë tree,
 The earth gave then more plenteously and large.
 And many things the fresh and flowery world
 Brought forth for them besides, fare hard and coarse, 25
 But ample for the wretched race of men.
 Their thirst to slake, the water brooks and founts
 Invited, just as now the waters clear
 From mountain cliffs down plashing, call from far
 The thirsting races of wild animals. 30
 At last, no longer vagabond, for homes
 They sought the well-known haunts of woodland nymphs,
 Whence well they knew there issued gliding streams,
 Laving with generous flood the humid rocks,—
 The humid rocks, green-mossed and saturated,— 35

And bursting forth to moist the level plain.
 The benefits of fire they knew not yet,
 Nor how to clothe their nakedness in skins,
 The furry spoil of slain wild animals.
 But groves and caves and hills and forests deep 40
 They dwelt in, laying down their shaggy frames
 Mid thickets dense, when forced to shelter them
 From windy blasts or lashings of the storm.
 Of common weal they had no thought, nor knew
 The use of law and custom among men. 45
 Whatever prey chance threw before him, each
 Seized on and bore away, by instinct taught
 To live and use his powers for self alone.
 'Twas Venus wedded lovers in the woods;
 For either mutual flame the union wrought, 50
 Or the fierce male resorted to his strength,
 By passion fired, or mayhap wooed with gifts,
 As acorns, arbutë-berries, or chosen pears.
 Their hands and feet of wondrous strength and speed,
 In chase they plied the woodland tribes of beasts 55
 With missile rocks and clubs of mighty weight.
 Full many fell before them; from a few
 Their only safety was to hide themselves.
 Like bristle-bearing swine, their shaggy frames
 Nude on the ground they laid, by night o'er-ta'en, 60
 Rolling themselves about with leaves and fronds.
 And when the sun and light of day had gone,
 With wailings loud they did not roam the fields,
 Crying for it among the shades of night,
 But quiet lay, in slumber sepulchred, 65
 Until the sun, with rosy torch, should come
 And bring his light into the heaven again.
 From earliest childhood they had always seen
 Light follow darkness, darkness follow light;
 And so no wonder ever touched their minds, 70
 Nor were they ever fearful lest the night
 Should hold the earth in everlasting sway,
 And they should never see the sunlight more.
 And yet this greater care was theirs, that oft
 At night the races of wild animals 75
 Brought peril to the wretches while they slept.
 Driven from their homes, they fled the den of rocks
 Before the advent of the foaming boar,
 Or mighty lion, and in the dead of night

In terror from their leaf-strown lairs with-
drew 80
And gave them over to their savage guests.
Yet not much more did mortals then than
now
Leave the sweet light of failing life behind.
'Tis true, more danger hedged them round,
lest, caught, 84
They fill with living food the maws of beasts,
Torn by their fangs, while grove and hill and
wood
Resounded with the shrieks they sent abroad,
Viewing their living limbs fill living tombs.
They who escaped with torn and bloody flesh
Pressed 'neath their tremulous palms the
dreadful wounds, 90
And begged for death with horror-striking
cries,
Until by cruel torments reft of life;
For helpless were they, ignorant as yet
Of any proper treatment of their hurt.
And yet by thousands met they not their
death 95
Beneath the standards on a single day,
Nor did the turbid billows of the sea
Dash men and ships in fury on the rocks.
In vain the sea oft rose in surging rage:
It lightly laid aside its idle threats; 100
For no one felt the lure of placid seas,
No laughing waves enticed him to his death,
Since yet unknown the seaman's impious
lore.
Then lack of food it was that gave to death
Their weak and wasted members; but for
us, 105
'Tis very plenty whelms us o'er with doom.
Then, oft themselves, unknowing, poured the
bane
That cost them life, which now, with greater
skill,
Men mix for those whose death will bring
them gain.
Next, huts and garb of skins and fire they
got, 110
And male and female, joined in one abode,
Together shared the rights of wedded life,
And looked on young begotten of themselves.
Then first of softer temper grew the race.
To fire accustomed, now no more their
frames 115
Could bear the cold beneath heaven's canopy;
And Venus undermined their fleshly strength,
And children learned with easy blandishment
To break the haughty nature of their sires.
Then, too, began the friendly bond to join 120
Those dwelling near; for mutual was the
will
No longer to assail, or be assailed.

Their children they commended, and their
wives
For mercy, as with stammering speech and
sign
They signified 'twas right to spare the
weak. 125
Yet universal concord could not rise,
Though mostly they observed their pledges
well.
In other case even then had human kind
Perished from off the earth, nor had endured
Through all the generations since begot. 130
The tongue to utter forth its various sounds
Nature impelled, and 'twas utility
Forged out the name by which each thing
was known.
Not other far than in our infancy
The lack of speech to gesture spurs us on 135
To point the finger at the thing we see;
For each one has instinctive sense to know
His power, and how far 'twill serve his end.
The young bull's horns yet swelling in his
front,
In angry mood he plies them in attack; 140
The panther kitten and the lion whelp
Fight back with nail and paw, and even bite
When scarce as yet their teeth and claws are
sprung;
And all the pinioned race of birds we see
With trembling trust their wings to bear them
up. 145
Therefore to think one only man gave forth
The names for things, and from him all man-
kind
Their first words learned, is utter silliness.
For how could he make all things known by
words, 149
And others at the same time lack the power?
Besides, if others also had not yet
Made use of words among themselves, whence
came
The concept of the usefulness of speech?
And whence acquired the power that this
man had
Of seeing clearly what he wished to do? 155
Likewise one single man could never force
The rest to yield and learn the names of
things;
Nor could one easily persuade the dull
By any method what were best to do;
For all impatient, they would ne'er endure 160
To hear the unaccustomed sound of words
Din vainly on the portals of their ears.
And lastly, what so passing strange in this,
If human beings, who were furnished forth
With nimble voice and tongue, gave diverse
names 165
To diverse objects, as instinct impelled;

When cattle dumb, and races of wild beasts
Raise various cries of widely different sort,
When roused by fear or pain, or moved by
joy?

This you may know, forsooth, from patent
facts. 170

When first you rouse the great Molossian
dogs,

With tender jowls upraised, and laying
bare

Their hard white teeth, far else the threat-
ening sound,

Their rage still curbed, than when with
baying loud 174

They make the air resound with noisy cries.
Or when their whelps they lick with bland
caress,

Or when in play they toss them with their
paws,

Or feign to bite, or with suspended tooth
Make fond pretense to rend and swallow
them,

Far other than their loving whine than
when 180

Alone they fill the home with echoing howls,
Or yelping try to 'scape their master's blow.

Again, does not likewise the courser's
neigh

Seem different, when 'mong mares with
youthful fire

He raves, pricked on by spurs of winged
love, 185

Or when, with nostrils dilate, in the field
He snorts forth fury at the sound of arms,
Or some emotion else invades his frame?

And, last of all, the wingèd race of birds,
And every flying thing after his kind, 190

The hawk, the osprey, and the plunging gull
Seeking subsistence in the salt sea-wave,

Have widely different cries to utter forth
To suit the time, as when they fight for
food

Among themselves, or struggle with their
prey. 195

And some there are that with the changing
skies

Vary their hoarsely sounding notes, as when
The ancient raven race, or flocks of crows,

Are said with croaking cries to invoke the
rain,

Or sometimes call on wind and breeze to
blow. 200

And so, if various feelings brutes impel,
Mute though they be, to utter various sounds,
How much more likely that mankind could
then

Make known by different sounds the things
they saw.

THE EVOLUTION OF RELIGION

And now, what cause it was that spread
abroad 205

Through all the world the thought of power
divine,

And filled with shrines the cities, and evolved
The solemn practice of the sacred rites

Which now with much of pomp and circum-
stance

Men celebrate in consecrated spots; 210

And how the same ideas of power unseen
Have deep implanted in the mortal breast

The awful dread that throughout all the earth
Rears temples to the gods, and forces men

To throng their portals on the festal day—
Of this to render reason 'tis not hard. 216

For even then, forsooth, the race of men,
In moments when their souls exalted were

In waking vision, often saw appear
Divinely beauteous shapes, whom still more
oft 220

They saw in sleep, increased to wondrous
size.

These forms with senses they endowed, for
this,

Because they seemed to see their members
move,

And hear them utter forth majestic speech,
As fit their brilliant beauty and ample
strength. 225

Eternal life they gave them, for their shapes
Were e'er renewed, their form the same re-
mained;

And furthermore, because they could not
think

That beings with such wondrous parts en-
dowed

Could ever be o'erthrown by any power. 230

And blest beyond all beings thought they
them

For this, that dread of death ne'er touched
their hearts,

And for that likewise often in their dreams
They saw full many wonders by them
wrought,

Whence nothing of fatigue themselves they
took. 235

Besides, the movements of the heaven they
saw

In order changeless, and the circling year
Its various seasons bring, but could not tell

What cause it was that wrought the won-
drous change;

And so their thoughts found refuge in the
gods, 240

And by their will they held all things were
ruled.

Aloft in heaven their templed seats they
 placed
 Because through heaven the night and moon
 are rolled—
 The moon, the day, and night, night's awe-
 some stars,
 Night-roaming cressets and heaven's flying
 flames, 245
 Clouds, sun, rain, snow, winds, thunderbolts,
 and hail,
 Impetuous crashings and great thundering
 threats.
 O hapless race of mortals, to conceive
 The gods wrought all these changes, and to
 think 249
 Their breasts indwelt by bitter wrath besides!
 What groanings for themselves, for us what
 wounds,
 What tears begot they for our sons unborn!
 For 'tis not real religion to be seen
 Oft veiled turning to the graven stone,
 And drawing near to every sacred shrine, 255
 Nor forward falling, on the ground to lie
 Prostrate with supplicating palms outspread
 Before the sanctuaries of the gods,
 Nor altars to besprinkle with much blood
 Of sacrifice four-footed, nor to pray 260
 Unending chains of prayers—. No; rather,
 'tis
 To look on all the world with tranquil soul.
 For when we gaze upon the mighty world,
 The great celestial vaults of aether blue
 Above us, fixed with twinkling starry
 points, 265
 And think upon the paths of sun and moon,
 Then in our breasts, weighed down with
 other woes,
 There wakens, too, and rears its head this
 care,
 Lest it should be perchance the gods, with
 might
 All measureless, that roll in various course
 The gleaming constellations of the sky. 271
 For doubt invades our souls, because we
 fail
 'To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things En-
 tire:'
 Whether the world had birth, and thus be-
 gan,
 And likewise whether there shall be an
 end, 275
 When all this universal frame shall cease
 To bear the stress and strain of its career;
 Or whether, by the gods with strength en-
 dowed,
 For age enduring, it shall glide along
 Through all the tract of time, and scorn the
 night, 280

However great, of ages measureless.

Besides, who does not feel his spirit shrink
 Within his breast, in awful fear of gods,
 Who does not feel his members all a-quake,
 When fulminates the dreadful thunderstroke,
 And sears the earth, all trembling 'neath the
 blow, 286
 And mighty murmurs course across the
 skies?
 Do not whole tribes and nations tremble
 sore,
 And haughty monarchs shake in every limb,
 In dreadful fear, lest for some sinful deed 290
 Unknowing wrought, or some proud word let
 slip,
 The time be ripe for heavy punishment?
 And when the towering tempest strikes the
 sea,
 And admiral and fleet before it sweeps
 Careering o'er the waves, and with them
 borne 295
 The powerful legions and great elephants,
 Doth not he haste to offer up his vows
 And, terror-stricken, sue the gods for peace,
 And pray the passing of the stormy winds,
 And gently blowing breezes in their
 stead?— 300
 In vain, since none the less the whirling blast
 Oft sweeps him onward to the shoals of
 death!
 So true it is that some deep hidden power
 Doth ever crush to earth the plans of men,
 And trample 'neath its heel the rods and
 axe, 305
 Illustrious emblems of the stern decree,
 As if it did but use them for its mirth!
 And last, when all the earth beneath our
 feet
 Begins to sway, and cities with the shock
 Fall crashing to the ground, or threat to
 fall, 310
 What wonder if the mortal race of men
 Regard with scorn themselves, and in the
 gods
 Look for the source of all the mighty power
 And wondrous strength that rule the uni-
 verse?

THE ORIGIN OF MUSIC

The liquid notes of birds to imitate 315
 With voice, came long ere men could please
 the ear
 By union of harmonious verse with song.
 The zephyr, sighing through the hollow reed
 With whistling sound first taught the rustic
 race
 To blow upon the hollowed hemlock stalk, 320

Thence by degrees they learned the tender
 plaint
 The pipe pours forth, touched by the finger-
 tip
 Of him who breathes upon it—the pipe, first
 known
 In pathless glade and wooded country side,
 In shepherd solitudes of heavenly calm. 325
 This was their recreation and delight
 When they were sate with food; for at such
 times
 All things like this bring pleasure to the
 heart.

So, oft in groups upon the tender turf,
 Prostrate they lay along the river's marge 330
 Beneath the branches of some lofty tree,
 Supplying all the needs their bodies felt
 With little effort and with gladsome heart,—
 Then most of all when smiling skies pre-
 vailed,
 And verdant spring painted the mead with
 flowers. 335
 Then would they pass the jest, and share the
 word,
 And loudly send abroad the merry laugh.

For then the rustic muse began to wake,
 Then heedless merriment begot the thought
 To crown the head and wreath the shoulders
 round 340
 With woven flowers and leaves, and forth to
 step

In rude and graceless measure, as they beat
 Their common mother earth with clownish
 foot;
 And merry peals of laughter rose, for then
 Delights like this were new, and wonder-
 ful. 345

In watches of the night, their solace this:
 To sound the tuneful voice in varied wise,
 To modulate the song, and o'er the pipes
 The lip to press, and draw the running note;
 Whence comes the present custom of the
 watch, 350
 Who late have learned to keep the rhythmic
 tune.

Nor is the vantage sweet they take from it
 Aught greater than their fathers took of
 yore,
 The sylvan race that sprang from mother
 earth.

For that which lies before us, so our lot 355
 Hath never brought us better to enjoy,
 Doth chiefest pleasure bring, and perfect
 seems;
 And later joys, and better, oft obscure
 The excellence of those we knew before,
 And change our feelings toward all former
 things. 360

THE RISE OF CIVILIZATION

Thus acorns they began to loathe, and left
 Their lairs with grasses strown and spread
 with fronds.

The hairy garb of beasts they likewise
 spurned;

Though, in my thought, such envy once it
 roused

That he who found its use and wore it
 first, 365

In ambush caught was done to treacherous
 death.

And yet, in tatters torn and drenched with
 blood

Beneath their hands, it perished utterly,
 And might not then bring weal to any man.

So then 'twas skins that vexed the heart of
 man, 370

And wore his life away in broils of war,
 While in their stead 'tis purple now, and
 gold:

The greater blame for us, so saith my heart.
 For, naked yet, without the furry garb, 374

The frost was torment to the sons of earth;
 But we need take no harm to be without
 The purpled robe with rich embroideries
 Of gold in wondrous figures, so we have
 Plebeian stuffs to ward away the cold.

Thus 'tis with vain attempt the race of
 man 380

Forever toils, consuming all its years
 In idle care, because it has not learned
 The proper goal of getting, and the bound
 To which its real enjoyment may advance.
 'Tis this that, ever greater grown, hath
 swept 385

The ship of life into the deeps, and stirred
 The mighty tides of war unto their depths.

Meanwhile those wakeful orbs, the sun and
 moon,

In circled course illuming with their light
 The Universe's great revolving vault, 390
 Taught men to know the measure of the
 year,

The sequence of the seasons, and how all
 By changeless scheme in order changeless
 moved.

Betimes, with walls and mighty towers they
 learned

To hedge themselves; the land they set
 apart 395

And portioned to the tiller of the soil;
 Soon blossomed all the sea with sail-winged
 craft;

Aid and allies to render and receive,
 Cities began to federate themselves;
 The deeds of men then first began to find 400

Commemoration in the poet's verse.

Not long ere this it was that men first wrote;
 And this the reason why our present age
 May not look back upon those earliest times,
 Except where reason points the scanty trace.
 Seafaring, husbandry, the builder's art, ⁴⁰⁶
 The law, the use of arms, the great highway,
 The stuffs we wear, and all else like in sort,
 Nor less, whate'er delights lend life a
 charm—

Poems and paintings, statues finely wrought—
 All these the fruits of long experience, ⁴¹¹
 And constant effort of man's eager mind,
 In halting progress ever faring on.
 Thus all the arts soe'er by slow degrees
 The age-long travail of the mind of man ⁴¹⁵
 At length upraises to the shores of light.
 For, ever by a slowly brightening path,
 In order due must man's achievements mount
 Till they have risen to perfection's peak.

GAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS (84-54 B.C.)

The short life of Catullus of Verona was made intense by a number of episodes which furnished the content of his best lyrics and made them the most spontaneous and the most passionate of his time. He was writing at fifteen; he went to Rome in his early years, and was acquainted with important people like Cicero, the orator Hortensius, and the literary men of the time; he fell desperately in love with Clodia, the Lesbia of his poems, wife of Metellus, governor of North Italy, and sister of Cicero's enemy Clodius, whose passion for him was followed at first by heartless breaking of faith and later by notorious conduct with other lovers; when he was about twenty-five, his elder brother, to his intense grief, died in the Troad; in sorrow for his loss and disillusioned in love, he returned to Verona and afterward joined the staff of Memmius, governor of Bithynia. The poems of his own passion are the greatest factor in his fame, but they are surpassed by the equally genuine and less unrestrained lyrics on Sirmio, the visit to his brother's grave, and the farewell to Bithynia. His one hundred and sixteen poems represent not only the deeper and more acute passions, but include satire, the lighter vein, Alexandrian cleverness, and lyrics that prove a sensitiveness to religion. Genuineness and directness of feeling, with the utmost simplicity and spontaneity of expression, are the qualities whose union has given Catullus a place in the front rank of the world's lyric poets.

TO CORNELIUS NEPOS

My little volume is complete,
Fresh pumice-polished and as neat
As book need wish to be;
And now, what patron shall I choose
For these gay sallies of my muse?
Cornelius, whom but thee!

For though they are but trifles, thou
Some value didst to them allow,
And that from thee is fame,
Who dared in thy three volumes' space,
Alone of all Italians, trace
Our history and name.

Great Jove, what lore, what labor there!
Then take this little book, whate'er
Of good or bad it store;
And grant, oh guardian Muse, that it
May keep the flavor of its wit
A century or more!

—THEODORE MARTIN.

THE DEAD SPARROW

Ye Cupids, droop each little head,
Nor let your wings with joy be spread;
My Lesbia's favorite bird is dead,
Whom dearer than her eyes she loved.

For he was gentle, and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
But lightly o'er her bosom moved:

And softly fluttering here and there,
He never sought to clear the air,
But chirruped oft, and, free from care,
Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.
Now having passed the gloomy bourne
From whence he never can return,
His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn,
Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

Oh! curst be thou, devouring grave!
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,
From whom no earthly power can save;
For thou hast ta'en the bird away:
From thee my Lesbia's eyes o'er flow,
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow;
Thou art the cause of all her woe,
Receptacle of life's decay.

—LORD BYRON.

TO FURIUS AND AURELIUS

Dear Furius, and Aurelius, ye
Who frankly would companion me,
Whate'er my fortune or my fate,
If I should seek to penetrate,

Where breaks on Ind's remotest shore 5
 The sea with far-resounding roar;
 Or to the Hyrcans, or the mild
 Arabians, or the Sacæ wild,
 And arrow-bearing Parthian horde,
 Or where, through sevenfold channels poured,
 Nile stains the ocean with his hue, 11
 Or across the skyey Alps to view
 Great Cæsar's trophies, Gallic Rhine,
 And savage Britain's far confine;
 Dear friends, prepared such toils to share, 15
 Or what more heavy tasks soe'er
 The gods in their high wills may send,
 Now do the office of a friend,
 And to my too, too fickle fair
 This brief, ungracious message bear:— 20
 'Enjoy thy paramours, false girl!
 Sweep gaily on in passion's whirl,
 By scores caressed, but loving none
 Of all the fools by thee undone;
 Nor give that love a thought, which I 25
 So nursed for thee in days gone by,
 Now by thy guile slain in an hour,
 Even as some little wilding flower,
 That on the meadow's border blushed,
 Is by the passing ploughshare crushed. 30
 —THEODORE MARTIN.

TO HIMSELF

Wretched Catullus, play the fool no more:
 The lost is lost, the dead forever dead—
 White were the suns that gleamed for you
 of yore,
 When roamed your footsteps where your lady
 led,
 O loved by us as none was loved before: 5
 O then I spoke those playful words so dear
 That then my lady loved so well to hear—
 White were the suns that gleamed for you
 of yore.

She wishes them no more; and 'tis for you,
 Poor weakling, now to cease to wish them
 too. 10

No longer strive to follow what will flee:
 No longer live the wretch you've lived to be.
 But now with steadfast mind, be calm and
 bear.

Farewell, my child, Catullus now is strong;
 He will not ask nor seek you anywhere 15
 Unbidden more.

But you shall grieve for long,
 When none will ask. O what a life is there,
 Miscreant woman. Who will come, ah who
 Hereafter? Unto whom shall you be fair?

Who now will love? To whom shall you
 belong? 20
 Whom will you kiss? and bite whose lips!—
 But you,
 Catullus, still remember to be strong.
 —WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.

LOVE'S UNREASON

I hate and love—the why I cannot tell,
 But by my tortures know the fact too well.

ON ARRIUS

Whenever Arrius wished to name
 'Commodious,' out 'Chommodious' came:
 And when of his intrigues he blabbed,
 With his 'hintrigues' our ears he stabbed,
 And thought, moreover, he displayed 5
 A rare refinement, when he made
 His h's thus at random fall
 With emphasis most guttural.
 So spoke his mother, I'll be bound,
 His uncle so his h's ground, 10
 His grandam so the vowels tried
 And grandsire on the mother's side.

To Syria Arrius was despatched,
 And then our ears a respite snatched.
 'Twas quite a comfort and delight 15
 To hear such words pronounced aright,
 With no alarm lest they should grate
 With the redundant aspirate;
 When suddenly came news one day,
 Which smote the city with dismay, 20
 That the Ionian seas a change
 Had undergone most sad and strange;
 For, since by Arrius crossed, the wild
 'Hionian Hocean' they were styled.
 —THEODORE MARTIN.

A DANGEROUS DRAUGHT

Your country-house is not exposed
 To any blustering gale—
 But, since your mortgagees foreclosed,
 It's now exposed for sale:
 And *this* exposure, none can doubt, 5
 Is likely, friend, to freeze you out.

SAPPHO

Like to a god he seems to me,
 O more than god, if that may be,
 The man who, seated next to thee,
 Gazes, and hears

Thy laugh of love that snatched away 5
 My soul and sense: for on the day
 I saw thee, lady, voice could say
 Not any word;

But tongue grew stark, and thro my frame
 Fed unforeseen a subtle flame, 10
 And rang my ears, and eyes became
 Veiled, as in night.

—WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.

A HYMN

Diana's faithful ones are we,
 Maids and youths yet fancy free;
 Youths and maids by fancy's flame
 Untouched, we sing Diana's name.

O great Latonia, child of Jove, 5
 Throned all other gods above,
 Whom thy mother, long of yore,
 Beneath the Delian olive bore,

Of mountain heights to be the queen,
 Mistress of the forest green 10
 And far secluded countryside
 And every stream's resounding tide—

To thee when travailing mothers pray,
 As Lucine Juno thou 'rt their stay;
 Now potent Trivia art thou hight, 15
 Now Luna with her borrowed light.

Thou, goddess, in thy monthly sphere
 Meting out the journeying year,
 Dost the rustic garner still 20
 With abundant fruitage fill.

Be thou invoked by whate'er name
 Best please thine ear, and still the same,
 Grant, as of old, thine aid divine,
 To prosper the Romulean line.

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

CATULLUS AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE

O'er many a sea, o'er many a stranger land,
 I bring this tribute to thy lonely tomb,
 My brother! and beside the narrow room
 That holds thy ashes weeping stand.
 Vainly I call to thee. Who can command 5
 An answer forth from Orcus' dreary
 gloom?
 Oh brother, brother! life lost all its bloom,

When thou wert snatched from me with
 pitiless hand!

Woe, Woe, is me, that we shall meet no
 more!

Meanwhile, these gifts accept, which to the
 grave 10

Of those they loved in life our sires of yore
 With pious hand and reverential gave—

Gifts that are streaming with a brother's
 tears!

And now, farewell, and rest thee from all
 fears!

FAREWELL TO BITHYNIA

A balmy warmth comes wafted o'er the seas,
 The savage howl of wintry tempests drear
 In the sweet whispers of the western breeze
 Has died away; the spring, the spring is
 here!

Now quit, Catullus, quit the Phrygian plain, 5
 Where days of sweltering sunshine soon
 shall crown

Nicæa's fields with wealth of golden grain,
 And fly to Asia's cities of renown!

Already through each nerve a flutter runs
 Of eager hope, that longs to be away; 10
 Already 'neath the light of other suns
 My feet, new-winged for travel, yearn to
 stray.

And you, ye band of comrades tried and true,
 Who side by side went forth from home,
 farewell!

How far apart the paths shall carry you 15
 Back to your native shore, ah, who can tell?

—THEODORE MARTIN.

SIRMIO

O my gem of almost-islands and of islands,
 Sirmio,
 Whatsoever, wheresoever lucid inland waters
 flow,

Wheresoever out in ocean sun may shine or
 wind may blow!

O how gladly, O how madly I rejoice again
 to be

(After all the Asian lowlands wandered over
 wearily) 5

Here at last, my little island, safe at last with
 home and thee!

What so dear as cares completed when the
 mind lays down the load,

And the way-worn feet that wandered take
again the homeward road;
And upon the bed we longed for we can go
to sleep again—
O alone reward enough for all the labor, all
the pain! 10
Hail, my Sirmio, the lovely, greet your master
and be gay;
Greet him, all ye Lydian billows, plashing up
the sands at play—
With your laughter greet Catullus, back
again with you to-day.

—WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.

NUPTIAL SONG

Youths. Lo, Hesper is at hand! Rise,
youths! His light
Expected long now harbingers the night.
'Tis time to quit the feast. We must away.
Swell high with me the hymeneal lay.
Anon the virgin comes in blushes by. 5
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, be thou nigh!

Maidens. Mark you the youths? Rise up,
rise up, each maid!
Already hath the evening star displayed
In the dim welkin his Cœtan flame.
Mark you their nimbleness? Then know
their aim!
Anon they'll sing a lay we must outvie. 10
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, be thou nigh!

Y. No easy triumph, comrades, shall we
gain.
See how the maids are practising their
strain!
Nor vainly so. With undivided care
Their task is wrought—what marvel, if 'tis
fair? 15
Whilst we, who labor with distracted wit,
Are like to lose the palm, and so 'tis fit,
Bestowing here our voice and there our ear.
Well studied work to victory is dear—
Pains undivided, toil that will not tire; 20
Then kindle to your task with answering fire!
Anon they will begin; we must reply.
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, be thou nigh!

Y. Say, Hesper, say, what fire of all that
shine
In Heaven's great vault more cruel is than
thine? 25
Who from the mother's arms her child can
tear—
The child that clasps her mother in despair;

And to the youth, whose blood is all aflame,
Consigns the virgin sinking in her shame!
When towns are sacked, what cruelty more
drear? 30
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, Hymen, hear!

Y. Say, Hesper, say, what fire of all that
shine
In Heaven's great vault more jocund is than
thine?
Who with thy flame dost ratify the bond
Of wedlock-troth first vowed by lovers fond,
By parents vowed, but consummated ne'er, 36
Until thy star hath risen upon the air?
What choicer hour sends heaven our life to
cheer?
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, Hymen, hear!

M. Woe, my companions, woe, that Hesper
thus 40
Hath reft the fairest of our mates from us!
Why were we heedless of thy coming—why?
For most it fits to watch, when thou art nigh.
To stolen delights by night the lover hies,
And him wilt thou, oh Hesper, oft surprise, 45
When thou in other name dost reappear.
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, Hymen, hear!

Y. Heed not the railing of the virgin
choir!
They joy to chide thee with fictitious ire. 50
How, if within their secret soul they long
For what they so vituperate in song?
Then to their chiding turn a heedless ear.
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, draw thou near!

M. As in a garden grows some floweret
fair, 55
Safe from the flocks, safe from the plough-
man's share,
Nursed by the sun, by gentle breezes fanned,
Fed by the showers, admired on every hand,
There as it coyly blossoms in the shade,
Desired by many a youth, by many a maid; 60
But pluck that flower, its witchery is o'er,
And neither youth nor maid desires it more.
So is the virgin prized, endeared as much,
Whilst yet unsullied by a lover's touch;
But if she lose her chaste and virgin flower,
Her beauty's bloom is blighted in an hour: 66
To youths no more, no more to maidens dear.
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, be thou near!

Y. As grows a widowed vine in open fields,
It hangs its head, no mellow clusters
yields; 70
So droops the fragile stem, its topmost shoot
With nerveless tendril hangs about its root;

That vine no husbandman nor rustic swain
Hath cared to tend or cultivate or train;
But if by happier chance that self-same
vine 75

Around a husband elm its tendrils twine,
Then many a husbandman and rustic swain
Its shoots will tend and cultivate and train.
Even such the virgin, and unprized as much,
That fades, untended by a lover's touch; 80
But when, in fulness of her maiden pride,
Some fitting mate has won her for his bride,
She's loved as never was she loved before,
And parents bless her and are stern no more.

Y. and M. Then spurn not, oh ye virgins,
such a groom! 85

Unmeet it is to spurn the man to whom
Thy father gave thee, and thy mother
too;

For unto them is thy obedience due.
Not wholly thine is thy virginity;
Thy parents own some part of it in thee. 90
One third thy father's is by right divine,
One third thy mother's; one alone is thine.
Then war not with these twain, who with thy
dower

Have given their son-in-law their rights and
power.

Come! to the bridal-chamber hence-away! 95
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, bless our rites to-
day!

—THEODORE MARTIN.

GAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR (100?-44 B.C.)

Cæsar, one of the few Roman-born Latin authors, was of old patrician stock but with leanings toward the popular and opposition party in politics. He was a man of much spirit, attractive, ambitious, resolute, energetic, and fearless, capable of great highmindedness, but also of egotism, unscrupulousness, and cruelty. As a general, his striking qualities were resourcefulness, decisiveness, and rapidity; as a statesman, impatience with the old régime, which he finally thrust aside in the civil war of 49-45, vision, executive capacity, and autocratic but clement disposition. As an author, he is represented by the seven books of *Commentaries* on the Gallic Wars, the three on the Civil War, and a few crisp and exceedingly interesting letters preserved in the Cicero collections. The *Commentaries* cover the period 58-52, and were at the same time the record of events momentous in the history of civilization, and a defense against possible enemies at Rome. Their diction is of the purest, their style plain, perfectly disciplined, and mathematically accurate even when intricate, their narrative and description fascinating to the student or traveler in Switzerland, France, and Belgium, and their characterizations, direct and incidental, of great human interest.

The translation, by H. J. Edwards, is here used with the consent of the Loeb Classical Library.

THE GALLIC WARS

THE NERVII

Upon this information Cæsar sent forward scouts and centurions to choose a fit place for the camp. Now a considerable number of the surrendered Belgæ and of the other Gauls were in the train of Cæsar and marched with him; and certain of these, as was afterwards learned from prisoners, having remarked the usual order of our army's march during those days, came by night to the Nervii and showed to them that between legion and legion a great quantity of baggage was interposed, and that it was an easy matter, when the first legion had reached camp and the rest were a great space away, to attack it while it was in heavy marching order; if it were driven back, and the baggage plundered, the rest would not dare to withstand. The plan proposed by those who brought the information was further assisted by an ancient practice of the Nervii. Having no strength in cavalry (for even to this day they care naught for that service, but all their power lies in the strength of their infantry), the easier to hamper the cavalry of their neighbors, whenever these made a raid on them, they cut into young saplings and

bent them over, and thus by the thick horizontal growth of boughs, and by intertwining with them brambles and thorns, they contrived that these wall-like hedges should serve them as fortifications which not only could not be penetrated, but not even seen through. As the route of our column was hampered by these abatis, the Nervii considered that the proposed plan should be tried.

The character of the ground selected by our officers for the camp was as follows. There was a hill, inclining with uniform slope from its top to the river Sambre above mentioned. From the river-side there rose another hill of like slope, over against and confronting the other, open for about two hundred paces at its base, wooded in its upper half, so that it could not easily be seen through from without. Within those woods the enemy kept themselves in hiding. On open ground along the river a few cavalry posts were to be seen. The depth of the river was about three feet.

Cæsar had sent on the cavalry, and was following up with all his forces; but the arrangement and order of the column was different from the report given by the Belgæ to the Nervii. For, as he was approaching an enemy, Cæsar, according to his custom, was moving with six legions in light field order; after them he had

placed the baggage of the whole army; then the two legions which had been last enrolled brought up the rear of the whole column and formed the baggage-guard. Our cavalry crossed the river along with the slingers and archers, and engaged the enemy's horsemen. The latter retired repeatedly upon their comrades in the woods, and issuing thence, again charged our men; nor did our men dare to follow in pursuit farther than the extent of level open ground. Meanwhile the six legions first to arrive measured out the work, and began to entrench camp. The moment that the first baggage-detachments of our army were seen by the enemy, who were lurking hidden in the woods—the moment agreed upon among them for joining battle—they suddenly dashed forth in full force, having already in the woods ordered their line in regular ranks and encouraged one another for the conflict; and so charged down upon our cavalry. These were easily beaten and thrown into disorder, and with incredible speed the enemy rushed down to the river, so that almost at the same moment they were seen at the edge of the woods, in the river, and then at close quarters. Then with the same speed they hastened up-hill against our camp and the troops engaged in entrenching it.

Cæsar had everything to do at one moment—the flag to raise, as signal of a general call to arms; the trumpet-call to sound; the troops to recall from entrenching; the men to bring in who had gone somewhat farther afield in search of stuff for the camp; the line to form; the troops to harangue; the signal to give. A great part of these duties was prevented by the shortness of the time and the advance of the enemy. The stress of the moment was relieved by two things: the knowledge and experience of the troops—for their training in previous battles enabled them to appoint for themselves what was proper to be done as readily as others could have shown them—and the fact that Cæsar had forbidden the several lieutenant-generals to leave the entrenching and their proper legions until the camp was fortified. These generals, seeing the nearness and the speed of the enemy, waited no more for a command from Cæsar, but took on their own account what steps seemed to them proper.

Cæsar gave the necessary commands, and then ran down in a chance direction to

harangue the troops, and came to the Tenth Legion. His harangue to the troops was no more than a charge to bear in mind their ancient valor, to be free from alarm, and bravely to withstand the onslaught of the enemy; then, as the enemy were no farther off than the range of a missile, he gave the signal to engage. . . .

This engagement brought the name and nation of the Nervii almost to utter destruction. Upon report of the battle, the older men, who, as above mentioned, had been gathered with the women and children in the creeks and marshes, supposed that there was nothing to hinder the victors, nothing to save the vanquished; and so, with the consent of all the survivors, they sent deputies to Cæsar and surrendered to him. In relating the disaster which had come upon their state, they declared that from six hundred senators they had been reduced to three, and from sixty thousand to barely five hundred that could bear arms. To show himself merciful towards their pitiful suppliance, Cæsar was most careful for their preservation; he bade them keep their own territory and towns, and commanded their neighbors to restrain themselves and their dependents from outrage and injury.

THE FIRST INVASION OF BRITAIN

These arrangements made, he caught a spell of fair weather for sailing, and weighed anchor about the third watch: he ordered the cavalry to proceed to the further harbor, embark, and follow him. They took somewhat too long to despatch the business; he himself reached Britain about the fourth hour of the day, and there beheld the armed forces of the enemy displayed on all the cliffs. Such was the nature of the ground, so steep the heights which banked the sea, that a missile could be hurled from the higher levels on to the shore. Thinking this place to be by no means suitable for disembarkation, he waited at anchor till the ninth hour for the rest of the flotilla to assemble there. Meanwhile he summoned together the lieutenant-generals and tribunes, to inform them what he had learnt from Volusenus, and what he wished to be done; and he warned them that, to meet the requirements of tactics and particularly of navigation—with its liability to movements as rapid as they were irregular—they must do everything

in the nick of time at a hint from him. He then dismissed them; and catching at one and the same moment a favorable wind and tide, he gave the signal, and weighed anchor, and moving on about seven miles from that spot, he grounded his ships where the shore was even and open.

The natives, however, perceived the design of the Romans. So they sent forward their cavalry and charioteers—an arm which it is their regular custom to employ in fights—and following up with the rest of their forces, they sought to prevent our troops from disembarking. Disembarkation was a matter of extreme difficulty, for the following reasons. The ships, on account of their size, could not be run ashore, except in deep water; the troops—though they did not know the ground, had not their hands free, and were loaded with the great and grievous weight of their arms—had nevertheless at one and the same time to leap down from the vessels, to stand firm in the waves, and to fight the enemy. The enemy, on the other hand, had all their limbs free, and knew the ground exceeding well; and either standing on dry land or advancing a little way into the water, they boldly hurled their missiles, or spurred on their horses, which were trained to it. Frightened by all this, and wholly inexperienced in this sort of fighting, our troops did not press on with the same fire and force as they were accustomed to show in land engagements.

When Cæsar remarked this, he commanded the ships of war (which were less familiar in appearance to the natives, and could move more freely at need) to remove a little from the transports, to row at speed, and to bring up on the exposed flank of the enemy; and thence to drive and clear them off with slings, arrows, and artillery. The movement proved of great service to our troops; for the natives, frightened by the shape of the ships, the motion of the oars, and the unfamiliar type of the artillery, came to a halt, and retired, but only for a little space. And then, while our troops still hung back, chiefly on account of the depth of the sea, the eagle-bearer of the Tenth Legion, after a prayer to heaven to bless the legion by his act, cried: 'Leap down, soldiers, unless you wish to betray your eagle to the enemy; it shall be told that I at any rate did my duty to my country and my general.' When he had said this with a loud voice,

he cast himself forth from the ship, and began to bear the eagle against the enemy. Then our troops exhorted one another not to allow so dire a disgrace, and leapt down from the ship with one accord. And when the troops on the nearest ships saw them, they likewise followed on, and drew near to the enemy. . . .

Peace was thus established. Four days after the arrival in Britain the eighteen ships above mentioned, which had embarked the cavalry, weighed anchor, in a gentle breeze, from the upper port. When they were nearing Britain, and in view of the camp, so fierce a storm suddenly arose that none of them could hold on its course; some were carried back to the self-same port whence they had started, others were driven away, with great peril to themselves, to the lower, that is, to the more westerly, part of the island. None the less, they cast anchor; but when they began to fill with the waves they were obliged to stand out to sea in a night of foul weather, and made for the Continent.

That same night, as it chanced, the moon was full, the day of the month which usually makes the highest tides in the Ocean, a fact unknown to our men. Therefore the tide was found to have filled the warships, in which Cæsar had caused his army to be conveyed across, and which he had drawn up on dry land; and at the same time the storm was buffeting the transports which were made fast to anchors. Nor had our troops any chance of handling them or helping. Several ships went to pieces; and the others, by loss of cordage, anchors, and the rest of their tackle, were rendered useless for sailing. This, as was inevitable, caused great dismay throughout the army. For there were no other ships to carry them back; everything needful for the repair of ships was lacking. . . .

Their manner of fighting from chariots is as follows. First of all they drive in all directions and hurl missiles, and so by the mere terror that the teams inspire and by the noise of the wheels they generally throw ranks into confusion. When they have worked their way in between the troops of cavalry, they leap down from the chariots and fight on foot. Meanwhile the charioteers retire gradually from the combat, and dispose the chariots in such fashion that, if the warriors are hard pressed by the host of the enemy, they may

have a ready means of retirement to their own side. Thus they show in action the mobility of cavalry and the stability of infantry; and by daily use and practice they become so accomplished that they are ready to gallop their teams down the steepest of slopes without loss of control, to check and turn them in a moment, to run along the pole, stand on the yoke, and then, quick as lightning, to dart back into the chariot.

When our troops were thrown into confusion in this fashion by the novel character of the fighting, Cæsar brought assistance in the very nick of time; for his arrival caused the enemy to halt, and enabled our men to recover from their fear. This done, he deemed the moment unsuitable for provoking and engaging in a combat; he therefore stood to his own ground and, after a brief interval, led the legions back to camp. In the course of these events all our troops were busily occupied, and the natives who remained in the fields withdrew. Then for several days on end storms ensued, severe enough to keep our men in camp and to prevent the enemy from fighting. Meanwhile the natives despatched messengers in every direction, to tell of the scanty numbers of our troops and to show how great a chance was given of getting booty and of liberating themselves for ever by driving the Romans out of their camp. By this means they speedily collected a great host of footmen and horsemen, and came on towards the camp.

ALESIA AND VERCINGETORIX

The actual stronghold of Alesia was set atop of a hill, in a very lofty situation, apparently impregnable save by blockade. The bases of the hill were washed on two separate sides by rivers. Before the town a plain extended for a length of about three miles; on all the other sides there were hills surrounding the town at a short distance, and equal to it in height. Under the wall, on the side which looked eastward, the forces of the Gauls had entirely occupied all this intervening space, and had made in front a ditch and a rough wall six feet high. The perimeter of the siege-works which the Romans were beginning had a length of eleven miles. Camps had been pitched at convenient spots, and three-and-twenty forts had been constructed on the line. In these piquets

would be posted by day to prevent any sudden sortie; by night the same stations were held by sentries and strong garrisons. . . .

Vercingetorix now made up his mind to send away all his horsemen by night before the Romans could complete their entrenchments. His parting instructions were that each of them should proceed to his own state and impress for the campaign all men whose age allowed them to bear arms. He set forth his own claims upon them, and adjured them to have regard for his personal safety, and not to surrender to the torture of the enemy one who had done sterling service for the general liberty. He showed them that if they proved indifferent eighty thousand chosen men were doomed to perish with him. He had calculated that he had corn in short rations for thirty days, but that by economy he could hold out just a little longer. After giving these instructions he sent the horsemen silently away in the second watch, at a point where a gap was left in our works. He ordered all the corn to be brought to his headquarters; he appointed death as the penalty for any disobedience of the order; the cattle, of which great store had been driven together by the Mandubii, he distributed man by man; he arranged that the corn should be measured out sparingly and gradually; he withdrew into the town all the force which he had posted in front of it. By such measures did he prepare for the conduct of the campaign, in anticipation of the succors from Gaul.

Cæsar had report of this from deserters and prisoners, and determined on the following types of entrenchments. He dug a trench twenty feet wide with perpendicular sides, in such fashion that the bottom thereof was just as broad as the distance from edge to edge at the surface. He set back the rest of the siege-works four hundred paces from the trench; for as he had of necessity included so large an area, and the whole of the works could not be easily manned by a ring-fence of troops, his intention was to provide against any sudden rush of the enemy's host by night upon the entrenchments, or any chance of directing their missiles by day upon our troops engaged on the works. Behind this interval he dug all around two trenches, fifteen feet broad, and of equal depth; and the inner one, where the ground was level

with the plain or sank below it, he filled with water diverted from the river. Behind the trenches he constructed a ramp and palisade twelve feet high; to this he added a breastwork and battlements, with large fraises projecting at the junctions of screens and ramp, to check the upward advance of the enemy; and all round the works he set turrets at intervals of eighty feet.

As it was necessary that at one and the same time timber and corn should be procured, and lines of such extent constructed, our forces, having to proceed to a considerable distance from camp, were reduced in number; and sometimes the Gauls would try to make an attempt upon our works by a sortie in force from several gates of the town. Cæsar, therefore, thought proper to make a further addition to these works, in order that the lines might be defensible by a smaller number of troops. Accordingly, trunks or very stout branches of trees were cut, and the tops thereof barked and sharpened and continuous trenches five feet deep were dug. Into these the stumps were sunk and fastened at the bottom so that they could not be torn up, while the bough-ends were left projecting. They were in rows of five fastened and entangled together, and any one who pushed into them must impale himself on the sharpest of stakes. These were called 'markers.' In front of these, in diagonal rows arranged like a figure of five, pits three feet deep were dug, sloping inwards slightly to the bottom. In these, tapering stakes as thick as a man's thigh, sharpened at the top and fire-hardened, were sunk so as to project no more than four fingers' breadth from the ground; at the same time, to make all strong and firm, the earth was trodden down hard for one foot from the bottom, and the remainder of the pit was covered over with twigs and brushwood to conceal the trap. Eight rows of this kind were dug, three feet apart. From its resem-

blance to the flower the device was called a 'lily.' In front of all these, logs a foot long, with iron hooks firmly attached, were buried altogether in the ground and scattered at brief intervals all over the field, and these were called 'spurs.'

When all these arrangements had been completed Cæsar constructed parallel entrenchments of the same kind facing the other way, against the enemy outside, following the most favorable ground that the locality afforded, with a circuit of fourteen miles. This he did to secure the garri- sons of the entrenchments from being sur- rounded by a host, however large it might chance to be. . . .

On the morrow Vercingetorix summoned a council, at which he stated that he had undertaken that campaign, not for his own occasions, but for the general liberty; and as they must yield to fortune he offered himself to them for whichever course they pleased—to give satisfaction to the Romans by his death, or to deliver him alive. Deputies were despatched to Cæsar to treat of this matter. He ordered the arms to be delivered up, the chiefs to be brought out. He himself took his seat in the entrenchments in front of the camp; the leaders were brought out to him there. Vercingetorix was surrendered, arms were thrown down. Keeping back the Ædui and the Arverni, to see if through them he could recover their states, he distributed the rest of the prisoners, one apiece to each man throughout the army, by way of plunder.

When these affairs were settled he started for the country of the Ædui and recovered the state. The Arverni sent deputies to him there who promised to carry out his commands: he required of them a great number of hostages. He sent the legions into cantonments. . . . He himself decided to winter at Bibracte. When the despatches of the campaign were published at Rome a public thanksgiving of twenty days was granted.

GAIUS SALLUSTIUS CRISPUS (86-35 B.C.)

Sallust of Amiternum, seventy-two miles north of Rome in the Apennines, was tribune in 52, engaged in the political quarrels of the time, was removed from the senate in 50 on the ground of dissoluteness, supported Cæsar in the civil war and regained his standing, served in Illyricum and Numidia, and was pro-consul of the latter in its erection into a province. The nine years before his death he spent in the luxurious and celebrated gardens in the northern part of the city which were known by his name, occupying part of his leisure in composing *The Conspiracy of Catiline*, *The Jugurthine War*, and a history covering the decade after Sulla's death in 78. The first two survive. Sallust is the first Roman historian as distinguished from the chroniclers of events by years called annalists, whose method is still employed by Cæsar, though properly and perhaps inevitably because of the nature of the subject. His two monographs are not free from the manipulation of fact for political purposes, they sometimes offend with the preachiness of the reformed rake, and contain mannerisms; but their pages, alive with telling characterization and moving event, their philosophic interpretations of the times, and the terseness, energy, and rapidity of their style make them remarkable examples of history as literary art. Sallust's model was Thucydides, but he fell short of the Greek both in philosophic grasp and in style.

THE CONSPIRACY OF CATILINE

Lucius Catiline was a man of noble birth, and of eminent mental and personal endowments; but of a vicious and depraved disposition. His delight, from his youth, had been in civil commotions, bloodshed, robbery, and sedition; and in such scenes he had spent his early years. His constitution could endure hunger, want of sleep, 10 and cold, to a degree surpassing belief. His mind was daring, subtle, and versatile, capable of pretending or dissembling whatever he wished. He was covetous of other men's property, and prodigal of his own. 15 He had abundance of eloquence, though but little wisdom. His insatiable ambition was always pursuing objects extravagant, romantic, and unattainable.

Since the time of Sylla's dictatorship, a 20 strong desire of seizing the government possessed him, nor did he at all care, provided that he secured power for himself, by what means he might arrive at it. His violent spirit was daily more and more 25 hurried on by the diminution of his patrimony, and by his consciousness of guilt; both which evils he had increased by those practices which I have mentioned above. The corrupt morals of the state, too, which 30 extravagance and selfishness, pernicious and contending vices, rendered thoroughly

depraved, furnished him with additional incentives to action. . . .

There were some, at that time, who said that Catiline, having ended his 5 speech, and wishing to bind his accomplices in guilt by an oath, handed round among them, in goblets, the blood of a human body mixed with wine; and that when all, after an imprecation, had tasted 10 of it, as is usual in sacred rites, he disclosed his design; and they asserted that he did this, in order that they might be the more closely attached to one another, by being mutually conscious of such an 15 atrocity. But some thought that this report, and many others, were invented by persons who supposed that the odium against Cicero, which afterwards arose, might be lessened by imputing an enormity 20 of guilt to the conspirators who had suffered death. The evidence which I have obtained, in support of this charge, is not at all in proportion to its magnitude. . . .

Fulvia, having learned the cause of his 25 extravagant behavior, did not keep such danger to the state a secret; but, without naming her informant, communicated to several persons what she had heard, and under what circumstances, concerning Catiline's conspiracy. This intelligence it 30 was that incited the feelings of the citizens to give the consulship to Marcus Tullius

Cicero. For before this period, most of the nobility were moved with jealousy, and thought the consulship in some degree sullied, if a man of no family, however meritorious, obtained it. But when danger showed itself, envy and pride were laid aside.

Accordingly, when the comitia were held, Marcus Tullius and Caius Antonius were declared consuls; an event which gave the first shock to the conspirators. The ardor of Catiline, however, was not at all diminished; he formed every day new schemes; he deposited arms, in convenient places, throughout Italy; he sent sums of money, borrowed on his own credit, or that of his friends, to a certain Manlius, at Fæsulæ, who was subsequently the first to engage in hostilities. At this period, too, he is said to have attached to his cause great numbers of men of all classes, and some women, who had, in their earlier days, supported an expensive life by the price of their beauty, but who, when age had lessened their gains but not their extravagance, had contracted heavy debts. By the influence of these females, Catiline hoped to gain over the slaves in Rome, to get the city set on fire, and either to secure the support of their husbands or take away their lives. . . . At last, with a view to dissemble, and under pretense of clearing his character, as if he had been provoked by some attack, he walked into the senate-house. It was then that Marcus Tullius, the consul, whether alarmed at his presence, or fired with indignation against him, delivered that splendid speech, so beneficial to the republic, which he afterwards wrote and published.

When Cicero sat down, Catiline, being prepared to pretend ignorance of the whole matter, intreated, with downcast looks and suppliant voice, that 'the Conscript Fathers would not too hastily believe anything against him,' saying 'that he was sprung from such a family, and had so ordered his life from his youth, as to have every happiness in prospect; and that they were not to suppose that he, a patrician, whose services to the Roman people, as well as those of his ancestors, had been so numerous, should want to ruin the state, when Marcus Tullius, a mere adopted citizen of Rome, was eager to preserve it.' When he was proceeding to add other invectives, they all raised an outcry against him, and called him an enemy and a traitor. Being

thus exasperated, 'Since I am encompassed by enemies,' he exclaimed, 'and driven to desperation, I will extinguish the flame kindled around me in a general ruin.'

He then hurried from the senate to his own house; and then, after much reflection with himself, thinking that, as his plots against the consul had been unsuccessful, and as he knew the city to be secured from fire by the watch, his best course would be to augment his army, and make provision for the war before the legions could be raised, he set out in the dead of night, and with a few attendants, to the camp of Manlius. . . . Matters having proceeded thus far, and a night being appointed for the departure of the deputies, Cicero, being by them made acquainted with everything, directed the prætors, Lucius Valerius Flaccus and Caius Pomtinus, to arrest the retinue of the Allobroges, by lying in wait for them on the Milvian Bridge; he gave them a full explanation of the object with which they were sent, and left them to manage the rest as occasion might require. Being military men, they placed a force, as had been directed, without disturbance, and secretly invested the bridge; when the deputies, with Volturcius, came to the place, and a shout was raised from each side of the bridge, the Gauls, at once comprehending the matter, surrendered themselves immediately to the prætors. Volturcius, at first, encouraging his companions, defended himself against numbers with his sword; but afterwards, being unsupported by the Allobroges, he began earnestly to beg Pomtinus, to whom he was known, to save his life, and at last, terrified and despairing of safety, he surrendered himself to the prætors as unconditionally as to foreign enemies.

The affair being thus concluded, a full account of it was immediately transmitted to the consul by messengers. Great anxiety and great joy affected him at the same moment. He rejoiced that, by the discovery of the conspiracy, the state was freed from danger; but he was doubtful how he ought to act, when citizens of such eminence were detected in treason so atrocious. He saw that their punishment would be a weight upon himself, and their escape the destruction of the Commonwealth. . . .

Their birth, age, and eloquence, were nearly on an equality; their greatness of mind similar, as was also their reputation,

though attained by different means. Cæsar grew eminent by generosity and munificence; Cato by the integrity of his life. Cæsar was esteemed for his humanity and benevolence; austereness had given dignity to Cato. Cæsar acquired renown by giving, relieving, and pardoning; Cato by bestowing nothing. In Cæsar, there was a refuge for the unfortunate; in Cato, destruction for the bad. In Cæsar, his easiness of temper was admired; in Cato, his firmness. Cæsar, in fine, had applied himself to a life of energy and activity; intent upon the interests of his friends, he was neglectful of his own; he refused nothing to others that was worthy of acceptance, while for himself he desired great power, the command of an army, and a new war in which his talents might be displayed. But Cato's ambition was that of temperance, discretion, and, above all, of austerity; he did not contend in splendor with the rich, or in faction with the seditious, but with the brave in fortitude, with the modest in simplicity, with the temperate in abstinence; he was more desirous to be, than to appear, virtuous; and thus, the less he courted popularity, the more it pursued him.

When the senate, as I have stated, had gone over to the opinion of Cato, the consul, thinking it best not to wait till night, which was coming on, lest any new attempts should be made during the interval, ordered the triumvirs to make such preparations as the execution of the conspirators required. He himself, having posted the necessary guards, conducted Lentulus to the prison; and the same office was performed for the rest by the prætors.

There is a place in the prison, which is called the Tullian dungeon, and which, after a slight ascent to the left, is sunk about twelve feet under ground. Walls secure it on every side, and over it is a vaulted roof connected with stone arches;

but its appearance is disgusting and horrible, by reason of the filth, darkness, and stench. When Lentulus had been let down into this place, certain men, to whom orders had been given, strangled him with a cord. Thus this patrician, who was of the illustrious family of the Cornelii, and who had filled the office of consul at Rome, met with an end suited to his character and conduct. On Cethegus, Statilius, Gabinius, and Cœparius, punishment was inflicted in a similar manner. . . .

When the battle was over, it was plainly seen what boldness, and what energy of spirit, had prevailed throughout the army of Catiline; for, almost everywhere, every soldier, after yielding up his breath, covered with his corpse the spot which he had occupied when alive. A few, indeed, whom the prætorian cohort had dispersed, had fallen somewhat differently, but all with wounds in front. Catiline himself was found, far in advance of his men, among the dead bodies of the enemy; he was not quite breathless, and still expressed in his countenance the fierceness of spirit which he had shown during his life. Of his whole army, neither in the battle, nor in flight, was any free-born citizen made prisoner, for they had spared their own lives no more than those of the enemy.

Nor did the army of the Roman people obtain a joyful or bloodless victory; for all their bravest men were either killed in the battle, or left the field severely wounded.

Of many who went from the camp to view the ground, or plunder the slain, some, in turning over the bodies of the enemy, discovered a friend, others an acquaintance, others a relative; some, too, recognized their enemies. Thus, gladness and sorrow, grief and joy, were variously felt throughout the whole army.

—J. S. WATSON.

V. THE AUGUSTAN AGE (43 B.C.-A.D. 14)

PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO (70-19 B.C.)

Virgil's life fell in a period of great moment, and was actively affected by the fortunes of the time. He passed its first twenty-nine years on the estate of his peasant father at Andes, near Mantua, probably for the most part in thoughtful study. Meanwhile, Pompey, Cicero, and Cæsar had fretted their hour and met their tragic ends, and Antony and Augustus after Philippi had begun the new drama of the Empire. Virgil first felt the actualities of the conflict when in 41 he was deprived of his lands in the interest of Antony's veterans. Reinstated in them, introduced by the statesman Mæcenæ to the attention of Augustus, persuaded by association and by event of the inevitability and rightness of the change through which the state was passing, he became the friend and supporter of the emperor, and by reason of vision, feeling, and the gift of expression the prophet and poet of Italy and Rome. The *Eclogues*, or *Pastorals*, written from his twenty-seventh to thirty-third year, are Theocritean imitations which in spite of artificialities are full of the warmth and beauty of Italy. The *Georgics*, written during the next seven years and reminiscent mainly of Hesiod, consist of four finished books on the raising of crops, the care of trees and vines, of cattle, and of bees, with their practical directions often glorified by poetry, and the whole made golden by patriotic, religious, and literary sensibility. The *Æneid*, occupying the last eleven years of the poet's life and regarded by him at his death as needing three years more, is the great national poem of ancient Rome. Over a century had passed since the rapid period of expansion had ended which made the Mediterranean a Roman lake. The times had been marked by abuse and mistake abroad and dissension at home as the city-state of Rome struggled with the difficulties of ruling its vast, diverse, and too suddenly acquired territorial possessions, and of preserving peace and the constitution in the midst of the social and civic antagonisms of a citizenry grown great in numbers and diversity of interests. When the century of civil conflict and anarchy terminated, and the conviction came that the empire was a unit and the state secure, the belief, already long in existence, that Rome was divinely appointed to the mission of uniting the world in the blessings of civilization, was deepened into faith. The grave and stately epic of Virgil, with its story of Æneas, the man of Destiny, under divine direction founding the Latin state, with its glorification of the achievements of Roman arms and the Roman virtues, and with its prophecy of Rome the just, the merciful, the benevolent benefactress of all mankind, not only gave lofty expression to this faith, but at the same time so amplified the ideal and made its outlines clear as to play a creative part in molding the actual character of emperor and state.

The *Æneid* as compared with its great Homeric forerunners is a literary or art epic rather than a natural or folk epic. Its ornament is often conscious, and it is frequently weighted with learning. It is always beautiful, but with the beauty of cultivated thought, feeling, and expression. It must not be judged by the Homeric standard. Homer's epic is a stuff of simple, genuine, yielding texture, whose ornament is inherent; the *Æneid* is a stately brocade of calculated pattern, rich with embroidered gold and silver and gems.

The translation is John Dryden's.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL

Sicilian Muse, begin a loftier strain!
Tho' lowly shrubs, and trees that shade the
plain,
Delight not all; Sicilian Muse, prepare
To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's
care.
The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,

Renews its finished course: Saturnian times
Roll round again; and mighty years, begun
From their first orb, in radiant circles run.
The base degenerate iron offspring ends;
A golden progeny from heaven descends. 10
O chaste Lucina, speed the mother's pains,
And haste the glorious birth! thy own Apollo
reigns!
The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,

Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace;
Majestic months set out with him to their appointed race.

The father banished virtue shall restore,
And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.

The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.

The jarring nations he in peace shall bind, ²⁰
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.

Unbidden Earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
And fragrant herbs (the promises of spring),
As her first offerings to her infant king.

The goats with strutting dugs shall homeward speed,

And lowing herds secure from lions feed.
His cradle shall with rising flowers be crowned:

The serpent's brood shall die; the sacred ground

Shall weeds and poisonous plants refuse to bear; ²⁹

Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.
But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,
And form it to hereditary praise,
Unlabored harvests shall the fields adorn,
And clustered grapes shall blush on every thorn;

The knotted oaks shall showers of honey weep,
And thro' the matted grass the liquid gold shall creep.

Yet of old fraud some footsteps shall remain:

The merchant still shall plow the deep for gain;

Great cities shall with walls be compassed round,

And sharpened shares shall vex the fruitful ground; ⁴⁰

Another Tiphys shall new seas explore;
Another Argo land the chiefs upon the Iberian shore;

Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
But when to ripened manhood he shall grow,
The greedy sailor shall the seas forego;
No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware,
For every soil shall every product bear.
The laboring hind his oxen shall disjoin;
No plow shall hurt the glebe, no pruning hook the vine; ⁵⁰

Nor wool shall in dissembled colors shine.
But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple, or unborrowed gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat;

And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall bleat.
The Fates, when they this happy web have spun,

Shall bless the sacred clew, and bid it smoothly run.

Mature in years, to ready honors move,
O of celestial seed! O foster son of Jove!
See, laboring Nature calls thee to sustain ⁶⁰
The nodding frame of heaven, and earth, and main!

See to their base restored, earth, seas, and air;

And joyful ages, from behind, in crowding ranks appear.

To sing thy praise, would Heaven my breath prolong,

Infusing spirits worthy such a song,
Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays,

Nor Linus crowned with never-fading bays;
Tho' each his heavenly parent should inspire;
The Muse instruct the voice, and Phœbus tune the lyre.

Should Pan contend in verse, and thou my theme, ⁷⁰

Arcadian judges should their god condemn.
Begin, auspicious boy, to cast about

Thy infant eyes, and, with a smile, thy mother single out:

Thy mother well deserves that short delight,
The nauseous qualms of ten long months and travel to requite.

Then smile: the frowning infant's doom is read;

No god shall crown the board, nor goddess bless the bed.

THE SEVENTH PASTORAL

Beneath a holm repaired two jolly swains
(Their sheep and goats together grazed the plains),

Both young Arcadians, both alike inspired
To sing, and answer as the song required.
Daphnis, as umpire, took the middle seat,
And fortune thither led my weary feet;
For, while I fenced my myrtles from the cold,
The father of my flock had wandered from the fold.

Of Daphnis I enquired: he, smiling, said:
'Dismiss your fear;' and pointed where he fed; ¹⁰

'And, if no greater cares disturb your mind,
Sit here with us, in covert of the wind.
Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
At watering time will seek the neighboring ford.

Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads,
And shades his happy banks with bending
reeds.

And see, from yon old oak that mates the
skies,
How black the clouds of swarming bees
arise.'

What should I do! Nor was Alcippe nigh,
Nor absent Phyllis could my care supply, ²⁰
To house, and feed by hand my weaning
lambs,

And drain the strutting udders of their dams.
Great was the strife betwixt the singing
swains;

And I preferred my pleasure to my gains.
Alternate rhyme the ready champions chose:
These Corydon rehearsed, and Thyrsis those.

Corydon. Ye Muses, ever fair, and ever
young,

Assist my numbers, and inspire my song.
With all my Codrus, O inspire my breast!
For Codrus, after Phœbus, sings the best. ³⁰
Or, if my wishes have presum'd too high,
And stretched their bounds beyond mortality,
The praise of artful numbers I resign,
And hang my pipe upon the sacred pine.

Thyrsis. Arcadian swains, your youthful
poet crown

With ivy wreaths; tho' surly Codrus frown:
Or, if he blast my Muse with envious praise,
Then fence my brows with amulets of bays,
Lest his ill arts, or his malicious tongue, ³⁹
Should poison, or bewitch my growing song.

C. These branches of a stag, this tusk
boar

(The first essay of arms untried before)
Young Micon offers, Delia, to thy shrine:
But speed his hunting with thy power di-
vine;

Thy statue then of Parian stone shall stand;
Thy legs in buskins with a purple band.

T. This bowl of milk, these cakes (our
country fare),

For thee, Priapus, yearly we prepare,
Because a little garden is thy care;
But, if the falling lambs increase my fold,
Thy marble statue shall be turned to gold. ⁵¹

C. Fair Galatea, with thy silver feet,
O, whiter than the swan, and more than
Hybla sweet,

Tall as a poplar, taper as the bole,
Come, charm thy shepherd, and restore my
soul!

Come, when my lated sheep at night return,
And crown the silent hours, and stop the
rosy morn!

T. May I become as abject in thy sight
As seaweed on the shore, and black as night;
Rough as a bur; deformed like him who
chaws ⁶⁰

Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws;
Such and so monstrous let thy swain appear,
If one day's absence looks not like a year.
Hence from the field, for shame: the flock
deserves

No better feeding while the shepherd starves.

C. Ye mossy springs, inviting easy sleep,
Ye trees, whose leafy shades those mossy
fountains keep,

Defend my flock! The summer heats are
near,

And blossoms on the swelling vines appear.

T. With heapy fires our cheerful hearth is
crowned; ⁷⁰

And firs for torches in the woods abound:
We fear not more the winds and wintry cold,
Than streams the banks, or wolves the bleat-
ing fold.

C. Our woods, with juniper and chestnuts
crowned,

With falling fruits and berries paint the
ground;

And lavish Nature laughs, and strows her
stores around:

But, if Alexis from our mountains fly,
Even running rivers leave their channels dry.

T. Parched are the plains, and frying is
the field,

Nor withering vines their juicy vintage yield;
But, if returning Phyllis bless the plain, ⁸¹
The grass revives, the woods are green again,
And Jove descends in showers of kindly rain.

C. The poplar is by great Alcides worn;
The brows of Phœbus his own bays adorn;
The branching vine the jolly Bacchus loves;
The Cyprian queen delights in myrtle groves;
With hazel Phyllis crowns her flowing hair;
And, while she loves that common wreath to
wear,

Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazel shall
compare. ⁹⁰

T. The towering ash is fairest in the
woods;

In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods:

But, if my Lycidas will ease my pains,
And often visit our forsaken plains,
To him the towering ash shall yield in woods,
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods.

Melibæus. These rhymes I did to memory
commend,
When vanquished Thyrsis did in vain contend;
Since when 'tis Corydon among the swains,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns. ¹⁰⁰

THE GEORGICS

PRELUDE

What makes a plenteous harvest, when to turn

The fruitful soil, and when to sow the corn;
The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine,
And how to raise on elms the teeming vine;
The birth and genius of the frugal bee, ⁵
I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to thee.

Ye deities, who fields and plains protect,
Who rule the seasons, and the year direct,
Bacchus and fostering Ceres, powers divine,
Who gave us corn for mast, for water, ¹⁰
wine;

Ye Fauns, propitious to the rural swains,
Ye nymphs, that haunt the mountains and the plains,

Join in my work, and to my numbers bring
Your needful succor; for your gifts I sing.
And thou, whose trident struck the teeming ¹⁵
earth,

And made a passage for the courser's birth;
And thou, for whom the Cæan shore sustains
Thy milky herds, that graze the flow'ry ²⁰
plains;

And thou, the shepherds' tutelary god,
Leave, for a while, O Pan, thy loved abode;
And, if Arcadian fleeces be thy care, ²¹
From fields and mountains to my song repair.
Inventor, Pallas, of the fattening oil,
Thou founder of the plow, and plowman's ²⁵
toil;

And thou, whose hands the shroud-like ²⁵
cypress rear,

Come, all ye gods and goddesses, that wear
The rural honors, and increase the year:
You, who supply the ground with seeds of ³⁰
grain;

And you, who swell those seeds with kindly ³⁰
rain;

And chiefly thou, whose undetermined state
Is yet the business of the gods' debate, ³¹
Whether in after times to be declared

The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar ³⁴
guard,

Or o'er the fruits and seasons to preside,
And the round circuit of the year to guide—
Powerful of blessings, which thou strewest ³⁴
around,

And with thy goddess-mother's myrtle ³⁴
crowned.

Or wilt thou, Cæsar, choose the watery reign,
To smooth the surges, and correct the main?
Then mariners, in storms, to thee shall pray;
Even utmost Thule shall thy power obey, ⁴¹
And Neptune shall resign the fasces of the ⁴¹
sea. . . .

But thou, propitious Cæsar, guide my course,
And to my bold endeavors add thy force:
Pity the poet's and the plowman's cares;
Interest thy greatness in our mean affairs, ⁴⁵
And use thyself betimes to hear and grant ⁴⁵
our prayers.

FRUITFUL ITALY

But neither Median woods (a plenteous ⁴⁸
land),

Fair Ganges, Hermus rolling golden sand,
Nor Bactria, nor the richer Indian fields,
Nor all the gummy stores Arabia yields,
Nor any foreign earth of greater name, ⁵
Can with sweet Italy contend in fame.

No bulls whose nostrils breathe a living flame
Have turned our turf; no teeth of serpents ⁵
here

Were sown, an armed host and iron crop to ⁹
bear.

But fruitful vines, and the fat olive's freight,
And harvests heavy with their fruitful ⁹
weight,

Adorn our fields; and on the cheerful green
The grazing flocks and lowing herds are seen.
The warrior horse, here bred, is taught to ¹⁴
train;

There flows Clitumnus thro' the flowery plain,
Whose waves, for triumphs after prosperous ¹⁴
war,

The victim ox and snowy sheep prepare.
Perpetual spring our happy climate sees:
Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the ¹⁸
trees;

And summer suns recede by slow degrees. ²⁰
Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
Nor nourishes the lion's angry seed;
Nor poisonous aconite is here produced,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, re- ²⁰
fused;

Nor in so vast a length our serpents glide, ²⁵
Or raised on such a spiry volume ride.

Next add our cities of illustrious name,

Their costly labor, and stupendous frame;
 Our forts on steepy hills, that far below ²⁹
 See wanton streams in winding valleys flow;
 Our twofold seas, that, washing either side,
 A rich recruit of foreign stores provide;
 Our spacious lakes; thee, Larius, first; and
 next

Benacus, with tempestuous billows vexed. ³⁴
 Or shall I praise thy ports, or mention make
 Of the vast mound that binds the Lucrine
 lake?

Or the disdainful sea, that, shut from thence,
 Roars round the structure, and invades the
 fence,

There, where secure the Julian waters glide,
 Or where Avernus' jaws admit the Tyrrhene
 tide? ⁴⁰

Our quarries, deep in earth, were famed of
 old

For veins of silver, and for ore of gold.
 The inhabitants themselves their country
 grace:

Hence rose the Marsian and Sabellian race,
 Strong-limbed and stout, and to the wars
 inclined, ⁴⁵

And hard Ligurians, a laborious kind,
 And Volscians armed with iron-headed darts.
 Besides, an offspring of undaunted hearts,
 The Decii, Marii, great Camillus, came
 From hence, and greater Scipio's double
 name; ⁵⁰

And mighty Cæsar, whose victorious arms
 To farthest Asia carry fierce alarms,
 Avert unwarlike Indians from his Rome,
 Triumph abroad, secure our peace at home.

Hail, sweet Saturnian soil! of fruitful
 grain ⁵⁵

Great parent, greater of illustrious men!
 For thee my tuneful accents will I raise,
 And treat of arts disclosed in ancient days;
 Once more unlock for thee the sacred spring,
 And old Ascræan verse in Roman cities
 sing. ⁶⁰

NEXT TO THE SOIL

Happy the man, who, studying nature's
 laws,

Thro' known effects can trace the secret
 cause;

His mind possessing in a quiet state, ⁶⁵
 Fearless of fortune, and resigned to fate!
 And happy too is he who decks the bowers
 Of Sylvans, and adores the rural powers;
 Whose mind, unmoved, the bribes of courts
 can see,

Their glittering baits, and purple slavery; ⁷⁰
 Nor hopes the people's praise, nor fears their
 frown,

Nor, when contending kindred tear the crown,
 Will set up one, or pull another down.

Without concern he hears, but hears from
 far,

Of tumults, and descents, and distant war;
 Nor with a superstitious fear is awed ⁷⁵
 For what befalls at home, or what abroad.
 Nor envies he the rich their heapy store,
 Nor his own peace disturbs with pity for the
 poor.

He feeds on fruits, which, of their own
 accord,

The willing ground and laden trees afford. ⁸⁰
 From his loved home no lucre him can draw:
 The senate's mad decrees he never saw;
 Nor heard, at bawling bars, corrupted law.
 Some to the seas, and some to camps resort,
 And some with impudence invade the court.
 In foreign countries others seek renown; ⁸⁶
 With wars and taxes others waste their own,
 And houses burn, and household gods deface,
 To drink in bowls which glittering gems en-
 chase,

To loll on couches, rich with citron steads, ⁹⁰
 And lay their guilty limbs in Tyrian beds.

This wretch in earth intombs his golden ore,
 Hovering and brooding on his buried store.
 Some patriot fools to popular praise aspire,
 Or public speeches, which worse fools ad-
 mire, ⁹⁵

While from both benches, with redoubled
 sounds,

The applause of lords and commoners
 abounds.

Some thro' ambition, or thro' thirst of gold,
 Have slain their brothers, or their country
 sold;

And, leaving their sweet homes, in exile run
 To lands that lie beneath another sun. ¹⁰¹

The peasant, innocent of all these ills,
 With crooked plow the fertile fallows tills,
 And the round year with daily labor fills.
 From hence the country markets are sup-
 plied; ¹⁰⁵

Enough remains for household charge be-
 side,

His wife and tender children to sustain,
 And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving
 train.

Nor cease his labors till the yellow field
 A full return of bearded harvest yield: ¹¹⁰
 A crop so plenteous, as the land to load,
 O'ercome the crowded barns, and lodge on
 ricks abroad.

Thus every several season is employed,
 Some spent in toil, and some in ease enjoyed.
 The yeanning ewes prevent the springing
 year; ¹¹⁵

The laded boughs their fruits in autumn
bear:

'Tis then the vine her liquid harvest yields,
Baked in the sunshine of ascending fields.
The winter comes; and then the falling mast
For greedy swine provides a full repast; ¹²⁰
Then olives, ground in mills, their fatness
boast,

And winter fruits are mellowed by the frost.
His cares are eased with intervals of bliss:
His little children, climbing for a kiss,
Welcome their father's late return at night;
His faithful bed is crowned with chaste de-
light. ¹²⁶

His kine with swelling udders ready stand,
And, lowing for the pail, invite the milker's
hand.

His wanton kids, with budding horns pre-
pared,

Fight harmless battles in his homely yard: ¹³⁰
Himself, in rustic pomp, on holidays,
To rural powers a just oblation pays,
And on the green his careless limbs displays.
The hearth is in the midst; the herdsmen,
round

The cheerful fire, provoke his health in gob-
lets crowned. ¹³⁵

He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the
prize:

The groom his fellow-groom at butts defies,
And bends his bow, and levels with his
eyes;

Or, stripped for wrestling, smears his limbs
with oil,

And watches with a trip his foe to foil. ¹⁴⁰
Such was the life the frugal Sabines led;
So Remus and his brother god were bred,
From whom the austere Etrurian virtue rose;
And this rude life our homely fathers chose.
Old Rome from such a race derived her
birth ¹⁴⁵

(The seat of empire, and the conquered
earth),

Which now on seven high hills triumphant
reigns,

And in that compass all the world contains.
Ere Saturn's rebel son usurped the skies,
When beasts were only slain for sacrifice, ¹⁵⁰
While peaceful Crete enjoyed her ancient
lord,

Ere sounding hammers forged the inhuman
sword,

Ere hollow drums were beat, before the
breath

Of brazen trumpets rung the peals of death,
The good old god his hunger did assuage ¹⁵⁵
With roots and herbs, and gave the Golden
Age.

THE POWER OF LOVE

The youthful bull must wander in the wood
Behind the mountain, or beyond the flood,
Or in the stall at home his fodder find,
Far from the charms of that alluring kind.
With two fair eyes his mistress burns his
breast: ⁵

He looks, and languishes, and leaves his
rest;

Forsakes his food, and, pining for the lass,
Is joyless of the grove, and spurns the grow-
ing grass.

The soft seducer, with enticing looks,
The bellowing rivals to the fight provokes. ¹⁰

A beauteous heifer in the woods is bred:
The stooping warriors, aiming head to head,
Engage their clashing horns; with dread-
ful sound

The forest rattles, and the rocks rebound.
They fence, they push, and, pushing, loudly
roar: ¹⁵

Their dewlaps and their sides are bathed in
gore.

Nor, when the war is over, is it peace;
Nor will the vanquished bull his claim re-
lease;

But, feeding in his breast his ancient fires, ¹⁹
And cursing fate, from his proud foe retires.
Driven from his native land to foreign
grounds,

He with a generous rage resents his wounds,
His ignominious flight, the victor's boast,
And, more than both, the loves, which un-
revenged he lost.

Often he turns his eyes, and, with a groan, ²⁵
Surveys the pleasing kingdoms, once his
own;

And therefore to repair his strength he
tries,

Hardening his limbs with painful exercise,
And rough upon the flinty rock he lies,
On prickly leaves and on sharp herbs he
feeds, ³⁰

Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.
His horns, yet sore, he tries against a tree,
And meditates his absent enemy.
He snuffs the wind; his heels the sand excite;
But when he stands collected in his might, ³⁵
He roars, and promises a more successful
fight.

Then, to redeem his honor at a blow,
He moves his camp, to meet his careless foe.
Not with more madness, rolling from afar,
The spumy waves proclaim the watery
war; ⁴⁰

And mounting upwards, with a mighty roar,
March onwards, and insult the rocky shore.

They mate the middle region with their height,
And fall no less than with a mountain's weight;

The waters boil, and, belching, from below 45
Black sands as from a forceful engine throw.

Thus every creature, and of every kind,
The secret joys of sweet coition find:
Not only man's imperial race, but they
That wing the liquid air, or swim the sea, 50
Or haunt the desert, rush into the flame;
For Love is lord of all, and is in all the same.

THE ÆNEID

I

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forced by fate,

And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expelled and exiled, left the Trojan shore.
Long labors, both by sea and land, he bore,
And in the doubtful war, before he won 5
The Latin realm, and built the destined town;

His banished gods restored to rites divine,
And settled sure succession in his line,
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome. 10

O Muse! the causes and the crimes relate;
What goddess was provoked, and whence her hate;

For what offense the Queen of Heaven began
To persecute so brave, so just a man;
Involved his anxious life in endless cares, 15
Exposed to wants, and hurried into wars!
Can heavenly minds such high resentment show,

Or exercise their spite in human woe?

Against the Tiber's mouth, but far away,
An ancient town was seated on the sea; 20
A Tyrian colony; the people made
Stout for the war, and studious of their trade:

Carthage the name; beloved by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.
Here stood her chariot; here, if Heaven 25
were kind,

The seat of awful empire she designed,
Yet she had heard an ancient rumor fly,
(Long cited by the people of the sky,) 30
That times to come should see the Trojan race

Her Carthage ruin, and her towers deface; 30
Nor thus confined, the yoke of sovereign sway

Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
She pondered this, and feared it was in fate;

Nor could forget the war she waged of late
For conquering Greece against the Trojan state. 35

Besides, long causes working in her mind,
And secret seeds of envy, lay behind:

Deep graven in her heart the doom remained
Of partial Paris, and her form disdained;
The grace bestowed on ravish'd Ganymed, 40
Electra's glories, and her injured bed.

Each was a cause alone; and all combined
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
For this, far distant from the Latian coast
She drove the remnants of the Trojan 45
host;

And seven long years the unhappy wandering train

Were tossed by storms, and scattered thro' the main.

Such time, such toil, required the Roman name,

Such length of labor for so vast a frame.

Now scarce the Trojan fleet, with sails and oars, 50

Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores,
Entering with cheerful shouts the watery reign,

And plowing frothy furrows in the main;
When, laboring still with endless discontent,
The Queen of Heaven did thus her fury vent: 55

'Then am I vanquished? must I yield?' said she,

'And must the Trojans reign in Italy?'

Juno asks Æolus, keeper of the winds, for help.

To this the god: 'Tis yours, O queen, to will

The work which duty binds me to fulfil.

These airy kingdoms, and this wide command,
Are all the presents of your bounteous hand: 60

Yours is my sovereign's grace; and, as your guest,

I sit with gods at their celestial feast;
Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue;
Dispose of empire, which I hold from you.'

He said, and hurled against the mountain side 65

His quivering spear, and all the god applied.
The raging winds rush thro' the hollow wound,

And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground;

Then, settling on the sea, the surges sweep,
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep. 70

South, East, and West with mixed confusion roar,

And roll the foaming billows to the shore.
The cables crack; the sailors' fearful cries
Ascend; and sable night involves the skies;
And heaven itself is ravished from their
eyes. 75

Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue;
Then flashing fires the transient light renew;
The face of things a frightful image bears,
And present death in various forms appears.
Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan chief,
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief; 81
And, 'Thrice and four times happy those,' he
cried,
'That under Ilian walls before their parents
died!

Tyrides, bravest of the Grecian train!
Why could not I by that strong arm be slain,
And lie by noble Hector on the plain, 86
Or great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the shields
Of heroes, whose dismembered hands yet
bear 89

The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear!
Thus while the pious prince his fate be-
wails,

Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,
And rent the sheets; the raging billows rise,
And mount the tossing vessel to the skies:
Nor can the shivering oars sustain the blow;
The galley gives her side, and turns her
prow; 96

While those astern, descending down the
steep,

Thro' gaping waves behold the boiling deep.
Three ships were hurried by the southern
blast,

And on the secret shelves with fury cast. 100
Those hidden rocks the Ausonian sailors
knew:

They called them Altars, when they rose in
view,

And showed their spacious backs above the
flood.

Three more fierce Eurys, in his angry mood,
Dashed on the shallows of the moving sand,
And in mid ocean left them moored aland. 106

The sea is calmed, and the Trojans land. They
see and enter Carthage, and on temple walls
find pictured the story of Troy.
Æneas and his men are introduced to Dido's
palace.

II

Æneas relates the tale of Troy, beginning with
Sinon and the wooden horse.

'With such deceits he gained their easy
hearts,

Too prone to credit his perfidious arts.
What Diomed, nor Thetis' greater son,
A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege, had
done—

False tears and fawning words the city won.

A greater omen, and of worse portent, 6
Did our unwary minds with fear torment,
Concurring to produce the dire event.

Laocoön, Neptune's priest by lot that year,
With solemn pomp then sacrificed a steer; 10
When, dreadful to behold, from sea we spied
Two serpents, ranked abreast, the seas divide,
And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.
Their flaming crests above the waves they
show;

Their bellies seem to burn the seas below; 15
Their speckled tails advance to steer their
course,

And on the sounding shore the flying billows
force.

And now the strand, and now the plain they
held;

Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were
filled;

Their nimble tongues they brandished as
they came, 20

And licked their hissing jaws, that sputtered
flame.

We fled amazed; their destined way they
take,

And to Laocoön and his children make;
And first around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their sharpened fangs their limbs
and bodies grind. 25

The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade;
Twice round his waist their winding volumes
rolled;

And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
The priest thus doubly choked, their crests
divide, 30

And towering o'er his head in triumph ride.
With both his hands he labors at the knots;
His holy fillets the blue venom blots;
His roaring fills the fitting air around.

Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies, 36
And with loud bellowings breaks the yielding
skies.

Their tasks performed, the serpents quit their
prey,

And to the tower of Pallas make their way:
Couched at her feet, they lie protected there
By her large buckler and protended spear. 41

Amazement seizes all; the general cry
Proclaims Laocoön justly doomed to die,
Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
And dared to violate the sacred wood. 45

All vote to admit the steed, that vows be paid
 And incense offered to the offended maid.
 A spacious breach is made; the town lies bare;
 Some hoisting-levers, some the wheels prepare
 And fasten to the horse's feet; the rest 50
 With cables haul along the unwieldy beast.
 Each on his fellow for assistance calls;
 At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
 Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crowned, 54
 And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.
 Thus raised aloft, and then descending down,
 It enters o'er our heads, and threatens the town.
 O sacred city, built by hands divine!
 O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
 Four times he struck: as oft the clashing sound 60
 Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
 Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate,
 We haul along the horse in solemn state,
 Then place the dire portent within the tower.
 Cassandra cried, and cursed the unhappy hour; 65
 Foretold our fate; but, by the god's decree,
 All heard, and none believed the prophecy.
 With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste,
 In jollity, the day ordained to be the last.
 The Greeks enter Troy, and take the palace of Priam.
 He hews apace; the double bars at length 70
 Yield to his ax and unresisted strength.
 A mighty breach is made: the rooms concealed
 Appear, and all the palace is revealed;
 The halls of audience, and of public state,
 And where the lonely queen in secret sate. 75
 Armed soldiers now by trembling maids are seen,
 With not a door, and scarce a space, between.
 The house is filled with loud laments and cries,
 And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies; 79
 The fearful matrons run from place to place,
 And kiss the thresholds, and the posts embrace.
 The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies,
 And all his father sparkles in his eyes;
 Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his force sustain:

The bars are broken, and the guards are slain. 85
 In rush the Greeks, and all the apartments fill;
 Those few defendants whom they find, they kill.
 Not with so fierce a rage the foaming flood
 Roars, when he finds his rapid course withstood;
 Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
 And sweeps the cattle and the cots away. 91
 These eyes beheld him when he marched between
 The brother kings: I saw the unhappy queen,
 The hundred wives, and where old Priam stood,
 To stain his hallowed altar with his blood. 95
 The fifty nuptial beds (such hopes had he,
 So large a promise, of a progeny),
 The posts, of plated gold, and hung with spoils,
 Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
 Where'er the raging fire had left a space, 100
 The Grecians enter and possess the place.
 'Perhaps you may of Priam's fate enquire.
 He, when he saw his regal town on fire,
 His ruined palace, and his entering foes,
 On every side inevitable woes, 105
 In arms, disused, invests his limbs, decayed,
 Like them, with age; a late and useless aid.
 His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain;
 Loaded, not armed, he creeps along with pain,
 Despairing of success, ambitious to be slain!
 Uncovered but by heaven, there stood in view 111
 An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
 Doddered with age, whose boughs encompass round
 The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
 Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train 115
 Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain.
 Driven like a flock of doves along the sky,
 Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
 The queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,
 And hanging by his side a heavy sword, 120
 "What rage," she cried, "has seiz'd my husband's mind?
 What arms are these, and to what use designed?
 These times want other aids! Were Hector here,

Even Hector now in vain, like Priam, would appear.

With us, one common shelter thou shalt find, ¹²⁵

Or in one common fate with us be joined."

She said, and with a last salute embraced

The poor old man, and by the laurel placed.

Behold! Polites, one of Priam's sons, ¹²⁹

Pursued by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs.

Thro' swords and foes, amazed and hurt, he flies

Thro' empty courts and open galleries.

Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,

And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.

The youth, transfixed, with lamentable cries, ¹³⁵

Expires before his wretched parent's eyes:

Whom gasping at his feet when Priam saw,

The fear of death gave place to nature's law;

And, shaking more with anger than with age,

"The gods," said he, "requite thy brutal rage! ¹⁴⁰

As sure they will, barbarian, sure they must,

If there be gods in heaven, and gods be just—

Who takest in wrongs an insolent delight;

With a son's death to infect a father's sight.

Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire ¹⁴⁵

To call thee his—not he, thy vaunted sire,

Thus used my wretched age: the gods he feared,

The laws of nature and of nations heard.

He cheered my sorrows, and, for sums of gold,

The bloodless carcass of my Hector sold; ¹⁵⁰

Pitied the woes a parent underwent,

And sent me back in safety from his tent."

"This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,

Which, fluttering, seemed to loiter as it flew:

Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,

And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield. ¹⁵⁵

"Then Pyrrhus thus: "Go thou from me to fate,

And to my father my foul deeds relate.

Now die!" With that he dragged the trembling sire,

Sliddering thro' clotted blood and holy mire,

(The mingled paste his murdered son had made,) ¹⁶⁰

Hauled from beneath the violated shade,

And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid.

His right hand held his bloody fauchion bare,

His left he twisted in his hoary hair;

Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart he found: ¹⁶⁵

The lukewarm blood came rushing thro' the wound,

And sanguine streams distained the sacred ground.

Thus Priam fell, and shared one common fate

With Troy in ashes, and his ruined state:

He, who the scepter of all Asia swayed, ¹⁷⁰

Whom monarchs like domestic slaves obeyed.

On the bleak shore now lies the abandoned king,

A headless carcass, and a nameless thing.'

The city is burned, and Æneas escapes with his father Anchises, and his son Ascanius. In the third book, he narrates his wanderings before reaching Carthage. Dido is smitten with love for Æneas.

IV

Juno plots the union of Æneas and Dido

Now had they reached the hills, and stormed the seat

Of savage beasts, in dens, their last retreat.

The cry pursues the mountain goats: they bound

From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground;

Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling train, ⁵

In herds unsingled, scour the dusty plain,

And a long chase in open view maintain.

The glad Ascanius, as his courser guides,

Spurs thro' the vale, and these and those out-rides.

His horse's flanks and sides are forced to feel ¹⁰

The clanking lash, and goring of the steel.

Impatiently he views the feeble prey,

Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way,

And rather would the tusky boar attend,

Or see the tawny lion downward bend. ¹⁵

Meantime, the gathering clouds obscure the skies:

From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;

The rattling thunders roll; and Juno pours

A wintry deluge down, and sounding showers.

The company, dispersed, to coverts ride, ²⁰

And seek the homely cots, or mountain's hollow side.

The rapid rains, descending from the hills,

To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.

The queen and prince, as love or fortune guides,

One common cavern in her bosom hides. ²⁵

Then first the trembling earth the signal
gave,
And flashing fires enlighten all the cave;
Hell from below, and Juno from above,
And howling nymphs, were conscious to their
love.

From this ill-omened hour in time arose 30
Debate and death, and all succeeding woes.

The queen, whom sense of honor could not
move,

No longer made a secret of her love,
But called it marriage, by that specious name
To veil the crime and sanctify the shame. 35

The loud report thro' Libyan cities goes.
Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings
grows:

Swift from the first; and every moment
brings

New vigor to her flights, new pinions to her
wings.

Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size; 40
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.
Inraged against the gods, revengeful Earth
Produced her last of the Titanian birth.

Swift is her walk, more swift her winged
haste:

A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast. 45
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight;
Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong,
And every mouth is furnished with a tongue,
And round with listening ears the flying
plague is hung. 50

She fills the peaceful universe with cries;
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes;
By day, from lofty towers her head she
shews,

And spreads thro' trembling crowds disas-
trous news;

With court informers haunts, and royal
spies; 55

Things done relates, not done she feigns,
and mingles truth with lies.

Talk is her business, and her chief delight
To tell of prodigies and cause affright.

She fills the people's ears with Dido's name,
Who, lost to honor and the sense of shame, 60
Admits into her throne and nuptial bed

A wandering guest, who from his country
fled.

Mercury is sent by Jupiter to warn Æneas to
leave Carthage. He secretly prepares to sail.
On his departure, Dido resolves to die.

This said, within her anxious mind she
weighs

The means of cutting short her odious days.
Then to Sichæus' nurse she briefly said 65

(For, when she left her country, hers was
dead):

'Go, Barce, call my sister. Let her care
The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare;
The sheep, and all th' atoning offerings,
bring, 69

Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring
With living drops; then let her come, and
thou

With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.

Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
And end the cares of my disastrous love;

Then cast the Trojan image on the fire, 75

And, as that burns, my passion shall expire.'

The nurse moves onward, with officious
care,

And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.
But furious Dido, with dark thoughts in-
volved,

Shook at the mighty mischief she resolved. 80
With livid spots distinguished was her face;
Red were her rolling eyes, and discomposed
her pace;

Ghastly she gazed, with pain she drew her
breath,

And nature shivered at approaching death. 84

Then swiftly to the fatal place she passed,
And mounts the funeral pile with furious
haste;

Unsheathes the sword the Trojan left be-
hind

(Not for so dire an enterprise designed).

But when she viewed the garments loosely
spread,

Which once he wore, and saw the conscious
bed, 90

She paused, and with a sigh the robes em-
braced;

Then on the couch her trembling body cast,
Repressed the ready tears, and spoke her
last:

'Dear pledges of my love, while Heaven so
pleased,

Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eased: 95

My fatal course is finished; and I go,

A glorious name, among the ghosts below.

A lofty city by my hands is raised,

Pygmalion punished, and my lord appeased.

What could my fortune have afforded more,

Had the false Trojan never touched my
shore! 101

Then kissed the couch; and, 'Must I die,' she
said,

'And unrevenged? 'Tis doubly to be dead!

Yet even this death with pleasure I receive:

On any terms, 'tis better than to live. 105

These flames, from far, may the false Trojan
view;

These boding omens his base flight pursue!
She said, and struck; deep entered in her side

The piercing steel, with reeking purple dyed:
Clogged in the wound the cruel weapon stands; ¹¹⁰

The spouting blood came streaming on her hands. . . .

Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain

A death so lingering, and so full of pain,
Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife
Of laboring nature, and dissolve her life. ¹¹⁵
For since she died, not doomed by Heaven's decree,

Or her own crime, but human casualty,
And rage of love, that plunged her in despair,

The Sisters had not cut the topmost hair,
Which Proserpine and they can only know;
Nor made her sacred to the shades below. ¹²¹
Downward the various goddess took her flight,

And drew a thousand colors from the light;
Then stood above the dying lover's head,
And said: 'I thus devote thee to the dead.
This offering to the infernal gods I bear.' ¹²⁶
Thus while she spoke, she cut the fatal hair;
The struggling soul was loosed, and life dissolved in air.

V

Leaving Carthage, the fleet is carried by a storm to Sicily. Æneas holds funeral games in honor of his father Anchises, who had died the year before.

This done, Æneas orders, for the close,
The strife of archers with contending bows.
The mast Sergesthus' shattered galley bore
With his own hands he raises on the shore.
A fluttering dove upon the top they tie, ⁵
The living mark at which their arrows fly.
The rival archers in a line advance,
Their turn of shooting to receive from chance.

A helmet holds their names; the lots are drawn:

On the first scroll was read Hippocoön. ¹⁰
The people shout. Upon the next was found
Young Mnestheus, late with naval honors crowned.

The third contained Eurytion's noble name,
Thy brother, Pandarus, and next in fame, ¹⁴
Whom Pallas urged the treaty to confound,
And send among the Greeks a feathered wound.

Acestes' in the bottom last remained,

Whom not his age from youthful sports restrained.

Soon all with vigor bend their trusty bows,
And from the quiver each his arrow chose. ²⁰

Hippocoön's was the first: with forceful sway

It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid way.

Fixed in the mast the feathered weapon stands:

The fearful pigeon flutters in her bands,
And the tree trembled, and the shouting cries ²⁵

Of the pleased people rend the vaulted skies.
Then Mnestheus to the head his arrow drove,
With lifted eyes, and took his aim above,
But made a glancing shot, and missed the dove;

Yet missed so narrow, that he cut the cord ³⁰
Which fastened by the foot the flitting bird.
The captive thus released, away she flies,
And beats with clapping wings the yielding skies.

His bow already bent, Eurytion stood;
And, having first invoked his brother god, ³⁵
His winged shaft with eager haste he sped.
The fatal message reached her as she fled:
She leaves her life aloft; she strikes the ground,

And renders back the weapon in the wound.
Acestes, grudging at his lot, remains, ⁴⁰
Without a prize to gratify his pains.

Yet, shooting upward, sends his shaft, to show

An archer's art, and boast his twanging bow.
The feathered arrow gave a dire portent,
And latter augurs judge from this event. ⁴⁵
Chafed by the speed, it fired; and, as it flew,
A trail of following flames ascending drew:
Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny way;

Across the skies as falling meteors play,
And vanish into wind, or in a blaze decay. ⁵⁰
The Trojans and Sicilians wildly stare,
And, trembling, turn their wonder into prayer.

The Dardan prince put on a smiling face,
And strain'd Acestes with a close embrace;
Then, honoring him with gifts above the rest, ⁵⁵

Turned the bad omen, nor his fears confessed.

'The gods,' said he, 'this miracle have wrought,

And ordered you the prize without the lot.
Accept this goblet, rough with figured gold,
Which Thracian Cisseus gave my sire of old: ⁶⁰

This pledge of ancient amity receive,
Which to my second sire I justly give.
He said, and, with the trumpets' cheerful
sound,
Proclaimed him victor, and with laurel
crowned.
Nor good Eurytion envied him the prize, ⁶⁵
Tho' he transfixed the pigeon in the skies.
Who cut the line, with second gifts was
graced;
The third was his whose arrow pierced the
mast.

The fleet leaves Sicily. Palinurus the helmsman
is lost.

Now smiling hope, with sweet vicissitude,
Within the hero's mind his joys renewed. ⁷⁰
He calls to raise the masts, the sheets dis-
play;

The cheerful crew with diligence obey;
They scud before the wind, and sail in open
sea.

Ahead of all the master pilot steers;
And, as he leads, the following navy veers. ⁷⁵
The steeds of Night had traveled half the
sky,

The drowsy rowers on their benches lie,
When the soft God of Sleep, with easy
flight,

Descends, and draws behind a trail of light.
Thou, Palinurus, art his destined prey; ⁸⁰
To thee alone he takes his fatal way.

Dire dreams to thee, and iron sleep, he
bears;

And, lighting on thy prow, the form of
Phorbas wears.

Then thus the traitor god began his tale:

'The winds, my friend, inspire a pleasing
gale; ⁸⁵

The ships, without thy care, securely sail.
Now steal an hour of sweet repose; and I

Will take the rudder and thy room supply.'
To whom the yawning pilot, half asleep:

'Me dost thou bid to trust the treacherous
deep, ⁹⁰

The harlot smiles of her dissembling face,
And to her faith commit the Trojan race?

Shall I believe the Siren South again,
And, oft betrayed, not know the monster

main?'

He said: his fastened hands the rudder
keep, ⁹⁵

And, fixed on heaven, his eyes repel invading
sleep.

The god was wroth, and at his temples threw
A branch in Lethe dipped, and drunk with
Stygian dew:

The pilot, vanquished by the power divine,

Soon closed his swimming eyes, and lay
supine. ¹⁰⁰

Scarce were his limbs extended at their
length,

The god, insulting with superior strength,
Fell heavy on him, plunged him in the sea,
And, with the stern, the rudder tore away.

Headlong, he fell, and, struggling in the
main, ¹⁰⁵

Cried out for helping hands, but cried in vain.
The victor dæmon mounts obscure in air, '

While the ship sails without the pilot's care.
On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies;
But what the man forsook, the god supplies,
And o'er the dangerous deep secure the navy
flies; ¹¹¹

Glides by the Sirens' cliffs, a shelfy coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,
And white with bones. The impetuous ocean
roars,

And rocks rebellow from the sounding
shores. ¹¹⁵

The watchful hero felt the knocks, and found
The tossing vessel sailed on shoaly ground.

Sure of his pilot's loss, he takes himself
The helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the
shelf.

Inly he grieved, and, 'groaning from the
breast, ¹²⁰

Deplored his death; and thus his pain ex-
pressed:

'For faith reposed on seas, and on the flat-
tering sky,

Thy naked corpse is doomed on shores un-
known to lie.'

VI

The funeral of Misenus the trumpeter is held,
and the Sibyl conducts Æneas to the lower
world.

Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,
Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and
clay,

Are whirled aloft, and in Cocytus lost.

There Charon stands, who rules the dreary
coast—

A sordid god: down from his hoary chin ⁵
A length of beard descends, uncombed, un-
clean;

His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire;

A girdle, foul with grease, binds his ob-
scene attire.

He spreads his canvas; with his pole he
steers;

The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin
bottom bears. ¹⁰

He looked in years; yet in his years were
seen

A youthful vigor and autumnal green.

An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,
Which filled the margin of the fatal flood:

Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried
maids, 15

And mighty heroes' more majestic shades,
And youths, intombed before their fathers'
eyes,

With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble
cries.

Thick as the leaves in autumn strow the
woods,

Or fowls, by winter forced, forsake the
floods, 20

And wing their hasty flight to happier lands;
Such, and so thick, the shivering army stands,
And press for passage with extended hands.

Now these, now those, the surly boatman
bore: 24

The rest he drove to distance from the
shore.

The hero, who beheld with wondering eyes
The tumult mixed with shrieks, laments, and
cries,

Asked of his guide, what the rude concourse
meant;

Why to the shore the thronging people bent;
What forms of law among the ghosts were
used; 30

Why some were ferried o'er, and some re-
fused.

'Son of Anchises, offspring of the gods,'
The Sibyl said, 'you see the Stygian floods,
The sacred stream which heaven's imperial
state

Attests in oaths, and fears to violate. 35

The ghosts rejected are the unhappy crew
Deprived of sepulchers and funeral due:

The boatman, Charon; those, the buried host,
He ferries over to the farther coast;

Nor dares his transport vessel cross the
waves 40

With such whose bones are not composed in
graves.

A hundred years they wander on the shore;
At length, their penance done, are wafted
o'er.'

The Trojan chief his forward pace repressed,
Revolving anxious thoughts within his
breast. 45

He saw his friends, who, whelmed beneath
the waves,

Their funeral honors claimed, and asked
their quiet graves.

The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he knew,
And the brave leader of the Lycian crew,

Whom, on the Tyrrhene seas, the tempests
met; 50

The sailors mastered, and the ship o'er-set.

Amidst the spirits, Palinurus pressed,
Yet fresh from life, a new-admitted guest,
Who, while he steering viewed the stars,
and bore

His course from Afric to the Latian shore,
Fell headlong down. The Trojan fixed his
view, 55

And scarcely thro' the gloom the sullen
shadow knew.

Æneas converses with various shades, including
his father, who foretells the future.

Thus having said, the father spirit leads
The priestess and his son thro' swarms of
shades,

And takes a rising ground, from thence to see
The long procession of his progeny. 60

'Survey,' pursued the sire, 'this airy throng,
As, offered to thy view, they pass along. . .

Now fix your sight, and stand intent, to see
Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.

The mighty Cæsar waits his vital hour, 65
Impatient for the world, and grasps his
promised power.

But next behold the youth of form divine,
Cæsar himself, exalted in his line;
Augustus, promised oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn ruled of old;
Born to restore a better age of gold. 71

Afric and India shall his power obey;
He shall extend his propagated sway
Beyond the solar year, without the starry
way,

Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens
around, 75

And his broad shoulders with their lights
are crowned.

At his foreseen approach, already quake
The Caspian kingdoms and Mæotian lake:

Their seers behold the tempest from afar, 79
And threatening oracles denounce the war.

Nile hears him knocking at his sevenfold
gates,

And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his
nephew's fates. . . .

Next view the Tarquin kings, the avenging
sword

Of Brutus, justly drawn, and Rome restored.
He first renews the rods and ax severe, 85

And gives the consuls royal robes to wear.

His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,

And long for arbitrary lords again,

With ignominy scourged, in open sight,

He dooms to death deserved, asserting public
right. 90

Unhappy man, to break the pious laws
Of nature, pleading in his children's cause!
Howe'er the doubtful fact is understood,
'Tis love of honor, and his country's
good:

The consul, not the father, sheds the blood.
Behold Torquatus the same track pursue; 96
And, next, the two devoted Decii view:
The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home
With standards well redeemed, and foreign
foes o'ercome.

The pair you see in equal armor shine, 100
Now, friends below, in close embraces join;
But, when they leave the shady realms of
night,

And, clothed in bodies, breathe your upper
light,

With mortal hate each other shall pursue:
What wars, what wounds, what slaughter
shall ensue! 105

From Alpine heights the father first de-
scends;

His daughter's husband in the plain at-
tends:

His daughter's husband arms his eastern
friends.

Embrace again, my sons, be foes no more;
Nor stain your country with her children's
gore! 110

And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless
claim,

Thou, of my blood, who bearest the Julian
name! . . .

Who can omit the Gracchi? who declare
The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of
war,

The double bane of Carthage? Who can see
Without esteem for virtuous poverty, 116

Severe Fabricius, or can cease to admire
The plowman consul in his coarse attire?

Tired as I am, my praise the Fabii claim;
And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,

Ordained in war to save the sinking state, 121
And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!

Let others better mold the running mass
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,

And soften into flesh a marble face; 125
Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,

And when the stars descend, and when they
rise.

But, Rome, 'tis thine alone, with awful
sway,

To rule mankind, and make the world obey,
Disposing peace and war thy own majestic
way; 130

To tame the proud, the fettered slave to
free:

These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.'

He paused; and, while with wondering eyes
they viewed

The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd:
'See great Marcellus! how, untired in toils,
He moves with manly grace, how rich with
regal spoils! 136

He, when his country, threatened with alarms,
Requires his courage and his conquering
arms,

Shall more than once the Punic bands
affright;

Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight; 140
Then to the Capitol in triumph move,
And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian
Jove.'

Æneas here beheld, of form divine,
A godlike youth in glitt'ring armor shine,
With great Marcellus keeping equal pace;
But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his
face. 146

He saw, and, wondering, asked his airy guide,
What and of whence was he, who pressed
the hero's side:

'His son, or one of his illustrious name?
How like the former, and almost the same!
Observe the crowds that compass him
around; 151

All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shout-
ing sound:

But hovering mists around his brows are
spread,

And night, with sable shades, involves his
head.'

'Seek not to know,' the ghost replied with
tears, 155

'The sorrows of thy sons in future years.
This youth (the blissful vision of a day)

Shall just be shown on earth, and snatched
away.

The gods too high had raised the Roman
state,

Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
What groans of men shall fill the Martian
field! 161

How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall
yield!

What funeral pomp shall floating Tiber see,
When, rising from his bed, he views the
sad solemnity!

No youth shall equal hopes of glory give, 165
No youth afford so great a cause to grieve;
The Trojan honor, and the Roman boast,
Admired when living, and adored when lost!
Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!

Undaunted worth, inviolable truth! 170
No foe, unpunished, in the fighting field
Shall dare thee, foot to foot, with sword
and shield;

Much less in arms oppose thy matchless
force,
When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foam-
ing horse.
Ah! couldst thou break thro' fate's severe
decree, 175

A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!
Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mixed with the purple roses of the spring;
Let me with funeral flowers his body strow;
This gift which parents to their children
owe, 180
This unavailing gift, at least, I may be-
stow!

Thus having said, he led the hero round
The confines of the blest Elysian ground;
Which when Anchises to his son had shown,
And fired his mind to mount the promised
throne, 185

He tells the future wars, ordained by fate;
The strength and customs of the Latian
state;

The prince, and people; and forearms his
care

With rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.

Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn;
Of polished ivory this, that of transparent
horn: 191

True visions thro' transparent horn arise;
Thro' polish'd ivory pass deluding lies.

Of various things discoursing as he passed,
Anchises hither bends his steps at last. 195

Then, thro' the gate of ivory, he dismissed
His valiant offspring and divining guest.

Straight to the ships Æneas took his way,
Embarked his men, and skimmed along the
sea,

Still coasting, till he gained Cajeta's bay. 200
At length on oozy ground his galleys moor;
Their heads are turned to sea, their sterns
to shore.

VII

Now, when the rosy morn began to rise,
And wav'd her saffron streamer thro' the
skies;

When Thetis blushed in purple not her
own,

And from her face the breathing winds were
blown,

A sudden silence sate upon the sea, 5
And sweeping oars, with struggling, urge
their way.

The Trojan, from the main, beheld a wood,
Which thick with shades and a brown horror
stood:

Between the trees the Tiber took his course,

With whirlpools dimpled; and with down-
ward force, 10

That drove the sand along, he took his way,
And rolled his yellow billows to the sea.

About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his
flood, 14

That bathed within, or basked upon his side,
To tuneful songs their narrow throats ap-
plied.

The captain gives command; the joyful train
Glide thro' the gloomy shade, and lave the
main.

Now, Erato, thy poet's mind inspire,
And fill his soul with thy celestial fire! 20

Relate what Latium was; her ancient kings;
Declare the past and present state of things,
When first the Trojan fleet Ausonia sought,
And how the rivals loved, and how they
fought.

These are my theme, and how the war be-
gan, 25

And how concluded by the godlike man:
For I shall sing of battles, blood, and rage,
Which princes and their people did engage;
And haughty souls, that, moved with mutual
hate,

In fighting fields pursued and found their
fate; 30

That roused the Tyrrhene realm with loud
alarms,

And peaceful Italy involved in arms.

A larger scene of action is displayed;

And, rising hence, a greater work is weighed.

Æneas is involved in war with Turnus the
Rutulian and the chieftains of Latium and
Etruria. Father Tiber in a dream directs him
to visit Evander on the Palatine, site of future
Rome.

VIII

He said, and plunged below. While yet
he spoke, 35

His dream Æneas and his sleep forsook.
He rose, and looking up, beheld the skies
With purple blushing, and the day arise.
Then water in his hollow palm he took
From Tiber's flood, and thus the powers be-
spoke: 40

'Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams
are fed,

And Father Tiber, in thy sacred bed
Receive Æneas, and from danger keep.

Whatever fount, whatever holy deep,
Conceals thy watery stores; where'er they
rise, 45

And, bubbling from below, salute the skies;

Thou, king of horned floods, whose plenteous urn
 Suffices fatness to the fruitful corn,
 For this thy kind compassion of our woes,
 Shalt share my morning song and evening vows. 50
 But, O be present to thy people's aid,
 And firm the gracious promise thou hast made!
 Thus having said, two galleys, from his stores,
 With care he chooses, mans, and fits with oars. 54
 Now on the shore the fatal swine is found.
 Wondrous to tell!—She lay along the ground:
 Her well-fed offspring at her udders hung;
 She white herself, and white her thirty young.
 Æneas takes the mother and her brood,
 And all on Juno's altar are bestowed. 60
 The following night, and the succeeding day,
 Propitious Tiber smoothed his watery way:
 He rolled his river back, and poised he stood,
 A gentle swelling, and a peaceful flood.
 The Trojans mount their ships; they put from shore, 65
 Borne on the waves, and scarcely dip an oar.
 Shouts from the land give omen to their course,
 And the pitched vessels glide with easy force.
 The woods and waters wonder at the gleam
 Of shields, and painted ships that stem the stream. 70
 One summer's night and one whole day they pass
 Betwixt the greenwood shades, and cut the liquid glass.
 The fiery sun had finished half his race,
 Looked back, and doubted in the middle space, 74
 When they from far beheld the rising towers,
 The tops of sheds, and shepherds' lowly bowers,
 Thin as they stood, which, then of homely clay,
 Now rise in marble, from the Roman sway.
 These cots (Evander's kingdom, mean and poor)
 The Trojan saw, and turned his ships to shore. 80
 'Twas on a solemn day: the Arcadian states,
 The king and prince, without the city gates,
 Then paid their offerings in a sacred grove
 To Hercules, the warrior son of Jove.
 Thick clouds of rolling smoke involve the skies, 85

And fat of entrails on his altar fries.
 But, when they saw the ships that stemmed the flood,
 And glittered thro' the covert of the wood,
 They rose with fear, and left the unfinished feast,
 Till dauntless Pallas reassured the rest 90
 To pay the rites. Himself without delay
 A javelin seized, and singly took his way;
 Then gained a rising ground, and called from far:
 'Resolve me, strangers, whence, and what you are;
 Your business here; and bring you peace or war?' 95
 High on the stern Æneas took his stand,
 And held a branch of olive in his hand.
 Æneas is entertained by Evander.
 The rites performed, the cheerful train retire.
 Betwixt young Pallas and his aged sire,
 The Trojan passed, the city to survey, 100
 And pleasing talk beguiled the tedious way.
 The stranger cast around his curious eyes,
 New objects viewing still, with new surprise;
 With greedy joy enquires of various things,
 And acts and monuments of ancient kings. 105
 Then thus the founder of the Roman towers:
 'These woods were first the seat of sylvan powers,
 Of Nymphs and Fauns, and savage men, who took
 Their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn oak.
 Nor laws they knew, nor manners, nor the care 110
 Of laboring oxen, or the shining share,
 Nor arts of gain, nor what they gained to spare.
 Their exercise the chase; the running flood
 Supplied their thirst, the trees supplied their food.
 Then Saturn came, who fled the power of Jove, 115
 Robbed of his realms, and banished from above.
 The men, dispersed on hills, to towns he brought,
 And laws ordained, and civil customs taught,
 And Latium called the land where safe he lay
 From his unduteous son, and his usurping sway. 120
 With his mild empire, peace and plenty came;

And hence the golden times derived their name.

A more degenerate and discolored age
Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.
The Ausonians then, and bold Sicanians
came; 125

And Saturn's empire often changed the name.
Then kings, gigantic Tybris, and the rest,
With arbitrary sway the land oppress'd:
For Tiber's flood was Albula before,
Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name it
bore. 130

I last arrived, driven from my native home
By fortune's power, and fate's resistless
doom.

Long tossed on seas, I sought this happy
land,

Warned by my mother nymph, and called by
Heaven's command. . . ' 134

Thence, to the steep Tarpeian rock he leads;
Now roofed with gold, then thatched with
homely reeds.

A reverent fear (such superstition reigns
Among the rude) even then possessed the
swains.

Some god, they knew—what god, they could
not tell— 139

Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell.
The Arcadians thought him Jove; and said
they saw

The mighty Thunderer with majestic awe,
Who took his shield, and dealt his bolts
around,

And scattered tempests on the teeming
ground.

Venus visits Vulcan, and directs him to forge
armor for Æneas.

While, at the Lemnian god's command,
they urge 145

Their labors thus, and ply the Æolian forge,
The cheerful morn salutes Evander's eyes,
And songs of chirping birds invite to rise.

He leaves his lowly bed: his buskins meet
Above his ankles; sandals sheathe his feet:
He sets his trusty sword upon his side, 151
And o'er his shoulder throws a panther's
hide.

Two menial dogs before their master
pressed.

Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his
kingly guest.

Mindful of promised aid, he mends his pace,
But meets Æneas in the middle space. 156

Young Pallas did his father's steps attend,
And true Achates waited on his friend.
They join their hands; a secret seat they
choose;

The Arcadian first their former talk renews:
'Undaunted prince, I never can believe 161
The Trojan empire lost, while you survive.
Command the assistance of a faithful
friend;

But feeble are the succors I can send.

In Æneas' absence, Turnus attacks the camp.
Nisus and Euryalus engage in the fatal effort
to summon Æneas, on whose return there are
bloody battles. Evander's gallant son Pallas
is slain.

XI

Thus having mourned, he gave the word
around,

To raise the breathless body from the
ground;

And chose a thousand horse, the flower of all
His warlike troops, to wait the funeral, 4
To bear him back and share Evander's grief:
A well-becoming, but a weak relief.

Of oaken twigs they twist an easy bier,
Then on their shoulders the sad burden rear.
The body on this rural hearse is borne:
Strewed leaves and funeral greens the bier
adorn. 10

All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flower,
New cropped by virgin hands, to dress the
bower:

Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,
No more to mother earth or the green stem
shall owe. . . .

Acœtes on his pupil's corpse attends, 15
With feeble steps, supported by his friends.
Pausing at every pace, in sorrow drowned,
Betwixt their arms he sinks upon the
ground;

Where groveling while he lies in deep de-
spair, 19

He beats his breast, and rends his hoary hair.
The champion's chariot next is seen to roll,
Besmeared with hostile blood, and honorably
foul.

To close the pomp, Æthon, the steed of state,
Is led, the funerals of his lord to wait. 24
Stripped of his trappings, with a sullen pace
He walks; and the big tears run rolling down
his face.

The lance of Pallas, and the crimson crest,
Are borne behind: the victor seized the rest.
The march begins: the trumpets hoarsely
sound; 29

The pikes and lances trail along the
ground. . . .

And now the fatal news by Fame is blown
Thro' the short circuit of the Arcadian town,
Of Pallas slain—by Fame, which just before

His triumphs on distended pinions bore.
 Rushing from out the gate, the people stand,
 Each with a funeral flambeau in his hand, 35
 Wildly they stare, distracted with amaze:
 The fields are lightened with a fiery blaze,
 That cast a sullen splendor on their friends,
 The marching troop which their dead prince
 attends. 39
 Both parties meet: they raise a doleful cry;
 The matrons from the walls with shrieks re-
 ply,
 And their mixed mourning rends the vaulted
 sky.
 The town is filled with tumult and with
 tears,
 Till the loud clamors reach Evander's ears:
 Forgetful of his state, he runs along, 45
 With a disordered pace, and cleaves the
 throng;
 Falls on the corpse; and groaning there he
 lies,
 With silent grief, that speaks but at his
 eyes.
 Short sighs and sobs succeed; till sorrow
 breaks 49
 A passage, and at once he weeps and
 speaks: . . .
 'Go, friends, this message to your lord relate:
 Tell him, that, if I bear my bitter fate,
 And, after Pallas' death, live lingering on,
 'Tis to behold his vengeance for my son.
 I stay for Turnus, whose devoted head 55
 Is owing to the living and the dead.
 My son and I expect it from his hand;
 'Tis all that he can give, or we demand.
 Joy is no more; but I would gladly go,
 To greet my Pallas with such news below.' 60
 The morn had now dispelled the shades
 of night,
 Restoring toils, when she restored the light.
 The Trojan king and Tuscan chief com-
 mand
 To raise the piles along the winding strand.
 Their friends convey the dead to funeral
 fires; 65
 Black smoldering smoke from the green wood
 expires;
 The light of heaven is choked, and the new
 day retires.
 Then thrice around the kindled piles they go
 (For ancient custom had ordained it so); 69
 Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led;
 And thrice, with loud laments, they hail the
 dead.
 Tears, trickling down their breasts, bedew the
 ground,
 And drums and trumpets mix their mournful
 sound.

Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw
 The spoils, in battle taken from the foe: 75
 Helms, bits embossed, and swords of shining
 steel;
 One casts a target, one a chariot wheel;
 Some to their fellows their own arms re-
 store:
 The fauchions which in luckless fight they
 bore,
 Their bucklers pierced, their darts bestowed
 in vain, 80
 And shivered lances gathered from the plain.
 Whole herds of offered bulls, about the fire,
 And bristled boars, and woolly sheep ex-
 pire.
 Around the piles a careful troop attends,
 To watch the wasting flames, and weep their
 burning friends; 85
 Lingering along the shore, till dewy night
 New decks the face of heav'n with starry
 light.

The battles continue. The Princess Camilla's
 exploits are celebrated, and her death ap-
 approaches.

Now, when the javelin whizzed along the
 skies,
 Both armies on Camilla turned their eyes,
 Directed by the sound. Of either host, 90
 The unhappy virgin, tho' concerned the most,
 Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent
 On golden spoils, and on her prey intent:
 Till in her pap the winged weapon stood 94
 Infix'd, and deeply drunk the purple blood.
 Her sad attendants hasten to sustain
 Their dying lady, drooping on the plain.
 Far from their sight the trembling Aruns
 flies,
 With beating heart, and fear confused with
 joys; 100
 Nor dares he farther to pursue his blow,
 Or even to bear the sight of his expiring foe.
 As, when the wolf has torn a bullock's
 hide
 At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side,
 Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies,
 And claps his quivering tail between his
 thighs: 105
 So, speeding once, the wretch no more at-
 tends,
 But, spurring forward, herds among his
 friends.
 She wrenched the javelin with her dying
 hands,
 But wedged within her breast the weapon
 stands;
 The wood she draws, the steely point re-
 mains; 110

She staggers in her seat with agonizing pains:

(A gathering mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes,

And from her cheeks the rosy color flies:)

Then turns to her, whom of her female train
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain: ¹¹⁵

'Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable Death; and claims his right.

Bear my last words to Turnus; fly with speed,

And bid him timely to my charge succeed,
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve: ¹²⁰

Farewell! and in this kiss my parting breath
receive.'

She said, and, sliding, sunk upon the plain:

Dying, her opened hand forsakes the rein;
Short, and more short, she pants: by slow degrees ¹²⁴

Her mind the passage from her body frees.

She drops her sword; she nods her plummy crest,

Her drooping head declining on her breast:
In the last sigh her struggling soul expires,
And, murmuring with disdain, to Stygian
sounds retires.

XII

Æneas, wounded but miraculously healed, at last
forces Turnus to single combat. His sister
Juturna, the water deity, cannot save him.

The Fury round unhappy Turnus flies,
Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his eyes.

A lazy chillness crept along his blood;
Choked was his voice; his hair with horror
stood.

Juturna from afar beheld her fly, ⁵
And knew the ill omen, by her screaming cry
And stridor of her wings. Amazed with
fear,

Her beauteous breast she beat, and rent her
flowing hair.

'Ah me!' she cries, 'in this unequal strife
What can thy sister more to save thy
life? . . . ' ¹⁰

She drew a length of sighs; nor more she
said,

But in her azure mantle wrapped her head,
Then plunged into her stream, with deep
despair,

And her last sobs came bubbling up in air. ¹⁴

Now stern Æneas waves his weighty spear
Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear:
'What farther subterfuge can Turnus find?

What empty hopes are harbored in his mind?
'Tis not thy swiftness can secure thy flight;

Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant
fight. ²⁰

Vary thy shape in thousand forms, and dare
What skill and courage can attempt in
war,

Wish for the wings of winds, to mount the
sky;

Or hid, within the hollow earth to lie!

The champion shook his head, and made this
short reply: ²⁵

'No threats of thine my manly mind can
move;

'Tis hostile heaven I dread, and partial
Jove.'

He said no more, but, with a sigh, repressed
The mighty sorrow in his swelling breast. ²⁹

Then, as he rolled his troubled eyes around,
An antique stone he saw, the common bound
Of neighboring fields, and barrier of the
ground;

So vast, that twelve strong men of modern
days

The enormous weight from earth could
hardly raise.

He heaved it at a lift, and, poised on high, ³⁵
Ran staggering on against his enemy,

But so disordered, that he scarcely knew
His way, or what unwieldy weight he threw.

His knocking knees are bent beneath the
load,

And shivering cold congeals his vital blood. ⁴⁰
The stone drops from his arms, and, falling
short

For want of vigor, mocks his vain effort.
And as, when heavy sleep has closed the
sight,

The sickly fancy labors in the night;
We seem to run; and, destitute of force, ⁴⁵

Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course:
In vain we heave for breath; in vain we
cry;

The nerves, unbraced, their usual strength
deny;

And on the tongue the faltering accents die:
So Turnus fared; whatever means he tried, ⁵⁰

All force of arms and points of art em-
ployed,

The Fury flew athwart, and made the en-
deavor void.

A thousand various thoughts his soul con-
found;

He stared about, nor aid nor issue found;
His own men stop the pass, and his own walls
surround. ⁵⁵

Once more he pauses, and looks out again,
And seeks the goddess charioteer in vain.

Trembling he views the thundering chief
advance,

And brandishing aloft the deadly lance:
 Amazed he cowers beneath his conquering
 foe, 60
 Forgets to ward, and waits the coming blow.
 Astonished while he stands, and fixed with
 fear,
 Aimed at his shield he sees the impending
 spear.

The hero measured first, with narrow view,
 The destined mark; and, rising as he threw,
 With its full swing the fatal weapon flew. 66
 Not with less rage the rattling thunder
 falls,

Or stones from battering-engines break the
 walls:

Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,
 The lance drove on, and bore the death
 along. 70

Naught could his sevenfold shield the prince
 avail,

Nor aught, beneath his arms, the coat of
 mail:

It pierced thro' all, and with a grisly wound
 Transfixed his thigh, and doubled him to
 ground.

With groans the Latins rend the vaulted
 sky: 75

Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply.

Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
 With eyes cast upward, and with arms dis-
 played,

And, recreant, thus to the proud victor
 prayed: 79

'I know my death deserved, nor hope to live:
 Use what the gods and thy good fortune
 give.

Yet think, O think, if mercy may be shown—
 Thou hadst a father once, and hast a son—
 Pity my sire, now sinking to the grave;
 And for Anchises' sake old Daunus save! 85
 Or, if thy vowed revenge pursue my death,
 Give to my friends my body void of
 breath!

The Latian chiefs have seen me beg my life;
 Thine is the conquest, thine the royal wife;
 Against a yielded man, 'tis mean ignoble
 strife.' 90

In deep suspense the Trojan seemed to
 stand,

And, just prepared to strike, repressed his
 hand.

He rolled his eyes, and every moment felt
 His manly soul with more compassion melt;
 When, casting down a casual glance, he spied
 The golden belt that glittered on his side, 96
 The fatal spoils which haughty Turnus
 tore

From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.

Then, roused anew to wrath, he loudly cries
 (Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from
 his eyes): 100

'Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace pre-
 tend,

Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend?

To his sad soul a grateful offering go!

'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow.'

He raised his arm aloft, and, at the word, 104

Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword.

The streaming blood distained his arms
 around,

And the disdainful soul came rushing thro'
 the wound.

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS (65-8 B.C.)

Quintus Horatius Flaccus, born in Venusia in southeastern Italy, on December 8, 65 B.C., and buried on the Esquiline in Rome in B.C. 8, lived in stirring and tragic times, had a wide experience as the son of a freedman, a schoolboy at Rome, a student in Athens, an officer in the army of Brutus at Philippi, a pardoned combatant, a government clerk, a protégé of the prime minister Mæcenas, who gave him the famous Sabine Farm and assured him independence and leisure, a friend of the Emperor Augustus and his court, a poet laureate. He published successively a first book of *Satires* at the age of thirty, a second book, with a collection of lyrics called *Epodes*, at thirty-five, three books of *Odes* at forty-two, a first book of *Epistles* at about forty-six, the *Secular Hymn*, in honor of a great state celebration, at forty-eight, and a second book of *Epistles* and fourth book of *Odes* at about fifty-two. The lyrics of Horace are remarkable—and unapproachable—in their unity, concentration, and finish, in their inevitability of phrase, in their urbane reserve. Their subjects range from bantering addresses to coquette and friend, and exhortations to seize upon the moment ere it flies, to moral and patriotic themes of high seriousness. The *Satires* and *Epistles*, which he called *Conversations*, *Talks*, or *Causeries*, have delighted twenty centuries of cultivated readers by their mellow wisdom, their genial humor, their simple and quiet but refined expression, their homely and convincing precepts for the living of life, their sensible admonitions to the literary artist. All his work abounds in cameo-like pictures of Italian landscape and Italian life, and in Italian and Roman sentiment. Much has been made of his Hellenic borrowings and Hellenic qualities, but the view that he is not original, is very superficial. He is a deeply Roman and Italian poet. The intimate and personal nature of Horace's writings has made him the spiritual companion of men through the ages, and his quiet and gentle inspiration has had much to do with the world's thinking, writing, and living. No author is more difficult to translate; he has been called 'the type of the untranslatable.'

TO MÆCENAS

O thou, of ancient monarchs born,
Whose favors shield me and adorn,
Beloved Mæcenas! some there are
Who joy to gather on the car
Olympian dust, and, as they roll 5
On kindling wheel, to shun the goal:
Whom, lords of earth, the palm of praise
To the immortal gods can raise.

Not he whom fickle Rome's acclaim,
With threefold honor, lifts to fame; 10
Nor he who counts his proper stores
Whate'er is brushed from Libyan floors;
Nor he who joys to cleave the plain
With parent hoe, for Asia's gain
Would dare, with keel of Cyprian wood, 15
(Trembling) to cut the Ægean flood.

The merchant, when the southwest raves,
Contending with Icarian waves,
Praises the calm his village yields,

And oh, how pleasant are its fields! 20
But see him soon his wreck repair,
Untutored poverty to bear.

Some scorn not ancient Massic wine,
Nor blush, ere solid day decline,
With flowing bowls at leisure laid, 25
Their careless limbs beneath the shade
Of the green arbutus to fling,
Or near some sweet and sacred spring.

Some, horns with trumpets mixed delight,
And wars that tender mothers fright. 30
Forgetful of his loving wife,
The hunter leads abroad his life
In the cold air; whether some hound,
Stanch to his game, a deer hath found,
Or Marsyan boar (a mighty spoil) 35
Hath broken the too slender toil.

Thee ivy-wreaths, to learning given,
Exalt amid the powers of Heaven.

Me the cool forest shades invite;
 Me, Nymphs with Satyrs dancing light 40
 Draw from the vulgar, if, nor mute,
 Euterpe should refuse her flute,
 Nor Polyhymnia withhold
 Her Lesbian lyre. But if enrolled
 By thee 'mid lyric bards I rise,
 My lofty front shall strike the skies! 45

—ROBERT BRADSTREET.

THE CALL OF SPRING

Biting winter's frost is going, and the smiling
 spring-wind blowing,
 And the sailor rigs his boat along the
 shore;
 Flocks roam now the pastures wide, the plow-
 man leaves the ingleside,
 And the whitened mead with hoarfrost
 gleams no more.

Now doth Venus tread the tune under over-
 hanging moon, 5
 Leading Nymphs and comely Graces in the
 dance,
 And the Cyclops' lurid blaze lights up Vulcan
 with its rays,
 As they ply their ponderous anvils 'neath
 his glance.

'Tis the fitting season now to adorn the
 anointed brow
 With the wreath of myrtle green, or first-
 ling flowers; 10
 Meet now, too, to slay a kid, or an ewe, if
 Faunus bid,
 And to sacrifice to him in woodland bowers.

Pallid Death knocks no more sure at the
 hovels of the poor
 Than at palaces of kings with turrets high;
 Happy though have been thy days, Sestius,
 life but briefly stays, 15
 And to build long hopes is vain, with
 death so nigh.

Even now the night is falling, and the fabled
 shades are calling,
 And the cheerless home infernal soon will
 yawn;
 Never more will it be thine to be crowned
 o'er merry wine,
 When to Pluto's distant vale thou once hast
 gone. 20

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

THE COQUETTE

What slender youth, with perfumed locks,
 In some sweet nook beneath the rocks,
 Pyrrha, where clustering roses grow,
 Bends to thy fatal beauty now?
 For whom is now that golden hair 5
 Wreathed in a band so simply fair?
 How often will he weep to find
 Thy pledges frail, Love's power unkind?
 And start to see the tempest sweep
 With angry blast the darkening deep; 10
 Though sunned by thy entrancing smile,
 He fears no change, suspects no guile.
 A sailor on bright summer seas,
 He wots not of the fickle breeze.
 For me—yon votive tablet scan; 15
 It tells that I, a shipwrecked man,
 Hung my dank weeds in Neptune's fane,
 And ne'er will tempt those seas again.

—GOLDWIN SMITH.

GATHER YE ROSEBUDS

You see how, deep with gleaming snow,
 Soracte stands, and, bending low,
 Yon branches droop beneath their burden,
 And streams o'erfrozen have ceased their
 flow.

Away with cold! The hearth pile high 5
 With blazing logs; the goblet ply
 With cheering Sabine, Thaliarchus;
 Draw from the cask of long years gone
 by.

All else the gods entrust to keep,
 Whose nod can lull the winds to sleep, 10
 Vexing the ash and cypress aged,
 Or battling over the boiling deep.

Seek not to pierce the morrow's haze,
 But for the moment render praise;
 Nor spurn the dance, nor love's sweet
 passion, 15
 Ere age draws on with its joyless days.

Now should the campus be your joy,
 And whispered loves your lips employ,
 What time the twilight shadows gather, 19
 And tryst you keep with the maiden coy.

From near-by nook her laugh makes plain
 Where she had meant to hide, in vain!
 How arch her struggles o'er the token
 From yielding which she can scarce re-
 frain!

THE PANGS OF THE JEALOUS

When 'Telephus, the rosy-necked,'
And 'Telephus, with wax-white arms,'
You praise, I boil with jealous rage,
To hear you harping on his charms.

My senses leave me for the time, 5
My color comes and goes again;
And stealthy tears glide down my cheek,
Telling how deep has gone the pain.

I burn with ire to see him give 10
His rough caresses, hot with wine,
Or when he madly wounds your lips
With kisses, leaving telltale sign.

Do not, I warn you, hope him true 15
Forever, who so barbarous rude
Assails those lips that Love herself
With sweetest nectar hath imbued.

Thrice blest, and more, they who enjoy
Unbroken love till life's last breath;
Whom petty quarrels ne'er distract;
Whose love is only loosed by death. 20

POET AND LOVER

Fuscus, the man of pure and noble heart
Ne'er needs the Moorish spear or poisoned
dart,
Nor exercised to be in warlike art,
To guard his way,
Whether his steps he bends o'er burning
sands, 5
Or where Hydaspes laves his fabled strands,
Or peaks of Caucasus in wintry bands
Lie grim and grey.

For as I wandering sang of Lalage
In Sabine wood, unarmed, my heart care free,
A wolf that met me straight began to flee 11
In wild surprise—
A monster such as never yet was reared
In oak-clad Daunias, home of warriors
feared,
Nor Africa, the land of lions, seared 15
By torrid skies.

Place me in treeless fields of ice and snow
Where ne'er is felt the balm of summer's
glow,
Where threatening skies and storms tempestuous show 20
The wrath of Jove;
Or place me in the sun-scorched desert bare,

With refuge none from noontide's withering
glare:
Sweet-smiling, prattling Lalage even there
I still shall love.

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

TO CHLOE

Chloe, thou fliest me like a fawn
That on some lonely upland lawn,
Seeking its dam, in winds and trees
Imaginary dangers sees.
Does Spring's fresh breeze the foliage shake
Or lizard rustle in the brake? 6
At once it quakes in heart and limb.
Yet I, sweet girl, no tiger grim,
No fierce Gætulian lion am.
Then, no more, fawn-like, seek thy dam, 10
But bury all thy fond alarms—
'Tis time thou should'st—in true love's arms.
—GOLDWIN SMITH.

A FRIEND OF THE MUSES

The Muses' friend, I'll bid farewell to fear,
And all my gloom to wanton winds consign
To bear away to Cretan billows drear,
Careless who reigns where Arctus cold doth
shine,
Or who frights Tiridates' battle line.
Sweet Muse Pimplea, who lov'st clear-welling
springs,
Bright flowers for Lamia weave: the task is
thine,
(My strain unaided him no honor brings)
Thine and thy Sisters': sweep for him the
Lesbian strings!

—LILY ROSS TAYLOR.

THE POET'S PRAYER

When, kneeling at Apollo's shrine,
The bard from silver goblet pours
Libations due of votive wine,
What seeks he, what implores?

Not harvests from Sardinia's shore; 5
Not grateful herds that crop the lea
In hot Calabria; not a store
Of gold, and ivory;

Not those fair lands where slow and deep
Thro' meadows rich and pastures gay 10
Thy silent waters, Liris, creep,
Eating the marge away.

Let him to whom the gods award
 Calenian vineyards prune the vine;
 The merchant sell his balms and nard, 15
 And drain the precious wine

From cups of gold—to Fortune dear
 Because his laden argosy
 Crosses, unshattered, thrice a year
 The storm-vexed Midland sea. 20

Ripe berries from the olive bough,
 Mallows and endives, be my fare.
 Son of Latona, hear my vow!
 Apollo, grant my prayer!

Health to enjoy the blessings sent 25
 From heaven; a mind unclouded, strong;
 A cheerful heart; a wise content;
 An honored age; and song.

—SIR STEPHEN E. DE VERE.

A RECANTATION

I, whom the Gods had found a client,
 Rarely with pious rites compliant,
 At unbelief disposed to nibble,
 And pleased with every sophist quibble—
 I, who had deemed great Jove a phantom, 5
 Now own my errors, and recant 'em!

Have I not lived of late to witness,
 Athwart a sky of passing brightness,
 The God, upon his car of thunder,
 Cleave the calm elements asunder? 10
 And, through the firmament careering,
 Level his bolts with aim unerring?

Then trembled Earth with sudden shiver;
 Then quaked with fear each mount and river;
 Stunned at the blow, Hell reeled a minute, 15
 With all the darksome caves within it;
 And Atlas seemed as he would totter
 Beneath his load of land and water!

Yes! of a God I hail the guidance;
 The proud are humbled at his biddance; 20
 Fortune, his handmaid, now uplifting
 Monarchs, and now the scepter shifting,
 With equal proof His power evinces,
 Whether she raise or ruin princes.

—FRANCIS MAHONY
 ('Father Prout').

HERE AND NOW

When dangers press, a mind sustain
 Unshaken by the storms of fate,

And when delight succeeds to pain
 With no glad insolence elate;
 For death will end the various toys 5
 Of hopes, and fears, and cares, and joys.

Mortal alike, if sadly grave
 You pass life's melancholy day,
 Or in some green, retired cave,
 Wearing the idle hours away, 10
 Give to the Muses all your soul,
 And pledge them in the flowing bowl,

Where the broad pine, and poplar white,
 To join their hospitable shade
 With intertwisted boughs delight, 15
 And, o'er its pebbly bed conveyed,
 Labors the winding stream to run,
 Trembling and glittering to the sun.

Thy generous wine, and rich perfume,
 And fragrant roses hither bring, 20
 That with the early zephyrs bloom,
 And wither with declining spring.
 While joy and youth not yet have fled,
 And Fate still holds the uncertain thread.

You soon must leave your verdant bowers 25
 And groves yourself had taught to grow,
 Your soft retreats from sultry hours,
 Where Tiber's gentle waters flow,
 Soon leave; and all you call your own
 Be squandered by an heir unknown. 30

Whether of wealth and lineage proud,
 A high patrician name you bear,
 Or pass ignoble in the crowd,
 Unsheltered from the midnight air, 35
 'Tis all alike; no age or state
 Is spared by unrelenting Fate.

To the same port our barks are bound;
 One final doom is fixed for all;
 The universal wheel goes round,
 And, soon or late, each lot must fall, 40
 When all together shall be sent
 To one eternal banishment.

—JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE.

A POEM OF FRIENDSHIP

Septimius, who with me would brave
 Far Gades, and Cantabrian land
 Untamed by Rome, and Moorish wave
 That whirls the sand;

Fair Tibur, town of Argive kings, 5
 There would I end my days serene,

At rest from seas and travelings,
And service seen.

Should angry Fate those wishes foil,
Then let me seek Galesus, sweet 10
To skin-clad sheep, and that rich soil,
The Spartan's seat.

Oh, what can match the green recess,
Whose honey not to Hybla yields,
Whose olives vie with those that bless 15
Venafrum's fields?

Long springs, mild winters glad that spot
By Jove's good grace, and Aulon, dear
To fruitful Bacchus, envies not 20
Falernian cheer.

That spot, those happy heights desire
Our sojourn; there, when life shall end,
Your tear shall dew my yet warm pyre,
Your bard and friend.

—JOHN CONINGTON.

THE INEVITABLE HOUR

Alas! my Postumus, alas! how speed
The passing years: nor can devotion's deed
Stay wrinkled age one moment on its way,
Nor stay one moment death's appointed day;

Not though with thrice a hundred oxen slain
Each day thou prayest Pluto to refrain, 6
The unmoved by tears, who threefold Geryon
drave,
And Tityus, beneath the darkening wave—

The wave we all must one day surely sail
Who live and breathe within this mortal vale,
Whether our lot with princely rich to fare, 11
Whether the peasant's lowly life to share.

In vain for us from murderous Mars to flee,
In vain to shun the storms of Hadria's sea,
In vain to fear the poison-laden breath 15
Of Autumn's sultry south-wind, fraught with
death;

Adown the wandering stream we all must go,
Adown Cocytus' waters, black and slow;
The ill-famed race of Danaus all must see,
And Sisyphus, from labors never free. 20

All must be left—lands, home, beloved wife—
All left behind when we have done with life;
One tree alone, of all thou holdest dear,
Shall follow thee—the cypress, o'er thy bier!

Thy wiser heir will soon drain to their
lees 25

The casks now kept beneath a hundred keys;
The proud old Cæcuban will stain the floor,
More fit at pontiffs' solemn feasts to pour.
—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

CONTENT IS A KINGDOM

Away, ye herd profane!
Silence! Let no unhallowed tongue
Disturb the sacred rites of song,
Whilst I, the high priest of the Nine,
For youths and maids alone entwine 5
A new and loftier strain.

Nations before their monarchs bow:
Jove, who from heaven the giants hurled,
Rules over kings and moves the world
With the majestic terrors of his brow. 10

Follies perverse of mortal life!
Insane ambitions, futile strife!
One vainly brags a happier skill
His vines to range, his glebes to till;
Another boasts his nobler name, 15
His client throngs, his purer fame:
Poor fools, inexorable Fate
Deals equal law to small and great,
Shaking the urn from which allotted fly
Joy, pain, life, death, despair, and victory. 20

To him above whose impious head
Th' avenging sword impends
Sicilian feasts no joy impart,
Nor bird, nor lute, nor minstrel art
His vigil charms. Upon his bed 25
No healing dew of innocent sleep descends.

Sleep hovers with extended wing
Above the roof where labor dwells;
Or where the river, murmuring,
Ripples beneath the beechen shade; 30
Or where in Tempe's dells
No sound but Zephyr's breath throbs through
the sylvan glade.

The humble man who naught requires
Save what sufficed his frugal sires
Laughs at the portents vain 35
Of fierce Arcturus' sinking star,
Or rising Hædus; sees afar
Unmoved the raging main;
Content though farms their fruits deny,
Though shattered vineyards prostrate lie, 40
Though floods and frost the fields despoil,
Or hot suns rend the arid soil,
Contented still to live and toil.

The lord of wide domains
 Unsated still his ample bound disdains, 45
 And through the bosom of the deep
 Drives the huge mole, down-flinging heap on
 heap.

The finny race behold the new-born land
 Amazed, see towers arise, and fields expand,
 And 'mid his hireling crew th' usurper stand.

Proudly he stands; but at his side 51
 Terror still dogs the steps of pride:
 Behind the horseman sits black Care,
 And o'er the brazen trireme bends Despair.

Not marble from the Phrygian mine, 55
 Nor robes star-bright, Falernian wine,
 Nor Achæmenian balm,
 Can soothe the weary heart oppress,
 Or still the tumult of the breast
 With one brief moment's calm. 60

Then wherefore change my Sabine home,
 Where Envy dwells not, life is free,
 For pillared gate, and lofty dome,
 And the dull load of luxury?

—SIR STEPHEN E. DE VERE.

THE SPRING

O crystal-bright Bandusian Spring,
 Worthy thou of the mellow wine
 And flowers I bring to thy pure depths:
 A kid the morrow shall be thine.

The day of lustful strife draws on, 5
 The starting horns begin to gleam;
 In vain! His red blood soon shall tinge
 The waters of thy clear, cold stream.

The dog-star's fiercely blazing hour
 Ne'er with its heat doth change thy pool;
 To wandering flock and ploughworn steer 11
 Thou givest waters fresh and cool.

Thee, too, 'mong storied founts I'll place,
 Singing the oak that slants the steep
 Above the hollowed home of rock 15
 From which thy prattling streamlets leap.
 —GRANT SHOWERMAN.

TO A JAR OF WINE

O precious crock, whose summers date,
 Like mine, from Manlius' consulate,
 I wot not whether in your breast
 Lie maudlin wail or merry jest,
 Or sudden choler, or the fire 5
 Of tipsy Love's insane desire,

Or fumes of soft caressing sleep,
 Or what more potent charms you keep;
 But this I know, your ripened power
 Befits some choicely festive hour! 10
 A cup peculiarly mellow
 Corvinus asks; so come, old fellow,
 From your time-honored bin descend,
 And let me gratify my friend!
 No churl is he, your charms to slight, 15
 Though most intensely erudite:
 And even old Cato's worth, we know,
 Took from good wine a nobler glow.

Your magic power of wit can spread
 The halo round a dullard's head, 20
 Can make the sage forget his care,
 His bosom's inmost thoughts unbare,
 And drown his solemn-faced pretense
 Beneath your blithesome influence.
 Bright hope you bring and vigor back 25
 To minds outworn upon the rack,
 And put such courage in the brain
 As makes the poor be men again,
 Whom neither tyrants' wrath affrights,
 Nor all their bristling satellites. 30

Bacchus, and Venus, so that she
 Bring only frank festivity,
 With sister Graces in her train,
 Twinning close in lovely chain,
 And gladsome tapers' living light, 35
 Shall spread your treasures o'er the night,
 Till Phœbus the red East unbars,
 And puts to rout the trembling stars.

—SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

TO DIANA

Maid of the mountains and the glades,
 Who, thrice invoked, dost hear and save
 Pang-stricken mothers from the grave,
 Goddess of triple guise—
 Thine be the pine my cot that shades, 5
 Which, each year's end, I'll gladly stain
 With blood of threatening wild boar, slain
 His side stroke ere he plies.

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

A REGRET

For ladies' love I late was fit,
 And good success my warfare blest;
 But now my arms, my lyre I quit,
 And hang them up to rust or rest.
 Here, where arising from the sea 5
 Stands Venus, lay the load at last,

Links, crowbars, and artillery,
Threatening all doors that dared be fast.
O Goddess! Cyprus owns thy sway,
And Memphis, far from Thracian snow: 10
Raise high thy lash, and deal me, pray,
That haughty Chloe just one blow!
—JOHN CONINGTON.

THE POET'S PROPHECY

Not lasting bronze nor pyramid upreared
By princes shall outlive my powerful rhyme.
The monument I build, to men endeared,
Not biting rain, nor raging wind, nor time,
Endlessly flowing through the countless
years, 5
Shall e'er destroy. I shall not wholly die;
The grave shall have of me but what appears;
For me fresh praise shall ever multiply.
As long as priest and silent Vestal wind
The Capitolian steep, tongues shall tell o'er
How humble Horace rose above his kind 11
Where Aufidus's rushing waters roar
In the parched land where rustic Daunus
reigned,
And first taught Grecian numbers how to run
In Latin measure. Muse! the honor gained 15
Is thine, for I am thine till time is done.
Gracious Melpomene, O hear me now,
And with the Delphic bay gird round my
brow.

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

TO AUGUSTUS

From gods benign descended, thou
Best guardian of the fates of Rome,
Too long already from thy home
Hast thou, dear chief, been absent now;
Oh, then return, the pledge redeem, 5
Thou gav'st the Senate, and once more
Its light to all the land restore;
For when thy face, like springtide's gleam,
Its brightness on the people sheds,
Then glides the day more sweetly by, 10
A brighter blue pervades the sky,
The sun a richer radiance spreads!
As on her boy the mother calls,
Her boy, whom envious tempests keep 15
Beyond the vexed Carpathian deep,
From his dear home, till winter falls,

And still with vow and prayer she cries,
Still gazes on the winding shore,
So yearns the country evermore
For Cæsar, with fond, wistful eyes. 20

For safe the herds range field and fen
Full-headed stand the shocks of grain,
Our sailors sweep the peaceful main,
And man can trust his fellow-men.

No more adulterers stain our beds, 25
Laws, morals, both that taint efface,
The husband in the child we trace,
And close on crime sure vengeance treads.

The Parthian, under Cæsar's reign,
Or icy Scythian, who can dread, 30
Or all the tribes barbarian bred
By Germany, or ruthless Spain?

Now each man, basking on his slopes,
Weds to his widowed trees the vine,
Then, as he gaily quaffs his wine, 35
Salutes thee God of all his hopes;

And prayers to thee devoutly sends,
With deep libations; and, as Greece
Ranks Castor, and great Hercules,
Thy godship with his Lares blends. 40

Oh, mayst thou on Hesperia shine,
Her chief, her joy, for many a day!
Thus, dry-lipped, thus at morn we pray,
Thus pray at eve, when flushed with wine.

—SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

THE RACE FOR RICHES

Tell me, Mæcenæ, if you can,
How comes it, that no mortal man
Is with his lot in life content,
Whether he owes it to the bent
Of his free choice, or fortune's whim? 5
And why is there such charm for him
In the pursuit his neighbor plies?
'O happy, happy merchants!' cries
The soldier crippled with the banes
Of age, and many hard campaigns. 10
'A soldier's is the life for me!
The merchant shouts, whilst on the sea
His argosies are tossing far;
'For, mark ye, comes the tug of war,
Host grapples host, and in a breath 15
'Tis glorious victory or death!
The lawyer deems the farmer blest,
When roused at cock-crow from his rest

By clients—those prodigious bores—
 Thundering réveillé on his doors; 20
 Whilst he, by business dragged to town
 From farmy field and breezy down,
 Vows happiness is only theirs,
 Who dwell in crowded streets and squares.
 The cases of this kind we see, 25
 So multitudinous they be,
 Would tire e'en Fabius' self, that fount
 Of endless babble, to recount.
 But to my point at once I'll come,
 Lest you should think me wearisome. . . . 30

But to proceed, and not to seem
 To skim the surface of my theme,
 Like one who has no higher views
 Than with quaint fancies to amuse:—
 Yet why should truth not be impressed 35
 Beneath the cover of a jest,
 As teachers, gentlest of their tribe,
 Their pupils now and then will bribe
 With cakes and sugar-plums to look
 With favor on their spelling-book? 40
 Still, be this as it may, let us
 Treat a grave subject gravely—thus:

The man who turns from day to day
 With weary plough the stubborn clay,
 Yon vintner—an exceeding knave, 45
 The soldier, sailor rashly brave,
 Who sweeps the seas from pole to pole,
 All, to a man, protest their sole
 Incentive thus to toil and sweat
 Is a bare competence to get, 50
 On which to some calm nook they may
 Retire, and dream old age away.
 Just as the tiny ant—for this
 Their favorite illustration is—
 Whate'er it can, away will sweep, 55
 And add to its still growing heap,
 Sagacious duly to foresee,
 And cater for the time to be.
 True sage, for when Aquarius drear
 Enshrouds in gloom the inverted year,
 She keeps her nest, and on the hoard
 Subsists, her prudent care has stored;
 Whilst you nor summer's fervent heat
 From the pursuit of wealth can beat,
 Nor fire, nor winter, sword, nor wrack; 65
 Nothing can daunt, or hold you back,
 As long as lives the creature, who
 Can brag he's wealthier than you.

Where is the pleasure, pray unfold,
 Of burying your heaps of gold
 And silver in some darkling hole,
 With trepidation in your soul?
 Diminish them, you say, and down
 They'll dwindle to a paltry crown.
 But say you don't, what beauty lies 75
 In heaps, however huge their size?

Suppose your granaries contain
 Measures ten thousandfold of grain,
 Your stomach will not, when you dine, 80
 Hold one iota more than mine.
 Like the poor slave, that bears the sack
 Of loaves upon his aching back,
 You'll get no more, no, not one jot,
 Than does his mate, who carries nought.
 Or say, what boots it to the man, 85
 Who lives within boon Nature's plan,
 Whether he drive his ploughshare o'er
 A thousand acres or five score?

But then, you urge, the joy is deep
 Of taking from a bulky heap. 90
 Still, if we're free to pick out all
 Our needs require from one that's small,
 What better with your barns are you,
 Than we with our poor sack or two?

Let us imagine, you desire 95
 Some water, and no more require
 Than might be in a jar ta'en up,
 Or ev'n in, shall we say, a cup?
 'I will not touch this trickling spring,
 But from yon rolling river bring 100
 What store I want,' you proudly cry.

Well, be it so! But by-and-by
 Those who still strive and strain, like you,
 For something more than is their due,
 By surly Aufidus will be 105
 Swept with its banks into the sea;
 Whilst he, who all-abundant thinks
 What for his wants suffices, drinks
 His water undefiled with mud,
 Nor sinks unpitied in the flood. . . . 110

Then let this lust of hoarding cease;
 And, if your riches shall increase,
 Stand less in dread of being poor,
 And, having managed to secure 115
 All that was once your aim, begin

To round your term of toiling in;
 Nor act like that Ummidius, who
 (Brief is the tale) was such a screw—
 Although so rich, he did not count 120
 His wealth, but measured its amount—

That any slave went better dressed,
 And to the last he was possessed
 By dread that he should die of sheer
 Starvation. Well, the sequel hear!
 His housekeeper, tried past all bearing, 125
 With more than Clytemnestra's daring
 Resolved to cure him of his pain,
 So cleft him with an axe in twain. . . . 130

And so this brings me round again
 To what I started from, that men 130
 Are like the miser, all, in this:
 They ever think their state amiss,
 And only those men happy, who
 A different career pursue;

Pine if their neighbor's she-goat bears 135
 An ampler store of milk than theirs;
 Ne'er think how many myriads are
 Still poorer than themselves by far,
 And with unceasing effort labor
 To get a point beyond their neighbor. 140
 So does some wight, more rich than they,
 For ever bar their onward way;
 Just as, when launched in full career,
 On, onwards strains the charioteer
 To outstrip the steeds that head the pace,
 And scorns the laggards in the race. 146
 And thus it happens, that we can
 So rarely light upon a man
 Who may with perfect truth confess
 His life was one of happiness; 150
 And, when its destined term is spent,
 Can from its way retire content,
 And like a well-replenished guest.
 But now I've prosed enough; and lest 155
 You think I have purloined the olio,
 That crams Crispinus's portfolio,
 That pink of pedants most absurd,
 I will not add one other word.

THE BORE

It chanced that I, the other day,
 Was sauntering up the Sacred Way,
 And musing, as my habit is,
 Some trivial random fantasies,
 That for the time absorbed me quite, 5
 When there comes running up a wight,
 Whom only by his name I knew;
 'Ha, my dear fellow, how d'ye do?'
 Grasping my hand, he shouted. 'Why,
 As times go, pretty well,' said I; 10
 'And you, I trust, can say the same.'
 But after me as still he came,
 'Sir, is there anything,' I cried,
 'You want of me?' 'Oh,' he replied,
 'I'm just the man you ought to know;— 15
 A scholar, author!' 'Is it so?'
 For this I'll like you all the more!
 Then, writhing to evade the bore,
 I quicken now my pace, now stop,
 And in my servant's ear let drop 20
 Some words, and all the while I feel
 Bathed in cold sweat from head to heel.
 'Oh for a touch,' I moaned in pain,
 'Bolanus, of thy slapdash vein,
 To put this incubus to rout!' 25
 As he went chattering on about
 Whatever he describes or meets,
 The crowds, the beauty of the streets,
 The city's growth, its splendor, size.
 'You're dying to be off,' he cries; 30

For all the while I'd been struck dumb.
 'I've noticed it some time. But come,
 Let's clearly understand each other;
 It's no use making all this pother.
 My mind's made up to stick by you; 35
 So where you go, there I go too.'
 'Don't put yourself,' I answered, 'pray,
 So very far out of your way.
 I'm on the road to see a friend,
 Whom you don't know, that's near his end,
 Away beyond the Tiber far, 41
 Close by where Cæsar's gardens are.'
 'I've nothing in the world to do,
 And what's a paltry mile or two?
 I like it, so I'll follow you!' 45
 Down dropped my ears on hearing this,
 Just like a vicious jackass's
 That's loaded heavier than he likes;
 But off anew my torment strikes,
 'If well I know myself, you'll end 50
 With making of me more a friend
 Than Viscus, ay, or Varius; for
 Of verses who can run off more,
 Or run them off at such a pace?
 Who dance with such distinguished grace?
 And as for singing, zounds!' said he, 56
 'Hermogenes might envy me!'
 Here was an opening to break in.
 'Have you a mother, father, kin,
 To whom your life is precious?' 'None;— 61
 I've closed the eyes of every one.'
 Oh happy they, I inly groan.
 Now I am left, and I alone.
 Quick, quick, despatch me where I stand!
 Now is the direful doom at hand 65
 Which erst the Sabine beldam old,
 Shaking her magic urn, foretold
 In days when I was yet a boy:—
 'Him shall no poisons fell destroy,
 Nor hostile sword in shock of war, 70
 Nor gout, nor colic, nor catarrh.
 In fulness of the time his thread
 Shall by a prate-apace be shred;
 So let him, when he's twenty-one,
 If he be wise, all babblers shun.' 75
 Now we were close to Vesta's fane.
 'Twas hard on ten, and he, my bane,
 Was bound to answer to his bail,
 Or lose his cause, if he should fail.
 'Do, if you love me, step aside 80
 One moment with me here,' he cried.
 'Upon my life, indeed, I can't;
 Of law I'm wholly ignorant;
 And you know where I'm hurrying to.'
 'I'm fairly puzzled what to do. 85
 Give you up, or my cause?' 'Oh, me,
 Me, by all means!' 'I won't,' quoth he;
 And stalks on, holding by me tight. 30

As with your conqueror to fight
 Is hard, I follow. 'How,' anon 90
 He rambles off—'how get you on,
 You and Mæcenas? To so few
 He keeps himself. So clever, too!
 No man more dexterous to seize
 And use his opportunities. 95
 Just introduce me, and you'll see,
 We'll pull together famously;
 And hang me, then, if with my backing,
 You don't send all your rivals packing!
 'Things in that quarter, sir, proceed 100
 In very different style indeed.
 No house more free from all that's base,
 In none cabals more out of place.
 It hurts me not, if there I see 105
 Men richer, better read than me.
 Each has his place!' 'Amazing tact!
 Scarce credible!' 'But 'tis the fact.'
 'You quicken my desire to get
 An introduction to his set.'
 'With merit such as yours, you need 110
 But wish it, and you must succeed.
 He's to be won, and that is why
 Of strangers he's so very shy.'
 'I'll spare no pains, no arts, no shifts!
 His servants I'll corrupt with gifts. 115
 To-day though driven from his gate,
 What matter? I will lie in wait,
 To catch some lucky chance; I'll meet,
 Or overtake him in the street;
 I'll haunt him like his shadow! Nought 120
 In life without much toil is bought.'
 Just at this moment who but my
 Dear friend Aristius should come by?
 My rattle-brain right well he knew.
 We stop. 'Whence, friends, and whither to?'
 He asks and answers. Whilst we ran 125
 The usual courtesies, I began
 To pluck him by the sleeve, to pinch
 His arms, that feel but will not flinch,
 By nods and winks most plain to see 130
 Imploring him to rescue me:
 He, wickedly obtuse the while,
 Meets all my signals with a smile.
 I, choked with rage, said, 'Was there not
 Some business, I've forgotten what, 135
 You mentioned, that you wished with me
 To talk about, and privately?'
 'Oh, I remember! Never mind.
 Some more convenient time I'll find.
 The Thirtieth Sabbath this! Would you 140
 Offend the circumcised Jew?'
 'Religious scruples I have none.'
 'Ah! But I have. I am but one
 Of the *canaille*—a feeble brother.
 Your pardon! Some fine day or other 145
 I'll tell you what it was.' Oh, day

Of woful doom to me! Away
 The rascal bolted like an arrow,
 And left me underneath the harrow;
 When by the rarest luck, we ran 150
 At the next turn against the man
 Who had the lawsuit with my bore.
 'Ha, knave!' he cried with loud uproar,
 'Where are you off to? Will you here
 Stand witness?' I present my ear. 155
 To court he hustles him along;
 High words are bandied, high and strong,
 A mob collects, the fray to see:
 So did Apollo rescue me.

THE SABINE FARM

My prayers with this I used to charge,—
 A piece of land not over large,
 Wherein there should a garden be,
 A clear spring flowing ceaselessly,
 And where, to crown the whole, there should 6
 A patch be found of growing wood.
 All this, and more, the gods have sent,
 And I am heartily content.
 O son of Maia, that I may 10
 These bounties keep is all I pray.
 If ne'er by craft or base design
 I've swelled what little store is mine,
 Nor mean it ever shall be wrecked
 By profligacy or neglect;
 If never from my lips a word 15
 Shall drop of wishes so absurd
 As, 'Had I but that little nook,
 Next to my land, that spoils its look!'
 Or, 'Would some lucky chance unfold 20
 A crock to me of hidden gold,
 As to the man, whom Hercules
 Enriched and settled at his ease,
 Who, with the treasure he had found,
 Bought for himself the very ground 25
 Which he before for hire had tilled!'
 If I with gratitude am filled
 For what I have—by this I dare
 Adjure you to fulfil my prayer,
 That you with fatness will endow 30
 My little herd of cattle now,
 And all things else their lord may own,
 Except what wits he has alone,
 And be, as heretofore, my chief
 Protector, guardian, and relief! 35
 So, when from town and all its ills
 I to my perch among the hills
 Retreat, what better theme to choose
 Than satire for my homely Muse?
 No fell ambition wastes me there,
 No, nor the south wind's leaden air, 40
 Nor Autumn's pestilential breath,

With victims feeding hungry death.
 Sire of the morn, or if more dear
 The name of Janus to thine ear,
 Through whom what'er by man is done, 45
 From life's first dawning, is begun,
 (So willed the gods for man's estate)
 Do thou my verse initiate!
 At Rome you hurry me away
 To bail my friend; 'Quick, no delay, 50
 Or some one—could worse luck befall you?—
 Will in the kindly task forestall you.'
 So go I must, although the wind
 Is north and killingly unkind,
 Or snow, in thickly-falling flakes, 55
 The wintry day more wintry makes.
 And when, articulate and clear,
 I've spoken what may cost me dear,
 Elbowing the crowd that round me close,
 I'm sure to crush somebody's toes. 60
 'I say, where are you pushing to?
 What would you have, you madman, you?'
 So flies he at poor me, 'tis odds,
 And curses me by all his gods. 65
 'You think that you, now, I daresay,
 May push whatever stops your way,
 When you are to Mæcenas bound!
 Sweet, sweet, as honey is the sound,
 I won't deny, of that last speech,
 But then no sooner do I reach 70
 The gloomy Esquiline, than straight
 Buzz, buzz around me runs the prate
 Of people pestering me with cares,
 All about other men's affairs.
 'To-morrow, Roscius bade me state, 75
 He trusts you'll be in court by eight!
 'The scriveners, worthy Quintus, pray,
 You'll not forget they meet to-day,
 Upon a point both grave and new,
 One touching the whole body, too.' 80
 'Do get Mæcenas, do, to sign
 This application here of mine!
 'Well, well, I'll try.' 'You can with ease
 Arrange it, if you only please.' 85
 Close on eight years it now must be,
 Since first Mæcenas numbered me
 Among his friends, as one to take
 Out driving with him, and to make
 The confidant of trifles, say, 90
 Like this, 'What is the time of day?'
 'The Thracian Bantam, would you bet
 On him, or on the Syrian Pet?'
 'These chilly mornings will do harm,
 If one don't mind to wrap up warm;'
 Such nothings as without a fear 95
 One drops into the chinkiest ear.
 Yet all this time hath envy's glance
 On me looked more and more askance.
 From mouth to mouth such comments run:

'Our friend indeed is Fortune's son. 100
 Why, there he was, the other day,
 Beside Mæcenas at the play;
 And at the Campus, just before,
 They had a bout at battledore.'
 Some chilling news through lane and
 street
 Spreads from the Forum. All I meet 106
 Accost me thus—'Dear friend, you're so
 Close to the gods, that you must know:
 About the Dacians, have you heard
 Any fresh tidings?' 'Not a word!
 'You're always jesting!' 'Now may all
 The gods confound me, great and small,
 If I have heard one word!' 'Well, well,
 But you at any rate can tell
 If Cæsar means the lands, which he 115
 Has promised to his troops, shall be
 Selected from Italian ground,
 Or in Trinacria be found?'
 And when I swear, as well I can,
 That I know nothing, for a man 120
 Of silence rare and most discreet
 They cry me up to all the street.
 Thus do my wasted days slip by,
 Not without many a wish and sigh,
 Oh, when shall I the country see, 125
 Its woodlands green? Oh, when be free,
 With books of great old men, and sleep,
 And hours of dreamy ease, to creep
 Into oblivion sweet of life,
 Its agitations and its strife? 130
 When on my table shall be seen
 Pythagoras's kinsman bean,
 And bacon, not too fat, embellish
 My dish of greens, and give it relish?
 Oh happy nights, oh feasts divine, 135
 When, with the friends I love, I dine
 At mine own hearth-fire, and the meat
 We leave gives my bluff hinds a treat!
 No stupid laws our feasts control,
 But each guest drains or leaves the bowl, 140
 Precisely as he feels inclined.
 If he be strong, and have a mind
 For bumpers, good! if not, he's free
 To sip his liquor leisurely.
 And then the talk our banquet rouses! 145
 Not gossip 'bout our neighbors' houses,
 Or if 'tis generally thought
 That Lepos dances well or not?
 But what concerns us nearer, and 150
 Is harmful not to understand,
 Whether by wealth or worth, 'tis plain,
 That men to happiness attain?
 By what we're led to choose our friends,—
 Regard for them, or our own ends?
 In what does good consist, and what 155
 Is the supremest form of that?

And then friend Cervius will strike in
 With some old grandam's tale, akin
 To what we are discussing. Thus,
 If some one have cried up to us 160
 Arellius' wealth, forgetting how
 Much care it costs him, 'Look you now,
 Once on a time,' he will begin,
 'A country mouse received within
 His rugged cave a city brother, 165
 As one old comrade would another.
 A frugal mouse upon the whole,
 But loved his friend, and had a soul,
 And could be free and open-handed,
 When hospitality demanded. 170
 In brief, he did not spare his hoard
 Of corn and pease, long coily stored;
 Raisins he brought, and scraps, to boot,
 Half-gnawed, of bacon, which he put
 With his own mouth before his guest, 175
 In hopes, by offering his best
 In such variety, he might
 Persuade him to an appetite.
 But still the cit, with languid eye,
 Just picked a bit, then put it by; 180
 Which with dismay the rustic saw,
 As, stretched upon some stubby straw,
 He munched at bran and common grits,
 Not venturing on the dainty bits.
 At length the town mouse, 'What,' says he,
 'My good friend, can the pleasure be 186
 Of grubbing here, on the backbone
 Of a great crag with trees o'ergrown?
 Who'd not to these wild woods prefer
 The city, with its crowds and stir? 190
 Then come with me to town; you'll ne'er
 Regret the hour that took you there.
 All earthly things draw mortal breath;
 Nor great nor little can from death
 Escape, and therefore, friend, be gay, 195
 Enjoy life's good things while you may,
 Remembering how brief the space
 Allowed to you in any case.'

His words strike home; and, light of heart,
 Behold with him our rustic start, 200
 Timing their journey so, they might
 Reach town beneath the cloud of night,
 Which was at its high noon, when they
 To a rich mansion found their way,
 Where shining ivory couches vied 205
 With coverlets in purple dyed,
 And where in baskets were amassed
 The wrecks of a superb repast,
 Which some few hours before had closed.
 There, having first his friend disposed 210
 Upon a purple tissue, straight
 The city mouse begins to wait
 With scraps upon his country brother,
 Each scrap more dainty than another,

And all a servant's duty proffers, 215
 First tasting everything he offers.
 The guest, reclining there in state,
 Rejoices in his altered fate,
 O'er each fresh tidbit smacks his lips, 220
 And breaks into the merriest quips,
 When suddenly a banging door
 Shakes host and guest into the floor.
 From room to room they rush aghast,
 And almost drop down dead at last,
 When loud through all the house resounds
 The deep bay of Molossian hounds. 226
 'Ho!' cries the country mouse. 'This kind
 Of life is not for me, I find.
 Give me my woods and cavern. There
 At least I'm safe! And though both spare
 And poor my food may be, rebel 231
 I never will; so, fare ye well!'

TO HIS BOOK

I read the meaning of that wistful look
 Towards Janus and Vertumnus, O my book!
 Upon the Sosii's shelves you long to stand,
 Rubbed smooth with pumice by their skilful
 hand.
 You chafe at lock and modest seal; you
 groan, 5
 That you should only to a few be shown,
 And sigh by all the public to be read,
 You in far other notions trained and bred.
 Well, go your way, whereso you please and
 when,
 But, once sent forth, you come not back
 again. 10
 'Fool that I was! why did I change my lot?'
 You'll cry, when wounded in some tender
 spot,
 And, out of fashion and of favor grown,
 You're crumpled up, and into corners thrown.
 Unless my ill-divining spirit be 15
 Warped by chagrin at your perversity,
 Thus with sure presage I forecast your
 doom;
 You will be liked by Rome, while in your
 bloom,
 But soon as e'er the thumbing and the soil
 Of vulgar hands shall your first freshness
 spoil, 20
 You will be left to nibbling worms a prey,
 Or sent as wrappers to lands far away.
 Then one, whose warnings on your ears fell
 dead,
 With a grim smile will note how you have
 sped,
 Like him who, driven past patience by his
 mule,

Pushed o'er a precipice the restive fool,—
'Oho! so you're determined to destroy
Yourself? Well, do it, and I wish you joy!

Yet one thing more awaits your failing
age;

That in suburban schools your well-thumbed
page 30

Will be employed by pedagogues to teach
Young boys with painful pangs the parts of
speech.

But if, perchance, some sunny afternoon
To hear your voice shall eager ears attune,
Say, that though born a freedman's son, pos-
sessed 35

Of slender means, beyond the parent nest
I soared on ampler wing; thus what in birth
I lack, let that be added to my worth.

Say, that in war, and also here at home,
I stood well with the foremost men of Rome;
That small in stature, prematurely grey, 41

Sunshine was life to me and gladness; say
Besides, though hasty in my temper, I
Was just as quick to put my anger by.
Then, should my age be asked you, add that
four 45

And forty years I'd flourished, and no more,
In the December of that year, which fame
Will join with Lepidus' and Lollius' name.

THE ART OF POETRY

Suppose, by some wild freak of fancy led,
A painter were to join a human head
To neck of horse, cull here and there a limb,
And daub on feathers various as his whim,
So that a woman, lovely to a wish, 5
Went tailing off into a loathsome fish,
Could you, although the artist's self were
there,
From laughter long and loud, my friends,
forbear?

Well, trust me, Pisos, of that freak of art
The book would be the very counterpart, 10
Which with a medley of wild fancies teems,
Whirling in chaos like a sick man's dreams,
A maze of forms incongruous and base,
Where nought is of a piece, nought in its
place.

To dare whate'er they please has always
been 15

The painter's, poet's, privilege, I ween.
It is a boon that any one may plead—
Myself I claim it, and in turn concede;
But 'twill not do to urge the plea too far.
To join together things that clash and jar, 20
The savage with the gentle, were absurd,
Or couple lamb with tiger, snake with bird.

Mostly, when poems open with a grand
Imposing air, we may surmise at hand
Some flashy fustian, here and there a patch 25
Of flaming scarlet, meant the eye to catch.
A grove shall be described, or Dian's shrine,
Or through delightsome plains for many a
line

A brook shall wind, or the Rhine's rushing
stream,

Or o'er the page the heavenly bow shall
gleam. 30

All very fine, but wholly out of place!
You draw a cypress with consummate grace;
But what of that, if you have had your fee
To paint a wrecked man struggling in the
sea?

A vase was meant; how comes it, then,
about, 35

As the wheel turns, a common jug comes out?
Whate'er you write, by this great maxim run,
Let it be simple, homogeneous, one.

We poets, most of us, by the pretence,
Dear friends, are duped of seeming excel-
lence. 40

We grow obscure in striving to be terse;
Aiming at ease, we enervate our verse;
For grandeur soaring, into bombast fall,
And, dreading that, like merest reptiles
crawl;

Whilst he, who seeks his readers to surprise
With common things shown in uncommon
wise, 45

Will make his dolphins through the forests
roam,

His wild boars ride upon the billows' foam.
So unskilled writers, in their haste to shun
One fault, are apt into a worse to run. . . . 50

You who to fame upon the stage aspire,
Mark then what I and all the town require.
If you would have your audience keep their
seats

Till the last actor the old tag repeats,
Give all your characters a tone, a hue, 55
Both to their years and to their natures true.

Soon as the boy can talk and make his way
Alone, he yearns with other boys to play,
Flies into passions, cools again as fast,
And shows a thousand moods that never last.

The beardless youth, from guardian freed
at length, 61

Loves horses, dogs, and sports, and games of
strength,

Ductile as wax when he to vice is wooed,
Steel-hard to those who counsel him for
good;

Taking no heed to what will prove of use, 65
Enthusiastic, prodigal, profuse,
Full of wild longings, yet will cast away

The things he yearned for most but yesterday.

What change comes o'er his spirit as he
nears

The middle term of manhood's riper years! 70

Money he seeks and friends, and hour by
hour

Toils like a slave to compass place and
power;

Cautious the while to do no single act,

He would be fain hereafter to retract.

Discomforts many on old age attend,— 75

Getting; and dreading what it gets to spend;

In all its counsels spiritless and chill,

Inert, irresolute, weak in hope and will,

Into the future ever prone to peer,

Harsh, crabbed, querulous, obstinate, aus-
tere, 80

Praising the brave old times when it was
young,

And railing at the new with peevish tongue.

Years, as they come, a host of blessings
bring;

A host of blessings, as they go, take wing.

Then ever keep the traits before your mind, 85

The qualities that are with years combined;

So, mold not youths and greybeards on one
plan,

Nor make the boy you draw a full-grown
man. . . .

Because Democritus has somewhere taught,

Genius is all in all, and art is nought, 90

And to the slopes of Helicon admits

Only such poets as have lost their wits,

Some of the tribe, with whom the creed
prevails,

Will neither shave their heads nor pare their
nails,

Avoid the baths, and to lone spots retreat, 95

Where they are sure no living soul to meet.

For he, they fancy, may securely claim

As his just due a poet's name and fame,

Who lets no barber's razor touch a poll,

Which not even three Anticyras could make
whole. 100

Fool that I am, whenever spring draws nigh,

To purge myself of bile and vapors dry!

Did I refrain, where is the living wight

Who better poems than myself could write?

Well, well, no matter! I will play the hone, 105

That gives an edge, but has none of its own;

Myself not writing, I will teach what makes

A poet's excellence, show whence he takes

The riches of his art, the grace, the charm,

And what is fraught with good, and what
with harm. 110

In all sound writing, knowledge and good
sense

Lie at the very root of excellence.

To the Socratic page for matter go:

Once master that, and words will freely
flow.

He who has learned to feel and comprehend

His duty to his country, to his friend, 116

The love that's due to parent, brother, guest,

What makes the judge, the senator, what best

Will qualify to lead a great campaign,—

That man, be sure, will hit the proper vein,

And by their thoughts, their feelings, lan-
guage, acts, 121

Make all his characters true living facts.

The world of life and manners is the book

To which the dramatist must always look,

To find those types of men, and diction
too, 125

Which all the world shall recognize as true.

If true to life and to the human heart,

A play, though void of beauty, force, and art,

More charms an audience, holds them in its
spell,

Than vapid trifles, sound they ne'er so
well. . . . 130

The charms of verse—the question is not
new—

Are they to art or inborn genius due?

In all fine work, methinks, each plays a
part—

Art linked with genius, genius linked with
art; 134

Each doth the other's helping hand require,

And to one end they both, like friends, con-
spire.

The youth, who in the foot-race burns to win,

Must do and suffer much ere he begin,—

Sweat himself down, bear cold and toil and
pain,

And from the lures of love and wine abstain.

At Pythian games no piper ever played 141

But teacher had, and was of him afraid.

But poets nowadays don't go to school.

'Behold!' they cry, 'my verse is wonderful.

Deuce take the hindermost! 'Twere foul dis-
grace, 145

Were I to be left lagging in the race,

And to confess my ignorance of what,

To tell the truth, I never have been taught!'
SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

ALBIUS TIBULLUS (About 55-19 B.C.)

Tibullus, fifteen years younger than Virgil and dying in the same year, probably a Roman, began his poems with a farewell to war not long after the battle of Actium, and about the time when Virgil was beginning the *Æneid*. He was one of Rome's four elegiac poets, all Augustans, Gallus, Tibullus, Propertius, Ovid. In the first three, and only to less degree in Ovid, the elegy, which with the Greek poets five hundred years earlier had been the vehicle of moral, political, philosophic, and even martial content, became the conveyance predominately of love. Retired from the alarms of soldiering and the quest of gain, Tibullus sings in charmingly meditative mood, and in verse pure and lovely almost beyond compare the delightful joys and the hardly less delightful pains of his love for Delia and Nemesis, the warmth of his friendship and admiration for Messalla, and the beauties of peace and contentment in a land of sunshine, plenty, and wholesome toil, the Italy he loves more deeply and with greater return than fickle and undeserving sweethearts.

The translator is James Grainger.

CONTENTMENT AND LOVE

The glittering ore let others vainly heap,
O'er fertile vales extend the enclosing mound,
With dread of neighboring foes forsake their sleep,
And start aghast at every trumpet's sound.

Me humbler scenes delight, and calmer days;
A tranquil life fair poverty secure!
Then boast, my hearth, a small but cheerful blaze,
And riches grasp who will, let me be poor.

Nor yet be hope a stranger to my door,
But o'er my roof, bright goddess, still preside!
With many a bounteous autumn heap my floor,
And swell my vats with must, a purple tide.

My tender vines I'll plant with early care,
And choicest apples, with a skilful hand:
Nor blush, a rustic, oft to guide the share,
Or goad the tardy ox along the land.

Let me a simple swain, with honest pride,
If chance a lambkin from its dam should roam,
Or sportful kid, the little wanderer chide,
And in my bosom bear exulting home.

Here Pales I bedew with milky showers,
Lustrations yearly for my shepherd pay,

Revere each antique stone bedecked with flowers,
That bounds the field, or points the doubtful way.

My grateful fruits, the earliest of the year,
Before the rural gods shall duly wait;
From Ceres' gifts I'll cull each browner ear,
And hang a wheaten wreath before her gate.

The ruddy god shall have my fruit from stealth,
And far away each little plunderer scare;
And you, the guardians once of ampler wealth,
My household gods, shall still my offerings share.

My numerous herds that wantoned o'er the mead,
The choicest fatling then could richly yield;
Now scarce I spare a little lamb to bleed,
A mighty victim for my scanty field.

And yet a lamb shall bleed, while, ranged around,
The village youths shall stand in order meet,
With rustic hymns, ye gods, your praise resound,
And future crops and future wines entreat.

Then come, ye powers, nor scorn my frugal board,
Nor yet the gifts clean earthen bowls convey;

With these the first of men the gods adored,
And formed their simple shape of ductile
clay.

My little flock, ye wolves, ye robbers,
spare, 45
Too mean a plunder to deserve your toil;
For wealthier herds the nightly theft prepare;
There seek a nobler prey, and richer spoil.

For treasured wealth, nor stores of golden
wheat,
The hoard of frugal sires, I vainly call; 50
A little farm be mine, a cottage neat,
And wonted couch where balmy sleep may
fall.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast;
Or, lulled to slumber by the beating rain, 55
Secure and happy sink at last to rest.

These joys be mine! O grant me only these,
And give to others bags of shining gold,
Whose steely heart can brave the boisterous
seas,
The storm wide-wasting, or the stiffening
cold. 60

Content with little I would rather stay
Than spend long months amid the watery
waste;

In cooling shades elude the scorching ray,
Beside some fountain's gliding waters
placed.

O perish rather all that's rich and rare, 65
The diamond quarry, and the golden vein,
Than that my absence cost one precious tear,
Or give some gentle maid a moment's pain!

With glittering spoils, Messalla, gild thy
dome,
Be thine the noble task to lead the brave; 70
A lovely foe me captive holds, at home,
Chained to her scornful gate, a watchful
slave.

Inglorious post! And yet I heed not fame:
The applause of crowds for Delia I'd re-
sign;
To live with thee I'd bear the coward's
name, 75
Nor midst the scorn of nations once repine.

With thee to live I'd mock the ploughman's
toil,
Or on some lonely mountain tend my sheep:

At night I'd lay me on the flinty soil,
And happy midst thy dear embraces
sleep. 80

What drooping lover heeds the Tyrian bed,
While the long night is passed with many
a sigh?
Nor softest down with richest carpets
spread,
Nor whispering rills, can close the weeping
eye.

Of threefold iron were his rugged frame, 85
Who when he might thy yielding heart
obtain,
Could yet attend the calls of empty fame,
Or follow arms in quest of sordid gain.

Unenvied let him drive the vanquished host,
Through captive lands his conquering
armies lead, 90
Unenvied wear the robe with gold embossed,
And guide with solemn state his foaming
steed.

O may I view thee with life's parting ray,
And thy dear hand with dying ardor press:
Sure thou wilt weep, and on thy lover's
clay, 95
With breaking heart, print many a tender
kiss.

Sure thou wilt weep, and woes unuttered feel,
When on the pyre thou seest thy lover
laid;
For well I know, nor flint, nor ruthless steel,
Can arm the breast of such a gentle maid.

From the sad pomp, what youth, what pitying
fair, 101
Returning slow, can tender tears refrain?
O Delia, spare thy cheeks, thy tresses spare,
Nor give my lingering shade a world of
pain.

But now, while smiling hours the fates be-
stow, 105
Let love, dear maid, our gentle hearts unite.
Soon death will come, and strike the fatal
blow;
Unseen his head, and veiled in shades of
night.

Soon creeping age will bow the lover's frame,
And tear the myrtle chaplet from his
brow: 110
With hoary locks ill suits the youthful flame,
The soft persuasion, or the ardent vow.

Now the fair queen of gay desires is ours,
And lends our follies an indulgent smile;
'Tis lavish youth's to enjoy the frolic
hours, ¹¹⁵
The wanton revel and the midnight broil.

Your chief, my friends, and fellow-soldier, I
To these light wars will lead you boldly on:
Far hence, ye trumpets, sound, and banners
fly:
To those who covet wounds and fame be-
gone, ¹²⁰

And bear them fame and wounds; and riches
bear;
There are that fame and wounds and riches
prize.
For me, while I possess one plenteous year,
I'll wealth and meager want alike despise.

THE RUSTIC FESTIVAL

Attend, and favor, as our sires ordain;
The fields we lustrate, and the rising grain.
Come, Bacchus, and thy horns with grapes
surround;
Come, Ceres, with thy wheaten garland
crowned.
This hallowed day suspend each swain his
toil, ⁵
Rest let the plough, and rest the uncultured
soil;
Unyoke the steer, his racks heap high with
hay,
And deck with wreaths his honest front to-
day;
Be all your thoughts to this grand work
applied.
And lay, ye thrifty fair, your wool aside! ¹⁰
Hence I command you mortals from the rite,
Who spent in amorous blandishment the
night;
The vernal powers in chastity delight.
But come, ye pure, in spotless garbs arrayed:
For you the solemn festival is made. ¹⁵
Come, follow thrice the victim round the
lands;
In running water purify your hands.
See, to the flames the willing victim come;
Ye swains with olive crowned, be dumb, be
dumb!
'From ills, O sylvan gods, our limits
shield, ²⁰
Today we purge the farmer and the field.
O let no weeds destroy the rising grain;
By no fell prowler be the lambkin slain;
So shall the hind dread penury no more,

But, gaily smiling o'er his plenteous store, ²⁵
With liberal hand shall larger billets bring,
Heap the broad hearth, and hail the genial
spring.

His numerous bond-slaves all in goodly rows
With wicker huts your altars shall enclose.
That done, they'll cheerly laugh, and dance, ³⁰
and play.
And praise your goodness in their uncouth
lay.'

The gods assent; see, see! those entrails
show
That heaven approves of what is done below.
Now quaff Falernian; let my Chian wine,
Poured from the cask, in massy goblets
shine. ³⁵
Drink deep, my friends; all, all, be madly
gay;

'Twere irreligion not to reel today.
Health to Messalla, every peasant toast,
And not a letter of his name be lost!

O come, my friend, whom Gallic triumphs
grace, ⁴⁰
Thou noblest splendor of an ancient race,
Thou whom the arts all emulously crown,
Sword of the state, and honor of the gown;
My theme is gratitude, inspire my lays,
O be my genius, while I strive to praise ⁴⁵
The rural deities, the rural plain,
The use of foodful corn they taught the
swain.

They taught man first the social hut to
raise,
And thatch it o'er with turf, or leafy sprays;
They first to tame the furious bull essayed, ⁵⁰
And on rude wheels the rolling carriage laid.
Man left his savage ways; the garden glowed,
Fruits not their own admiring trees bestowed,
While through the thirsty ground meandering
runnels flowed.

There bees of sweets despoil the breathing
spring, ⁵⁵
And to their cells the dulcet plunder bring.
The ploughman first, to soothe the toilsome
day

Chanted in measured feet his sylvan lay;
And, seed-time o'er, he first in blithesome
vein
Piped to his household gods the hymning
strain. ⁶⁰

Then first the press with purple wine o'erran,
And cooling water made it fit for man;
The village-lad first made a wreath of
flowers

To deck in spring the tutelary powers.
Blest be the country! yearly there the plain ⁶⁵
Yields, when the dog-star burns, the golden
grain.

Thence too thy chorus, Bacchus, first began;
 The painted clown first laid the tragic plan;
 A goat, the leader of the shaggy throng,
 The village sent it, recompensed the song. ⁷⁰
 There too the sheep his woolly treasure
 wears;
 There too the swain his woolly treasure
 shears;
 This to the thrifty dame long work supplies:
 The distaff hence, and basket, took their rise.
 Hence too the various labors of the loom, ⁷⁵
 Thy praise, Minerva, and Arachne's doom.
 Mid mountain herds love first drew vital air,
 Unknown to man, and man had nought to
 fear;
 'Gainst herds his bow the unskilful archer
 drew;—
 Ah, my pierced heart! an archer now too
 true. ⁸⁰
 Now herds may roam untouched; 'tis Cupid's
 joy
 The brave to vanquish, and to fix the coy.
 The youth whose heart the soft emotion feels
 Nor sighs for wealth, nor waits at grandeur's
 heels;
 Age fired by love is touched by shame no
 more, ⁸⁵
 But blabs its follies at the fair one's door.
 Led by soft love, the tender, trembling fair
 Steals to her swain, and cheats suspicion's
 care;
 With outstretched arms she wins her
 darkling way,
 And, tiptoe, listens, that no noise betray. ⁹⁰
 Ah, wretched those on whom dread Cupid
 frowns!
 How happy they whose mutual choice he
 crowns!
 Will Love partake the banquets of the day?—
 O come, but throw thy burning shafts away!
 Ye swains, begin to mighty Love the song; ⁹⁵
 Your songs, ye swains, to mighty Love be-
 long.
 Breathe out aloud your wishes for my fold;

Your own soft vows in whispers may be told.
 But hark! loud mirth and music fire the
 crowd—
 Ye now may venture to request aloud. ¹⁰⁰
 Pursue your sports; night mounts her cur-
 tained wain;
 The dancing stars compose her filial train;
 Black muffled sleep steals on with silent pace,
 And dreams flit last, imagination's race.

PRIMITIVE ROME

When great Æneas snatched his aged sire,
 And burning Lares, from the Grecian fire,
 She, she foretold this empire fixed by fate,
 And all the triumphs of the Roman state;
 Yet, when he saw his Ilion wrapped in
 flame, ⁵
 He scarce could credit the mysterious dame.
 Quirinus had not planned Eternal Rome,
 Nor had his brother met his early doom.
 Where now Jove's temple swells, low hamlets
 stood,
 And domes ascend where heifers cropped
 their food. ¹⁰
 Sprinkled with milk, Pan graced an oak's dun
 shade,
 And scythe-armed Pales watched the mossy
 glade;
 For help from Pan, to Pan on every bough
 Pipes hung, the grateful shepherd's vocal
 vow;
 Of reeds, still lessening, was the gift com-
 posed, ¹⁵
 And friendly wax the unequal junctures
 closed.
 So where Velabrian streets like cities seem,
 One little wherry plied the lazy stream,
 O'er which the wealthy shepherd's favorite
 maid
 Was to her swain on holidays conveyed; ²⁰
 The swain, his truth of passion to declare,
 Or lamb, or cheese, presented to the fair.

SEXTUS PROPERTIUS (About 50-16 B.C.)

Propertius, of Umbria and perhaps of Assisi, was educated to the law in Rome, but abandoned it for the life of the young man about town. Cultivated and clever, but also intense, his five years' entanglement with the beautiful and talented, but free-living and free-loving, Cynthia stirred his nature to its depths, and in 25 resulted in a book of *Elegies* which brought him into the favor of Mæcenas and his circle of literary and political friends. He is at the same time more varied, vigorous, and genuine in mood and expression than Tibullus, and more artificial, more unrestrained, and less wholesome. 'In Propertius,' writes Professor J. Wight Duff, in one of the many comprehensive and happy appreciations in his *Literary History of Rome*, 'one is conscious of that type of unreserved absorption in love and intense sincerity in its expression which has been powerful in Italian literature right down to the novels and poems of D'Annunzio.'

TO CYNTHIA AT BAÏÆ

When thou to lounge mid Baïæ's haunts art
fain,

Near road first tracked by toiling Hercules,
Admiring now Thesprotus' old domain,
Now famed Misenum, hanging o'er the
seas;

Say, dost thou care for me, who watch
alone? 5

In thy love's corner hast thou room to
spare?

Or have my lays from thy remembrance
flown,
Some treacherous stranger finding harbor
there?

Rather I'd deem that, trusting tiny oar,
Thou guidest slender skiff in Lucrine
wave; 10

Or in a sheltered creek, by Teuthras' shore,
Dost cleave thy bath, as in lone ocean cave,

Than for seductive whispers leisure find,
Reclining softly on the gentle sand,
And mutual gods clean banish from thy mind,
As flirt is wont, no chaperon near at
hand. 16

I know, of course, thy blameless character,
Yet in thy fond behalf all court I fear.
Ah, pardon if my verse thy choler stir,
Blame but my jealous care for one 20
dear.

Mother and life beneath thy love I prize,
Cynthia to me is home, relations, bliss;

Come I to friends with bright or downcast
eyes—

'Tis Cynthia's mood is the sole cause of
this.

Ah, let her, then, loose Baïæ's snares
eschew— 25

Oft from its gay parades do quarrels
spring,

And shores that oft have made true love
untrue:

A curse on them, for lovers' hearts they
wring!

—JAMES DAVIES.

TO CYNTHIA IN THE COUNTRY

Sweet incense in rude cell thou'lt burn, and
see

A kid before the rustic altar fall;

With naked ankle trip it on the lea,
Safe from the strange and prying eyes of
all.

I'll seek the chase: my eager soul delights 5
To enter on Diana's service now.

Awhile I must abandon Venus' rites,
And pay to Artemis the bounden vow.

I'll track the deer: aloft on pine-tree
boughs

The antlers hang, and urge the daring
hound; 10

Yet no huge lion in his lair I'll rouse,
Nor 'gainst the boar with rapid onset
bound.

My prowess be to trap the timid hare,
 And with the winged arrow pierce the bird,
 Where sweet Clitumnus hides its waters
 fair,¹⁵
 'Neath mantling shades, and laves the
 snow-white herd. . . .

My life, remember thou in all thy schemes,
 I'll come to thee ere many days be o'er;
 But neither shall the lonely woods and
 streams,
 That down the mossy crags meandering
 pour,²⁰

Have power to charm away the jealous pain
 That makes my restless tongue forever run
 'Tween thy sweet name and this love-bitter
 strain:
 'None but would wish to harm the absent
 one.'

—JAMES CRANSTOUN.

RENUNCIATION

At board and banquet have I been a jest,
 And whoso chose might point a gibe at me;
 Full five years didst thou my stanch service
 test,
 Now shalt thou bite thy nails to find me
 free.

I mind not tears—unmoved by trick so stale;
 Cynthia, thy tears from artful motives
 flow;⁶
 I weep to part, but wrongs o'er sobs prevail;
 'Tis thou hast dealt love's yoke its crushing
 blow.

Threshold, adieu, that pitied my distress,
 And door that took no hurt from angered
 hand;¹⁰
 But thee, false woman, may the inroads press
 Of years whose wrack in vain wilt thou
 withstand.

Ay, seek to pluck the hoar hairs from their
 root;—
 Look, how the mirror chides thy wrinkled
 face!
 Now is thy turn to reap pride's bitter fruit,¹⁵
 And find thyself in the despised one's
 place:

Thrust out, in turn, to realize disdain,
 And, what thou didst in bloom, when sere
 lament:
 Such doom to thee foretells my fateful
 strain;
 Hear, then, and fear, thy beauty's punish-
 ment.²⁰

—JAMES DAVIES.

PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO (43 B.C.–A.D. 18)

Ovid came to Rome from Sulmo, in a charming valley among high mountains ninety miles to the east. He studied rhetoric in the capital, traveled a year in the East, lived a year in Sicily, held a few minor public offices, and became society man and poet of love in the fashionable circles of Rome. The gay life he was still pursuing at fifty was rudely interrupted by the emperor's order to go into banishment at Tomi, an uncivilized and comfortless place on the Black Sea, where, after ten years of abject pleading and vain hope, he died. His poems reflect both his character and life, but less worthily and less genuinely than Tibullus and Propertius reflected theirs. He wrote verse from tender years, won recognition by elegies on Corinna, and published successively the *Heroides*, letters from heroines of Greek story, the *Amores*, love poems, *The Art of Love*, whose immoralities had to do with the banishment ten years afterward, the *Metamorphoses*, fifteen books of transformation stories mainly from Greek legend, the *Fasti*, six books of variegated antiquarian matter on six months of the year, and the *Tristia* and *Epistula ex Ponto*, *Sorrows* and *Letters from Pontus*, containing the exile's appeals and lamentations. All are in elegiacs or hexameter and characterized by the extreme of dexterity and facility in expression, and all share in an ease of thought and feeling that invites the charge of superficiality. In return for the exquisite graciousness of the *Amores*, however, for the really touching sentiment of the *Heroides*, which with their sympathetic appreciation of the psychology of the feminine heart are one of poetry's best tributes to the sex, and for the flow of the story-teller's art in some of the world's most engaging tales, and also for the lore of the *Fasti* and the personal interest of the elegies from exile, we can afford to forget the faults of this 'idle singer of an empty day.'

The verse translation is by Dryden.

METAMORPHOSES

THE CREATION

Of bodies changed to various forms I sing:
Ye gods, from whom these miracles did
spring,

Inspire my numbers with celestial heat;
Till I my long laborious work complete,
And add perpetual tenor to my rhymes, 5
Deduced from nature's birth to Cæsar's
times.

Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy that covers all,
One was the face of nature, if a face; 10
Rather a rude and indigested mass;
A lifeless lump, unfashioned, and unframed,
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos named.
No sun was lighted up, the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew:
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky; 15
Nor, poised, did on her own foundations lie:
Nor seas about the shores their arms had
thrown,

But earth and air and water were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth un-
stable,
And water's dark abyss unnavigable. 20

No certain form on any was impressed;
All were confused, and each disturbed the
rest:

For hot and cold were in one body fixed,
And soft with hard, and light with heavy
mixed.

But God, or Nature, while they thus con-
tend, 25

To these intestine discords put an end.
Then earth from air, and seas from earth
were driven,

And grosser air sunk from ethereal heaven.
Thus disembroiled, they take their proper
place;

The next of kin contiguously embrace, 30
And foes are sundered by a larger space.

The force of fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky.

Then air succeeds, in lightness next to fire;
Whose atoms from unactive earth retire. 35

Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous
throng

Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy seeds along.
About her coasts unruly waters roar,

And, rising on a ridge, insult the shore.
Thus when the God, whatever God was he, 40

Had formed the whole, and made the parts
agree,

That no unequal portions might be found,
 He molded earth into a spacious round;
 Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to
 blow,
 And bade the congregated waters flow. 45
 He adds the running springs and standing
 lakes,
 And bounding banks for winding rivers
 makes.
 Some part in earth are swallowed up, the
 most
 In ample oceans, disimbogued, are lost. 49
 He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains
 With rocky mountains, and extends the
 plains.
 And as five zones the ethereal regions bind,
 Five, correspondent, are to earth assigned:
 The sun, with rays directly darting down,
 Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone:
 The two beneath the distant poles complain 56
 Of endless winter, and perpetual rain.
 Betwixt the extremes, two happier climates
 hold
 The temper that partakes of hot and cold.
 The fields of liquid air, inclosing all, 60
 Surround the compass of this earthly ball;
 The lighter parts lie next the fires above,
 The grosser near the watery surface move:
 Thick clouds are spread, and storms engender
 there,
 And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals
 fear, 65
 And winds that on their wings cold winter
 bear.
 Nor were those blustering brethren left at
 large,
 On seas and shores their fury to discharge:
 Bound as they are, and circumscribed in
 place,
 They rend the world, resistless, where they
 pass, 70
 And mighty marks of mischief leave be-
 hind;
 Such is the rage of their tempestuous kind.
 First Eurus to the rising morn is sent,
 (The regions of the balmy continent)
 And eastern realms, where early Persians
 run 75
 To greet the blest appearance of the sun.
 Westward the wanton Zephyr wings his
 flight,
 Pleased with the remnants of departing light:
 Fierce Boreas with his offspring issues forth,
 To invade the frozen Wagon of the North;
 While frowning Auster seeks the southern
 sphere, 81
 And rots, with endless rain, the unwholesome
 year.

High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of
 wind,
 The God a clearer space for heaven designed;
 Where fields of light, and liquid ether flow, 85
 Purged from the ponderous dregs of earth
 below.
 Scarce had the power distinguished these,
 when straight
 The stars, no longer overlaid with weight,
 Exert their heads from underneath the mass,
 And upward shoot, and kindle as they
 pass, 90
 And with diffusive light adorn their heavenly
 place.
 Then, every void of nature to supply,
 With forms of gods he fills the vacant sky:
 New herds of beasts he sends, the plains to
 share;
 New colonies of birds, to people air; 95
 And to their oozy beds the finny fish repair.
 A creature of a more exalted kind
 Was wanting yet, and then was Man de-
 signed;
 Conscious of thought, of more capacious
 breast,
 For empire formed, and fit to rule the rest:
 Whether with particles of heavenly fire 101
 The God of Nature did his soul inspire;
 Or earth, but new divided from the sky,
 And pliant still, retained the ethereal energy;
 Which wise Prometheus tempered into paste,
 And, mixed with living streams, the godlike
 image cast. 106
 Thus, while the mute creation downward
 bend
 Their sight, and to their earthy mother tend,
 Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
 Beholds his own hereditary skies. 110
 From such rude principles our form began,
 And earth was metamorphosed into man.

THE FLOOD

High on the summit of this dubious cliff,
 Deucalion, wafting, moored his little skiff.
 He with his wife were only left behind 115
 Of perished man; they two were human-
 kind.
 The mountain nymphs and Themis they
 adore,
 And from her oracles relief implore.
 The most upright of mortal men was he;
 The most sincere and holy woman, she. 120
 When Jupiter, surveying earth from high,
 Beheld it in a lake of water lie,
 That, where so many millions lately lived,
 But two, the best of either sex, survived,

He loosed the northern wind; fierce Boreas
flies 125

To puff away the clouds, and purge the
skies:

Serenely, while he blows, the vapors, driven,
Discover heaven to earth, and earth to
heaven.

The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
On the rough sea, and smooths its furrowed
face. 130

Already Triton, at his call, appears
Above the waves; a Tyrian robe he wears,
And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears.
The sovereign bids him peaceful sounds in-
spire,

And give the waves the signal to retire. 135
His writhen shell he takes, whose narrow
vent

Grows by degrees into a large extent;
Then gives it breath: the blast, with doubling
sound,

Runs the wide circuit of the world around.
The sun first heard it, in his early east, 140
And met the rattling echoes in the west.
The waters, listening to the trumpet's roar,
Obey the summons, and forsake the shore.

A thin circumference of land appears;
And Earth, but not at once, her visage rears,
And peeps upon the seas from upper
grounds: 146

The streams, but just contained within their
bounds,

By slow degrees into their channels crawl;
And earth increases as the waters fall.
In longer time the tops of trees appear, 150
Which mud on their dishonored branches
bear.

At length the world was all restored to
view,

But desolate, and of a sickly hue:
Nature beheld herself, and stood aghast;
A dismal desert, and a silent waste. 155

Which when Deucalion, with a piteous
look,

Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha spoke:
'O wife, O sister, O of all thy kind
The best and only creature left behind,
By kindred, love, and now by dangers joined;
Of multitudes who breathed the common
air 161

We two remain; a species in a pair:
The rest the seas have swallowed; nor have
we

Even of this wretched life a certainty.
The clouds are still above; and, while I speak,
A second deluge o'er our heads may break.
Should I be snatched from hence, and thou
remain, 167

Without relief, or partner of thy pain,
How couldst thou such a wretched life
sustain?

Should I be left, and thou be lost, the sea,
That buried her I loved, should bury me. 171
O could our father his old arts inspire,
And make me heir of his informing fire,
That so I might abolished man retrieve,
And perished people in new souls might live!
But Heaven is pleased, nor ought we to com-
plain, 176

That we, the examples of mankind, remain.'
He said: the careful couple join their tears,
And then invoke the gods, with pious prayers.

Thus in devotion having eased their grief,
From sacred oracles they seek relief; 181
And to Cephissus' brook their way pursue:
The stream was troubled, but the ford they
knew.

With living waters, in the fountain bred,
They sprinkle first their garments and their
head; 185

Then took the way which to the temple
led.

The roofs were all defiled with moss and
mire,

The desert altars void of solemn fire.
Before the gradual, prostrate they adored;
The pavement kissed, and thus the saint
implored: 190

'O righteous Themis, if the powers above
By prayers are bent to pity, and to love;
If human miseries can move their mind;
If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind;
Tell how we may restore, by second birth,
Mankind, and people desolated earth.' 196

Then thus the gracious goddess, nodding,
said:

'Depart, and with your vestments veil your
head;

And stooping lowly down, with loosened
zones,

Throw each behind your backs your mighty
mother's bones.' 200

Amazed the pair, and mute with wonder
stand,

Till Pyrrha first refused the dire command
'Forbid it Heaven,' said she, 'that I should
tear

Those holy relics from the sepulcher.'
They pondered the mysterious words again,
For some new sense; and long they sought in
vain: 206

At length Deucalion cleared his cloudy brow,
And said: 'The dark enigma will allow
A meaning, which, if well I understand,
From sacrilege will free the god's command:
This earth our mighty mother is, the stones

In her capacious body are her bones: 212
These we must cast behind.' With hope and
fear

The woman did the new solution hear:
The man diffides in his own augury, 215
And doubts the gods; yet both resolve to
try.

Descending from the mount, they first unbind
Their vests; and, veiled, they cast the stones
behind:

The stones (a miracle to mortal view,
But long tradition makes it pass for true) 220
Did first the rigor of their kind expel,
And suppld into softness as they fell;
Then swelled, and, swelling, by degrees grew
warm;

And took the rudiments of human form:
Imperfect shapes—in marble such are seen,
When the rude chisel does the man begin; 226
While yet the roughness of the stone remains,
Without the rising muscles and the veins.
The sappy parts, and next resembling juice,
Were turned to moisture, for the body's use,
Supplying humors, blood, and nourishment:
The rest, too solid to receive a bent, 232
Converts to bones; and what was once a vein,
Its former name and nature did retain.
By help of power divine, in little space,
What the man threw assumed a manly face;
And what the wife, renewed the female
race. 237

Hence we derive our nature, born to bear
Laborious life, and hardened into care.

PYGMALION

Pygmalion, loathing their lascivious life,
Abhorred all womankind, but most a wife:
So single chose to live, and shunned to wed,
Well pleased to want a consort of his bed;
Yet fearing idleness, the nurse of ill, 5
In sculpture exercised his happy skill;
And carved in ivory such a maid, so fair,
As Nature could not with his art compare,
Were she to work; but, in her own defense,
Must take her pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleased with his idol, he commends, ad-
mires, 11

Adores; and last, the thing adored desires.
A very virgin in her face was seen,
And, had she moved, a living maid had been.
One would have thought she could have
stirred, but strove 15

With modesty, and was ashamed to move.
Art, hid with art, so well performed the
cheat,

It caught the carver with his own deceit:

He knows 'tis madness, yet he must adore,
And still the more he knows it, loves the
more. 20

The flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,
Which feels so smooth, that he believes it
soft.

Fired with this thought, at once he strained
the breast,

And on the lips a burning kiss impressed. . . .

The feast of Venus came, a solemn day, 25
To which the Cypriots due devotion pay;
With gilded horns the milk-white heifers led,
Slaughtered before the sacred altars, bled.

Pygmalion, offering, first approached the
shrine,

And then with prayers implored the powers
divine: 30

'Almighty gods, if all we mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant,
Make this fair statue mine,' he would have
said,

But changed his words for shame, and only
prayed:

'Give me the likeness of my ivory maid.' 35

The golden goddess, present at the prayer,
Well knew he meant the inanimated fair,
And gave the sign of granting his desire;
For thrice in cheerful flames ascends the fire.
The youth, returning to his mistress, hies, 40
And, impudent in hope, with ardent eyes
And beating breast, by the dear statue lies.
He kisses her white lips, renews the bliss,
And looks and thinks they redder at the
kiss—

He thought them warm before; nor longer
stays, 45

But next his hand on her hard bosom lays:
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
It seemed the breast beneath his fingers bent.
He felt again, his fingers made a print;
'Twas flesh, but flesh so firm, it rose against
the dint. 50

The pleasing task he fails not to renew:
Soft, and more soft at every touch it grew;
Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce
The former mass to form, and frame for use.
He would believe, but yet is still in pain, 55
And tries his argument of sense again;
Presses the pulse, and feels the leaping vein.
Convinced, o'erjoyed, his studied thanks and
praise

To her who made the miracle he pays:
Then lips to lips he joined; now freed from
fear, 60

He found the savor of the kiss sincere:
At this the wakened image oped her eyes,
And viewed at once the light and lover, with
surprise.

The goddess, present at the match she made,
 So blessed the bed, such fruitfulness conveyed,
 That ere ten moons had sharpened either horn,
 To crown their bliss, a lovely boy was born;
 Paphos his name, who, grown to manhood, walled
 The city Paphos, from the founder called.

THE HEROIDES

LEANDER TO HERO

He of Abydos sends to you, Maid of Sestos, the greetings he would rather bring, if the waves of the sea should fall. If the gods are kindly toward me, if they favor me in my love, you will read with unwilling eye these words of mine. But they are not kindly; for why do they delay my vows, nor suffer me to haste through the well-known waters? You yourself see how the heavens are blacker than pitch, and the straits turbid with winds, and how the hollowed ships can scarce set sail upon them. One seaman only, and he a bold one—he by whom this letter is brought to you—has put out from the harbor; I had embarked with him, but that, as he loosed the cables from the prow, Abydos all was looking down on him. I could not evade my parents, as before, and the love we wish to keep hid would have come to light.

Forthwith writing these words, 'Go, happy letter!' I said; 'soon she will reach forth for thee her beautiful hand. Perchance thou wilt even be touched by her approaching lips as she seeks to break thy bands with her snowy tooth.' Speaking such words as these in lowest murmur, the rest I let my right hand say upon the sheet. But ah! how much rather would I have it swim than write, and eagerly bear me through the accustomed waves! It is more fit, I grant, for plying the stroke upon the tranquil deep; yet also apt minister of what I feel.

It is now the seventh night, space longer than a year to me, that the troubled sea has been boiling with hoarse-voiced waters. If in all these nights I have had sleep soothe my breast, may I be long kept from you by the raging deep! Sitting upon some rock, I look sadly on your shores, carried in my thoughts to where in body I cannot go. Nay, my vision even

sees—or thinks it sees—lights waking in the topmost of your tower. Thrice have I laid down my garments upon the dry sand; thrice, naked, have I tried to enter on the heavy way—the swollen billows opposed the bold attempts of youth, and their waters, surging upon me as I swam, rolled over my head.

But thou, most ungentle of the sweeping winds, why art thou bent on waging war with me? It is I, O Boreas, if thou dost not know, and not the waves, against whom thou ragest! What wouldst thou do, were it not that love is known to thee? Cold as thou art, canst thou yet deny, base wind, that of yore thou wert aflame with Actæan fires? If, when eager to seek thy joys, someone were to close to thee the paths of air, in what wise wouldst thou endure it? Have mercy on me, I pray; be mild, and stir a more gentle breeze—so may the child of Hippotes lay upon thee no harsh command!

Vain is my petition; my prayers are met by his murmurings, and the waves tossed up by him he nowhere curbs. Now would that Dædalus could give me his daring wings—though the Icarian strand is not far hence! Whatever might be I would endure, so I could only raise into air the body that oft has hung upon the dubious wave.

Meantime, while wind and wave deny me everything, I ponder in my heart the first times I stole to you. Night was but just beginning—for the memory has charm for me—when I left my father's doors on the errand of love. Nor did I wait, but, flinging away my garments, and with them my fears, I struck out with pliant arm upon the liquid deep. The moon for the most shed me a tremulous light as I swam, like a duteous attendant watchful over my path. Lifting to her my eyes, 'Be gracious to me, shining deity,' I said, 'and let the rocks of Latmos rise in thy mind! Endymion will not have thee austere of heart. Bend, O I pray, thy face to aid my secret loves. Thou, a goddess, didst glide from the skies and seek a mortal love; ah, may it be allowed me to say the truth!—she I seek is a goddess too. To say naught of virtues worthy of heavenly breasts, beauty like hers falls to none but the true divine. After the beautiful face of Venus, and thine own, there is none before hers; and, that thou mayst not need to trust my words, look thou thyself! As much as all the

stars are less than thy bright fires when thy silvery gleam goes forth with pure rays, so much more fair is she than all the fair. If thou dost doubt it, Cynthia, thy light is blind.'

These words I spake, or words at least not differing much from these, and was borne along in the night through waters that made way before my stroke. The wave was radiant with the image of the reflected moon, and there was a splendor as of day in the silent night; no note came anywhere to my ears, no sound but the murmur of the waters my body thrust aside. The Halcyons only, their hearts still true to beloved Ceyx, I heard in what seemed to me some sweet lament.

And now my arms grow tired below the shoulder-joint, and with all my strength I raise myself aloft on the summit of the waters. Beholding, far off, a light, 'It is my love shines in yonder flame,' I cried; 'it is my light yon shores contain!' And straight the strength came back to my wearied arms, and the wave seemed easier to me than before. To keep me from the chill of the cold deep, love lends his aid, hot in my eager breast. The nearer I approach, and the nearer draw the shores, and the less of the way remains, the greater my joy to hasten on. When in truth I can be seen as well as see, by your glance you straightway give me heart, and make me strong. Now, too, I strain in my course to pleasure my lady, and toss my arms in the stroke for you to see. Your nurse can scarce stay you from rushing down into the tide—for I saw this, too, and you did not cheat my eye. Yet, though she held you as you went, she could not keep you from wetting your foot at the water's edge. You welcome me with your embrace, share happy kisses with me—kisses, O ye great gods, worth seeking across the deep!—and from your own shoulders you strip the robes to give them over to me, and dry my hair all dripping with the rain of the sea.

For the rest—night knows of that, and ourselves, and the tower that shares our secret, and the light that guides me on my passage through the floods. The joys of that dear night may no more be numbered than the weeds of the Hellespontic sea; the briefer the space that was ours for the theft of love, the more we made sure it should not idly pass.

And now Aurora, the bride of Tithonus,

was making ready to chase the night away, and Lucifer had risen, forerunner of the dawn; in haste we ply our kisses, all disorderly, complaining that the night allows brief lingering. So, tarrying till the nurse's bitter warnings bid me go, I leave the tower and make for the chilly shore. We part in tears, and I return to the Maiden's sea, looking ever back to my lady while I can. Believe me, it is true: going hence, I seem a swimmer, but, when I return, a shipwrecked man. This too, is true, will you but believe: toward you, my way seems ever inclined; away from you, when I return, it seems a steep of lifeless water. Against the wish of my heart I regain my own land—who could believe? Against the wish of my heart I tarry now in my own town.

Ah me! why are we joined in soul and parted by the wave; two beings of one mind, but not of one land? Either let your Sestos take me, or my Abydos you; your land is as dear to me as mine is dear to you. Why must my heart be troubled as oft as the sea is troubled? Why must the wind, slight cause, have power to hinder me? Already the curving dolphins have learned our loves, and I think the very fishes know me. Already my accustomed path through the waters is well trod, like to the road pressed on by many a wheel. That there was no other way open than this was my complaint before; but now, because of the winds, I complain that this way, too, has failed. The sea of Athamas' child is foaming white with immense billows, and scarcely safe is the keel that remains in its own harbor; such were these waters, I judge, when first they got from the drowned maid the name they bear. This place is of evil fame enough for the loss of Helle, and, though it spare me, its name reproaches it.

I envy Phrixus, whom the ram with gold in its woolly fleece bore safely over the stormy seas; yet I ask not the office of ram or ship, if only I may have the waters to cleave with my body. I need no art; so only I am allowed to swim, I will be at once ship, seaman, passenger! I guide myself neither by Helice, nor by Arctos, the leading-star of Tyre; my love will none of the stars in common use. Let another fix his eyes on Andromeda and the bright Crown, and upon the Parrhasian Bear that gleams in the frozen pole; but for me, I care not for the loves of Perseus, and of

Liber and Jove, to point me on my dubious way. There is another light, far surer for me than those, and when it leads me through the dark my love leaves not its course; while my eyes are fixed on this, I could go to Colchis or the farthest bounds of Pontus, and where the ship of Thessalian pine held on its course; and I could surpass the young Palemon in my swimming, and him whom the wondrous herb made suddenly a god.

Often my arms grow heavy from the unceasing stroke, and scarce can drag their weary way through the endless floods. When I say to them: 'No slight reward for toil shall be yours, for soon you shall have my lady's neck to hang about,' forthwith they take on strength, and stretch forward to the winning of their prize, like the swift steed let go from the Elean starting-chamber. And so I myself keep eyes on the love that burns me, and guide myself by you, maid worthy rather of the skies. For worthy of the skies you are—yet tarry still on earth, or tell me where I may find a way to the gods above! You are here, yet your wretched lover has but small part in you, and when the sea grows turbid my heart is turbid, too. Of what avail to me that the billows are not broad that sunder us? Is this brief span of waters less an obstacle to me? I almost would that I were distant from you the whole world, so that my hopes were far removed, together with my lady. Now, the nearer you are, the nearer is the flame that kindles me, and hope is always with me, not always she I hope for. I can almost touch her with my hand, so near is she I love; but oft, alas! this 'almost' starts my tears. What else than this was the catching at elusive fruits, and pursuing with the lips the hope of a retreating stream?

Am I, then, never to embrace you except when the wave so wills, and shall no tempest see me happy? and, though nothing is less certain than the wind and wave, must winds and water ever be my hope? And yet it still is summer. What when the seas have been assailed by the Pleiad, and the guardian of the Bear, and the Goat of Olenos? Either I know not how rash I am, or even then a love not cautious will send me forth on the deep. And, lest you deem I promise this because the time is not yet come, I will give you no tardy pledge of what I promise. Let the sea

be swollen still for these few nights, and I shall essay to cross despite the waves; either happy daring shall leave me safe, or death shall be the end of my anxious love! Yet I shall pray to be cast up on yonder shores, and that my shipwrecked limbs may come into your haven; for you will weep over me, and not disdain to touch my body, and you will say: 'Of the death he met, I was the cause!'

You are hurt, no doubt, by this omen of my death, and my letter in this part stirs your displeasure. I cease—no more complain; but, that the sea, too, may end its anger, add, I beseech, your prayers to mine. I need a brief space of calm until I cross to you; when I shall have touched your shore, let the storm rage on! Yonder with you is an apt ship-yard for my keel, and in no waters rests my bark more safe. There let Boreas shut me in, where tarrying is sweet! Then will I be slow to swim, then will I be ware, nor cast revilement on the unhearing floods again, nor complain that the sea is rough when I fain would swim. Let me be stayed alike by the winds and your tender arms, and let there be double cause to keep me there!

When the storm permits, I shall make use of the oarage of my arms; do you only keep ever the beacon-light where I shall see! Meanwhile, my letter in my stead be with you throughout the night. I pray to follow it myself with least delay!

—GRANT SHOWERMAN; from the Loeb Classical Library, with permission.

THE AMORES

THE IMMORTALITY OF SONG

Why, biting Envy, dost thou charge me with slothful years, and call my song the work of an idle wit, complaining that, while vigorous age gives strength, I neither, after the fashion of our fathers, pursue the dusty prizes of a soldier's life, nor learn garrulous legal lore, nor let my voice for common case in the ungrateful forum?

It is but mortal, the work you ask of me; but my quest is glory through all the years, to be ever known in song throughout the earth. Mæonia's son will live as long as Tenedos shall stand, and Ida, as long as Simois shall roll his waters rushing to the sea; the poet of Ascrea, too, will live as long

as the grape shall swell for the vintage, as long as Ceres shall fall beneath the stroke of the curving sickle. The son of Battus shall aye be sung through all the earth; though he sway not through genius, he sways through art. No loss shall ever come to the buskin of Sophocles; as long as the sun and moon Aratus shall live on; as long as tricky slave, hard father, treacherous bawd, and wheedling harlot shall be found, Menander will endure; Ennius the rugged in art, and Accius of the spirited tongue, possess names that will never fade. Varro and the first of ships—what generation will fail to know of them, and of the golden fleece, the Æsonian chieftain's quest? The verses of sublime Lucretius will perish only then when a single day shall give the earth to doom. Tityrus and the harvest, and the arms of Æneas, will be read as long as Rome shall be capital of the world she triumphs o'er; as long as flames and bow are the arms of Cupid, thy numbers shall be conned, O elegant Tibullus; Gallus shall be known to Hesperia's sons, and Gallus to the sons of Eos, and known with Gallus shall his own Lycoris be.

Yea, though hard rocks and though the tooth of the enduring ploughshare perish with passing time, song is untouched by death. Before song let monarchs and monarchs' triumphs yield—yield, too, the bounteous banks of Tagus bearing gold! Let what is cheap excite the marvel of the crowd; for me may golden Apollo minister full cups from the Castalian fount, and may I on my locks sustain the myrtle that fears the cold; and so be ever conned by anxious lovers! It is the living that Envy feeds upon; after doom it stirs no more, when each man's fame guards him as he deserves. I, too, when the final fires have eaten up my frame, shall still live on, and the great part of me survive my death.

IN SULMO, BUT ALONE

Sulmo holds me now, third part of the Pælgian fields—a land that is small, but wholesome with channelled streams. Though the sun draw nigh and crack the earth with heat, and the wanton star of the Icarian dog blaze forth, the acres of the Pælgian are wandered through by the liquid wave, and green in the tender soil rises the fruitful plant. 'Tis a land rich in corn, and richer still in the grape; here and there

its fields bring forth, too, the berry-bearing tree of Pallas; and over the mead whose herbage ever springs again along the gliding streams, the grassy turf hides thickly the moistened ground.

But my heart's flame is not here. . . .

Here without you, though round about me are fields of vines with their busy life, though the countryside is saturate with running streams, and the rustic summons to the rivulets the flowing wave, and the cool breeze caresses the branches of the trees, I seem to dwell not in the healthful Pælgian land, nor in my natal place, my father's acres—but in Scythia, and among the fierce Cilicians, and the woaded Britons, and the rocks ruddy with Promethean gore.

The elm loves the vine, the vine abandons not the elm; why am I oft separated from the mistress of my heart? Yet you had sworn that you would ever be comrade of mine—by me and by your eyes, those stars of mine! The words of women, lighter than falling leaves, go all for naught, swept away by the whim of wind and wave.

Yet, if still in your heart is some feeling of faith toward me who am left alone, begin to make good your promises by deeds, and as soon as you may, with your own hand shake the rein above the flying manes of the ponies that whirl your light car along. And O, wherever she passes, sink down, ye hills, and be easy in the winding vales, ye ways!

OLD-TIME WORSHIP AT FALERII

Since she I wed was sprung from the fruit-bearing Faliscan town, it chanced we came to the walls brought low, Camillus, by thee. The priestesses were making ready chaste festival to Juno, with solemn games and a cow of native stock; 'twas well worth while to tarry and learn the rites, though the way thither is a toilsome road with steep ascents.

There stands an ancient sacred grove, all dark with shadows from dense trees; behold it—you would agree a deity indwelt the place. An altar receives the prayers and votive incense of the faithful—an artless altar, upbuilt by hands of old. From here, when the pipe has sounded forth in solemn strain, advances over carpeted ways the annual pomp; snowy heifers are led along mid the plaudits of the crowd, heifers

ers reared in their native meadows of Faliscan grass, and calves that threaten with brow not yet to be feared, and, lesser victim, a pig from the lowly sty, and the leader of the flock, with hard temples overhung by the curving horn. The she-goat only is hateful to the mistress-deity; through her tale-telling, they say, the goddess was found in the deep forest and made to cease the flight she had entered on. Now, even children assail the tattler with their darts, and she herself is prize to whoever deals the wound.

Wherever the goddess will pass, youths and timid maidens go before, sweeping the broad ways with trailing robe. The maidens' locks are pressed by gold and gems, and the proud palla covers feet that are bright with gold; in the manner of their Grecian sires of yore, veiled in white vestments they bear on their heads the sacred offerings of old. The crowd keep reverent silence as the golden pomp comes on, with the goddess' self close in the wake of her ministers.

From Argos is the form of the pomp; when Agamemnon fell, Halæsus left behind both the crime and the riches of his fatherland, and after wandering an exile over land and sea founded with auspicious hand these lofty walls. 'Twas he who taught his Faliscans the holy rites of Juno. Ever friendly to me, and ever to their folk, may those rites be.

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE OF LOVE

Seek a new bard, mother of tender Loves! I am come to the last turning-post my elegies will graze; the elegies whose poet am I—nor have these my delights dishonored me—child reared on Pælgian acres, and heir, if that be aught, of a line of grandsires far removed, no knight created but now amid the whirlwind of war.

Mantua joys in Virgil, Verona in Catullus; 'tis I shall be called the glory of the Pælgians, race whom their love of freedom compelled to honorable arms when anxious Rome was in fear of the allied bands; and some stranger, looking on watery Sulmo's walls, that guard the scant acres of her plain, may say: 'O thou who couldst beget so great a poet, however small thou art, I name thee mighty!'

O worshipful child, and thou of Amathus,

mother of the worshipful child, pluck ye up from my field your golden standards! The hornèd Lyæan hath dealt me a sounding blow with weightier thyrsus; I must smite the earth with mighty steeds on a mightier course. Unwarlike elegies, congenial Muse, O fare ye well, work to live on when I am no more!

—GRANT SHOWERMAN; from the Loeb Classical Library, with permission.

THE ART OF LOVE

In Cupid's school whoe'er would take degree,

Must learn his rudiments, by reading me.

Seamen with sailing arts their vessels move;
Art guides the chariot; art instructs to love.
Of ships and chariots others know the rule;

But I am master in Love's mighty school.

Cupid indeed is obstinate and wild,
A stubborn god; but yet the god's a child,
Easy to govern in his tender age,
Like fierce Achilles in his pupilage:

That hero, born for conquest, trembling stood
Before the Centaur, and received the rod.

As Chiron mollified his cruel mind
With art, and taught his warlike hands to wind

The silver strings of his melodious lyre;

So love's fair goddess does my soul inspire
To teach her softer arts, to soothe the mind,
And smooth the rugged breasts of human-kind.

Yet Cupid and Achilles each with scorn
And rage were filled; and both were goddess-born.

The bull, reclaimed and yoked, the burden draws;

The horse receives the bit within his jaws;
And stubborn Love shall bend beneath my sway,

Tho' struggling oft he strives to disobey.
He shakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts;

But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
The more he burns my soul, or wounds my sight,

The more he teaches to revenge the spite.

I boast no aid the Delphian god affords,
Nor auspice from the flight of chattering birds;

Nor Clio, nor her sisters have I seen,
As Hesiod saw them on the shady green:

Experience makes my work a truth so tried,
You may believe; and Venus be my guide.

Far hence, you vestals be, who bind your
hair; 35

And wives, who gowns below your ankles
wear.

I sing the brothels loose and unconfined,
The unpunishable pleasures of the kind;
Which all alike, for love, or money, find.

You, who in Cupid's rolls inscribe your
name, 40

First seek an object worthy of your flame;
Then strive, with art, your lady's mind to
gain;

And last, provide your love may long remain.
On these three precepts all my work shall
move:

These are the rules and principles of love. 45
Before your youth with marriage is op-
pressed,

Make choice of one who suits your humor
best:

And such a damsel drops not from the sky;
She must be sought for with a curious eye.

The wary angler, in the winding brook, 50
Knows what the fish, and where to bait his
hook.

The fowler and the huntsman know by
name

The certain haunts and harbor of their game.
So must the lover beat the likeliest grounds,
The assemblies where his quarry most
abounds. 55

Nor shall my novice wander far astray;
These rules shall put him in the ready way.
Thou shalt not sail around the continent,
As far as Perseus, or as Paris went:

For Rome alone affords thee such a store, 60
As all the world can hardly shew thee more.
The face of heaven with fewer stars is
crowned,

Than beauties in the Roman sphere are
found.

Whether thy love is bent on blooming
youth,

On dawning sweetness, in unartful truth; 65
Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth;
Here mayst thou find thy full desires in both.
Or if autumnal beauties please thy sight,
(An age that knows to give and take de-
light,)

Millions of matrons of the graver sort, 70
In common prudence, will not balk the
sport. . . .

But above all, the playhouse is the place;
There's choice of quarry in that narrow chase.
There take thy stand, and sharply looking
out,

Soon mayst thou find a mistress in the
rout, 75

For length of time, or for a single bout.

The theaters are berries for the fair:

Like ants on molehills, thither they repair;
Like bees to hives, so numerous they
throng,

It may be said, they to that place belong. 80
Thither they swarm, who have the public
voice:

There choose, if plenty not distracts thy
choice.

To see and to be seen, in heaps they run;
Some to undo, and some to be undone. . . .

Thus love in theaters did first improve; 85
And theaters are still the scene of love:

Nor shun the chariots, and the courser's race;
The Circus is no inconvenient place.

No need is there of talking on the hand;
Nor nods, nor signs, which lovers under-
stand. 90

But boldly next the fair your seat provide;
Close as you can to hers, and side by side.

Pleased or displeased, no matter; crowding
sit,

For so the laws of public shows permit.

Then find occasion to begin discourse; 95
Enquire whose chariot this, and whose that
horse:

To whatsoever side she is inclined,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind;
Like what she likes: from thence your court
begin; 99

And whom she favors, wish that he may win.
But when the statues of the deities,
In chariots rolled, appear before the prize;
When Venus comes, with deep devotion rise.
If dust be on her lap, or grains of sand, 104
Brush both away with your officious hand.
If none be there, yet brush that nothing
thence;

And still to touch her lap make some pre-
tense.

Touch anything of hers; and if her train
Sweep on the ground, let it not sweep in
vain;

But gently take it up, and wipe it clean; 110
And while you wipe it, with observing eyes,
Who knows but you may see her naked
thighs!

Observe who sits behind her; and beware,
Lest his incroaching knee should press the
fair.

Light service takes light minds; for some can
tell 115

Of favors won by laying cushions well:
By fanning faces some their fortune meet;
And some by laying footstools for their feet.

These overtures of love the Circus gives; ¹¹⁹
Nor at the swordplay less the lover thrives:
For there the son of Venus fights his prize;
And deepest wounds are oft received from
eyes.

One, while the crowd their acclamations
make,

Or while he bets, and puts his ring to stake,
Is struck from far, and feels the flying
dart, ¹²⁵

And of the spectacle is made a part.

—JOHN DRYDEN.

TRISTIA

THE NIGHT OF EXILE

When steals upon me the gloomy mem- ²⁰
ory of that night which marked my latest
hours in the city—when I recall that night
on which I left so many things dear to
me, even now from my eyes the teardrops
fall.

Already the morning was close at hand
on which Cæsar had bidden me to depart
from Ausonia's furthest bounds. No time
had there been or spirit to get ready what
might suit best; my heart had become
numb with the long delay. I took no
thought to select my slaves or my com-
panions or the clothing and outfit suited
to an exile. I was as dazed as one who,
smitten by the fire of Jove, still lives and
knows not that he lives. But when my
very pain drove away the cloud upon my
mind and at length my senses revived, I
addressed for the last time as I was about
to depart my sorrowing friends of whom, ⁴⁰
just now so many, but one or two re-
mained. My loving wife was in my arms
as I wept, herself weeping more bitterly,
tears raining constantly over her innocent
cheeks. My daughter was far separated ⁴⁵
from us on the shores of Libya, and we
could not inform her of my fate. Where-
ever you had looked was the sound of
mourning and lamentation, and within the
house was the semblance of a funeral with ⁵⁰
its loud outcries. . . .

No longer delaying I left my words un-
finished and embraced each object dearest
to my heart. During my talk and our
weeping bright in the lofty sky Lucifer ⁵⁵
had arisen, to me a baneful star. I was
torn asunder as if I were leaving broken
limbs behind—a very half seemed broken

from the body to which it belonged. Such
was the anguish of Mettus when the steeds
were driven apart, punishing his treachery.
Then in truth arose the cries and la-
⁵ments of my people; sorrowing hands beat
upon naked breasts. Then in truth my
wife, as she hung upon my breast at part-
ing, mingled these sad words with my
tears, 'I cannot suffer you to be torn away.
¹⁰ Together, together we will go; I will fol-
low you and be an exile's exiled wife. For
me too the journey has been commanded,
for me too there is room in the faraway
land. My entrance will add but a small
¹⁵ freight to your exile ship. You are com-
manded to flee your country by Cæsar's
wrath, I by my loyal love. This love shall
be for me a Cæsar.'

Such was her attempt, as it had been be-
fore, and with difficulty did she surrender
her resolve for my profit. I set forth—
if it was not rather being carried forth to
burial without a funeral—unkempt, my hair
falling over my unshaven cheeks. She,
²⁵ frenzied by grief, was overcome, they say,
by a cloud of darkness, and fell half dead
in the midst of our home. And when she
rose, her tresses fouled with unsightly dust,
raising her body from the cold ground,
³⁰ she lamented now her deserted self, now
the deserted Penates, and often called the
name of her ravished husband, groaning as
if she had seen the bodies of her daughter
and myself resting on the high-built pyre;
³⁵ she wished to die, in death to lay aside all
feeling, yet from regard for me she did
not die. May she live! and when I am far
away—since thus the fates have willed—
so live as by her aid to bring constant re-
⁴⁰ lief.

THE POET'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

That thou mayst know who I was, I
that playful poet of tender love whom thou
readest, hear my words, thou of the after
time. Sulmo is my native place, a land
rich in ice-cold streams, thrice thirty miles
from the city. There first I saw the light,
and if thou wouldst know the date, 'twas
when both consuls fell under stress of like
fate. I was heir to rank (if rank is aught)
that came from forefathers of olden time—
⁵⁵ no knight fresh made by fortune's gift.
I was not the first born, for my birth be-
fell after that of a brother, thrice four
months my senior. The same day-star

beheld the birth of us both: one birthday was celebrated by the offering of our two cakes—that day among the five sacred to armed Minerva which is wont to be the first stained by the blood of combat. While still of tender age we began our training, and through our father's care we came to attend upon men of the city distinguished in the liberal arts. My brother's bent even in the green of years was oratory: he was born for the stout weapons of the wordy forum. But to me even as a boy service of the divine gave delight and stealthily the Muse was ever drawing me aside to do her work. Often my father said, 'Why do you try a profitless pursuit? Even the Mæonian left no wealth.' I was influenced by what he said and wholly forsaking Helicon I tried to write words freed from rhythm, yet all unbidden song would come upon befitting numbers and whatever I tried to write was verse.

Meanwhile as the silent-pacing years slipped past we brothers assumed the toga of a freer life and our shoulders put on the broad stripe of purple while still our pursuits remained as before. And now my brother had seen but twice ten years of life when he passed away, and thenceforth I was bereft of half myself. I advanced so far as to receive the first office granted to tender youth, for in those days I was one third of the board of three. The senate house awaited me, but I narrowed my purple stripe: that was a burden too great for my powers. I had neither a body to endure the toil nor a mind suited to it; by nature I shunned the worries of an ambitious life and the Aonian sisters were ever urging me to seek the security of a retirement I had ever chosen and loved.

The poets of that time I fondly revered: all bards I thought so many present gods. Ofttimes Macer, already advanced in years, read to me of the birds he loved, of noxious snakes and healing plants. Ofttimes Propertius would declaim his flaming verse by right of the comradeship that joined him to me. Ponticus famed in epic, Bassus also, famed in iambics, were pleasant members of that friendly circle. And Horace of the many rhythms held in thrall our ears while he attuned his fine-wrought songs to the Ausonian lyre. Vergil I only saw, and to Tibullus greedy fate gave no time for friendship with me. Tibullus was thy successor, Gallus, and Propertius his; after them came I, fourth in order of time.

And as I revered older poets so was I revered by the younger, for my Thalia was not slow to become renowned. When first I read my youthful songs in public, my beard had been cut but once or twice. My genius had been stirred by her who was sung throughout the city, whom I called, not by a real name, Corinna. Much did I write, but what I thought defective I gave in person to the flames for their revision. Even when I was setting forth into exile I burned certain verse that would have found favor, for I was angry with my calling and with my songs.

My heart was ever soft, no stronghold against Cupid's darts—a heart moved by the slightest impulse. And yet, though such my nature, though I was set aflame by the littlest spark, no scandal became affixed to my name. When I was scarce more than a boy a wife unworthy and unprofitable became mine—mine for but a short space. Into her place came one, blameless, but not destined to remain my bride. And last is she who remained with me till the twilight of my declining years, who has endured to be the mate of an exile husband. My daughter, twice fertile, but not of one husband, in her early youth made me grandsire. And already had my father completed his allotted span adding to nine lustra a second nine. For him I wept no otherwise than he would have wept for me had I been taken. Next for my mother I made the offerings to death. Happy both! and laid to rest in good season! since they passed away before the day of my punishment. Happy too am I that my misery falls not in their lifetime and that for me they felt no grief. Yet if for those whose light is quenched something besides a name abides, if a slender shade escapes the high-heaped pyre, if, O spirits of my parents, report of me has reached you and the charges against me live in the Stygian court, know, I beg you—and you 'tis impious for me to deceive—that the cause of the exile decreed me is an error, and no crime. Be these my words to the shades. To you, fond hearts, that would know the events of my life, once more I turn.

Already had white hairs come upon me driving away my better years and mottling my ageing locks; ten times since my birth had the victorious rider, garlanded with Pisan olive, borne away the prize, when the wrath of an injured prince ordered me to Tomis on the left of the Euxine sea. The

cause of my ruin, but too well known to
 all, must not be revealed by evidence of
 mine. Why tell of the disloyalty of com-
 rades, of the petted slaves who injured me?
 Much did I bear not lighter than exile it-
 self. Yet my soul, disdaining to give way
 to misfortune, proved itself unconquerable,
 relying on its own powers. Forgetting
 myself and a life passed in ease I seized
 with unaccustomed hand the arms that the
 time supplied: on sea and land I bore mis-
 fortunes as many as are the stars that lie
 between the hidden and the visible pole.
 Driven through long wanderings at length
 I reached the shore that unites the Sarma-
 tians with the quiver-bearing Getæ. Here,
 though close around me I hear the din of
 arms, I lighten my sad fate with what
 song I may; though there be none to hear
 it, yet in this wise do I employ and beguile
 the day. So then this living of mine, this
 stand against the hardness of my suffer-
 ings, this bare will to view the daylight's
 woes, I owe, my Muse, to thee! For thou

dost lend me comfort, thou dost come as
 rest, as balm, to my sorrow. Thou art both
 guide and comrade: thou ledest me far
 from Hister and grantest me a place in
 5 Helicon's midst; thou hast given me while
 yet alive (how rare the boon!) a lofty
 name—the name which renown is wont to
 give only after death. Nor has jealousy,
 that detractor of the present, attacked with
 10 malignant tooth any work of mine. For
 although this age of ours has brought forth
 mighty poets, fame has not been grudging
 to my genius, and though I place many be-
 fore myself, report calls me not their in-
 15 ferior and throughout the world I am most
 read of all. If then there be truth in poets'
 prophecies, even though I die forthwith,
 I shall not, O earth, be thine. But whether
 through favor or by very poetry I have
 20 gained this fame, 'tis right, kind reader,
 that I render thanks to thee.

—ARTHUR LESLIE WHEELER;
 from the Loeb Classical Library, with
 permission.

TITUS LIVIUS (59 B.C.—A.D. 17)

In spite of his affectionate harking back to the good old times of the Republic and his constant contrasting of them with the unworthiness of his own day, and in spite of his freely expressed doubts as to the rightness of the new régime, Livy of Padua represented as much the spirit of the Roman empire in prose as Virgil in poetry. In admiration for the virtues of the past, in the faith that Rome was divinely appointed to rule the world, in a moral austerity that did not spare the vices of the present, he was at one with the author of the *Georgics* and the *Æneid*, and retained the friendship of an emperor who knew he did not wholly approve of the methods of Julius Cæsar.

Livy's work appeared in installments, and reached the death of Drusus in 9 B.C. in book one hundred and forty-two. Of the reputed seven and a half centuries of Rome's existence, the first book represented two hundred and forty-four years; the twentieth brought the narrative to the second Punic war in 218. His work was therefore devoted mainly to times not remote from the author. We still possess the first ten and the twenty-first to the forty-fifth books, with fragments and abstracts of nearly all the rest. As a critical historian he lacks something, but as a narrator he has few equals in the art of making scenes, action, and character living and attractive. If history must choose between dull accuracy which is never read and art sometimes neglectful of fact but never of truth, it might do worse than to prefer Livy as its representative. The nobility of his admirations and the nobility of his language, which give him emotionally and stylistically a place in the front rank of literary artists, combine with the importance of his contribution to knowledge, which is after all great, to make him one of the world's greatest historians. The first four selections are from B. O. Foster's Loeb translation.

FROM THE FOUNDING OF THE CITY

PREFACE

Whether I am likely to accomplish any-
thing worthy of the labor, if I record the
achievements of the Roman people from
the foundation of the city, I do not really
know, nor if I knew would I dare to
avouch it; perceiving as I do that the theme
is not only old but hackneyed, through the
constant succession of new historians, who
believe either that in their facts they can
produce more authentic information, or
that in their style they will prove better
than the rude attempts of the ancients.
Yet, however this shall be, it will be a
satisfaction to have done myself as much
as lies in me to commemorate the deeds of
the foremost people of the world; and if in
so vast a company of writers my own repu-
tation should be obscure, my consolation
would be the fame and greatness of those
whose renown will throw mine into the
shade. Moreover, my subject involves infi-
nite labor, seeing that it must be traced

back above seven hundred years, and that
proceeding from slender beginnings it has
so increased as now to be burdened by its
own magnitude; and at the same time I
doubt not that to most readers the earliest
origins and the period immediately suc-
ceeding them will give little pleasure, for
they will be in haste to reach these modern
times, in which the might of a people which
has long been very powerful is working its
own undoing. I myself, on the contrary,
shall seek in this an additional reward for
my toil, that I may avert my gaze from the
troubles which our age has been witnessing
for so many years, so long at least as I
am absorbed in the recollection of the
brave days of old, free from every care
which, even if it could not divert the his-
torian's mind from the truth, might never-
theless cause it anxiety.

Such traditions as belong to the time
before the city was founded, or rather was
presently to be founded, and are rather
adorned with poetic legends than based
upon trustworthy historical proofs, I pur-
pose neither to affirm nor to refute. It is
the privilege of antiquity to mingle divine

things with human, and so to add dignity to the beginnings of cities; and if any people ought to be allowed to consecrate their origins and refer them to a divine source, so great is the military glory of the Roman People that when they profess that their Father and the Father of their Founder was none other than Mars, the nations of the earth may well submit to this also with as good a grace as they submit to Rome's dominion. But to such legends as these, however they shall be regarded and judged, I shall, for my own part, attach no great importance. Here are the questions to which I would have every reader give his close attention—what life and morals were like; through what men and by what policies, in peace and in war, empire was established and enlarged; then let him note how, with the gradual relaxation of discipline, morals first gave way, as it were, then sank lower and lower, and finally began the downward plunge which has brought us to the present time, when we can endure neither our vices nor their cure.

What chiefly makes the study of history wholesome and profitable is this, that you behold the lessons of every kind of experience set forth as on a conspicuous monument; from these you may choose for yourself and for your own state what to imitate, from these mark for avoidance what is shameful in the conception and shameful in the result. For the rest, either love of the task I have set myself deceives me, or no state was ever greater, none more righteous or richer in good examples, none ever was where avarice and luxury came into the social order so late, or where humble means and thrift were so highly esteemed and so long held in honor. For true it is that the less men's wealth was, the less was their greed. Of late, riches have brought in avarice, and excessive pleasures the longing to carry wantonness and licence to the point of ruin for oneself and of universal destruction.

But complaints are sure to be disagreeable, even when they shall perhaps be necessary; let the beginning, at all events, of so great an enterprise have none. With good omens rather would we begin, and, if historians had the same custom which poets have, with prayers and entreaties to the gods and goddesses, that they might grant us to bring to a successful issue the great task we have undertaken.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

When the enemy appeared, the Romans all, with one accord, withdrew from their fields into the City, which they surrounded with guards. Some parts appeared to be rendered safe by their walls, others by the barrier formed by the river Tiber. The bridge of piles almost afforded an entrance to the enemy, had it not been for one man, Horatius Cocles; he was the bulwark of defence on which that day depended the fortune of the City of Rome. He chanced to be on guard at the bridge when Janiculum was captured by a sudden attack of the enemy. He saw them as they charged down on the run from Janiculum, while his own people behaved like a frightened mob, throwing away their arms and quitting their ranks. Catching hold first of one and then of another, blocking their way and conjuring them to listen, he called on gods and men to witness that if they forsook their post it was vain to flee; once they had left a passage in their rear by the bridge, there would soon be more of the enemy on the Palatine and the Capitol than on Janiculum. He therefore warned and commanded them to break down the bridge with steel, with fire, with any instrument at their disposal; and promised that he would himself receive the onset of the enemy, so far as it could be withstood by a single body. Then, striding to the head of the bridge, conspicuous amongst the fugitives who were clearly seen to be shirking the fight, he covered himself with his sword and buckler and made ready to do battle at close quarters, confounding the Etruscans with amazement at his audacity. Yet were there two who were prevented by shame from leaving him. These were Spurius Larcius and Titus Herminius, both famous for their birth and their deeds. With these he endured the peril of the first rush and the stormiest moment of the battle. But after a while he forced even these two to leave him and save themselves, for there was scarcely anything left of the bridge, and those who were cutting it down called to them to come back. Then, darting glances of defiance around at the Etruscan nobles, he now challenged them in turn to fight, now railed at them collectively as slaves of haughty kings, who, heedless of their own liberty, were come to overthrow the liberty of others. They hesitated for a

moment, each looking to his neighbor to begin the fight. Then shame made them attack, and with a shout they cast their javelins from every side against their solitary foe. But he caught them all upon his shield, and, resolute as ever, bestrode the bridge and held his ground; and now they were trying to dislodge him by a charge, when the crash of the falling bridge and the cheer which burst from the throats of the Romans, exulting in the completion of their task, checked them in mid-career with a sudden dismay. Then Cocles cried, 'O Father Tiberinus, I solemnly invoke thee; receive these arms and this soldier with propitious stream!' So praying, all armed as he was, he leaped down into the river, and under a shower of missiles swam across unhurt to his fellows, having given a proof of valor which was destined to obtain more fame than credence with posterity. The state was grateful for so brave a deed: a statue of Cocles was set up in the comitium, and he was given as much land as he could plough around in one day. Private citizens showed their gratitude in a striking fashion, in the midst of his official honors, for notwithstanding their distress everybody made him some gift proportionate to his means, though he robbed himself of his own ration.

CINCINNATUS

What followed merits the attention of those who despise all human qualities in comparison with riches, and think there is no room for great honors or for worth but amidst a profusion of wealth. The sole hope of the empire of the Roman People, Lucius Quinctius, cultivated a field of some four acres across the Tiber, now known as the Quinctian Meadows, directly opposite the place where the dockyards are at present. There he was found by the representatives of the state. Whether bending over his spade as he dug a ditch, or ploughing, he was, at all events, as everybody agrees, intent upon some rustic task. After they had exchanged greetings with him, they asked him to put on his toga, to hear (and might good come of it to himself and the republic!) the mandates of the senate. In amazement he cried, 'Is all well?' and bade his wife Racilia quickly fetch out his toga from the hut. When he had put it on, after wiping off

the dust and sweat, and came forth to the envoys, they hailed him Dictator, congratulated him, and summoned him to the City, explaining the alarming situation of the army. A boat was waiting for him, provided by the state; and as he reached the other side his three sons came out to receive him; after them came his other kinsmen and friends; and after them the greater part of the senate. Attended by this throng and preceded by his lictors he was escorted to his house.

THE GAULS TAKE ROME

The very Gauls themselves, stunned by the marvelous victory they had so suddenly gained, at first stood rooted to the spot with amazement, like men that knew not what had happened; then they feared an ambush; after that they fell to collecting the spoils of the slain and erecting piles of arms, as their custom is; then at last having discovered no hostile movement anywhere, they began their march, and a little before sunset reached the environs of Rome. There, when the cavalry had reconnoitred and had reported that the gates were not closed, that no out-guards were watching before the gates, that no armed men were on the walls, astonishment held them spellbound as before; and fearful of the night and the lie of the unknown City, they went into camp between Rome and the Anio, after sending off patrols about the walls and the rest of the gates, to find out what the enemy in their desperate case could possibly be at. As for the Romans, inasmuch as more, on escaping from the battle, had fled to Veii than to Rome, and no one supposed that any were left alive except those who had found refuge in the City, they mourned for all alike, both the living and the dead, and well nigh filled the City with lamentation. But presently their personal griefs were overwhelmed in a general panic, with the announcement that the enemy was at hand; and soon they could hear the dissonant howls and songs of the barbarians, as their squadrons roamed about the walls. During all the time that intervened before the following morning their hearts were in such suspense, that each moment they anticipated an immediate attack: on the first arrival of the enemy, because they had come close to the City—for they would

have stopped at the Allia, had this not been their design;—again, towards sundown, because there was little daylight left, they thought that they would enter the City before nightfall; then they concluded that they had put it off till night, to strike more fear into them. Finally the approach of dawn put them beside themselves, and close upon these restless apprehensions came the evil they were dreading, when the hostile forces entered the city gates. Yet neither that night nor the following day did the citizens at all resemble those who had fled in such consternation at the Allia. For having no hopes that they could protect the City with so small a force as remained to them, they resolved that the men of military age and the able-bodied senators should retire into the Citadel and the Capitol, with their wives and children; and, having laid in arms and provisions, should from that stronghold defend the gods, the men, and the name of Rome; that the flamen and the priestesses of Vesta should remove the sacred objects pertaining to the State far from the bloodshed and the flames, nor should their cult be abandoned till none should be left to cherish it. If the Citadel and the Capitol, where dwelt the gods; if the senate, the source of public wisdom; if the young men capable of bearing arms survived the impending destruction of the City, they could easily bear to lose the crowd of old men left behind them, who were bound to die in any case. And in order that the multitude of commoners might endure it with the more composure, the old men who had triumphed and those who had been consuls declared publicly that they would perish with those others, nor burden with bodies incapable of bearing arms in defence of the country the scanty stores of the fighting men.

Such were the consolations which the old men appointed to die exchanged among themselves; then, directing their encouragement to the band of youths whom they were escorting to the Capitol and the Citadel, they committed to their valor and their young strength whatever fortune might yet be in store for a City that for three hundred and sixty years had been victorious in every war. On the departure of those who carried with them all hope and help, from those who had resolved not to survive the capture and destruction of their City, though the separation was a

pitiful thing to see, yet the tears of the women, as they ran distractedly up and down, and following now these, now those, demanded of husbands and sons to what fate they were consigning them, supplied the final touch of human wretchedness. Still, the greater part of them followed their sons into the Citadel, though none either forbade or encouraged it, since what would have helped the besieged to lessen the number of non-combatants would have been inhuman. Another host—consisting chiefly of plebeians—too large for so small a hill to receive, or to support with so meagre a supply of corn, streamed out of the City as though forming at last one continuous line, and took their way towards Janiculum. Thence some of them scattered through the country-side, and others made for the towns near by. They had neither leader nor concerted plan; each followed the promptings of his own hopes and his own counsels, in despair of the commonwealth.

Meanwhile the flamen of Quirinus and the Vestal virgins, with no thought for their own belongings, were consulting which of the sacred things they should carry with them, and which, because they were not strong enough to carry them all, they must leave behind, and, finally, where these objects would be safe. They judged it best to place them in jars and bury them in the shrine adjoining the flamen's house, where it is now forbidden to spit; the rest of the things they carried, sharing the burden amongst them, along the road which leads by the Sublician Bridge to Janiculum. As they mounted the hill they were perceived by a plebeian named Lucius Albinus, who had a waggon in which he was conveying his wife and children, amidst the throng of those who, unfit for war, were leaving the City. Preserving even then the distinction between divine and human, and holding it sacrilege that the priestesses of his country should go afoot, bearing the sacred objects of the Roman People, while his family were seen in a vehicle, he commanded his wife and children to get down, placed the virgins and their relics in the waggon, and brought them to Cære, whither the priestesses were bound.

At Rome meantime such arrangements for defending the Citadel as the case admitted of were now fairly complete, and the old men returned to their homes to

await the coming of their enemies with hearts that were steeled to die. Such of them as had held *curule magistracies*, that they might face death in the trappings of their ancient rank and office, as beseemed their worth, put on the stately robes which are worn by those who conduct the *tense* or celebrate a triumph, and, thus habited, seated themselves on ivory chairs in the middle of their houses. Some historians record that Marcus Foli^{us}, the pontifex maximus, led in the recitation of a solemn vow, by which they devoted themselves to death, in behalf of their country and the Roman Quirites.

The Gauls found their lust for combat cooled by the night which had intervened. At no point in the battle had they been pushed to desperate exertions, nor had they now to carry the City by assault. It was therefore without rancor or excitement that they entered Rome, on the following day, by the Colline Gate (which lay wide open), and made their way to the Forum, gazing about them at the temples of the gods and at the Citadel, which alone presented some show of war. Thence, after leaving a moderate guard to prevent any attack upon their scattered forces from Citadel or Capitol, they dispersed in quest of booty through streets where there was none to meet them, some rushing in a body into whatever houses were nearest, while others sought out the most remote, as though supposing that only such would be intact and full of plunder. But being frightened out of these by their very solitude, lest the enemy should by some ruse entrap them as they wandered apart, they came trooping back to the Forum and the places near it. There they found the dwellings of the plebeians fastened up, but the halls of the nobles open; and they hesitated almost more to enter the open houses than the shut,—so nearly akin to religious awe was their feeling as they beheld seated in the vestibules, beings who, besides that their ornaments and apparel were more splendid than belonged to man, seemed also, in their majesty of countenance and in the gravity of their expression, most like to gods.

While they stood reverentially before them, as if they had been images, it is related that a Gaul stroked the beard of one of them, Marcus Papirius,—which he wore long, as they all did then,—whereat the Roman struck him over the head with

his ivory mace, and, provoking his anger, was the first to be slain; after that the rest were massacred where they sat and when the nobles had been murdered, there was no mercy then shown to anyone; the houses were ransacked, and after being emptied were given to the flames.

But whether it was that not all the Gauls desired to destroy the City, or that their leaders had resolved to make a certain show of burning, to inspire alarm, in hopes that the besieged might be driven to capitulate by affection for their homes, but not to burn up all the houses, in order that they might hold whatever remained of the City as a pledge to work on the feelings of their enemies—however this may have been, the fire spread by no means so freely or extensively on the first day as is commonly the case in a captured town. As the Romans looked down from their fastness and saw the City full of enemies running up and down in all the streets, while first in one quarter and then in another some new calamity would be occurring, they were unable, I do not say to keep their heads, but even to be sure of their ears and eyes. Wherever the shouting of the invaders, the lamentations of the women and children, the crackling of the flames, and the crash of falling buildings drew their attention, trembling at each sound, they turned their thoughts and their gaze that way, as though Fortune had placed them there to witness the pageant of their dying country. Of all their possessions nothing was left them to defend save their persons alone; and so much more wretched was their plight than that of all others who have ever been beleaguered, that they were cut off from their native City and confined where they could see all that belonged to them in the power of their enemies. Nor was the night more tranquil, after a day of such distress; and the night was followed by a restless day, with never a moment that had not still some fresh calamity to unfold. Yet, oppressed as they were, or rather overwhelmed, by so many misfortunes, nothing could alter their resolve; though they should see everything laid low in flames and ruins, they would stoutly defend the hill they held, however small and naked, which was all that Liberty had left. And now that the same events were occurring every day, like men grown used to grief, they had ceased to feel their own misfor-

tunes, looking solely to their shields and the swords in their right hands as their only remaining hope.

The Gauls likewise, having vainly for some days waged war against only the buildings of Rome, when they saw that there was nothing left amidst the smouldering ruins of the captured City but armed enemies, who for all their disasters were not a jot appalled nor likely to yield to anything but force, took a desperate resolution to attack the Citadel. At daybreak the signal was made; and the entire host, having formed up in the Forum, gave a cheer, and raising their shields above their heads and locking them, began the ascent. The defenders on the other hand did nothing rashly or in confusion. At all the approaches they had strengthened the guard-posts, and where they saw the enemy advancing they stationed their best soldiers, and suffered them to come up, persuaded that the higher they mounted up the steep the easier it would be to drive them down. They made their stand about the middle of the declivity, and there, launching their attack from the higher ground, which seemed of itself to hurl them against the foe, dislodged the Gauls, with such havoc and destruction that they never attempted to attack in that manner again, with either a part or the whole of their strength. So, relinquishing all hope of getting up by force of arms, they prepared for a blockade. Having never till that moment considered such a thing, they had destroyed all the corn in the City with their conflagrations, and what was in the fields had all been hurriedly carried off, within the last few days, to Veii. They therefore arranged to divide their army, and employ part of it to pillage the neighboring nations and part to invest the Citadel, in order that those who held the lines might be provisioned by the foragers. . . .

At Rome meanwhile the siege was for the most part languishing and all was quiet on both sides, the Gauls being solely concerned with preventing the escape of any enemy through their lines, when suddenly a young Roman attracted the wondering admiration of fellow citizens and foes. There was an annual sacrifice to be made on the Quirinal Hill by the family of the Fabii. To celebrate it Gaius Fabius Dorsuo, in the Gabinian cincture, with the sacred vessels in his hands, descended from the Capitol, passed out through the midst

of the enemy's pickets, and regardless of any words or threats, proceeded to the Quirinal, where he duly accomplished all the rites. He then returned by the same way, with the like resolute countenance and gait, in the full assurance of the favor of the gods whose service not even the fear of death could cause him to neglect, and rejoined his friends on the Capitol, leaving the Gauls dumbfounded by his astonishing audacity, or perhaps even moved by religious awe, a sentiment to which that race is far from indifferent. . . .

The Citadel of Rome and the Capitol were in very great danger. For the Gauls had noticed the tracks of a man, where the messenger from Veii had got through, or perhaps had observed for themselves that the cliff near the shrine of Carmentis afforded an easy ascent. So on a starlit night they first sent forward an unarmed man to try the way; then handing up their weapons when there was a steep place, and supporting themselves by their fellows or affording support in their turn, they pulled one another up, as the ground required, and reached the summit, in such silence that not only the sentries but even the dogs—creatures easily troubled by noises in the night—were not aroused. But they could not elude the vigilance of the geese, which, being sacred to Juno, had, notwithstanding the dearth of provisions, not been killed. This was the salvation of them all; for the geese with their gabbling and clapping of their wings woke Marcus Manlius,—consul of three years before and a distinguished soldier,—who, catching up his weapons and at the same time calling the rest to arms, strode past his bewildered comrades to a Gaul who had already got a foothold on the crest and dislodged him with a blow from the boss of his shield. As he slipped and fell, he overturned those who were next to him, and the others in alarm let go their weapons and grasping the rocks to which they had been clinging, were slain by Manlius. And by now the rest had come together and were assailing the invaders with javelins and stones, and presently the whole company lost their footing and were flung down headlong to destruction. Then after the din was hushed, the rest of the night—so far as their excitement would permit, when even a past peril made them nervous—was given up to sleep. At dawn the trumpet summoned the soldiers to as-

semble before the tribunes. Good conduct and bad had both to be requited. First Manlius was praised for his courage and presented with gifts, not only by the tribunes of the soldiers, but by agreement amongst the troops, who brought each half a pound of spelt and a gill of wine to his house, which stood in the Citadel. It is a little thing to tell, but the scarcity made it a great token of affection, since every one robbed himself of his own sustenance and bestowed what he had subtracted from his physical necessities to do honor to one man. Then the watchmen of the cliff which the enemy had scaled without being discovered were called up. Quintus Sulpicius, the tribune, announced his intention to punish them all in the military fashion; but deterred by the cries of the soldiers, who united in throwing the blame upon a single sentinel, he spared the others. This man was guilty beyond a doubt, and was flung from the rock with the approval of all. From that time the guards on both sides were more alert: the Gauls, because it had been put about that messengers were passing between Veii and Rome, the Romans, from their recollection of the peril of the night.

But worse than all the evils of the blockade and the war was the famine with which both armies were afflicted. The Gauls suffered also from a pestilence, being encamped between hills on low ground, parched and heated by the conflagration, where the air was filled with ashes, as well as dust, whenever a breeze sprang up. These annoyances were intolerable to a race accustomed to damp and cold, and when, distressed by the suffocating heat, they began to sicken of diseases that spread as though the victims had been cattle, they were soon too slothful to bury their dead singly, and piling the bodies up in promiscuous heaps, they burned them, causing the place to be known from that circumstance as the Gallic Pyres. A truce was afterwards made with the Romans, and the commanders allowed their soldiers to talk together. Since in these conversations the Gauls used frequently to taunt their enemies with their famished state, and call on them to yield to that necessity and surrender, the Romans are said, in order to do away with this opinion, to have cast bread down from the Capitol in many places, into the outposts of the enemy. Yet at last they could neither dissemble their

hunger nor endure it any longer. The dictator was now holding a levy of his own at Ardea, and having ordered the master of the horse, Lucius Valerius, to bring up his army from Veii, was mustering and drilling a force with which he might cope with the Gauls on equal terms. But the army on the Capitol was worn out with picket duty and mounting guard; and though they had got the better of all human ills, yet was there one, and that was famine, which nature would not suffer to be overcome. Day after day they looked out to see if any relief from the dictator was at hand; but at last even hope, as well as food, beginning to fail them, and their bodies growing almost too weak to sustain their armor when they went out on picket duty, they declared that they must either surrender or ransom themselves, on whatever conditions they could make; for the Gauls were hinting very plainly that no great price would be required to induce them to raise the siege. Thereupon the senate met, and instructed the tribunes of the soldiers to arrange the terms. Then, at a conference between Lucius Sulpicius the tribune and the Gallic chieftain Brennus, the affair was settled, and a thousand pounds of gold was agreed on as the price of a people that was destined presently to rule the nations. The transaction was a foul disgrace in itself, but an insult was added thereto: the weights brought by the Gauls were dishonest, and on the tribune's objecting, the insolent Gaul added his sword to the weight, and a saying intolerable to Roman ears was heard,—Woe to the conquered!

But neither gods nor men would suffer the Romans to live ransomed. For, by some chance, before the infamous payment had been consummated, and when the gold had not yet, owing to the dispute, been all weighed out, the dictator appeared and commanded the gold to be cleared away and the Gauls to leave. They objected vehemently, and insisted on the compact; but Camillus denied the validity of that compact which, subsequently to his own appointment as dictator, an inferior magistrate had made without his authorization, and warned them to prepare for battle. His own men he ordered to throw their packs in a heap, make ready their weapons, and win their country back with iron instead of gold; having before their eyes the temples of the gods, their wives and

their children, the soil of their native land, with the hideous marks of war upon it, and all that religion called upon them to defend, recover, or avenge. He then drew up his line, as well as the ground permitted, on the naturally uneven surface of the half-ruined City, and saw to it that his soldiers had every advantage in choice of position and in preparation which the art of war suggested. The Gauls were taken aback; they armed, and, with more rage than judgment, charged the Romans. But now fortune had turned; now the might of Heaven and human wisdom were engaged in the cause of Rome. Accordingly, at the first shock the Gauls were routed with as little effort as they had themselves put forth to conquer on the Allia. They afterwards fought a second, more regular engagement, eight miles out on the Gabinian Way, where they had rallied from their flight, and again the generalship and auspices of Camillus overcame them. Here the carnage was universal; their camp was taken; and not a man survived to tell of the disaster. The dictator, having recovered his country from her enemies, returned in triumph to the city; and between the rough jests uttered by the soldiers, was hailed in no unmeaning terms of praise as a Romulus and Father of his Country and a second Founder of the City.

His native City, which he had saved in war, he then indubitably saved a second time, now that peace was won, by preventing the migration to Veii: though the Tribunes were more zealous for the plan than ever, now that the City lay in ashes, and the plebs were of themselves more inclined to favor it. This was the reason of his not resigning the dictatorship after his triumph, for the senate besought him not to desert the state in its hour of uncertainty.

The speech of Camillus is said to have moved them, particularly where he touched upon religion; but the doubtful issue was resolved by a word that was let fall in the nick of time. It was while the senate, a little later, was deliberating about these matters in the Curia Hostilia; some cohorts returning from guard-duty were marching through the Forum, and as they came to the Comitium a centurion cried out, 'Standard-bearers, fix your ensign; here will be our best place to remain.' Hearing this sentence the senators came out from

the Curia and shouted their acceptance of the omen, and the commons gathering round them signified approval. The bill was then rejected, and people began in a random fashion to rebuild the City. The state supplied tiles, and granted everybody the right to quarry stone and to hew timber where he liked, after giving security for the completion of the structures within that year. In their haste men were careless about making straight the streets, and paying no attention to their own and others' rights, built on the vacant spaces. This is the reason that the ancient sewers, which were at first conducted through the public ways, at present frequently run under private dwellings, and the appearance of the City is like one where the ground has been appropriated rather than divided.

—B. O. FOSTER.

HANNIBAL

No sooner had Hannibal landed in Spain than he became a favorite with the whole army. The veterans thought they saw Hamilcar restored to them as he was in his youth; they saw the same determined expression, the same piercing eyes, the same cast of features. He soon showed, however, that it was not his father's memory that helped him most to win the affections of the army. Never was there a character more capable of the two tasks so opposed to each other of commanding and obeying; you could not easily make out whether the army or its general were more attached to him. Whenever courage and resolution were needed Hasdrubal never cared to entrust the command to any one else; and there was no leader in whom the soldiers placed more confidence or under whom they showed more daring. He was fearless in exposing himself to danger and perfectly self-possessed in the presence of danger. No amount of exertion could cause him either bodily or mental fatigue; he was equally indifferent to heat and cold; his eating and drinking were measured by the needs of nature, not by appetite; his hours of sleep were not determined by day or night; whatever time was not taken up with active duties was given to sleep and rest, but that rest was not wooed on a soft couch or in silence; men often saw him lying on the ground amongst the sentinels and outposts, wrapped in his military cloak. His dress was in no way superior to that

of his comrades; what did make him conspicuous were his arms and horses. He was by far the foremost both of the cavalry and the infantry, the first to enter the fight and the last to leave the field.

But these great merits were matched by great vices—inhuman cruelty, a perfidy worse than Punic, an utter absence of truthfulness, reverence, fear of the gods, respect for oaths, sense of religion. Such 10 was his character, a compound of virtues and vices. For three years he served under Hasdrubal, and during the whole time he never lost an opportunity of gaining by practice or observation the experience 15 necessary for one who was to be a great leader of men.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE TRASIMENE

Flaminius had reached the lake at sunset. The next morning, in a still uncertain light, he passed through the defile, without sending any scouts on to feel the way, and when the column began to deploy 25 in the wider extent of level ground the only enemy they saw was the one in front, the rest were concealed in their rear and above their heads. When the Carthaginian saw his object achieved and had his enemy shut in between the lake and the hills with his forces surrounding them, he gave the signal for all to make a simultaneous attack, and they charged straight down upon the point nearest to them. The 35 affair was all the more sudden and unexpected to the Romans because a fog which had risen from the lake was denser on the plain than on the heights; the bodies of the enemy on the various hills could see each other well enough, and it was all the easier for them to charge all at the same time. The shout of battle rose round the Romans before they could see clearly from whence it came, or became aware that they were surrounded. Fighting began in front and flank before they could form line or get their weapons ready or draw their swords. . . .

Then began a general flight, neither lake 50 nor mountain stopped the panic-stricken fugitives, they rushed like blind men over cliff and defile, men and arms tumbled pell-mell on one another. A large number, finding no avenue of escape, went 55 into the water up to their shoulders; some in their wild terror even attempted to escape by swimming, an endless and hope-

less task in that lake. Either their spirits gave way and they were drowned, or else finding their efforts fruitless, they regained with great difficulty the shallow water at 5 the edge of the lake and were butchered in all directions by the enemy's cavalry who had ridden into the water.

About 6000 men who had formed the head of the line of march cut their way through the enemy and cleared the defile, quite unconscious of all that had been going on behind them. They halted on some rising ground, and listened to the shouting below and the clash of arms, but were unable, owing to the fog, to see or find out what the fortunes of the fight were.

At last, when the battle was over and the sun's heat had dispelled the fog, mountain and plain revealed in the clear light 20 the disastrous overthrow of the Roman army and showed only too plainly that all was lost. Fearing lest they should be seen in the distance and cavalry be sent against them, they hurriedly took up their standards and disappeared with all possible speed. Maharbal pursued them through the night with the whole of his mounted force, and on the morrow, as starvation, in addition to all their other miseries, was threatening them, they surrendered to Maharbal, on condition of being allowed to depart with one garment apiece. This promise was kept with Punic faith by Hannibal, and he 35 threw them all into chains.

This was the famous battle at Trasimennus, and a disaster for Rome memorable as few others have been. Fifteen thousand Romans were killed in action; 1,000 fugitives were scattered all over Etruria and reached the City by 40 divers routes; 2,500 of the enemy perished on the field, many in both armies afterwards of their wounds. Other authors give the loss on each side as many times greater, but I refuse to indulge in the idle exaggerations to which writers are far too much given, and what is more, I am supported by the authority of Fabius, who 45 was living during the war. Hannibal dismissed without ransom those prisoners who belonged to the allies and threw the Romans into chains. He then gave orders for the bodies of his own men to be picked out from the heaps of slain and buried; careful search was also made for the body of Flaminius that it might receive honorable interment, but it was not found.

As soon as the news of this disaster reached Rome the people flocked into the Forum in a great state of panic and confusion. Matrons were wandering about the streets and asking those they met what recent disaster had been reported or what news was there of the army. The throng in the Forum, as numerous as a crowded Assembly, flocked towards the Comitium and the Senate-house and called for the magistrates. At last, shortly before sunset, M. Pomponius, the prætor, announced, 'We have been defeated in a great battle.' Though nothing more definite was heard from him, the people, full of the reports which they had heard from one another, carried back to their homes the information that the consul had been killed with the greater part of his army; only a few survived, and these were either dispersed in flight throughout Etruria or had been made prisoners by the enemy.

The misfortunes which had befallen the defeated army were not more numerous than the anxieties of those whose relatives had served under C. Flaminius, ignorant as they were of the fate of each of their friends, and not in the least knowing what to hope for or what to fear. The next day and several days afterwards, a large crowd, containing more women than men, stood at the gates waiting for some one of their friends or for news about them, and they crowded round those they met with eager and anxious inquiries, nor was it possible to get them away, especially from those they knew, until they had got all the details from first to last. Then as they came away from their informants you might see the different expressions on their faces, according as each had received good or bad news, and friends congratulating or consoling them as they wended their way homewards. The women were especially demonstrative in their joy and in their grief. They say that one who suddenly met her son at the gate safe and sound expired in his arms, whilst another who had received false tidings of her son's death and was sitting as a sorrowful mourner in her house, no sooner saw him returning than she died from too great happiness.

ARCHIMEDES AND THE SIEGE OF SYRACUSE

An assault begun so vigorously would have undoubtedly succeeded had it not been

for one man living at the time in Syracuse. That man was ARCHIMEDES. Unrivalled as he was as an observer of the heavens and the stars, he was still more wonderful as the inventor and creator of military works and engines by which with very little trouble he was able to baffle the most laborious efforts of the enemy. The city wall ran over hills of varying altitude, for the most part lofty and difficult of access, but in some places low and admitting of approach from the level of the valleys. This wall he furnished with artillery of every kind, according to the requirements of the different positions. Marcellus with sixty quinqueremes attacked the wall of Achradina, which as above stated is washed by the sea. In the other ships were archers, slingers, and even light infantry, whose missile is an awkward one to return for those who are not expert at it, so they hardly allowed any one to remain on the walls without being wounded. As they needed space to hurl their missiles, they kept their ships some distance from the walls. The other quinqueremes were fastened together in pairs, the oars on the inside being shipped so as to allow of the sides being brought together; they were propelled like one ship by the outside set of oars, and when thus fastened together they carried towers built up in stories and other machinery for battering the wall.

To meet this naval attack Archimedes placed on the ramparts engines of various sizes. The ships at a distance he bombarded with immense stones, the nearer ones he raked with lighter and therefore more numerous missiles; lastly he pierced the entire height of the walls with loopholes about eighteen inches wide so that his men might discharge their missiles without exposing themselves. Through these openings they aimed arrows and small so-called 'scorpions' at the enemy. Some of the ships which came in still more closely in order to be beneath the range of the artillery were attacked in the following way. A huge beam swinging on a pivot projected from the wall and a strong chain hanging from the end had an iron grappling hook fastened to it. This was lowered on to the prow of a ship and a heavy lead weight brought the other end of the beam to the ground, raising the prow into the air and making the vessel rest on its stern. Then the weight being re-

moved, the prow was suddenly dashed on to the water as though it had fallen from the wall, to the great consternation of the sailors; the shock was so great that if it fell straight it shipped a considerable amount of water.

In this way the naval assault was foiled, and all the hopes of the besiegers now rested upon an attack from the side of the land, delivered with their entire strength.

But here too Hiero had for many years devoted money and pains to fitting up military engines of every kind, guided and directed by the unapproachable skill of Archimedes. The nature of the ground also helped the defence. The rock on which the foundations of the wall mostly rested was for the greater part of its length so steep that not only when stones were hurled from the engines but even when rolled down with their own weight they fell with terrible effect on the enemy. The same cause made any approach to the foot of the walls difficult and the foothold precarious.

A council of war was accordingly held and it was decided, since all their attempts were frustrated, to desist from active operations and confine themselves simply to a blockade, and cut off all supplies from the enemy both by land and sea.

MARCELLUS AND ARCHIMEDES

When Marcellus mounted the fortifications and saw from his higher ground the city below him, the fairest city of the time, he is said to have shed tears at the sight, partly through joy at his great achievement, partly at the memory of its ancient glories. He thought of the Athenian fleets which had been sunk in that harbor, of the two great armies with their famous generals which had been annihilated there, of all of its many powerful kings and tyrants, above all, of Hiero, whose memory was so fresh, and who, in addition to all his endowments of fortune and character, had distinguished himself by his services to Rome. As all this passed through his mind and with it the thought that in one short hour all he saw round him would be burnt and reduced to ashes, he decided, before advancing against Achradina, to send the Syracusans, who, as already stated, were with the Roman troops, into the city to try if kind words

could induce the enemy to surrender the place. . . .

Amongst many horrible instances of fury and rapacity the fate of Archimedes stands out. It is recorded that amidst all the uproar and terror created by the soldiers who were rushing about the captured city in search of plunder, he was quietly absorbed in some geometrical figures which he had drawn on the sand, and was killed by a soldier who did not know who he was. Marcellus was much grieved and took care that his funeral was properly conducted, and after his relations had been discovered they were honored and protected by the name and memory of Archimedes.

Such, in the main, were the circumstances under which Syracuse was captured, and the amount of plunder was almost greater than if Carthage had been taken, the city which was waging war on equal terms with Rome.

—REV. CANON ROBERTS.

THE COMING OF THE GREAT MOTHER

The state was at this time suddenly occupied with a question of a religious nature, in consequence of the discovery of a prediction in the Sibylline books, which had been inspected on account of there having been so many showers of stones this year. It ran thus: 'Whosoever a foreign enemy should bring war into the land of Italy, he may be driven out of Italy and conquered, if the Idæan Mother should be brought from Pessinus to Rome.' This prophecy, discovered by the decemviri, produced the greater impression upon the senate, because ambassadors also, who had carried a present to Delphi, had brought word back, that they had both obtained a favorable appearance in sacrificing to the Pythian Apollo, and that a response was delivered from the oracle, to the effect, that a much greater victory than that from the spoils of which they now brought presents, awaited the Roman people. They considered the presentiment which existed in the mind of Publius Scipio, with regard to the termination of the war, when he claimed Africa as his province, as corroborating the same anticipation. In order, therefore, that they might the more speedily put themselves in possession of victory, which was portended

to them by the fates, omens, and oracles, they began to think what method could be adopted for conveying the goddess to Rome. . . .

Although Africa had not as yet been openly declared a province, the senate keeping it a secret, I suppose, lest the Carthaginians should get intelligence of it beforehand, nevertheless, the most sanguine hopes were entertained in the city, 10 that the enemy would be vanquished that year in Africa, and that the termination of the Punic war was at hand. This circumstance had filled the minds of the people with superstitious notions, and they 15 were strongly disposed to credit and propagate accounts of prodigies, and for that reason more were reported. It was said, 'that two suns had been seen; that it had become light for a time during the night; that at Setia a meteor had been seen, extending from the east to the west; that at Tarracina a gate, at Anagnia a gate and the wall in many places, had been struck by lightning; that in the temple of 25 Juno Sospita, at Lanuvium, a noise had been heard, accompanied with a tremendous crash.' There was a supplication for one day for the purpose of expiating these, and the nine days' sacred rite was celebrated on account of a shower of stones. In addition to these cares, they had to deliberate about the reception of the Idæan Mother; for besides that Marcus Valerius, one of the ambassadors who had come before 35 the rest, had brought word that she would be in Italy forthwith, a recent account had arrived that she was at Tarracina. The senate was occupied with the determination of a matter of no small importance, namely, who was the most virtuous man in the state. Every one doubtless would wish for himself the victory in this contest, rather than any office of command, or any honors, which 45 could be conferred by the suffrages either

of the senate or the people. Publius Scipio, son of Cneius who had fallen in Spain, a youth not yet of the age to be quæstor, they adjudged to be the best of the good 5 men in the whole state. Though I would willingly record it for the information of posterity, had the writers who lived in the times nearest to those events mentioned by what virtues of his they were induced to come to this determination, yet I will not obtrude my own opinion, formed upon conjecture, relative to a matter buried in the obscurity of antiquity. Publius Cornelius was ordered to go to Ostia, attended by all 10 the matrons, to meet the goddess; to receive her from the ship himself, and, when landed, place her in the hands of the matrons to convey her away. After the ship arrived at the mouth of the Tiber, Scipio, according to the directions given him, sailed out into the open sea, and, receiving the goddess from the priests, conveyed her to land. The chief matrons in the state received her, among whom the name of Claudia Quinta alone is worthy 25 of remark. Her fame, which, as it is recorded, was before that time dubious, became, in consequence of her having assisted in so solemn a business, illustrious for chastity among posterity. The matrons, passing her from one to another in orderly succession, conveyed the goddess into the temple of Victory, in the Palatium, on the day before the ides of 35 April, which was made a festival, while the whole city poured out to meet her; and, placing censers before their doors, on the way by which she was conveyed in procession, kindled frankincense, and 40 prayed that she would enter the city of Rome willingly and propitiously. The people in crowds carried presents to the goddess in the Palatium; a lectisternium was celebrated, with games called the 45 Megalesian.

—CYRUS EDMONDS.

VI. FROM TIBERIUS TO HADRIAN (A.D. 14-138)

GAIUS VELLEIUS PATERCULUS (About 36 B.C.-A.D. 31)

Paterculus wrote a history of Rome in two books from the Trojan war to A.D. 31. His nine years' service in Germany under Tiberius left him enthusiastic for the emperor, as he is also for Augustus and Julius Cæsar. Hurried, sketchy, and artificial, he is valuable for the light thrown by random passages rather than for authoritativeness as a historian. One of these passages reflects the esteem of the after generation for Cicero.

THE GREATNESS OF CICERO

Nothing reflects more disgrace on that period, than that either Cæsar should have been forced to proscribe any person, or that Cicero should have been proscribed by him, and that the advocate of the public should have been cut off by the villainy of Antony, no one defending him, who for so many years had defended as well the cause of the public as the causes of individuals. But you have gained nothing, Mark Antony (for the indignation bursting from my mind and heart, compels me to say what is at variance with the character of this work), you have gained nothing, I say, by paying the hire for closing those divine lips, and cutting off that noble head, and by procuring, for a fatal reward, the death of a man, once so great as a consul, and the preserver of the Commonwealth. You deprived Marcus Cicero of a life full of trouble, and of a feeble old age; an existence more unhappy under your ascendancy, than death under your triumvirate; but of the fame and glory of his actions and writings you have been so far from despoiling him that you have even increased it. He lives, and will live in the memory of all succeeding ages. And as long as this body 30

of the universe, whether framed by chance, or by wisdom, or by whatever means, which he, almost alone of the Romans, penetrated with his genius, comprehended in his imagination, and illustrated by his eloquence, shall continue to exist, it will carry the praise of Cicero as its companion in duration. All posterity will admire his writings against you, and execrate your conduct towards him; and sooner shall the race of man fail in the world, than his name decay.

The calamity of this whole period no one can sufficiently deplore; much less can any one find language to express it. One thing demands observation, that there prevailed towards the proscribed the utmost fidelity in their wives, a moderate share of it in their freedmen, some portion in their slaves, and in their sons none at all; so intolerable to men is the delay of hope, on whatever grounds it be conceived. That nothing, however, should be left inviolate, Antony, as if for an attraction and excitement to atrocities, proscribed his uncle Lucius Cæsar, and Lepidus his brother Paulus. Plancus, too, had interest enough to procure a like sentence upon his brother Plotius Plancus.

—J. S. WATSON.

LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA, THE PHILOSOPHER (About 3 B.C.—A.D. 65)

Seneca the philosopher was the son of Seneca the rhetorician, and both were natives of Cordova in Spain. The son was brought to Rome in childhood, was educated in the Stoic philosophy and in rhetoric, became an eloquent lawyer and shone in society, was exiled to Corsica in 41 on the charge of intrigue with the niece of Claudius, was recalled in 49 by the Empress Agrippina and made tutor to her son, the future Emperor Nero, in the end lost the great influence over him which he at first possessed, retired in 62 after having acquired enormous wealth, and in 65, falsely accused by the now estranged and hostile Nero, opened his own veins and died. An account of the event is given by Tacitus.

Seneca's writings included *Consolations*, one of which was addressed to his mother from his place of exile, essays on such themes as Clemency, Repose, Anger, The Brevity of Life, and Tranquillity of Mind, a ludicrous and unkind satire on the death of Claudius, *Inquiries into Natural Science*, *Moral Epistles to Lucilius*, and nine tragedies. All but the satire are permeated by a philosophy prevalingly Stoic but really eclectic, and of a quality so much more humane and spiritual than the Stoicism of the school that their author has been suspected of being acquainted with and taught by the Apostle Paul. 'Seneca, often one of ourselves,' Tertullian wrote a hundred years after his death. The comment that the philosopher's conduct was not consistent with his teaching was made even in Seneca's lifetime, and drew the answer that, like other philosophers, he described not how he lived, but how life ought to be lived; yet, in spite of inconsistency in practice and artificiality of style, Seneca writes with fervor, and there was no period of his life when his living was not seriously influenced by his philosophic faith. Riches, he said, were to be blamed only when wrongly or too highly valued; to possess them was really to be in position to practice virtue the better. The manner of his meeting death surely accorded with his teaching, and may be regarded as the conclusion and culmination of the real part of a life much alloyed by force of circumstance.

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THE EPISTLES TO LUCILIUS

ON QUIET AND STUDY

Beshrew me if I think anything more requisite than silence for a man who secludes himself in order to study! Imagine what a variety of noises reverberates about my ears! I have lodgings right over a bathing establishment. So picture to yourself the assortment of sounds, which are strong enough to make me hate my very powers of hearing! When your strenuous gentleman, for example, is exercising himself by flourishing leaden weights; when he is working hard, or else pretends to be working hard, I can hear him grunt; and whenever he releases his imprisoned breath, I can hear him panting in wheezy and high-pitched tones. Or perhaps I notice some lazy fellow, content with a cheap rub-down, and hear the crack of the pummeling hand on his shoulder, varying in sound according as the hand is laid on 5 flat or hollow. Then, perhaps, a professional comes along, shouting out the score; that is the finishing touch. Add to this the arresting of an occasional roysterer or pickpocket, the racket of the man who always likes to hear his own voice in the bathroom, or the enthusiast who plunges into the swimming-tank with unconscionable noise and splashing. Besides all those whose voices, if nothing else, are good, 10 imagine the hair-plucker with his penetrating, shrill voice,—for purposes of advertisement,—continually giving it vent and never holding his tongue except when he is plucking the armpits and making his victim yell instead. Then the cake-seller 15

with his varied cries, the sausageman, the confectioner, and all the vendors of food hawking their wares, each with his own distinctive intonation.

So you say: 'What iron nerves or deadened ears you must have, if your mind can hold out amid so many noises, so various and so discordant, when our friend Chrysippus is brought to his death by the continual good-morrows that greet him!' But I assure you that this racket means no more to me than the sound of waves or falling water; although you will remind me that a certain tribe once moved their city merely because they could not endure the din of a Nile cataract. Words seem to distract me more than noises; for words demand attention, but noises merely fill the ears and beat upon them. Among the sounds that din round me without distracting, I include passing carriages, a machinist in the same block, a saw-sharpener near by, or some fellow who is demonstrating with little pipes and flutes at the Tricking Fountain, shouting rather than singing.

Furthermore, an intermittent noise upsets me more than a steady one. But by this time I have toughened my nerves against all that sort of thing, so that I can endure even a boatswain marking the time in high-pitched tones for his crew. For I force my mind to concentrate, and keep it from straying to things outside itself; all outdoors may be bedlam, provided that there is no disturbance within, provided that fear is not wrangling with desire in my breast, provided that meanness and lavishness are not at odds, one harassing the other. For of what benefit is a quiet neighborhood, if our emotions are in an uproar?

'Twas night, and all the world was lulled to rest.

This is not true; for no real rest can be found when reason has not done the lulling. Night brings our troubles to the light, rather than banishes them; it merely changes the form of our worries. For even when we seek slumber, our sleepless moments are as harassing as the daytime. Real tranquillity is the state reached by an unperverted mind when it is relaxed. Think of the unfortunate man who courts sleep by surrendering his spacious mansion to silence, who, that his ear may be disturbed by no sound, bids the whole retinue of his slaves be quiet and that whoever approaches him shall walk on tiptoe; he

tosses from this side to that and seeks a fitful slumber amid his frettings! He complains that he has heard sounds, when he has not heard them at all. The reason, you ask? His soul is in an uproar; it must be soothed, and its rebellious murmuring checked. You need not suppose that the soul is at peace when the body is still. Sometimes quiet means disquiet.

ON MEETING DEATH CHEERFULLY

Let us cease to desire that which we have been desiring. I, at least, am doing this: in my old age I have ceased to desire what I desired when a boy. To this single end my days and my nights are passed; this is my task, this the object of my thoughts,—to put an end to my chronic ills. I am endeavoring to live every day as if it were a complete life. I do not, indeed, snatch it up as if it were my last; I do regard it, however, as if it might even be my last. The present letter is written to you with this in mind,—as if death were about to call me away in the very act of writing. I am ready to depart, and I shall enjoy life just because I am not over-anxious as to the future date of my departure.

Before I became old I tried to live well; now that I am old, I shall try to die well; but dying well means dying gladly. See to it that you never do anything unwillingly. That which is bound to be a necessity if you rebel, is not a necessity if you desire it. This is what I mean: he who takes his orders gladly, escapes the bitterest part of slavery,—doing what one does not want to do. The man who does something under orders is not unhappy; he is unhappy who does something against his will. Let us therefore so set our minds in order that we may desire whatever is demanded of us by circumstances, and above all that we may reflect upon our end without sadness. We must make ready for death before we make ready for life. Life is well enough furnished, but we are too greedy with regard to its furnishings; something always seems to us lacking, and will always seem lacking. To have lived long enough depends neither upon our years nor upon our days, but upon our minds. I have lived, my dear friend Lucilius, long enough. I have had my fill: I await death. Farewell.

ON THE PROPER TIME TO SLIP THE CABLE

After a long space of time I have seen your beloved Pompeii. I was thus brought again face to face with the days of my youth. And it seemed to me that I could still do, nay, had only done a short time ago, all the things which I did there when a young man. We have sailed past life, Lucilius, as if we were on a voyage, and just as when at sea, to quote from our poet Vergil,

Lands and towns are left astern,

even so, on this journey where time flies with the greatest speed, we put below the horizon first our boyhood and then our youth, and then the space which lies between young manhood and middle age and borders on both, and next, the best years of old age itself. Last of all, we begin to sight the general bourne of the race of man. Fools that we are, we believe this bourne to be a dangerous reef; but it is the harbor, where we must some day put in, which we may never refuse to enter; and if a man has reached this harbor in his early years, he has no more right to complain than a sailor who has made a quick voyage. For some sailors, as you know, are tricked and held back by sluggish winds, and grow weary and sick of the slow-moving calm; while others are carried quickly home by steady gales.

You may consider that the same thing happens to us; life has carried some men with the greatest rapidity to the harbor, the harbor they were bound to reach even if they tarried on the way, while others it has fretted and harassed. To such a life, as you are aware, one should not always cling. For mere living is not a good, but living well. Accordingly, the wise man will live as long as he ought, not as long as he can. He will mark in what place, with whom, and how he is to conduct his existence, and what he is about to do. He always reflects concerning the quality, and not the quantity, of his life. As soon as there are many events in his life that give him trouble and disturb his peace of mind, he sets himself free. And this privilege is his, not only when the crisis is upon him, but as soon as Fortune seems to be playing him false; then he looks about carefully and sees whether he ought, or ought not, to end his life on that account.

He holds that it makes no difference to him whether his taking-off be natural or self-inflicted, whether it comes later or earlier. He does not regard it with fear, as if it were a great loss; for no man can lose very much when but a driblet remains. It is not a question of dying earlier or later, but of dying well or ill. And dying well means escape from the danger of living ill.

Inasmuch as I began with an illustration taken from humble life, I shall keep on with that sort. For men will make greater demands upon themselves, if they see that death can be despised even by the most despised class of men. The Catos, the Scipios, and the others whose names we are wont to hear with admiration, we regard as beyond the sphere of imitation; but I shall now prove to you that the virtue of which I speak is found as frequently in the gladiators' training-school as among the leaders in a civil war. Lately a gladiator, who had been sent forth to the morning exhibition, was being conveyed in a cart along with the other prisoners; nodding as if he were heavy with sleep, he let his head fall over so far that it was caught in the spokes; then he kept his body in position long enough to break his neck by the revolution of the wheel. So he made his escape by means of the very wagon which was carrying him to his punishment.

When a man desires to burst forth and take his departure, nothing stands in his way. It is an open space in which Nature guards us. When our plight is such as to permit it, we may look about us for an easy exit. If you have many opportunities ready to hand, by means of which you may liberate yourself, you may make a selection and think over the best way of gaining freedom; but if a chance is hard to find, instead of the best, snatch the next best, even though it be something unheard of, something new. If you do not lack the courage, you will not lack the cleverness, to die. See how even the lowest class of slave, when suffering goads him on, is aroused and discovers a way to deceive even the most watchful guards! He is truly great who not only has given himself the order to die, but has also found the means.

I have promised you, however, some more illustrations drawn from the same games. During the second event in a shant

sea-fight one of the barbarians sank deep into his own throat a spear which had been given him for use against his foe. 'Why, oh, why,' he said, 'have I not long ago escaped from all this torture and all this mockery? Why should I be armed and yet wait for death to come?' This exhibition was all the more striking because of the lesson men learn from it that dying is more honorable than killing.

What, then? If such a spirit is possessed by abandoned and dangerous men, shall it not be possessed also by those who have trained themselves to meet such con-

tingencies by long meditation, and by reason, the mistress of all things? It is reason which teaches us that fate has various ways of approach, but the same end, and that it makes no difference at what point the inevitable event begins. Reason, too, advises us to die, if we may, according to our taste; if this cannot be, she advises us to die according to our ability, and to seize upon whatever means shall offer itself for doing violence to ourselves. It is criminal to 'live by robbery'; but, on the other hand, it is most noble to 'die by robbery.' Farewell.

THE TRAGEDIES

The nine tragedies ascribed to Seneca are on the well-worn themes of the Trojan and Theban Cycles and the legends of Jason and Hercules, with the naturally somewhat static character of ancient tragedy much increased by long rhetorical and philosophical speeches, and philosophical choral interludes having little to do with the action; the interest of the reader or listener being stimulated by novelties of expression and the use of the sensational, especially the horrible. In justice it must be said that there is much that is worthy in the rhetorical, philosophical, and intellectual exuberance of Seneca, and that an author who exercised so great an influence on the drama of the Renaissance cannot lightly be dismissed. The translation, from *Hercules Furens*, is by J. W. Cunliffe.

THE WOOING OF MEGARA

Enter AMPHITRYON and MEGARA, father and wife of Hercules, suppliants with his children at the altars of the gods.

A. Olympus' ruler great and judge of earth,
Now place at last a term to our distress,
And make an end of sadness. Never dawn
Flashed on me free from care. One evil's
end

Ever begins a new one. Even now 5
For him returning a new foe's prepared.
Before he gains his happy home he goes
Bidden to another war. Nor any rest
Nor any time of leisure is there granted
But he has some commands. From the very
first 10

Juno pursues him hostile. Wherein were free
From care his infant years? Monsters he
tamed

Ere he could even know them. Serpents
twain

With crested heads threatened him open-
mouthed,

Whom boldly ran to meet the little child, 15
Seized, gazing on the serpents' fiery looks
With undisturb'd, serene, and cheerful heart
(With quiet face he bore their knotted
folds,)

Pressing with tender hands their swelling
throats

He crushed to death and to the future
dragon 20

Thus gave a prelude. Mænalus' swift stag
Bearing aloft a head bright with much gold
He chased and caught. Nemea's greatest
fear,

The lion, groaned, crushed by his sinewy
strength.

Why should I tell the Bistones' dread stalls 25
And the king made a prey to his own herds?
The shaggy boar of Mænalus that used

To shake the Arcadian groves upon the
heights

Of Erymanthus? Why should I also tell

The bull to hundred nations no light fear? 30

Amid the far-off flocks of the western isle
The triple shepherd of the Tartesian shore
Was slain, the booty driven from utmost
west.

Cithæron feared the beast known to the sea.
Bidden to explore the climes of summer
sun, 35

The scorched realms where midday ever
burns,

On either side he loosed the mountains, burst
The barrier, for the rushing mighty waves
Made a wide way. Arriving afterwards
At the abodes of the rich grove, he bore 40
Away the dragon-guarded golden spoils.
Why should I tell of Lerna's monsters fierce,
A numerous pest, whom he at last with fire
Conquered and taught to die. In the very
clouds

He shoots the Stympalian birds which
hitherto 45

Were wont to veil the day with outspread
wings.

He was not conquered by the widow queen
Of couch unspotted on the Thermodon,
Nor did the task of Augeas' dirty stable
Dismay his hands, to every noble deed 50
Made bold. But what avails all this? He
lacks

The world that he defended. All the lands
Have felt that he, the author of their peace,
Is far away. Lucky, successful crime
Is virtue called at Thebes. The good obey 55
The bad, and might is right, and slavish fear
Bears down the laws. Before my face I saw
With savage hand the royal princes slain,
Their father's throne defending, and him-
self

A victim fall, the last of Cadmus' stock. 60
I saw the crown that royal heads adorns
Torn off with the head itself. Who Thebes
enough

Can pity? Land renowned for births of gods,
What master dost thou fear! Thou from
whose fields,

A fertile womb indeed, a youthful band 65
Sprang with drawn swords, whose walls
divine Amphion

Built with his lyre, whose strain the rocks
obeyed,

Into whose city more than once the king
Of gods came down and left the sky: which
oft

Has been the host of gods, has made them
too 70

And—be it right to say—perchance shall
make them;

With sordid yoke is now this land oppressed.
(To what depths, sons of Cadmus and the
state

Of great Amphion, have ye fallen down?
Fear ye an unknown exile who has fled 75
His fatherland, and now oppresses ours?
And he who crime pursues by land and sea
And breaks with righteous hand the tyrants'
sway

Now serves, though absent, and endures him-
self

What he forbids to others.) Exiled Lycus 80
Reigns over Thebes, the Thebes of Hercules.
But reign he will not. He will come to seek
His vengeance due and suddenly emerge
From hell to light of day. He'll find a way
Or make one. O, I pray, come safe and
sound, 85

Return a victor to your vanquished home.

M. Come forth, my spouse, and far asunder
riven

Break through the darkness. If there's no
way back

And every path is closed, then cleave in
twain

The earth, return, and whatso'er lies hid, 90
Bound with the bonds of night, bring with
you forth.

Just as by torn-up ridges you once stood
And for the hurried river sought a way
Precipitous; riven with the mighty rush
Tempe lay wide revealed; driven by your
breast 95

The mountains hither, thither fell, and,
bursting

Its dykes, Peneus ran a course unknown—
So now in search of parents, children dear,
And fatherland, burst through the bonds of
things,

Bring with you whatsoever greedy time 100
Has hidden in lapse of many years. Return
And drive before you nations lost to view,
Forgetful of themselves, afraid of day.

Unworthy are your spoils if you bring back
What is commanded only.—But too much 105
I boast, forgetting our sad lot. For whence
To me that day when I shall grasp your
hand,

May kiss it, wail your slow return, unmindful
Of me and all my woes? To thee, O
monarch

Of all the gods, a hundred untamed bulls 110
Shall bring their necks for slaughter. Queen
of fruits,

I'll pay thee secret rites. In silent faith
Shall mute Eleusis cast thee torches long.
Then I will own the life and breath re-
stored 114

To my dead brothers and my father happy,
 Ruling in his own realms. If greater power
 Keeps you a prisoner, then we follow. All
 Either defend returning safe, or all
 Drag to a like destruction. You will drag
 Us down and no god raise us up again. ¹²⁰
A. O partner of our blood, faithful and
 chaste

Keeping the couch and sons of Hercules,
 Take better hope and call your courage
 up.

Forthwith he will be here of greater might
 Than ever, as his wont has been, each task ¹²⁵
 Accomplished.

M. What in grief too much we wish
 We easily believe.

A. Nay, what we fear
 Too much, we think can never be removed.
 Faith in the worst is ever prone to fear.

M. Sunk, buried, weighted down with all the
 earth ¹³⁰

Above him, what way can he find to light?

A. That which he found when through the
 parchèd waste

And billowy sands like ocean tempest-tossed
 He traveled, twice the main he cleaved, and
 twice

Returned, when with abandoned barque em-
 barrased ¹³⁵

He stuck in Syrtis' shallows, and, the boat
 Remaining fast, went o'er the sea on foot.

M. The greatest virtue unfair fortune
 spares

But rarely. To so oft repeated dangers
 Can no one long expose himself with safety.
 Misfortune misses oft but hits at last. ¹⁴¹

But lo! with fierce and threatening counte-
 nance

Comes Lycus, wielding sceptres not his own.

Enter LYCUS

L. The ruler of the wealthy realms of
 Thebes

And whatsoe'er contain with fertile soil ¹⁴⁵

The slopes of Phocis that Ismenus waters,
 (Whate'er Cithæron sees from his high top
 And the thin isthmus, cutting oceans twain)—

I do not hold a sire's ancestral sway,
 A slothful heir. I have no noble line ¹⁵⁰

Of ancestors, no race of ancient fame,
 But excellence distinguished. He who boasts

His noble birth, praises another's deeds
 And not his own. But sceptres won by force

Are held in fear. All safety lies in steel. ¹⁵⁵
 The unsheath'd sword guards what you know

you hold

Against your subjects' will. In foreign soil
 No kingdom stands secure. But Megara
 Can stay my power in royal wedlock joined.
 Her noble birth to my obscurity ¹⁶⁰
 Will color give. I cannot think 'twill be
 That she'll refuse and spurn with scorn my
 couch.

But if persistently with violent mind
 She should say no, one plan alone remains,
 To overwhelm in one destruction all ¹⁶⁵

The house of Hercules. The people's voice
 With hatred such a deed will follow close.

Well, rule's first art is the ability
 To suffer hatred. Therefore let us try,

Since chance has given us opportunity, ¹⁷⁰
 For she herself, her head in sorrow covered,
 Stands veiled by the protecting deities,

And by her side clings Hercules' true sire.

M. What new plot plans that man, our race's
 ruin?

What is he attempting?

L. O thou who drawest ¹⁷⁵

From royal stock a noble name, a little
 Gracious with patient ear receive my words.

If mortals always wage eternal hatred,
 If never from our minds madness departs

When once it's made a home there, but the
 victor ¹⁸⁰

Still carries arms, and fresh ones forge the
 vanquished,

War will leave nothing. With wide fields the
 country

Will desert lie and squalid, burning dwellings
 Will overwhelm the nations, in the ashes

Of their own houses buried. It befits ¹⁸⁵
 The conqueror to wish for peace. The van-

quished

Must hold it a necessity. Come then
 And share my realm. Be one with me in

mind
 And take this pledge of faith, touch my
 right hand.

But why with countenance fierce do you keep
 silence? ¹⁹⁰

M. Am I to touch a hand stained with the
 blood

Of my own father, and my brothers'
 slaughter?

First shall the morning see the sun go down
 And eve bring back the day. 'Twixt snow

and flame
 First shall be faithful peace, and Scylla

join ¹⁹⁵

Sicily's shore to Italy (and first
 Shall the Euboic wave of Euripus,

With changeful swiftness flying, stand un-
 moved.)

You robbed me of my native land, my home,

My sire, my brothers. What remains to me?
 One thing is left, dearer than sire or
 brother, ²⁰¹
 Than native land, than hearth and home, my
 hatred
 Of thee, which I but mourn because I share it
 With all the people. But how great a portion
 Of hate is mine? Rule, swol'n with pride.
 Display ²⁰⁵
 Your haughty spirit. The avenging god
 Pursues the proud behind. The realms of
 Thebes
 I know of old. Why should I tell the wrongs
 That mothers dared and bore? The double
 crime
 And mingled name of spouse and child and
 sire? ²¹⁰
 Why the twin camps of hostile brothers, why
 So many funeral piles? Now stiff with grief
 Stands the proud mother, Tantalus' fair
 daughter,
 And weeps the rock in Phrygian Sipylus.
 (Cadmus himself, lifting a serpent's head, ²¹⁵
 Crested and threatening, the Illyrian king-
 doms
 Measured in flight from end to end, and
 left
 The long marks of his dragging steps be-
 hind.)
 These instances await you. As you will,
 Rule till our realm's accustomed fates shall
 call. ²²⁰
L. Come, mad one, lay aside these savage
 words
 And learn from Hercules, your spouse, to
 bear
 A king's commands. Although with con-
 quering hand
 I wield a sceptre won with violence,
 And all things rule without a fear of laws, ²²⁵
 Which arms have conquered, I will speak a
 little
 In my own cause. In bloody war your father
 Fell with your brothers. Arms observe no
 bounds,
 Nor is it easy to restrain or rule ²²⁹
 The anger of the unsheath'd sword. In gore
 War takes delight—he in his realm's defense,
 We urged by wicked lust—war's end is
 sought
 And not its cause. But let all memory
 Now perish from our minds. For since his
 arms ²³⁴
 The victor has laid down, the vanquished too
 To lay aside his hatred it behoves.
 Not that on bended knee you should adore
 Us reigning do we seek. But this doth please
 us

That you accept your ruin with great mind.
 You are a lady worthy of a king, ²⁴⁰
 A queenly wife. Then come and share my
 couch.
M. A chilling tremor strikes my bloodless
 limbs.
 What crime has reached my ears? I did not
 tremble
 When peace was broken and the crash of war
 Sounded about the rampart. Fearlessly ²⁴⁵
 I bore all terrors. From your nuptial couch
 Trembling I shrink. Now first of all I
 feel
 Myself a prisoner. Now let heavy chains
 Weigh down my body and with hunger slow
 Let death be long drawn out. No force shall
 break ²⁵⁰
My constancy. I'll die, Alcides, thine.
L. Your spouse inspires your heart in depths
 of hell?
M. He sank to hell that he might rise to
 heaven.
L. The earth's unmeasured weight now
 keeps him down.
M. No weight keeps that man down who
 bore the sky. ²⁵⁵
L. You will be forced.
M. What force can o'ercome death?
L. Confess what royal gift could I prepare
 Equal to marriage bonds?
M. Your death or mine.
L. Mad, will you die?
M. I'll run to meet my spouse. ²⁵⁹
L. Do you prefer a slave to me, a monarch?
M. How many monarchs has that slave de-
 stroyed?
L. Then why serves he a king and bears the
 yoke?
M. Take hard commands away, and where is
 virtue?
L. You think it virtue to meet beasts and
 monsters?
M. 'Tis virtue's part to vanquish what all
 fear. ²⁶⁵
L. Now the Tartarean shades oppress the
 boaster.
M. It is no easy path from earth to heaven.
L. Born of what father does he hope for
 heaven?
A. Now list, Alcides' miserable spouse.
 My part it is to give to Hercules ²⁷⁰
 His sire and true extraction. Do but think on
 So many famous deeds of our great hero,
 Whatever Titan rising, setting, sees,
 Tamed by his hand, so many monsters van-
 quished
 And Phlegra's land scattered with gore re-
 bellious ²⁷⁵

Against the gods, the gods themselves defended.

Is not his father clear? Do we wrong Jove? Trust Juno's hatred.

L. But why slander Jove?

The mortal race cannot be joined with heaven.

A. Many gods had this common origin. 280

L. And were they slaves before they reached the sky?

A. The Delian shepherd fed Admetus' flocks.

L. But wandered not an exile through all lands.

A. On wandering isle of exiled mother born.

L. Did Phœbus fear fierce monsters or wild beasts? 285

A. The dragon dyed his arrows with its blood.

Do you not know what ills the baby bore
Cast by the thunder from his mother's womb?
(He soon stood boldly by his thundering sire.)

And did not he, who rules the sky and shakes 290

The clouds, lie hid an infant in a cave

On Ida's mount? Such high nativities

Are paid with anxious care. The cost is great,

Both is and has been, to be born a god. 294

L. Whomever you see luckless, know a man.

A. Whomever you see valiant, call not luckless.

L. Are we to call him valiant from whose shoulders

The lion's skin and club fell, to be made

A wench's gift, whose side shone clothed in purple?

Are we to call him valiant whose stiff hair 300
Was wet with ointment, whose renowned hands

Moved to the unheroic timbrel's sound?

A. With barbarous coif his savage forehead binding,

Young Bacchus did not blush his locks to spread

Wide to the breeze, or with soft hand to wield 305

The thyrsus light, when with unmartial step

He wore a robe bright with barbaric gold.

Virtue relaxes after many toils.

L. The house of o'erwhelmed Teuthras speaks to that,

And flocks of virgins pure oppressed like cattle. 310

This did not Juno, nor Eurystheus bid.

These are his own achievements.

A. You know not all.

His own achievement was it to beat Eryx

With his own gloves, yea and to Eryx joined
Libyan Antæus. And the bloody hearths, 315
Stained with the gore of guests, were made to drink

The righteous blood of wicked Busiris.

His own achievement was it to slay Cynus,
As yet untamed, who ran upon the sword,
And Geryon, more than one, by one hand
vanquished. 320

But you, no doubt, are one of those good people

Who by no shameful deed have injured wedlock

Of marriage-bed inviolate.

L. What Jove may do,

A king may. A wife to Jove you gave, a wife you'll give

To me, a king. And by your tutorship 325

Your daughter here will learn this old, old lesson,

Which e'en her spouse approves, the better man

To follow. If she steadfastly refuses

To join with me in marriage, from her body,
Ravished by force, a noble stock I'll raise. 330

M. Ye shades of Creon and the household gods

Of Labdacus and the dread nuptial torch

Of Œdipus, give your accustomed fates

To your communion. Now ye cruel daughters

Of King Egyptus come with blood-dyed hands. 335

One of their number lack the Danaïdes.

I will fill up the place, complete the crime.

L. Since stubbornly you spurn with scorn
our union

And terrify a king, you now shall know

The power of a king's sceptre. You will
cling 340

Fast to the altars, but no god shall save you
Not if, the world removed, Alcides came

Victorious, to the gods in triumph borne.

Heap up the wood. Let the fire blaze and fall

In on the suppliants. Apply the torch 345

And let one pyre burn wife and all the flock.

A. This boon I pray from thee, Alcides' sire,
Which be it fit to ask, that first I fall.

L. Who bids one punishment slay all together

Knows not to be a tyrant. Ask again, 350

And something different. The unhappy man
Forbidden to die, the happy bid destroy.

I, while with faggots grows the funeral pile
Will sacrifice to Neptune, ocean's lord.

A. O highest power of deities on high, 355

Ruler omnipotent, at whose weapons tremble

All human things, this wicked king's right hand
 Smite and restrain! Why vainly pray to gods?
 Where'er thou art, my son, O hear!—Why totter
 The temples tossed with sudden motion? Why³⁶⁰
 Groans loud the ground? From lowest depths of hell
 A crash infernal thundered. We are heard.
 It is, it is the step of Hercules.

SENECA ADDRESSES FORTUNE

I was content, why hast thou flattered me,
 O potent Fortune, with thy treacherous smiles?
 Why hast thou carried me to such a height,
 That lifted to the palace I might fall
 The farther, look upon the greater crimes? 5
 Ah, happier was I when I dwelt afar
 From envy's stings, among the rugged cliffs
 Of Corsica, where my free spirit knew
 Leisure for study. Ah, how sweet it was
 To look upon the sky, th' alternate change 10
 Of day and night, the circuit of the earth,
 The moon, the wandering stars that circle her,
 And the far-shining glory of the sky,
 Which when it has grown old shall fall again
 Into the night of chaos—that last day 15
 Has come, which 'neath the ruin of the skies
 Shall bury this vile race. A brighter sun,
 Newborn, shall bring to life another race,
 Like that the young world knew, when Saturn ruled
 In the high heavens. Then great among the gods 20
 The virgin goddess Justice, with fair Faith,
 Sent from the skies, ruled on the tranquil earth
 The race of man. The nations knew not war,
 Nor the harsh trumpet's sound, nor clash of arms,
 They were not wont about their towns to raise 25

Protecting ramparts, every path was free,
 All things were used in common, the glad earth
 Bared willingly for man her fruitful breast,
 A happy mother, in her foster-sons'
 Untainted love secure. Another race 30
 Less peaceful rose, a third in new arts skilled,
 But law-abiding; then a restless one
 That dared to hunt the wild beasts in the chase,
 To catch in nets the fish in stormy seas,
 Or with the fowler's rod beguile the birds, 35
 Or to the yoke subject the savage bull
 And hold him with the halter, they first turned
 The free earth with the plough; she, wounded, hid
 Deeper within her sacred breast her fruits;
 But even to the heart of Mother Earth 40
 A more degenerate generation pressed,
 Brought gold and iron thence, and by-and-by
 Armed their fierce hands with weapons; cities rose,
 Their own they kept from danger with the sword.
 The virgin goddess Justice was despised 45
 And fled from earth, from men of cruel ways,
 From hands by blood polluted, to the skies.
 Longing for war and avarice for gold
 Grew through the world, and luxury arose,
 Greatest of ills, a flattering, noisome thing, 50
 To which through man's delusion time gave strength.
 The garnered vices of so many years
 Abound in us, we live in a base age
 When crime is regnant, when wild lawlessness
 Reigns and imperious passion owns the sway 55
 Of shameless lust; the victress luxury
 Plundered long since the riches of the world
 That she might in a moment squander them.
 But see, where Nero comes with hasty steps.
 What will he do? 60
 —ELLA ISABEL HARRIS, from the *Octavia*,
 a pseudo-Senecan play.

CALPURNIUS SICULUS (About A.D. 60)

Nothing is known of Calpurnius, the author of seven pastorals associated with three others supposed to be by Nemesianus, a later poet of Carthaginian origin; and he is dated in the early years of Nero's reign only because of reference to a young emperor in terms easily applied to Nero. The seventh eclogue is a valuable picture of a gala day in the amphitheater at Rome, probably the structure of Statilius Taurus in the Campus Martius, the first in stone and the greatest before the Coliseum.

THE AMPHITHEATER

LYCOTAS AND CORYDON

L. You are slow getting back from the city, Corydon. It is at least twenty days since our groves have been wanting sight of you, and since the cattle have been missing you and waiting to hear your jolly call.

C. On my word, Lycotas, you are dumb, and stiffer than a hard axletree, to stay here with our old beech trees rather than go to see the new shows our young god is giving in the great big arena.

L. I was wondering what there was important enough to keep you away, leaving the woods all quiet with your piping stopped, and Stimicon singing all alone in his pale ivy crown; we gave him the prize of a young kid, sorry you were not here. For while you were away, taking your time, Thyrsis has been purifying the sheep folds, and he had our young men have a match on their high hemlock pipes.

C. Oh well, let Stimicon be the winner and let him be rich with the prizes he takes; let him have not only the kid to make him happy, but the whole fold that Thyrsis is purifying—he won't be as happy as I, and I wouldn't feel better satisfied if anyone gave me all the flocks in the woods of Lucania than I do after what I saw in town.

L. Come on, then, come, tell me about it; don't grudge the sound of it to my ears. I'll surely be as much pleased to hear you tell it as I am at the songs you always sing when we are at the worship and you call on Pales to bring us lambs and Apollo to guard our flocks.

C. As I came into the shows, I saw the

seats of people on the covered timbers reaching to the sky and almost looking down on the Tarpeian peak, and the endless tiers of steps and the easy sloping inclines. I got to my seat where there was a poor crowd in dingy clothes looking on among the women's seats. For all the places that were roomy and under the open sky were packed by middle-class folks or the authorities in nice white togas. It was just like this valley where we are; going back in a deep circle and with the sides bending in, and the woods sloping down from every direction, and hills right along around the curved hollow: just the same way there, the line of the curved arena goes around the flat space, and the oval in the middle is made by the two halves of the building enclosing it.

How am I going to tell you about what I could hardly make out to see, and that only in part, and I being right there? The glitter from every side dazzled me so, I stood stock-still with my mouth wide open, looking at all the fine things at once and yet not knowing a single one. Just then an old gentleman who happened to have the seat next me on the left, 'My country lad,' says he, 'you needn't be surprised to find yourself astonished at all this magnificence. You haven't had anything to do with wealth: what you know is only our poor buildings, your cottages and huts. But look at me: here I am so old I am shaky and have white hair, and yet, grown old in the city as I have, just the same I am amazed at all this. Really, whatever I have seen in years past now seems cheap, and all the shows I used to go to are poor compared with this. Look at that balustrade with the precious stones, and the arcade dressed with gold, see how one is more glittering than the other: and

down there at the edge of the arena, where you get the seats nearest the marble barrier, there is that wonderful ivory inlaid on the bars that are joined together and make a slippery cylinder, so that as soon as the animals set their paws on it, all of a sudden it begins to spin round and tricks them and throws them off. The twisted nets shining there are made of gold, too, hanging out over the arena on whole tusks all of the same size—and I want to tell you, Lycotas, and you can take my word for it, every tusk was longer than our plough. There's no use of my trying to go through with everything the way it happened. I saw every kind of wild beast: now it was white rabbits, and boars that had horns, and now it was an elk—you can hardly find them now in the woods they belong to. I saw bulls, too, either the kind with the neck gone and unsightly bumps on their shoulders, or the ones with shaggy manes tossing on their necks, and with rough beards on their chins and dewlaps stiff with waving bristles. And it wasn't only strange animals from the woods I had the luck to see; I saw sea-calves a-fighting with bears, and an ugly

beast called by the name of horse, which comes from that river—you know—the one that irrigates the crops with its water every spring. And O how many times I felt scared looking down at the sand where it parted when all of a sudden the ground opened wide and the beasts came jumping out, and then again, often after the same caves there was golden arbutus came up there and then saffron rain.

L. O what luck, Corydon, not to be hindered by trembling old age, what luck that kind heaven cast your lot to live your youth in these times! Now, since good fortune gave you a sight of our beloved deity near at hand, and you saw with your own eyes the way he looked and acted, come, tell me, what is our god like?

C. O I only wish I hadn't been in these country clothes! Then I might have seen my deity nearer at hand; but I was kept from it by my poverty and poor clothes held together by this hooked clasp. But anyway, I got sight of him after a fashion from a long way off, and if my eyes didn't deceive me his face looked to me like Mars and Apollo all in one.

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

MARCUS ANNÆUS LUCANUS (A.D. 39-65)

Lucan was the son of the philosopher Seneca's younger brother. Born in Cordova and brought to Rome the next year, he passed a brilliant youth in the capital, at first enjoying the favor of Nero but later incurring his displeasure. Detected in the conspiracy of Piso in 65, he died, like Seneca, by his own hand. His unfinished epic, *Pharsalia*, or *The Civil War*, consisting of ten books, is on the whole faithful to the facts of history, and differs from preceding epic in its omission of the gods as active characters in the story. It has faults of artificiality, exaggeration, and self-consciousness, but contains powerful speeches, and is valuable for the suggestion it affords of the devastation, material and spiritual, wrought by civil war. The passage describing Pompey's death on landing in Egypt after Pharsalia (given below in Rowe's translation) is an example of the life given by Lucan to names and events otherwise known as mere historical data.

PHARSALIA

THE CURSE OF WAR

Emathian plains with slaughter covered o'er,
And rage unknown to civil wars before,
Established violence, and lawless might,
Avowed and hallowed by the name of right;
A race renowned, the world's victorious

lords, 5
Turned on themselves with their own hostile
swords;

Piles against piles opposed in impious fight,
And eagles against eagles bending flight;
Of blood by friends, by kindred, parents,
spilt,

One common horror and promiscuous guilt;
A shattered world in wild disorder tost, 11
Leagues, laws, and empire, in confusion lost—
Of all the woes which civil discords bring,
And Rome o'ercome by Roman arms, I

sing. . .

O Rome! if slaughter be thine only care,
If such thy fond desire of impious war; 16
Turn from thyself, at least, the destined
wound,

Till thou art mistress of the world around,
And none to conquer but thyself be found.
Thy foes as yet a juster war afford, 20
And barbarous blood remains to glut thy
sword.

But see! her hands on her own vitals seize,
And no destruction but her own can please.
Behold her fields unknowing of the plough
Behold her palaces and towers laid low! 25
See where o'erthrown the massy column lies,
While weeds obscene above the cornice rise.
Here, gaping wide, half-ruined walls remain,
There, moldering pillars nodding roots sustain. 29

The landscape, once in various beauty spread,
With yellow harvests and the flowery mead,

Displays a wild uncultivated face,
Which bushy brakes and brambles vile dis-
grace;

No human footstep prints the untrodden
green,

No cheerful maid nor villager is seen. 35
E'en in her cities, famous once and great,
Where thousands crowded in the noisy street,
No sound is heard of human voices now,
But whistling winds through empty dwellings
blow;

While passing strangers wonder, if they
spy 40

One single melancholy face go by.
Nor Pyrrhus' sword, nor Cannæ's fatal field,
Such universal desolation yield:

Her impious sons have her worst foes sur-
passed,

And Roman hands have laid Hesperia
waste. 45

THE DEATH OF POMPEY

He said; the vile assembly all assent,
And the boy-king his glad concurrence lent,
Fond of the royalty his slaves bestowed,
And by new power of wickedness made
proud.

Where Casium high o'erlooks the shoaly
strand, 5

A bark with armed ruffians straight is
manned,

And the task trusted to Achilles' hand.

Can then Egyptian souls thus proudly dare?

Is Rome, ye gods! thus fallen by civil war?

Can you to Nile transfer the Roman guilt, 10

And let such blood by coward hands be spilt?

Some kindred murderer at least afford,

And let him fall by Cæsar's worthy sword.

And thou, inglorious, feeble, beardless boy!

Dar'st thou thy hand in such a deed employ?

Does not thy trembling heart with horror
dread 16

Jove's thunder grumbling o'er thy guilty
head?

Had not his arms with triumphs oft been
crowned,

And e'en the vanquished world his conquest
owned,

Had not the reverend senate called him
head, 20

And Cæsar given fair Julia to his bed,
He was a Roman still: a name should be
Forever sacred to a king, like thee.

Ah, fool! thus blindly by thyself undone, 24

Thou seekst his ruin who upheld thy throne:
He only could thy feeble power maintain,

Who gave thee first o'er Egypt's realm to
reign.

The seamen now, advancing near to shore,
Strike the wide sail, and ply the plunging
oar;

When the false miscreants the navy meet, 30

And with dissembled cheer the Roman greet.

They feign their hospitable land addressed

With ready friendship to receive her guest;

Excusing much an inconvenient shore,

Where shoals lie thick, and meeting currents
roar: 35

From his tall ship, unequal to the place,

They beg him to their lighter bark to pass.

Had not the gods unchangeably decreed

Devoted Pompey in that hour to bleed,

A thousand signs the danger near foretell, 40

Seen by his sad presaging friends too well.

Had their low fawning justly been designed,

If truth could lodge in an Egyptian mind,

Their king himself with all his fleet had come

To lead in pomp his benefactor home. 45

But thus Fate willed; and Pompey chose to
bear

A certain death before uncertain fear.

While now aboard the hostile ship he goes,

To follow him the frantic matron vows,

And claims her partnership in all his woes. 50

'But oh! forbear,' he cries, 'my love, forbear;

Thou and thy son remain in safety here.

Let this old head the danger first explore,

And prove the faith of yon suspected shore.'

He spoke, but she, unmoved at his com-
mands, 55

Thus loud exclaiming stretched her eager
hands:

'Whither, inhuman! whither art thou gone?

Still must I weep our common griefs alone?

Joy still, with thee, forsakes my boding
heart,

And fatal is the hour whene'er we part. 60

Why did thy vessel to my Lesbos turn?

Why was I from the faithful island borne?
Must I all lands, all shores alike, forbear,
And only on the seas thy sorrows share?' 65

Thus to the winds loud plained her fruit-
less tongue,

While eager from the deck on high she hung;

Trembling with wild astonishment and fear,

She dares not, while her parting lord they
bear,

Turn her eyes from him once, or fix them
there.

On him his anxious navy all are bent, 70

And wait, solicitous, the dire event.

No danger aimed against his life they doubt;

Care for his glory only fills their thought:

They wish he may not stain his name re-
nowned,

By mean submission to the boy he crowned. 75

Just as he entered o'er the vessel's side,

'Hail, general!' the cursed Septimius cried,

A Roman once in generous warfare bred,

And oft in arms by mighty Pompey led;

But now (what vile dishonor must it bring!)

The ruffian slave of an Egyptian king. 81

Fierce was he, horrible, inured to blood,

And ruthless as the savage of the wood.

Oh, Fortune! who but would have called
thee kind,

And thought thee mercifully now inclined, 85

When thy o'erruling providence withheld

This hand of mischief from Pharsalia's field?

But thus thou scatterest thy destroying
swords,

And every land thy victims thus affords.

Shall Pompey at a tyrant's bidding bleed? 90

Can Roman hands be to the task decreed?

E'en Cæsar and his gods abhor the deed!

Say you! who with the stain of murder
brand

Immortal Brutus's avenging hand, 94

What monstrous title, yet to speech unknown,

To latest times shall mark Septimius down!

Now in the boat defenceless Pompey sate,

Surrounded and abandoned to his fate.

Nor long they hold him in their power,
aboard,

Ere every villain drew his ruthless sword, 100

The chief perceived their purpose soon, and
spread

His Roman gown with patience o'er his head,
And when the cursed Achillas pierced his
breast,

His rising indignation close repressed.

No sighs, no groans, his dignity profaned, 105

No tears his still unsullied glory stained:

Unmoved and firm he fixed him on his seat,

And died, as when he lived and conquered,
great.

AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS (A.D. 34-62)

Persius died at twenty-eight, after a life spent mostly with women relatives, the Stoic teacher Cornutus, and literary friends. He was a provincial from Etruria, whose contacts with life were intellectual rather than practical; he did not enter court circles, his health was not robust, and the six *Satires* prepared for publication by Cornutus are lectures or sermons on Stoicism rather than the inspirations of real life. Their abruptness, perversity, and obscurity of expression, their want of the Horatian geniality even when most imitative of the master he so admired, and their philosophic scholasticism, are to some extent offset by occasional vivid pictures of Italian men and things, and by a rugged and uncompromising morality which condemns not only the social but the literary vices of the time. The translation is by William Gifford.

THE SIN OF SLOTHFULNESS

What! ever thus? See! while the beams of day

In broad effulgence o'er the shutters play,
Stream through the crevice, widen on the walls,

On the fifth line the gnomon's shadow falls!
Yet still you sleep, like one that, stretched supine, 5

Snore off the fumes of strong Falernian wine.

Up! up! mad Sirius parches every blade,
And flocks and herds lie panting in the shade.

Here my youth rouses, rubs his heavy eyes,

'Is it *so* late? so *very* late?' he cries; 10
'Shame, shame! Who waits? Who waits there? quick, my page!

Why, when!' His bile o'erflows; he foams with rage,

And brays so loudly, that you start in fear
And fancy all Arcadia at your ear.

Behold him, with his bedgown and his books, 15

His pens and paper, and his studious looks,
Intent and earnest! What arrests his speed?
Alas! the viscous liquid clogs the reed.

Dilute it. Pish! now every word I write
Sinks through the paper, and eludes the sight; 20

Now the pen leaves no mark, the point's too fine;

Now 'tis too blunt, and doubles every line!
O wretch! whom every day more wretched sees—

Are these the fruits of all your studies?
these!

Give o'er at once: and like some callow dove,
Some prince's heir, some lady's infant love, 26
Call for chewed pap; and, pouting at the breast,

Scream at the lullaby that woos to rest!

'But why such warmth? See what a pen! nay, see!'

And is this subterfuge employed on me? 30
Fond boy! your time, with your pretext, is lost;

And all your arts are at your proper cost.
While with occasion thus you madly play,
Your best of life unheeded leaks away,
And scorn flows in apace: the ill-baked ware, 35

Rung by the potter, will its fault declare;
Thus—But you yet are moist and yielding clay:

Call for some plastic hand without delay,
Nor cease the labor, till the wheel produce 39
A vessel nicely formed, and fit for use. . . .

Oft (I remember yet), my sight to spoil,
Oft, when a boy, I bleared my eyes with oil,
What time I wished my studies to decline,
Nor make great Cato's dying speeches mine;
Speeches my master to the skies had raised, 45
Poor pedagogue! unknowing what he praised;

And which my sire, suspense 'twixt hope and fear,

With venial pride, had brought his friends to hear.

For then, alas! 'twas my supreme delight
To study chances, and compute aright, 50
What sum the lucky dice would yield in play,
And what the fatal aces sweep away:
Anxious no rival candidate for fame
Should hit the long-necked jar with nicer aim;

Nor, while the whirling top beguiled the
eye, 55
With happier skill the sounding scourge
apply.
But you have passed the schools; have
studied long,
And learned the eternal bounds of Right and
Wrong,
And what the Porch (by Mycon limned, of
yore,
With trousered Medes) unfolds of ethic
lore, 60
Where the shorn youth, on herbs and pottage
fed,
Bend, o'er the midnight page, the sleepless
head:
And, sure, the letter where, divergent wide,
The Samian branches shoot on either side,
Has to your view, with no obscure display, 65
Marked, on the right, the straight but better
way.
And yet you slumber still! and still oppress
With last night's revels, knock your head
and breast!
And stretching o'er your drowsy couch, pro-
duce
Yawn after yawn, as if your jaws were
loose! 70
Is there no certain mark at which to aim?—
Still must your bow be bent at casual game?
With clods, and potsherds, must you still
pursue
Each wandering crow that chance presents
to view;
And, careless of your life's contracted span,
Live from the moment, and without a plan? 76
When bloated dropsies every limb invade,
In vain to hellebore you fly for aid:
Meet with preventive skill the young disease,
And Craterus will boast no golden fees. 80
Mount, hapless youths, on Contemplation's
wings,
And mark the Causes and the End of
things:—
Learn what we are, and for what purpose
born,
What station here 'tis given us to adorn;
How best to blend security with ease, 85
And win our way through life's tempestuous
seas;
What bounds the love of property requires,
And what to wish, with unreprieved de-
sires:
How far the genuine use of wealth extends;
And the just claims of country, kindred,
friends; 90
What Heaven would have us be, and where
our stand,

In this GREAT WHOLE, is fixed by high com-
mand.
Learn these—and envy not the sordid gains
Which recompense the well-tongued lawyer's
pains:
Though Umbrian rustics, for his sage ad-
vice, 95
Pour in their jars of fish, and oil, and spice,
So thick and fast, that, ere the first be o'er,
A second, and a third, are at the door.
But here, some brother of the blade, some
coarse
And shag-haired captain, bellows loud and
hoarse: 100
'Away with this cramp, philosophic stuff!
My learning serves my turn, and that's
enough.
I laugh at all your dismal Solons, I;
Who stalk with downcast looks, and heads
awry,
Muttering within themselves, where'er they
roam, 105
And churning their mad silence till it foam!
Who mope o'er sick men's dreams, howe'er
absurd,
And on protruded lips poise every word;
Nothing can come from nothing. Apt and
plain! 110
Nothing return to nothing. Good, again!
And this it is for which they peak and
pine,
This precious stuff, for which they never
dine!
Jove, how he laughs! the brawny youths
around
Catch the contagion, and return the sound;
Convulsive mirth on every cheek appears, 116
And every nose is wrinkled into sneers!
'Doctor,' a patient said, 'employ your art,
I feel a strange wild fluttering at the heart;
My breast seems tightened, and a fetid
smell 120
Affects my breath,—feel here; all is not
well.'
Medicine and rest the fever's rage com-
pose,
And the third day his blood more calmly
flows.
The fourth, unable to contain, he sends
A hasty message to his wealthier friends, 125
And *just about to bathe*—requests, in fine,
A moderate flask of old Surrentin wine.
'Good heavens! my friend, what fallow
looks are here?'
Pshaw, nonsense! nothing! 'Yet 'tis worth
your fear,
Whate'er it be: the waters rise within, 130
And, though unfelt, distend your sickly skin.'

—And yours still more! Whence springs
this freedom, tho'

Are you, forsooth, my guardian? Long ago
I buried him; and thought my nonage o'er:
But you remain to school me! 'Sir, no
more.'—¹³⁵

Now to the bath, full gorged with luscious
fare,

See the pale wretch his bloated carcass bear;
While from his lungs, that faintly play by
fits,

His gasping throat sulphureous steam
emits!—

Cold shiverings seize him, as for wine he
calls,¹⁴⁰

His grasp betrays him, and the goblet falls!
From his loose teeth the lip, convulsed, with-
draws,

And the rich cates drop through his listless
jaws.

Then trumpets, torches come, in solemn
state;

And my fine youth, so confident of late,¹⁴⁵
Stretched on a splendid bier, and essenced
o'er,

Lies, a stiff corpse, heels foremost at the
door.

Romans of yesterday, with covered head,
Shoulder him to the pyre, and—all is said!

'But why to me? Examine every part;¹⁵⁰
My pulse:—and lay your finger on my heart;

You'll find no fever: touch my hands and
feet,

A natural warmth, and nothing more, you'll
meet.'

'Tis well! But if you light on gold by
chance,

If a fair neighbor cast a sidelong glance,¹⁵⁵
Still will that pulse with equal calmness flow,
And still that heart no fiercer throbbings
know?

Try yet again. In a brown dish behold,
Coarse gritty bread, and coleworts stale and
old:

Now, prove your taste. Why those averted
eyes?¹⁶⁰

Hah! I perceive:—a secret ulcer lies
Within that pampered mouth, too sore to
bear

The untender grating of plebeian fare!
Where dwells this *natural warmth*, when
danger's near,

And 'each particular hair' starts up with
fear?¹⁶⁵

Or where resides it, when vindictive ire
Inflames the bosom; when the veins run fire,
The reddening eye-balls glare; and all you
say,

And all you do, a mind so warped betray,
That mad Orestes, if the freaks he saw,¹⁷⁰
Would give you up at once to chains and
straw!

GAIUS PETRONIUS ARBITER (Died A.D. 66)

Generous parts of two books survive of the sixteen which composed the *Satyricon*, an entertaining medley of prose and verse describing the extravagant adventures of the freedmen Encolpius and Ascyltus, the boy Giton, and Agamemnon, the teacher of rhetoric. In the surviving fragments, which make a story of some length called *Trimalchio's Dinner*, the friends are entertained by an exceedingly prosperous, pretentious, and ridiculous freedman in Cumæ, west of Naples. By reason of its depiction of the tasteless newly rich and its censure of the new in literary fashions, the *Satyricon* classes as satire in the usual sense; but it probably owed its title rather to being satire in the Ennian sense of miscellany. As a literary type it is interesting as an early example of the picaresque, or 'romance of roguery.' Apuleius' *Golden Ass* and the Greek romances were later examples, and among modern are *Gil Blas*, *Roderick Random*, *Don Quixote*, and *Pickwick Papers*, the common characteristic being diverting narrative of the purposely variegated and exaggerated fortunes of a hero always full of spirit but not to be seriously taken. The suicide of Petronius by order of Nero is described by Tacitus.

The Loeb translation by Michael Heseltine is used by permission.

TRIMALCHIO'S DINNER

The third day had come. A good dinner was promised. But we were bruised and sore. Escape was better even than rest. We were making some melancholy plans for avoiding the coming storm, when one of Agamemnon's servants came up as we stood hesitating, and said, 'Do you not know at whose house it is today? Trimalchio, a very rich man, who has a clock and a uniformed trumpeter in his dining-room, to keep telling him how much of his life is lost and gone.' We forgot our troubles and hurried into our clothes, and told Giton, who till now had been waiting on us very willingly, to follow us to the baths. We began to take a stroll in evening dress to pass the time, or rather to joke and mix with the groups of players, when all at once we saw a bald old man in a reddish shirt playing at ball with some long-haired boys. It was not the boys that attracted our notice, though they deserved it, but the old gentleman, who was in his house-shoes, busily engaged with a green ball. He never picked it up if it touched the ground. A slave stood by with a bagful and supplied them to the players. We also observed a new feature in the game. Two eunuchs were standing at different points in the group. One held a silver jordan, one counted the balls, not

as they flew from hand to hand in the rigor of the game, but when they dropped to the ground. We were amazed at such a display, and then Menelaus ran up and said, 'This is the man who will give you places at his table: indeed, what you see is the overture to his dinner.' Menelaus had just finished when Trimalchio cracked his fingers. One eunuch came up at this signal and held the jordan for him as he played. He relieved himself and called for a basin, dipped in his hands and wiped them on a boy's head. . . .

At last then we sat down, and boys from Alexandria poured water cooled with snow over our hands. Others followed and knelt down at our feet, and proceeded with great skill to pare our hangnails. Even this unpleasant duty did not silence them, but they kept singing at their work. I wanted to find out whether the whole household could sing, so I asked for a drink. A ready slave repeated my order in a chant not less shrill. They all did the same if they were asked to hand anything. It was more like an actor's dance than a gentleman's dining-room. But some rich and tasty whets for the appetite were brought on; for everyone had now sat down except Trimalchio, who had the first place kept for him in the new style. A donkey in Corinthian bronze stood on the side-board, with panniers holding olives.

white in one side, black in the other. Two dishes hid the donkey; Trimalchio's name and their weight in silver was engraved on their edges. There were also dormice rolled in honey and poppy-seed, and supported on little bridges soldered to the plate. Then there were hot sausages laid on a silver grill, and under the grill damsons and seeds of pomegranate.

While we were engaged with these delicacies, Trimalchio was conducted in to the sound of music, propped on the tiniest of pillows. A laugh escaped the unwary. His head was shaven and peered out of a scarlet cloak, and over the heavy clothes on his neck he had put on a napkin with a broad stripe and fringes hanging from it all round. On the little finger of his left hand he had an enormous gilt ring, and on the top joint of the next finger a smaller ring which appeared to me to be entirely gold, but was really set all round with iron cut out in little stars. Not content with this display of wealth, he bared his right arm, where a golden bracelet shone, and an ivory bangle clasped with a plate of bright metal. Then he said, as he picked his teeth with a silver quill, 'It was not convenient for me to come to dinner yet, my friends, but I gave up all my own pleasure; I did not like to stay away any longer and keep you waiting. But you will not mind if I finish my game?' A boy followed him with a table of terebinth wood and crystal pieces, and I noticed the prettiest thing possible. Instead of black and white counters they used gold and silver coins. Trimalchio kept passing every kind of remark as he played, and we were still busy with the *hors d'œuvres*, when a tray was brought in with a basket on it, in which there was a hen made of wood, spreading out her wings as they do when they are sitting. The music grew loud: two slaves at once came up and began to hunt in the straw. Peahen's eggs were pulled out and handed to the guests. Trimalchio turned his head to look, and said, 'I gave orders, my friends, that peahen's eggs should be put under a common hen. And upon my oath I am afraid they are hard-set by now. But we will try whether they are still fresh enough to suck.' We took our spoons, half-a-pound in weight at least, and hammered at the eggs, which were balls of fine meal. I was on the point of throwing away my portion. I thought a peachick had already formed.

But hearing a practised diner say, 'What treasure have we here?' I poked through the shell with my finger, and found a fat becafico rolled up in spiced yolk of egg. . . .

5 As we drank and admired each luxury in detail, a slave brought in a silver skeleton, made so that its limbs and spine could be moved and bent in every direction. He put it down once or twice on the table so that the supple joints showed several attitudes, and Trimalchio said appropriately: 'Alas for us poor mortals, all that poor man is is nothing. So we shall all be, after the world below takes us away. Let us live then while it goes well with us.'

After we had praised this outburst a dish followed, not at all of the size we expected; but its novelty drew every eye to it. There was a round plate with the twelve signs of the Zodiac set in order, and on each one the artist had laid some food fit and proper to the symbol; over the Ram rams'-head pease, a piece of beef on the Bull, kidneys over the Twins, over the Crab a crown, an African fig over the Lion, a barren sow's paunch over Virgo, over Libra a pair of scales with a muffin on one side and a cake on the other, over Scorpio a small sea-fish, over Sagittarius a bull's-eye, over Capricornus a lobster, over Aquarius a goose, over Pisces two mullets. In the middle lay a honeycomb on a sod of turf with the green grass on it. An Egyptian boy took bread round in a silver chafing-dish. . . .

Trimalchio himself too ground out a tune from the musical comedy 'Assafætida' in a most hideous voice. We came to such an evil entertainment rather depressed. 'Now,' said Trimalchio, 'let us have dinner. This is sauce for the dinner.' As he spoke, four dancers ran up in time with the music and took off the top part of the dish. Then we saw in the well of it fat fowls and sow's bellies, and in the middle a hare got up with wings to look like Pegasus. Four figures of Marsyas at the corners of the dish also caught the eye; they let a spiced sauce run from their wine-skins over the fishes, which swam about in a kind of tide-race. We all took up the clapping which the slaves started, and attacked these delicacies with hearty laughter. Trimalchio was delighted with the trick he had played us, and said, 'Now, Carver.' The man came up at once, and making flourishes in time with the music pulled the dish to pieces; you would have said that a gladia-

tor in a chariot was fighting to the accompaniment of a water-organ. Still Trimalchio kept on in a soft voice, 'Oh, Carver, Carver.' I thought this word over and over again must be part of a joke, and I made bold to ask the man who sat next me this very question. He had seen performances of this kind more often. 'You see the fellow who is carving his way through the meat? Well, his name is Carver. So whenever Trimalchio says the word, you have his name, and he has his orders. . . .'

But a clerk quite interrupted his passion for the dance by reading as though from the gazette: 'July the 26th. Thirty boys and forty girls were born on Trimalchio's estate at Cumæ. Five hundred thousand pecks of wheat were taken up from the threshing-floor into the barn. Five hundred oxen were broken in. On the same date: the slave Mithridates was led to crucifixion for having damned the soul of our lord Gaius. On the same date: ten million sesterces which could not be invested were returned to the reserve. On the same day: there was a fire in our gardens at Pompeii, which broke out in the house of Nasta, the bailiff.' 'Stop,' said Trimalchio, 'when did I buy any gardens at Pompeii?' 'Last year,' said the clerk, 'so that they are not entered in your accounts yet.' Trimalchio glowed with passion, and said, 'I will not have any property which is bought in my name entered in my accounts unless I hear of it within six months.' We now had a further recitation of police notices, and some foresters' wills, in which Trimalchio was cut out in a codicil: then the names of bailiffs, and of a freed-woman who had been caught with a bathman and divorced by her husband, a night watchman; the name of a porter who had been banished to Baïæ; the name of a steward who was being prosecuted, and details of an action between some valets.

But at last the acrobats came in. A very dull fool stood there with a ladder and made a boy dance from rung to rung and on the very top to the music of popular airs, and then made him hop through burning hoops, and pick up a wine jar with his teeth. No one was excited by this but Trimalchio, who kept saying that it was a thankless profession. There were only two things in the world that he could watch with real pleasure, acrobats, and trumpet-

ers; all other shows were silly nonsense. . . .

Trimalchio cheered up at this dispute and said, 'Ah, my friends, a slave is a man and drank his mother's milk like ourselves, even if cruel fate has trodden him down. Yes, and if I live they shall soon taste the water of freedom. In fact I am setting them all free in my will. I am leaving a property and his good woman to Philargyrus as well, and to Cario a block of buildings, and his manumission fees, and a bed and bedding. I am making Fortunata my heir, and I recommend her to all my friends. I am making all this known so that my slaves may love me now as if I were dead.' They all began to thank their master for his kindness, when he turned serious, and had a copy of the will brought in, which he read aloud from beginning to end, while the slaves moaned and groaned. Then he looked at Habinnas and said, 'Now tell me, my dear friend: you will erect a monument as I have directed? I beg you earnestly to put up round the feet of my statue my little dog, and some wreaths, and bottles of perfume, and all the fights of Petraites, so that your kindness may bring me a life after death; and I want the monument to have a frontage of one hundred feet and to be two hundred feet in depth. For I should like to have all kinds of fruit growing round my ashes, and plenty of vines. It is quite wrong for a man to decorate his house while he is alive, and not to trouble about the house where he must make a longer stay. So above all things I want added to the inscription, "This monument is not to descend to my heir." I shall certainly take care to provide in my will against any injury being done to me when I am dead. I am appointing one of the freedmen to be caretaker of the tomb and prevent the common people from running up and defiling it. I beg you to put ships in full sail on the monument, and me sitting in official robes on my official seat, wearing five gold rings and distributing coin publicly out of a bag; you remember that I gave a free dinner worth two denarii a head. I should like a dining-room table put in too, if you can arrange it. And let me have the whole people there enjoying themselves. On my right hand put a statue of dear Fortunata holding a dove, and let her be leading a little dog with a waistband on; and my dear little boy, and big jars sealed with

gypsum, so that the wine may not run out. And have a broken urn carved with a boy weeping over it. And a sundial in the middle, so that anyone who looks at the time will read my name whether he likes it or not. And again, please think carefully whether this inscription seems to you quite appropriate: "Here lieth Caius Pompeius Trimalchio, freedman of Mæcenas. The degree of Priest of Augustus was conferred upon him in his absence. He might have been attendant on any magistrate in Rome, but refused it. God-fearing, gallant, constant, he started with very little and left thirty millions. He never listened to a philosopher. Fare thee well, Trimalchio: and thou too, passer-by."

After saying this, Trimalchio began to weep floods of tears. Fortunata wept, Habinnas wept, and then all the slaves began as if they had been invited to his funeral, and filled the dining-room with lamentation. . . .

"Well, as I was just saying, self-denial has brought me into this fortune. When I came from Asia I was about as tall as this candle-stick. In fact I used to measure myself by it every day, and grease my lips from the lamp to grow a moustache the quicker. Still, I was my master's favorite for fourteen years. No disgrace in obeying your master's orders. Well, I used to amuse my mistress too. You know what I mean; I say no more, I am not a conceited man. Then, as the Gods willed, I became the real master of the house, and simply had his brains in my pocket. I need only add that I was joint residuary legatee with Cæsar, and came into an estate fit for a senator. But no one is satisfied with nothing. I conceived a passion for business. I will not keep you a moment—I built five ships, got a cargo of wine—which was worth its weight in gold at the time—and sent them to Rome. You may think it was a put-up job; every one was wrecked, truth and no fairy-tales. Neptune gulped down thirty million in one day. Do you think I lost heart? Lord! no, I no more tasted my loss than if nothing had happened. I built some more, bigger, better and more expensive, so that no one could say I was not a brave man. You know, a huge ship has a certain security about her. I got another cargo of wine, bacon, beans, perfumes, and slaves. Fortunata did a noble thing at that time; she sold all her jewelry and all her clothes,

and put a hundred gold pieces into my hand. They were the leaven of my fortune. What God wishes soon happens. I made a clear ten million on one voyage. I at once bought up all the estates which had belonged to my patron. I built a house, and bought slaves and cattle; whatever I touched grew like a honey-comb. When I came to have more than the whole revenues of my own country, I threw up the game: I retired from active work and began to finance freedmen. I was quite unwilling to go on with my work when I was encouraged by an astrologer who happened to come to our town, a little Greek called Serapa, who knew the secrets of the Gods. He told me things that I had forgotten myself; explained everything from needle and thread upwards; knew my own inside, and only fell short of telling me what I had had for dinner the day before. You would have thought he had always lived with me. You remember, Habinnas?—I believe you were there?—"You fetched your wife from you know where. You are not lucky in your friends. No one is ever as grateful to you as you deserve. You are a man of property. You are nourishing a viper in your bosom," and, though I must not tell you this, that even now I had thirty years, four months, and two days left to live. Moreover I shall soon come into an estate. My oracle tells me so. If I could only extend my boundaries to Apulia I should have gone far enough for my lifetime. Meanwhile I built this house while Mercury watched over me. As you know, it was a tiny place; now it is a palace. It has four dining-rooms, twenty bedrooms, two marble colonnades, an upstairs dining-room, a bedroom where I sleep myself, this viper's boudoir, an excellent room for the porter; there is plenty of spare room for guests. In fact when Scaurus came he preferred staying here to anywhere else, and he has a family place by the sea. There are plenty of other things which I will show you in a minute. Take my word for it: if you have a penny, that is what you are worth; by what a man hath shall he be reckoned. So your friend who was once a worm is now a king. Meanwhile, Stichus, bring me the grave-clothes in which I mean to be carried out. And some ointment, and a mouthful out of that jar which has to be poured over my bones."

In a moment Stichus had fetched a white

winding-sheet and dress into the dining-room and . . . [Trimalchio] asked us to feel whether they were made of good wool. Then he gave a little laugh and said, 'Mind neither mouse nor moth corrupts them, Stichus; otherwise I will burn you alive. I want to be carried out in splendor, so that the whole crowd calls down blessings on me.' He immediately opened a flask and anointed us all and said, 'I hope I shall like this as well in the grave as I do on earth.' Besides this he ordered wine to be poured into a bowl, and said, 'Now you must imagine you have been asked to my funeral.'

The thing was becoming perfectly sickening, when Trimalchio, now deep in the most vile drunkenness, had a new set of performers, some trumpeters, brought into the dining-room, propped himself on a heap of cushions, and stretched himself on his death-bed, saying, 'Imagine that I am dead. Play something pretty.' The trumpeters broke into a loud funeral march. One man especially, a slave of the undertaker who was the most decent man in the party, blew such a mighty blast that the whole neighborhood was roused. The watch, who were patrolling the streets close by, thought Trimalchio's house was alight, and suddenly burst in the door and

began with water and axes to do their duty in creating a disturbance. My friends and I seized this most welcome opportunity, outwitted Agamemnon, and took to our heels as quickly as if there were a real fire.

There was no guiding torch to show us the way as we wandered; it was now midnight, and the silence gave us no prospect of meeting anyone with a light. Moreover, we were drunk, and our ignorance of the quarter would have puzzled us even in the daytime. So after dragging our bleeding feet nearly a whole hour over the flints and broken pots which lay out in the road, we were at last put straight by Giton's cleverness. The careful child had been afraid of losing his way even in broad daylight, and had marked all the posts and columns with chalk; these lines shone through the blackest night, and their brilliant whiteness directed our lost footsteps. But even when we reached our lodgings our agitation was not relieved. For our friend, the old woman, had had a long night swilling with her lodgers, and would not have noticed if you had set a light to her. We might have had to sleep on the doorstep if Trimalchio's courier had not come up in state with ten carts. After making a noise for a little while he broke down the housedoor and let us in by it.

GAIUS PLINIUS SECUNDUS THE ELDER (A.D. 23-79)

Born at Como to the middle or equestrian class, Pliny the Elder, so called to distinguish him from his sister's son, followed the public career of his order, and after much military and administrative service was finally admiral of the fleet at Misenum, when the eruption of Vesuvius occurred in which he lost his life. He was possessed by an amazing love for facts, which manifested itself in wholesale reading and the constant taking of notes; in a letter of his nephew containing an interesting account of his studious habits and a list of his works, we are told that he left the younger Pliny one hundred and sixty volumes of closely written memoranda. The *Natural History* alone survives, a sort of encyclopedia of nature and art in thirty-seven books lacking in style and arrangement, and often unscientific, but vastly important for the number and variety of valuable facts it preserves. The comprehensiveness of the *Natural History* is explained by Pliny's conception of Nature as an all-embracing unity. Translation by John Bostock and H. T. Riley.

THE NATURAL HISTORY

THE WORKS OF LYSIPPUS IN ROME

According to Duris, Lysippus the Sicyonian was not the pupil of any one, but was originally a worker in brass, and was first prompted to venture upon statuary by an answer that was given by Eupompus the painter; who, upon being asked which of his predecessors he proposed to take for his model, pointed to a crowd of men, and replied that it was Nature herself, and no artist, that he proposed to imitate. As already mentioned, Lysippus was most prolific in his works, and made more statues than any other artist. Among these, is the Man using the Bodyscraper, which Marcus Agrippa had erected in front of his Warm Baths, and which wonderfully pleased the Emperor Tiberius. This prince, although in the beginning of his reign he imposed some restraint upon himself, could not resist the temptation, and had this statue removed to his bed-chamber, having substituted another for it at the baths: the people, however, were so resolutely opposed to this, that at the theater they clamorously demanded the Apoxyomenos to be replaced: and the prince, notwithstanding his attachment to it, was obliged to restore it.

Lysippus also executed chariots of various kinds. He is considered to have contributed very greatly to the art of statuary by expressing the details of the hair, and by making the head smaller than had been

done by the ancients, and the body more graceful and less bulky, a method by which his statues were made to appear taller. The Latin language has no appropriate name for that 'symmetry,' which he so attentively observed in his new and hitherto untried method of modifying the squareness observable in the ancient statues. Indeed, it was a common saying of his, that other artists made men as they actually were, while he made them as they appeared to be. One peculiar characteristic of his work is the finish and minuteness which are observed in even the smallest details.

FAMOUS GREEK PAINTERS

It was with four colors only, that Apelles, Echion, Melanthius, and Nicomachus, those most illustrious painters, executed their immortal works; melinum for the white, Attic sil for the yellow, Pontic sinopsis for the red, and atramentum for the black; and yet a single picture of theirs has sold before now for the treasures of whole cities. But at the present day, when purple is employed for coloring walls even, and when India sends us the slime of her rivers, and the corrupt blood of her dragons and her elephants, there is no such thing as a picture of high quality produced. Everything, in fact, was superior at a time when the resources of art were so much fewer than they now are. Yes, so it is; and the reason is, as we have already stated, that it is the

material, and not the efforts of genius, that is now the object of research.

One folly, too, of this age of ours, in reference to painting, I must not omit. The Emperor Nero ordered a painting of himself to be executed upon canvas, of colossal proportions, one hundred and twenty feet in height; a thing till then unknown. This picture was just completed when it was burnt by lightning, with the greater part of the gardens of Maius, in which it was exhibited.

A freedman of the same prince, on the occasion of his exhibiting a show of gladiators at Antium, had the public porticos hung, as everybody knows, with paintings, in which were represented genuine portraits of the gladiators and all the other assistants. Indeed, at this place, there has been a very prevailing taste for paintings for many ages past. C. Terentius Lucanus was the first who had combats of gladiators painted for public exhibition: in honor of his grandfather, who had adopted him, he provided thirty pairs of gladiators in the Forum, for three consecutive days, and exhibited a painting of their combats in the Grove of Diana. . . .

The contemporaries and rivals of Zeuxis were Timanthes, Androcydes, Eupompus, and Parrhasius. This last, it is said, entered into a pictorial contest with Zeuxis, who represented some grapes, painted so naturally that the birds flew towards the spot where the picture was exhibited. Parrhasius, on the other hand, exhibited a curtain, drawn with such singular truthfulness, that Zeuxis, elated with the judgment which had been passed upon his work by the birds, haughtily demanded that the curtain should be drawn aside to let the picture be seen. Upon finding his mistake, with a great degree of ingenuous candor he admitted that he had been surpassed, for that whereas he himself had only deceived the birds, Parrhasius had deceived him, an artist.

There is a story, too, that at a later period, Zeuxis having painted a child carrying grapes, the birds came to peck at them; upon which, with a similar degree of candor, he expressed himself vexed with his work, and exclaimed—'I have surely painted the grapes better than the child, for if I had fully succeeded in the last, the birds would have been in fear of it.' Zeuxis executed some figures also in clay, the only works of art that were left behind at Ambracia, when Fulvius Nobilior

transported the Muses from that city to Rome. There is at Rome a Helena by Zeuxis, in the Porticus of Philippus, and a Marsyas Bound, in the Temple of Concord there.

Parrhasius of Ephesus also contributed greatly to the progress of painting, being the first to give symmetry to his figures, the first to give play and expression to the features, elegance to the hair, and gracefulness to the mouth: indeed, for contour, it is universally admitted by artists that he bore away the palm. . . .

A circumstance that happened to him in connection with Protogenes is worthy of notice. The latter was living at Rhodes, when Apelles disembarked there, desirous of seeing the works of a man whom he had hitherto only known by reputation. Accordingly, he repaired at once to the studio; Protogenes was not at home, but there happened to be a large panel upon the easel ready for painting, with an old woman who was left in charge. To his enquiries she made answer, that Protogenes was not at home, and then asked whom she should name as the visitor. 'Here he is,' was the reply of Apelles, and seizing a brush, he traced with color upon the panel an outline of a singularly minute fineness. Upon his return, the old woman mentioned to Protogenes what had happened. The artist, it is said, upon remarking the delicacy of the touch, instantly exclaimed that Apelles must have been the visitor, for that no other person was capable of executing anything so exquisitely perfect. So saying, he traced within the same outline a still finer outline, but with another color, and then took his departure, with instructions to the woman to show it to the stranger, if he returned, and to let him know that this was the person whom he had come to see. It happened as he anticipated; Apelles returned, and vexed at finding himself thus surpassed, he took up another color and split both of the outlines, leaving no possibility of anything finer being executed. Upon seeing this, Protogenes admitted that he was defeated, and at once flew to the harbor to look for his guest. He thought proper, too, to transmit the panel to posterity, just as it was, and it always continued to be held in the highest admiration by all, artists in particular. I am told that it was burnt in the first fire which took place at Cæsar's palace on the Palatine Hill; but in former times I have often stopped to admire it. Upon its vast

surface it contained nothing whatever except the three outlines, so remarkably fine as to escape the sight: among the most elaborate works of numerous other artists it had all the appearance of a blank space; and yet by that very fact it attracted the notice of every one, and was held in higher estimation than any other painting there.

It was a custom with Apelles, to which he most tenaciously adhered, never to let any day pass, however busy he might be, without exercising himself by tracing some outline or other; a practice which has now passed into a proverb. It was also a practice with him, when he had completed a work, to exhibit it to the view of the passers-by in some exposed place; while he himself, concealed behind the picture, would listen to the criticisms that were passed upon it; it being his opinion that the judgment of the public was preferable to his own, as being the more discerning of the two. It was under these circumstances, they say, that he was censured by a shoemaker for having represented the shoes with one shoe-string too little. The next day, the shoemaker, quite proud at seeing the former error corrected, thanks to his advice, began to criticize the leg; upon which Apelles, full of indignation, popped his head out, and reminded him that a shoemaker should give no opinion beyond the shoes, a piece of advice which has equally passed into a proverbial saying. In fact, Apelles was a person of great amenity of manners, a circumstance which rendered him particularly agreeable to Alexander the Great, who would often come to his studio. He had forbidden himself, by public edict, as already stated, to be represented by any other artist. On one occasion, however, when the prince was in his studio, talking a great deal about painting without knowing anything about it, Apelles quietly begged that he would quit the subject, telling him that he would get laughed at by the boys who were there grinding the colors: so great was the influence which he rightfully possessed over a monarch, who was otherwise of an irascible temperament. And yet, irascible as he was, Alexander conferred upon him a very signal mark of the high estimation in which he held him; for having, in his admiration of her extraordinary beauty, engaged Apelles to paint Pancaste undraped, the most beloved of all his concubines, the artist while so engaged, fell in

love with her; upon which, Alexander, perceiving this to be the case, made him a present of her, thus showing himself, though a great king in courage, a still greater one in self-command, this action redounding no less to his honor than any of his victories. For in thus conquering himself, not only did he sacrifice his passions in favor of the artist, but even his affections as well; uninfluenced, too, by the feelings which must have possessed his favorite in thus passing at once from the arms of a monarch to those of a painter. Some persons are of opinion that Pancaste was the model of Apelles in his painting of Venus Anadyomene. . . .

At the same period flourished Protogenes, as already stated. He was a native of Caunus, a place held in subjection by the Rhodians. Great poverty in his early days, and extreme application to his art, were the causes of his comparative unproductiveness. It is not known with certainty from whom he received his instruction in the art: indeed some say that he was only a ship-decorator down to his fiftieth year; a proof of which, it is asserted, is the fact, that in decorating the Propylæum of the Temple of Minerva, situate in one of the most celebrated spots in Athens, where he has painted the fine picture of Paralus and Hammonias, known by some as the Nausicaa, he has added in the side pieces of the picture, by painters called 'parerga,' several small ships of war; wishing thereby to show in what department that skill had first manifested itself which had thus reached the citadel of Athens, the scene of his glory. Of all his compositions, however, the palm has been awarded to his Ialysus, now at Rome, consecrated in the Temple of Peace there. So long as he was at work upon it, he lived, it is said, upon nothing but soaked lupines; by which means he at once appeased both hunger and thirst, and avoided all risk of blunting his perception by too delicate a diet. In order to protect this picture against the effects of ill-usage and old age, he painted it over four times, so that when an upper coat might fail, there would be an under one to succeed it. There is in this picture the figure of a dog, which was completed in a very remarkable manner, inasmuch as accident had an equal share with design in the execution of it. The painter was of opinion that he had not given the proper expression to the foam at

the mouth of the animal, panting for breath, as it was represented; while, with all other parts of the picture, a thing extremely difficult with him, he was perfectly satisfied. The thing that displeased him was, the evident traces of art in the execution of it, touches which did not admit of any diminution, and yet had all the appearance of being too labored, the effect produced being far removed from his conception of the reality: the foam, in fact, bore the marks of being painted, and not of being the natural secretion of the animal's mouth. Vexed and tormented by this dilemma, it being his wish to depict truth itself, and not something that only bore a semblance of truth, he effaced it again and again, changed his pencil for another, and yet by no possibility could satisfy himself. At last, quite out of temper with an art, which, in spite of him, would still obtrude itself, he dashed his sponge against the vexatious spot; when behold! the sponge replaced the colors that it had just removed, exactly in accordance with his utmost wishes, and thus did chance represent Nature in a painting. . . .

Marcus Varro states that he knew an artist at Rome, Possis by name, who executed fruit, grapes, and fish with such exactness that it was quite impossible, by only looking at them, to distinguish them from the reality. He speaks very highly also of Arcesilaus, who was on terms of intimacy with Lucius Lucullus, and whose models in plaster used to sell at a higher rate, among artists themselves, than the works of others. He informs us also that it was by this modeller that the Venus Genetrix in the Forum of Cæsar was exe-

cuted, it having been erected before completion, in the great haste that there was to consecrate it; that the same artist had made an agreement with Lucullus to execute a figure of Felicity, at the price of sixty thousand sesterces, the completion of which was prevented by their death; and that Octavius, a Roman of equestrian rank, being desirous of a model for a mixing-bowl, Arcesilaus made him one in plaster, at the price of one talent.

Varro praises Pasiteles also, who used to say that the plastic art was the mother of chasing, statuary, and sculpture, and who, excellent as he was in each of these branches, never executed any work without first modeling it. In addition to these particulars, he states that the art of modeling was anciently cultivated in Italy, Etruria in particular; and that Volcanius was summoned from Veii and entrusted by Tarquinius Priscus with making the figure of Jupiter, which he intended to consecrate in the Capitol; that this Jupiter was made of clay, and that hence arose the custom of painting it with minium; and that the four-horse chariot, so often mentioned, upon the pediment of the temple, was made of clay as well. We learn also from him that it was by the same artist that the Hercules was executed, which, even to this day, is named at Rome from the material of which it is composed. Such, in those times, were the most esteemed statues of the gods; and small reason have we to complain of our forefathers for worshipping such divinities as these; for in their day there was no working of gold and silver—no, not even in the service of the gods.

MARCUS FABIVS QVINTILIANVS (About A.D. 35-96)

Quintilian, a Spaniard from the Ebro, was educated in Rome, from his twentieth to his thirty-third year practiced law and taught rhetoric in his native town of Calagurris, returned to Rome in 68, was the first appointee to the professorship in Latin rhetoric endowed by Vespasian a few years afterward, and, after some twenty years as teacher and lawyer, wrote the twelve books of *The Training of the Orator*, a treatise not only technically able, but high-minded, in which the ideal education of the orator begins with infancy and the influences of the home, continues beyond the school and through life, and embraces a thorough general culture. The character of this ideal is responsible for the exceedingly great interest of his work as pedagogical and literary criticism; it is full of sane and reliable comment that is applicable today. Quintilian's great enthusiasm is Cicero.

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THE EDUCATION OF THE ORATOR

ON FLOGGING

EDUCATION BENEFICIAL TO ALL

I would, therefore, have a father conceive the highest hopes of his son from the moment of his birth. If he does, he will be more careful about the groundwork of his education. For there is absolutely no foundation for the complaint that but few men have the power to take in the knowledge that is imparted to them, and that the majority are so slow of understanding that education is a waste of time and labor. On the contrary you will find that most are quick to reason and ready to learn. Reasoning comes as naturally to man as flying to birds, speed to horses and ferocity to beasts of prey: our minds are endowed by nature with such activity and sagacity that the soul is believed to proceed from heaven. Those who are dull and unteachable are as abnormal as prodigious births and monstrosities, and are but few in number. A proof of what I say is to be found in the fact that boys commonly show promise of many accomplishments, and when such promise dies away as they grow up, this is plainly due not to the failure of natural gifts, but to lack of the requisite care. But, it will be urged, there are degrees of talent. Undoubtedly, I reply, and there will be a corresponding variation in actual accomplishment: but that there are any who gain nothing from education, I absolutely deny.

I disapprove of flogging, although it is the regular custom and meets with the acquiescence of Chrysippus, because in the first place it is a disgraceful form of punishment and fit only for slaves, and is in any case an insult, as you will realize if you imagine its infliction at a later age. Secondly, if a boy is so insensible to instruction that reproof is useless, he will, like the worst type of slave, merely become hardened to blows. Finally, there will be absolutely no need of such punishment if the master is a thorough disciplinarian. As it is, we try to make amends for the negligence of the boy's *paedagogus*, not by forcing him to do what is right, but by punishing him for not doing what is right. And though you may compel a child with blows, what are you to do with him when he is a young man no longer amenable to such threats and confronted with tasks of far greater difficulty? Moreover, when children are beaten, pain or fear frequently have results of which it is not pleasant to speak and which are likely subsequently to be a source of shame, a shame which unnerves and depresses the mind and leads the child to shun and loathe the light. Further, if inadequate care is taken in the choices of respectable governors and instructors, I blush to mention the shameful abuse which scoundrels sometimes make of their right to administer corporal punishment or the opportunity not infrequently offered to

others by the fear thus caused in the victims. I will not linger on this subject; it is more than enough if I have made my meaning clear. I will content myself with saying that children are helpless and easily victimised, and that therefore no one should be given unlimited power over them.

THE ROMAN POETS

I now come to Roman authors, and shall follow the same order in dealing with them. As among Greek authors Homer provided us with the most auspicious opening, so will Virgil among our own. For of all epic poets, Greek or Roman, he, without doubt, most nearly approaches to Homer. I will repeat the words which I heard Domitius Afer use in my young days. I asked what poet in his opinion came nearest to Homer, and he replied, 'Virgil comes second, but is nearer first than third.' And in truth, although we must needs bow before the immortal and superhuman genius of Homer, there is greater diligence and exactness in the work of Virgil just because his task was harder. And perhaps the superior uniformity of the Roman's excellence balances Homer's preëminence in his outstanding passages. All our other poets follow a long way in the rear. Macer and Lucretius are, it is true, worth reading, but not for the purpose of forming style, that is to say, the body of eloquence; both deal elegantly with their themes, but the former is tame and the latter difficult. . . .

We also challenge the supremacy of the Greeks in elegy. Of our elegiac poets Tibullus seems to me to be the most terse and elegant. There are, however, some who prefer Propertius. Ovid is more sportive than either, while Gallus is more severe. Satire, on the other hand, is all our own. The first of our poets to win renown in this connection was Lucilius, some of whose devotees are so enthusiastic that they do not hesitate to prefer him not merely to all other satirists, but even to all other poets. I disagree with them as much as I do with Horace, who holds that Lucilius' verse has a 'muddy flow, and that there is always something in him that might well be dispensed with.' For his learning is as remarkable as his freedom of speech, and it is this latter quality that gives so sharp an edge and such abundance of wit to his satire. Horace is far terser and purer in style, and must be awarded

the first place, unless my judgment is led astray by my affection for his work. Persius also, although he wrote but one book, has acquired a high and well-deserved reputation, while there are other distinguished satirists still living whose praises will be sung by posterity. There is, however, another and even older type of satire which derives its variety not merely from verse, but from an admixture of prose as well. Such were the satires composed by Terentius Varro, the most learned of all Romans. He composed a vast number of erudite works, and possessed an extraordinary knowledge of the Latin language, of all antiquity and of the history of Greece and Rome. But he is an author likely to contribute more to the knowledge of the student than to his eloquence. The iambic has not been popular with Roman poets as a separate form of composition, but is found mixed up with other forms of verse. It may be found in all its bitterness in Catullus, Bibaculus and Horace, although in the last-named the iambic is interrupted by the epode. Of our lyric writers Horace is almost the sole poet worth reading: for he rises at times to a lofty grandeur and is full of sprightliness and charm, while there is great variety in his figures, and his boldness in the choice of words is only equaled by his felicity.

CICERO AND DEMOSTHENES

But it is our orators, above all, who enable us to match our Roman eloquence against that of Greece. For I would set Cicero against any one of their orators without fear of refutation. I know well enough what a storm I shall raise by this assertion, more especially since I do not propose for the moment to compare him with Demosthenes; for there would be no point in such a comparison, as I consider that Demosthenes should be the object of special study, and not merely studied, but even committed to memory. I regard the excellences of these two orators as being for the most part similar, that is to say, their judgment, their gift of arrangement, their methods of division, preparation and proof, as well as everything concerned with invention. In their actual style there is some difference. Demosthenes is more concentrated, Cicero more diffuse; Demosthenes makes his periods shorter than

Cicero, and his weapon is the rapier, whereas Cicero's periods are longer, and at times he employs the bludgeon as well: nothing can be taken from the former, nor added to the latter; the Greek reveals a more studied, the Roman a more natural art. As regards wit and the power of exciting pity, the two most powerful instruments where the feelings are concerned, we have the advantage. Again, it is possible that Demosthenes was deprived by national custom of the opportunity of producing powerful perorations, but against this may be set the fact that the different character of the Latin language debars us from the attainment of those qualities which are so much admired by the adherents of the Attic school. As regards their letters, which have in both cases survived, and dialogues, which Demosthenes never attempted, there can be no comparison between the two. But, on the other hand, there is one point in which the Greek has the undoubted superiority: he comes first in point of time, and it was largely due to him that Cicero was able to attain greatness. For it seems to me that Cicero, who devoted himself heart and soul to the imitation of the Greeks, succeeded in reproducing the force of Demosthenes, the copious flow of Plato, and the charm of Isocrates. But he did something more than reproduce the best elements in each of these authors by dint of careful study; it was to himself that he owed most of, or rather all his excellences, which spring from the extraordinary fertility of his immortal genius. For he does not, as Pindar says, 'collect the rain from heaven, but wells forth with living water,' since Providence at his birth conferred this special privilege upon him, that eloquence should make trial of all her powers in him. For who can instruct with greater thoroughness, or more deeply stir the emotions? Who has ever possessed such a gift of charm? He seems to obtain as a boon what in reality he extorts by force, and

when he wrests the judge from the path of his own judgment, the latter seems not to be swept away, but merely to follow. Further, there is such weight in all that he says that his audience feel ashamed to disagree with him, and the zeal of the advocate is so transfigured that it has the effect of the sworn evidence of a witness, or the verdict of a judge. And at the same time all these excellences, of which scarce one could be attained by the ordinary man even by the most concentrated effort, flow from him with every appearance of spontaneity, and his style, although no fairer has ever fallen on the ears of men, none the less displays the utmost felicity and ease. It was not, therefore, without good reason that his own contemporaries spoke of his 'sovereignty' at the bar, and that for posterity the name of Cicero has come to be regarded not as the name of a man, but as the name of eloquence itself. Let us, therefore, fix our eyes on him, take him as our pattern, and let the student realize that he has made real progress if he is a passionate admirer of Cicero. Asinius Pollio had great gifts of invention and great precision of language (indeed, some think him too precise), while his judgment and spirit were fully adequate. But he is so far from equaling the polish and charm of Cicero that he might have been born a generation before him. Messala, on the other hand, is polished and transparent and displays his nobility in his utterance, but he fails to do his powers full justice. As for Gaius Cæsar, if he had had leisure to devote himself to the courts, he would have been the one orator who could have been considered a serious rival to Cicero. Such are his force, his penetration and his energy that we realize that he was as vigorous in speech as in his conduct of war. And yet all these qualities are enhanced by a marvelous elegance of language, of which he was an exceptionally zealous student.

SILIUS ITALICUS (A.D. 25-101)

Silius Italicus, last consul under Nero in 68 and official under Vespasian, owner of the tomb of Virgil and of one of Cicero's villas, was an enthusiastic admirer of both the orator and the poet, and an ambitious imitator of the latter in the respectable but tedious seventeen books of *The Second Punic War*. A few lines from the third book illustrate the sentiment of the Roman poets toward the rugged aspects of nature: they are more likely to feel the might and cruelty of the mountains and the sea than to enjoy communion with them in the fashion of northern poets.

HANNIBAL CROSSES THE ALPS

Alert the troops the bridgeless current brave,
With head and neck upraised above the wave,
Secure their steely swords; or firm divide,
With sinewy arms, the strong and boisterous
tide.

The war-steed, bound on rafts, the river
treads;

Nor the vast elephant retarding dreads
To tempt the ford; while scattered earth they
strow

O'er the hid planks that hide the stream
below.

Loosed from the banks the gradual cord
extends,

And on the flood the unconscious beast
descends.

As the trooped quadrupeds, down-sliding slow,
Launched on the stream that, quivering,
dashed below,

Beneath the incumbent weight, with start-
ing tide,

The rapid Rhone poured back on every side,
Tossed its white eddies on the frothy strand,
And, sullen, murmured on its chafing sand.

Now stretched the onward host their long
array

Through the Tricastine plains; and wound
their way

O'er smooth ascents, and where Vocontia
yields

The level campaign of her verdant fields.

Athwart their easy march Druentia spread

The devastation of its torrent bed:

Turbid with stones and trunks of trees,
descends

The Alpine stream; the ashen forests rends;
Rolls mountain fragments, crumbling to the
shock,

And beats with raving surge the channeled
rock.

Of nameless depth, its ever-changing bed
Betrays the fording warrior's faithless tread;
The broad and flat pontoon is launched in
vain,

High swells the flood with deluges of rain;
Snatched with his arms the staggering soldier
slides,

And mangled bodies toss in gulfy tides.

But now the o'erhanging Alps, in prospect
near,

Efface remembered toils in future fear.

White with eternal frost, with hailstones
piled,

The ice of ages grasps those summits wild.
Stiffening with snow, the mountain soars in
air,

And fronts the rising sun, unmelted by the
glare.

As the Tartarean gulf, beneath the ground,
Yawns to the gloomy lake in hell's profound,
So high earth's heaving mass the air invades,
And shrouds the heaven with intercepting
shades.

No spring, no summer strews its glories here,
Lone winter dwells upon these summits
drear,

And guards his mansion round the endless
year;

Mustering from far around his grisly form
Black rains, and hailstone showers, and
clouds of storm.

Here in their wrathful kingdom whirlwinds
roam,

And the blasts struggle in their Alpine home.
The upward sight a swimming darkness
shrouds,

And the high crags recede into the clouds.

—C. A. ELTON.

PUBLIUS PAPINIUS STATIUS (A.D. 61-96)

Statius was the son of a teacher at Naples, and lived in Rome under Domitian from about his twentieth year to his death at thirty-five. He published the *Thebais*, an epic in twelve books based on the story of the sons of Œdipus, and four books of occasional poems called *Silvæ*, and left unfinished a fifth book and the *Achilleis*, another epic, which was intended to narrate the whole of the hero's life. Statius is more the literary craftsman than the inspired poet; his epic suffers from imitation of Virgil, and the *Silvæ*, or '*Attempts in the Rough*,' are for the most part inconsequential in matter. He is represented in his better moments by the lines in the seventh *Thebais* depicting the spectacular swallowing up of the seer Amphiaraus by the earth while both armies look on, by the lines in the twelfth on the Altar of Mercy, a passage indicative of the spread of humane sentiment that preceded and aided the Christian movement, and by the exquisite poem from the *Silvæ* on Sleep.

THE DEATH OF AMPHIARAUS

Another tremor now bends to the ground
Men, horses, arms, and shakes the fields
around.

The leafy grove inclines its various head,
And silent from his banks Ismenus fled.
The public anger lost in private fears, 5
They ground their arms, and, leaning on
their spears,

Start back, as on each other's face they view
Wild terror imaged in a pallid hue.

As when Bellona forms a naval fray,
In scorn of Neptune, on the watery way: 10
If haply some fell tempest interpose,
Each, thoughtful of himself, neglects his
foes:

The common dangers cause their ire to cease,
And mutual fears impose a sudden peace:
Such was the fluctuating fight to view. 15

Whether from subterraneous prisons flew
Imbosomed blasts, and, gathered from afar,
In one vast burst discharged the windy war:
Or latent springs had worn the rotten clay,
And opened to themselves a gradual way: 20
Or on this side the swift machine of Heaven
Inclined, by more than wonted impulse driven,
Or whether Neptune bade old Ocean roar,
And dashed the briny foam from shore to
shore:

Or Earth herself would warn by these por-
tents 25

The seer, or brother-kings, of both events—
Lo! she discloses wide her hollow womb:

Night feared the stars, the stars the nether
gloom.

The prophet and his coursers, while they
strive

To pass, the yawning cleft engulfs alive: 30
Nor did he quit the reins and arms in hand,
But with them plunged to the Tartarean
strand;

And, as he fell, gazed backward on the
light,

And grieved to see the field would soon
unite—

Till now a lighter tremor closed again 35
The ground, and darkened Pluto's wide
domain.

THE MERCY SEAT

There stood as in the center of the town
An altar, sacred to the poor alone;

Here gentle Clemency has fixed her seat,
And none but wretches hallow the retreat.

A train of votaries she never wants, 5
And all requests and suits, impartial, grants.

Whoe'er implore, a speedy audience gain,
And open, night and day, her gates remain;
That misery might ever find access,

And by complaints alone obtain redress. 10
Nor costly are her rites: no blood she claims
From slaughtered victims nor odorous

flames;

Her altars sweat with tears; and wreaths of
woe

Her suitors, tearing from their hair, bestow;

Or garments in her fane are left behind, ¹⁵
When Fortune shifts the scene, to her re-
signed.

A grove surrounds it, where in shadowy rows
The laurel tree and suppliant olive grows.
No well wrought effigy her likeness bears, ¹⁹
Her imaged form no sculptured metal wears:
In human breasts resides the power divine,
A constant levee trembling at her shrine.
The place, deformed with horrors not its own,
To none but objects of distress is known.
Fame says, the sons of great Alcides reared
The fane, in honor of the power revered, ²⁶
A temple to their father first decreed;
But Fame diminishes the glorious deed.
'Tis juster to believe the powers above,
Of whose protection and parental love ³⁰
Fair Athens shared a more than equal part,
The pile erected, not a mortal's art;
That mercy might, by rushing in between
Offended justice and the offender, screen
The guilty wretch. For this the structure
rose, ³⁵
A common refuge in the greatest woes.

—W. L. LEWIS.

TO SLEEP

What sin was mine, sweet, silent, boy-god
Sleep,
Or what, poor sufferer, have I left undone,
That I should lack thy guerdon, I alone?
Quiet are the brawling streams: the shud-
dering deep
Sinks, and the rounded mountains feign to
sleep. ⁵
The high seas slumber pillowed on Earth's
breast;
All flocks and birds and beasts are stilled in
rest,
But my sad eyes their nightly vigil keep.

O! if beneath the night some happier swain,
Entwined in loving arms, refuse thy boon ¹⁰
In wanton happiness—come hither soon,
Come hither, Sleep. Let happier mortals
gain
The full embrace of thy soft angel wing.
But touch me with thy wand, or hovering ¹⁴
Above mine eyelids sweep me with thy train.

—W. H. FYFE.

TO HIS WIFE CLAUDIA

Say, why those gentle looks should changed
appear;
Why hangs the cloud upon that forehead
clear?

Is it that thoughts of Naples move my
breast,

And native fields invite my age to rest?
But wherefore sad? no wanton lightness
thine; ⁵

Not to the cirque thy fond regrets incline,
Beat by the rapid race; nor shouts that roll
From the thronged theater pervade thy soul.
But the cool shade of life is dear to thee;
Joys undegrading; modest probity. ¹⁰

Whither could oceans' waves my bark con-
vey,

Nor thou be found companion of my way?
Yes, did I seek to fix my mansion drear
Where polar ice congeals the inclement year,
Where the seas darken round far Thule's
isle, ¹⁵

Or unapproached recedes the head of Nile,
Thy voice would cheer me on. May that
kind Power

Who joined our hands when in thy beauty's
flower

Still, when the blooming years of life decline,
Prolong the blessing, and preserve thee mine!

To thee, whose charms gave first the
enamoring wound, ²¹

And my wild youth in marriage fetters bound,
To thee submissive, I received the rein,
Nor sigh for change, but hug the pleasing
chain.

Thrice, when the Alban laurel, wreathing,
spread ²⁵

Its glossy verdure round my shining head,
And Cæsar graced me with his sacred gold,
I felt thy joyful arms my neck enfold;
Thy panting kisses to my garland clung,
And, when in vain my failing lyre I strung,
Vanquished with me, thy sorrows would re-
prove ³¹

The ungrateful frowns of Capitolian Jove,
And thou hast listened, with entranced desire,
The first rude sounds that would my lips in-
spire;

Thy watchful ear would snatch, with keen
delight, ³⁵

My verse, low-murmured through the live-
long night;

To only thee my lengthened toils were known,
And with thy years has my Thebaid grown.
I saw thee, what thou art: when late I
stood

On the dark verge of the Lethæan flood, ⁴⁰
When, glazed in death, I closed my quiver-
ing eyes,

Relenting fate restored me to thy sighs,
Thou wert alone the cause; the Power above
Feared thy despair and melted to thy love.

—C. A. ELTON.

PUBLIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS (About A.D. 55-120)

Tacitus was born shortly after the accession of Nero, lived through the troublous times of seven emperors, five of whom met death by assassination, and survived to enjoy the peaceful and upright reigns of Nerva and Trajan. Born to the middle class, bred to law and oratory, his abilities brought him advancement under Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian. Prætor under Domitian, and subsequently away from Rome four years in administrative duties, he returned in 93 to find the tyrannical cruelties of Domitian in full career. On the death of the emperor, he began the series of publications which have ever since given him fame: *Agricola*, a biography of his father-in-law, commander of the army in Britain; *Germania*, on the country and character of the Germans; *A Dialogue on Orators*, a Ciceronian essay of doubtful date; *The Histories*, narrating the events from the troubles of 69, the 'year of the three emperors' and Vespasian's accession, to the death of Domitian; and *The Annals*, a history beginning with the death of Augustus and ending with Nero. Four and a half books of the *Histories* survive, books one to six and eleven to sixteen of the *Annals*, and the minor works. In spite of the prejudice charged against him, and in spite of a certain narrowness due to interest in Rome the capital rather than in Rome the empire, Tacitus is a great source of knowledge for a great century of history. His qualities as moralist and artist, sometimes regarded as impairing the historical value of his works, are really what gives them the strength and beauty that have made them living and effective. They are full of intense and bitter feeling against the wrongs of times that were filled with wrongs; they are full of scenes and actors that stand out with a living quality such as would be possible only with a participator in the city's life and interests possessed by high ideals and strong emotions; and are written in a stern, intense, pregnant style which has been molded by the character of its author. Compared with the epic copiousness and geniality of Livy, Tacitus is rugged and gloomy, but with the ruggedness and gloom of great tragedy.

The translation is by Arthur Murphy.

AGRICOLA

By Agricola's order the Roman fleet sailed round the northern point, and made the first certain discovery that Britain is an island. The cluster of isles called the Orcades, till then wholly unknown, was in this expedition added to the Roman empire. Thule, which had lain concealed in the gloom of winter and a depth of eternal snows, was also seen by our navigators. The sea in those parts is said to be a sluggish mass of stagnated water, hardly yielding to the stroke of the oar, and never agitated by winds and tempests. The natural cause may be, that high lands and mountains, which occasion commotions in the air, are deficient in those regions; not to mention that such a prodigious body of water, in a vast and boundless ocean, is heaved and impelled with difficulty. But a philosophical account of the ocean and its periodical motions is not the design of this essay; the subject has employed the pen

of others. To what they have said, I shall only add, that there is not in any other part of the world an expanse of water that rages with such uncontrollable dominion, now receiving the discharge of various rivers, and, at times, driving their currents back to their source. Nor is it on the coast only that the flux and reflux of the tide are perceived: the swell of the sea forces its way into the recesses of the land, forming bays and islands in the heart of the country, and foaming amidst hills and mountains, as in its natural channel.

Whether the first inhabitants of Britain were natives of the island, or adventitious settlers, is a question lost in the mists of antiquity. The Britons, like other barbarous nations, have no monuments of their history. They differ in the make and habit of their bodies, and hence various inferences concerning their origin. The ruddy hair and lusty limbs of the Caledonians indicate a German extraction.

That the Silures were at first a colony of Iberians is concluded, not without probability, from the olive tincture of the skin, the natural curl of the hair, and the situation of the country, so convenient to the coast of Spain. On the side opposite to Gaul the inhabitants resemble their neighbors on the continent; but whether that resemblance is the effect of one common origin, or of the climate in contiguous nations operating on the make and temperament of the human body, is a point not easy to be decided. All circumstances considered, it is rather probable that a colony from Gaul took possession of a country so inviting by its proximity. You will find in both nations the same religious rites, and the same superstition. The two languages differ but little. In provoking danger they discover the same ferocity, and in the encounter, the same timidity. The Britons, however, not yet enfeebled by a long peace, are possessed of superior courage. The Gauls, we learn from history, were formerly a warlike people; but sloth, the consequence of inactive times, has debased their genius, and virtue died with expiring liberty. Among such of the Britons, as have been for some time subdued, the same degeneracy is observable. The free and unconquered part of the nation retains at this hour the ferocity of the ancient Gauls.

The strength of their armies consists in infantry, though some of their warriors take the field in chariots. The person of highest distinction guides the reins, while his martial followers, mounted in the same vehicle, annoy the enemy. The Britons were formerly governed by a race of kings; at present they are divided into factions under various chieftains; and this disunion, which prevents their acting in concert for a public interest, is a circumstance highly favorable to the Roman arms against a warlike people, independent, fierce, and obstinate. A confederation of two or more states to repel the common danger is seldom known: they fight in parties, and the nation is subdued.

The climate is unfavorable; always damp with rains, and overcast with clouds. Intense cold is never felt. The days are longer than in our southern regions; the nights remarkably bright, and, towards the extremity of the island, so very short, that between the last gleam of day and the returning dawn the interval is scarce per-

ceptible. In a serene sky, when no clouds intervene to obstruct the sight, the sun, we are told, appears all night long, neither setting in the west, nor rising in the east, but always moving above the horizon. The cause of this phenomenon may be, that the surface of the earth, towards the northern extremities, being flat and level, the shade never rises to any considerable height, and, the sky still retaining the rays of the sun, the heavenly bodies continue visible.

The soil does not afford either the vine, the olive, or the fruits of warmer climates; but it is otherwise fertile, and yields corn in great plenty. Vegetation is quick in shooting up, and slow in coming to maturity. Both effects are reducible to the same cause, the constant moisture of the atmosphere and the dampness of the soil. Britain contains, to reward the conqueror, mines of gold and silver, and other metals. The sea produces pearls, but of a dark and livid color. This defect is ascribed by some to want of skill in this kind of fishery: the people employed in gathering, content themselves in gleaning what happens to be thrown upon the shore, whereas in the Red Sea the shell-fish are found clinging to the rocks, and taken alive. For my part, I am inclined to think that the British pearl is of an inferior quality. I cannot impute to avarice a neglect of its interest.

The Britons are willing to supply our armies with new levies; they pay their tribute without a murmur; and they perform all the services of government with alacrity, provided they have no reason to complain of oppression. When injured, their resentment is quick, sudden, and impatient; they are conquered, not broken-hearted; reduced to obedience, not subdued to slavery. Even Julius Cæsar, the first of the Romans who set his foot in Britain at the head of an army, can only be said by a prosperous battle to have struck the natives with terror, and to have made himself master of the sea-shore.

THE ANNALS

PREFACE

The first form of government that prevailed at Rome was monarchy. Liberty and the consulship were established by

Lucius Junius Brutus. Dictators were created in sudden emergencies only. The jurisdiction of the decemvirs did not extend beyond two years; and the consular authority of the military tribunes soon expired. The domination of Cinna ended in a short time; and that of Sylla was not of long duration. From Pompey and Crassus, the whole power of the state devolved to Julius Cæsar, and, after the struggle with Lepidus and Antony, centered in Augustus; who, under the mild and well-known title of PRINCE OF THE SENATE, took upon him the management of the commonwealth, enfeebled as it was by an exhausting series of civil wars. But the memorable transactions of the old republic, as well in her day of adversity, as in the tide of success, have been recorded by writers of splendid genius. Even in the time of Augustus there flourished a race of authors, from whose abilities that period might have received ample justice; but the spirit of adulation growing epidemic, the dignity of the historic character was lost. What has been transmitted to us concerning Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, cannot be received without great mistrust. During the lives of those emperors, fear suppressed or disfigured the truth; and after their deaths, recent feelings gave an edge to resentment. For this reason, it is my intention shortly to state some particulars relating to Augustus, chiefly towards the close of his life; and thence to follow downward the thread of my narration through the reigns of Tiberius and his three immediate successors, free from animosity and partial affection, with the candor of a man who has no motives, either of love or hatred, to warp his integrity.

THE FUNERAL OF AUGUSTUS

At the first meeting of the senate, the funeral of Augustus was the only subject of debate. The emperor's will was brought forward by the vestal virgins. Tiberius and Livia were declared his heirs. The latter was adopted into the Julian family, with the additional title of AUGUSTA. His grandchildren and their issue were next in succession; in the third degree he named the nobles of Rome; not indeed from motives of personal regard, for the greater part had been for a long time obnoxious; but a bequest so generous and magnificent might gain the applause of future ages.

In the rest of his legacies the will was in the style of a Roman citizen. . . . The senate with one voice insisted that the body should be borne to the funeral pile upon their own shoulders. Tiberius assented with seeming condescension, but real arrogance. The Field of Mars was the place appointed for the ceremony. A proclamation was issued, warning the populace to restrain their zeal, and not require that the last duties should be performed in the Forum, as had been done with tumult and disorder at the funeral of Julius Cæsar.

On the day appointed for the ceremony, the soldiers were drawn up under arms; a circumstance that served only to provoke the ridicule of all who remembered the day, or heard of it from their fathers, when Cæsar the dictator was put to death. In that early period of slavery, and in the first emotions of joy for liberty in vain recovered, the blow for freedom seemed a murder to some, and to others a glorious sacrifice. But in the present juncture, when a prince worn out with age, who had grown grey in power, and left a long train of heirs, was to receive the last funeral obsequies, at such a time to call forth the military, in order to secure a quiet interment, was a vain parade, as ridiculous as it was unnecessary.

Augustus now became the subject of public discussion. Frivolous circumstances engaged the attention of the greater number. They observed that the anniversary of his accession to the imperial dignity was the day of his death. He died at Nola, in the same house, and in the same chamber, where Octavius his father breathed his last. They called to mind, in wonder and amaze, the number of his consulships, equal to those of Valerius Corvinus and Caius Marius put together. The tribunitian power continued in his hands during a series of seven and thirty years; he was saluted IMPERATOR no less than one and twenty times; and other titles of distinction were either invented or revived, to adorn his name. Reflections of a different kind were made by thinking men. They rejudged the life of the emperor, and pronounced with freedom. By his apologists it was argued, 'that filial piety to his adopted father, the distraction of the times, and the ruin of the laws, made the part he took in the civil wars an act of necessity; and civil war can neither be under-

taken nor conducted on principles of honor and strict justice. To revenge the death of Julius Caesar was the primary motive. To obtain that end, he made concessions to Antony, and he temporized with Lepidus: but when the latter grew grey in sloth, and the former fell a victim to his voluptuous passions, the commonwealth, convulsed by party divisions, had no resource but the government of one. There was, however, no monarchy, no dictator: content with the unassuming title of Prince of the Senate, he established peace, and settled the constitution. The ocean and far distant rivers marked his boundaries of the empire. The legions, the provinces, and the fleets of Rome acted in concert, with all the strength of system. Justice was duly administered at home; the allies were treated with moderation; and magnificent structures rose to adorn the capital. Violent measures were rarely adopted, and never but for the good of the whole.

LUXURY AND LAW

The year was free from foreign commotions; but at Rome new laws were expected to check the growth of luxury, and that apprehension spread a general alarm. The prodigality of the times had risen to the highest pitch. In many articles of expense, and those the heaviest, the real price might be concealed; but the cost of the table was too well understood. The profusion, with which luxury was maintained, could not remain a secret. It was therefore apprehended, that a prince, addicted to the frugality of ancient manners, would endeavor by severe regulations to control the mischief.

The subject was opened in the senate by Caius Bibulus, one of the ædiles: his colleagues joined to support him. They stated that the sumptuary laws were fallen into contempt. The extravagance in furniture and utensils, though prohibited, grew every day more enormous, insomuch that, by moderate penalties, the mischief was not to be cured. The senate, without further debate, referred the whole to the consideration of the emperor. Tiberius weighed every circumstance: he knew that passions, which had taken root, could not be easily weeded out of the heart: he considered how far coercive measures might be a public grievance. If an unsuccessful attempt gave a victory to vice, the defeat, he saw, would be a disgrace to government; and the necessity of waging continual war against the characters and fortunes of the most eminent citizens was what he wished to avoid. After mature deliberation, he sent his thoughts in writing to the senate, in substance as follows. . . .

This letter being read, the senate released the ædiles from all further care about the business. Luxury went on with boundless profusion. It began soon after the battle of Actium, and continued to flourish, for the space of a century, down to the time when Galba attained the imperial dignity. At that period the manners changed, and temperance became the fashion. Of this revolution in the modes of life a short account will not be improper. While the old constitution still subsisted, pomp and splendor were often the ruin of the most illustrious families. To conciliate the favor of the populace, and of the allies of Rome, including even kings and princes, was the great object of a Roman citizen. In proportion to his wealth, his grandeur, and the magnificence of his retinue, his importance rose, and with it the number of his clients. But when the best blood in Rome was spilt by imperial tyranny, and to be eminent was to be marked out for destruction; it became the interest of the great to lay aside all vain ostentation, and adopt a more humble plan of life. At the same time, a new race of men from the municipal towns, the colonies, and the provinces found their way, not only to Rome, but even into the senate. The strangers, thus incorporated, brought with them their natural parsimony. In the course of a long life many of them, either by their own frugality, or a tide of success in their affairs, accumulated immoderate riches; yet even in affluence avarice was their ruling passion. But the cause, which, above all others, contributed to the revival of ancient economy, was the character of Vespasian; a man of primitive temperance and rigid austerity. All agreed to imitate so excellent a model. Respect for the prince did more than all the pains and penalties of the law. And yet, it may be true, that in the nature of things there is a principle of rotation, in consequence of which the manners, like the seasons, are subject to periodical changes. Nor is it certain that, in the former ages of the world, everything was better than in the times that succeeded.

The present age has produced, in moral conduct and the liberal arts, a number of bright examples, which posterity will do well to imitate. May the contest with antiquity continue! but let it be a generous emulation for superior virtue; and may that spirit go down to future times!

AN AMPHITHEATER COLLAPSES

In the next consulship [A.D. 27], which was that of Marcus Licinius and Lucius Calpurnius, an unforeseen disaster, no sooner begun than ended, laid a scene of ruin equal to the havoc of the most destructive war. A man of the name of Atilius, the son of a freedman, undertook at Fidenæ to build an amphitheater for the exhibition of gladiators. The foundation was slight, and the superstructure not sufficiently braced; the work of a man, who had neither the pride of wealth, nor the ambition to make himself of consequence in a municipal town. The profit that might probably arise from such a scheme was all he had in view. The people, under the austerity of a rigid and unsocial government, deprived of their usual diversions, were eager for the novelty of a public spectacle; and the place being at no great distance from Rome, a vast conflux of men and women, old and young, crowded together. The consequence was, that the building, overloaded with spectators, gave way at once. All who were under the roof, besides a prodigious multitude that stood round the place, were crushed under the ruins. The condition of those who perished instantly was the happiest. They escaped the pangs of death, while the maimed and lacerated lingered in torment, beholding, as long as daylight lasted, their wives and children in equal agony, and, during the night, pierced to the heart by their shrieks and groans. A calamity so fatal was soon known round the country. Crowds from all quarters went to view the melancholy scene. One lamented a brother, another his near relation; children wept for their parents, and almost all for their friends. Such as by their avocations had been led a different way were given up for lost. The real sufferers were still unknown, and, in that dreadful state of suspense, every bosom panted with doubt and fear.

The ruins were no sooner removed, than the crowd rushed in to examine the place.

They gathered round the dead bodies; they clasped them in their arms; they imprinted kisses, and often mistook the person. Disfigured faces, parity of age, and similitude of form and feature occasioned great confusion. Claims were made, a tender contest followed, and errors were acknowledged. The number of killed or maimed was not less than fifty thousand. The senate provided by a decree, that, for the future, no man whose fortune was under four hundred thousand sesterces should presume to exhibit a spectacle of gladiators, and that, till the foundation was examined, no amphitheater should be erected. Atilius, the builder, was condemned to banishment. The grandees of Rome displayed their humanity on this occasion; they threw open their doors, they ordered medicines to be distributed, and the physicians attended with assiduity in every quarter. The city of Rome recalled, in that juncture, an image of ancient manners, when, after a battle bravely fought, the sick and wounded were received with open arms, and relieved by the generosity of their country.

THE PHŒNIX APPEARS IN EGYPT

Paulus Fabius and Lucius Vitellius succeeded to the consulship. In the course of the year, the miraculous bird, known to the world by the name of the phœnix, after disappearing for a series of ages, revisited Egypt. A phenomenon so very extraordinary could not fail to produce abundance of curious speculation. The learning of Egypt was displayed, and Greece exhausted her ingenuity. The facts, about which there seems to be a concurrence of opinions, with other circumstances, in their nature doubtful, yet worthy of notice, will not be unwelcome to the reader.

That the phœnix is sacred to the sun, and differs from the rest of the feathered species, in the form of its head and the tincture of its plumage, are points settled by the naturalists. Of its longevity, the accounts are various. The common persuasion is, that it lives five hundred years, though by some writers the date is extended to fourteen hundred and sixty-one. The several eras, when the phœnix has been seen, are fixed by tradition. The first, we are told, was in the reign of Sesostris; the second, in that of Amasis; and in the

period when Ptolemy, the third of the Macedonian race, was seated on the throne of Egypt, another phoenix directed its flight towards Heliopolis, attended by a group of various birds, all attracted by the novelty, and gazing with wonder at so beautiful an appearance. For the truth of this account, we do not presume to answer. The facts lie too remote; and covered, as they are, with the mists of antiquity, all further argument is suspended.

From the reign of Ptolemy to Tiberius, the intermediate space is not quite two hundred and fifty years. From that circumstance it has been inferred by many that the last phoenix was neither of the genuine kind, nor came from the woods of Arabia. The instinctive qualities of the species were not observed to direct its motions. It is the genius, we are told, of the true phoenix, when its course of years is finished, and the approach of death is felt, to build a nest in its native clime, and there deposit the principles of life, from which a new progeny arises. The first care of the young bird, as soon as fledged, and able to trust to its wings, is to perform the obsequies of his father. But this duty is not undertaken rashly. He collects a quantity of myrrh, and, to try his strength, makes frequent excursions with a load on his back. When he has made his experiment through a long tract of air, and gains sufficient confidence in his own vigor, he takes up the body of his father, and flies with it to the altar of the sun, where he leaves it to be consumed in flames of fragrance. Such is the account of this extraordinary bird. It has, no doubt, a mixture of fable; but that the phoenix from time to time appears in Egypt, seems to be a fact sufficiently ascertained.

Rome continued to stream with the blood of eminent citizens. Pomponius Labeo, who had been, as already mentioned, governor of Mysia, opened his veins and bled to death. His wife Paxæa had the spirit to follow his example. Suicide was the only refuge from the hand of the executioner. Those who waited for the sentence of the law incurred a forfeiture, and were, besides, deprived of the rites of sepulture; while to such as died by their own hand, funeral ceremonies were allowed, and their wills were valid. Such was the reward of despatch! Self-destruction was made the interest of mankind.

THE DEATH AND CHARACTER OF TIBERIUS

Tiberius now drew near his end: his strength declined, his spirits sunk, and everything failed, except his dissimulation. The same austerity still remained, the same energy and rigor of mind. He talked in a decisive tone; he looked with eagerness; and even, at times, affected an air of gaiety. Dissembling to the last, he hoped by false appearances to hide the decay of nature. Weary, restless, and impatient, he could not stay long in one place. After various changes, he stopped at a villa, formerly the property of Lucullus, near the promontory of Misenum. It was here first known that his dissolution was approaching fast. The discovery was made in the following manner. A physician, of the name of Charicles, highly eminent in his profession, attended the train of Tiberius, not employed to prescribe, but occasionally assisting with friendly advice. Pretending to have avocations that required his attendance elsewhere, he approached the emperor to take his leave, and respectfully laying hold of his hand, contrived, in the act of saluting it, to feel his pulse. The artifice did not escape the notice of Tiberius. It probably gave him offence, but, for that reason, he smothered his resentment. With an air of cheerfulness, he ordered the banquet to be served, and, seemingly with intent to honor his departing friend, continued at table beyond his usual time. Charicles was not to be deceived. He saw a rapid decline, and assured Macro that two days, at most, would close the scene. For that event measures were immediately taken: councils were held in private, and despatches were sent to the army, and the several commanders at their respective stations. On the seventeenth before the calends of April, Tiberius had a fainting fit: he lay for some time in a state of languor, speechless, without motion, and was thought to be dead. A band of courtiers surrounded Caligula, eager to pay their court, and all congratulating the prince on his accession to the imperial dignity. Caligula was actually going forth to be proclaimed emperor, when word was brought, that Tiberius was come to himself, and called for a cordial to revive his fainting spirits. The whole party was struck with terror: the crowd dispersed; some with dejected looks, others with a cheerful mien, as if unconscious of what

had happened. Caligula stood at gaze, astonished, and almost out of his senses. He had, but a moment before, one foot on the throne, and now was thrown from the summit of his ambition. He remained fixed in despair, as if awaiting the stroke of death. Macro alone was undismayed. With firmness and presence of mind, he cleared the emperor's room, and gave orders that the remains of life should be smothered under a load of clothes. Such was the end of Tiberius, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

He was the son of Tiberius Nero; by the paternal and maternal line of the house of Claudius, though his mother passed by adoption into the Livian, and afterwards into the Julian family. The beginning of his days was clouded with misfortunes and exposed to various perils. In his infancy, he was torn away from Rome, and forced to wander with his father, then on the list of the proscribed. When a marriage took place between Livia and Augustus, he was introduced into the imperial house, but had to contend with powerful rivals, as long as Marcellus, Agrippa, and the two Cæsars, Caius and Lucius, flourished at the court of Augustus. In the eyes of the people, his brother Drusus overshadowed him. By his marriage with Julia, his situation was rendered still more embarrassing. Whether he connived at her vices, or abandoned her in resentment, the dilemma was, either way, full of difficulty. Being recalled from the isle of Rhodes, he found Augustus deprived of heirs, and from that time continued for twelve years without a rival, the hope and pillar of the imperial family. He succeeded to the empire, and governed Rome near three and twenty years. His manners, like his fortune, had their revolutions, and their distinctive periods: amiable, while a private man; and, in the highest employments under Augustus, esteemed and honored. During the lives of Drusus and Germanicus, he played an artificial character, concealing his vices, and assuming the exteriors of virtue. After their decease, and while his mother lived, good and evil were equally blended in his conduct. Detested for his cruelty, he had the art, while he loved or feared Sejanus, to throw a veil over his most depraved and vicious appetites. All restraint being at length removed, he broke out without fear or shame, and, during the remainder of his life, hurried away by his own unbridled passions,

made his reign one scene of lust, and cruelty, and horror.

THE GREAT FIRE OF NERO

A dreadful calamity followed in a short time after, by some ascribed to chance, and by others to the execrable wickedness of Nero. The authority of historians is on both sides, and which preponderates it is not easy to determine. It is, however, certain, that of all the disasters that ever befell the city of Rome from the rage of fire, this was the worst, the most violent, and destructive. The flame broke out in that part of the circus which adjoins, on one side, to Mount Palatine, and, on the other, to Mount Cælius. It caught a number of shops stored with combustible goods, and, gathering force from the winds, spread with rapidity from one end of the circus to the other. Neither the thick walls of houses, nor the enclosure of temples, nor any other building, could check the rapid progress of the flames. A dreadful conflagration followed. The level parts of the city were destroyed. The fire communicated to the higher buildings, and, again laying hold of inferior places, spread with a degree of velocity that nothing could resist. The form of the streets, long and narrow, with frequent windings, and no regular opening, according to the plan of ancient Rome, contributed to increase the mischief. The shrieks and lamentations of women, the infirmities of age, and the weakness of the young and tender, added misery to the dreadful scene. Some endeavored to provide for themselves, others to save their friends, in one part dragging along the lame and impotent, in another waiting to receive the tardy, or expecting relief themselves; they hurried, they lingered, they obstructed one another; they looked behind, and the fire broke out in front; they escaped from the flames, and in their place of refuge found no safety; the fire raged in every quarter; all were involved in one general conflagration.

The unhappy wretches fled to places remote, and thought themselves secure, but soon perceived the flames raging round them. Which way to turn, what to avoid or what to seek, no one could tell. They crowded the streets; they fell prostrate on the ground; they lay stretched in the fields, in consternation and dismay resigned to their fate. Numbers lost their whole sub-

stance, even the tools and implements by which they gained their livelihood, and, in that distress, did not wish to survive. Others, wild with affliction for their friends and relations whom they could not save, embraced a voluntary death, and perished in the flames. During the whole of this dismal scene, no man dared to attempt anything that might check the violence of the dreadful calamity. A crew of incendiaries stood near at hand denouncing vengeance on all who offered to interfere. Some were so abandoned as to heap fuel on the flames. They threw in firebrands and flaming torches, proclaiming aloud that they had authority for what they did. Whether, in fact, they had received such horrible orders, or, under that device, meant to plunder with greater licentiousness, cannot now be known.

During the whole of this terrible conflagration, Nero remained at Antium, without a thought of returning to the city, till the fire approached the building by which he had communicated the gardens of Mæcenas with the imperial palace. All help, however, was too late. The palace, the contiguous edifices, and every house adjoining, were laid in ruins. To relieve the unhappy people, wandering in distress without a place of shelter, he opened the Field of Mars, as also the magnificent buildings raised by Agrippa, and even his own imperial gardens. He ordered a number of sheds to be thrown up with all possible despatch, for the use of the populace. Household utensils and all kinds of necessary implements were brought from Ostia, and other cities in the neighborhood. The price of grain was reduced to three sesterces. For acts like these, munificent and well-timed, Nero might hope for a return of popular favor; but his expectations were in vain; no man was touched with gratitude. A report prevailed that, while the city was in a blaze, Nero went to his own theater, and there, mounting the stage, sung the destruction of Troy, as a happy allusion to the present misfortune.

On the sixth day the fire was subdued at the foot of Mount Esquiline. This was effected, by demolishing a number of buildings, and thereby leaving a void space, where for want of materials the flame expired. The minds of men had scarce begun to recover from their consternation, when the fire broke out a second time with no less fury than before. This happened,

however, in a more open quarter, where fewer lives were lost; but the temples of the gods, the porticoes and buildings raised for the decoration of the city, were leveled to the ground. The popular odium was now more inflamed than ever, as this second alarm began in the house of Tigellinus, formerly the mansion of Æmilius. A suspicion prevailed, that to build a new city, and give it his own name was the ambition of Nero. Of the fourteen quarters, into which Rome was divided, four only were left entire, three were reduced to ashes, and the remaining seven presented nothing better than a heap of shattered houses, half in ruins.

The number of houses, temples, and insulated mansions destroyed by the fire cannot be ascertained. But the most venerable monuments of antiquity, which the worship of ages had rendered sacred, were laid in ruins: amongst these were the temple dedicated to the moon by Servius Tullius; the fane and the great altar consecrated by Evander, the Arcadian, to Hercules, his visitor and his guest; the chapel of Jupiter Stator, built by Romulus; the palace of Numa, and the temple of Vesta, with the tutelar gods of Rome. With these were consumed the trophies of so many victories, the inimitable works of the Grecian artists, with the precious monuments of literature and ancient genius, all at present remembered by men advanced in years, but irrevocably lost. Not even the splendor, with which the new city rose out of the ruins of the old, could compensate for that lamented disaster. It did not escape observation, that the fire broke out on the fourteenth before the calends of July, a day remarkable for the conflagration kindled by the Senones, when those Barbarians took the city of Rome by storm, and burnt it to the ground. Men of reflection, who refined on everything with minute curiosity, calculated the number of years, months, and days, from the foundation of Rome to the firing of it by the Gauls; and from that calamity to the present they found the interval of time precisely the same.

Nero did not blush to convert to his own use the public ruins of his country. He built a magnificent palace, in which the objects that excited admiration were neither gold nor precious stones. Those decorations, long since introduced by luxury, were grown stale, and hackneyed to the eye. A different species of magnifi-

cence was now consulted: expansive lakes and fields of vast extent were intermixed with pleasing variety; woods and forests stretched to an immeasurable length, presenting gloom and solitude amidst scenes of open space, where the eye wandered with surprise over an unbounded prospect. This prodigious plan was carried on under the direction of two surveyors, whose names were Severus and Celer. Bold and original in their projects, these men undertook to conquer nature, and to perform wonders even beyond the imagination and the riches of the prince. They promised to form a navigable canal from the Lake 15
Avernus to the mouth of the Tiber. The experiment, like the genius of the men, was bold and grand; but it was to be carried over a long tract of barren land, and, in some places, through opposing mountains. The country round was parched and dry, without one humid spot, except the Pomptinian marsh, from which water could be expected. A scheme so vast could not be accomplished without immoderate labor, 25
and, if practicable, the end was in no proportion to the expense and labor. But the prodigious and almost impossible had charms for the enterprising spirit of Nero. He began to hew a passage through the hills that surround the Lake Avernus, and some traces of his deluded hopes are visible at this day. 30

The ground, which, after marking out his own domain, Nero left to the public, was not laid out for the new city in a hurry and without judgment, as was the case after the irruption of the Gauls. A regular plan was formed; the streets were made wide and long; the elevation of the houses was defined, with an open area before the doors, and porticoes to secure and adorn the front. The expense of the porticoes Nero undertook to defray out of his own revenue. He promised, besides, as soon 45
as the work was finished, to clear the ground, and leave a clear space to every house, without any charge to the occupier. In order to excite a spirit of industry and emulation, he held forth rewards proportioned to the rank of each individual, provided the buildings were finished in a limited time. The rubbish, by his order, was removed to the marshes of Ostia, and the ships that brought corn up the river 55
were to return loaded with the refuse of the workmen. Add to all this, the several houses, built on a new principle, were to

be raised to a certain elevation, without beams or wood-work, on arches of stone from the quarries of Alba or Gabii; those materials being impervious, and of a nature to resist the force of fire. The springs of 5
water, which had been before that time intercepted by individuals for their separate use, were no longer suffered to be diverted from their channel, but left to the care of commissioners, that the public might be properly supplied, and, in case of fire, have a reservoir at hand to stop the progress of the mischief.

It was also settled, that the houses should no longer be contiguous, with slight party-walls to divide them; but every house was to stand detached, surrounded and insulated by its own enclosure. These regulations, it must be admitted, were of public utility, and added much to the embellishment of the new city. But still the old plan of Rome was not without its advocates. It was thought more conducive to the health of the inhabitants. The narrowness of the streets and the elevation of the buildings served to exclude the rays of the sun; whereas the more open space, having neither shade nor shelter, left men exposed to the intense heat of the day.

THE FIRST PERSECUTION OF THE CHRISTIANS

These several regulations were, no doubt, the best that human wisdom could suggest. The next care was to propitiate the gods. The Sibylline books were consulted, and the consequence was, that supplications were decreed to Vulcan, to Ceres, and Proserpine. A band of matrons offered their prayers and sacrifices to Juno, first in the capitol, and next on the nearest margin of the sea, where they supplied themselves with water, to sprinkle the temple and the statue of the goddess. A select number of women, who had husbands actually living, laid the deities on their sacred beds, and kept midnight vigils with the usual solemnity. But neither these religious ceremonies, nor the liberal donations of the prince could efface from the minds of men the prevailing opinion, that Rome was set on fire by his own orders. The infamy of that horrible transaction still adhered to him. In order, if possible, to remove the imputation, he determined to transfer the guilt to others. For this purpose he punished, with exquisite tor-

ture, a race of men detested for their evil practices, by vulgar appellation commonly called Christians.

The name was derived from Christ, who in the reign of Tiberius, suffered under Pontius Pilate, the procurator of Judæa. By that event the sect, of which he was the founder, received a blow, which, for a time, checked the growth of a dangerous superstition; but it revived soon after, and spread with recruited vigor, not only in Judæa, the soil that gave it birth, but even in the city of Rome, the common sink into which everything infamous and abominable flows like a torrent from all quarters of the world. Nero proceeded with his usual artifice. He found a set of profligate and abandoned wretches, who were induced to confess themselves guilty, and, on the evidence of such men, a number of Christians were convicted, not indeed, upon clear evidence of their having set the city on fire, but rather on account of their sullen hatred of the whole human race. They were put to death with exquisite cruelty, and to their sufferings Nero added mockery and derision. Some were covered with the skins of wild beasts, and left to be devoured by dogs; others were nailed to the cross; numbers were burnt alive; and many, covered over with inflammable matter, were lighted up, when the day declined, to serve as torches during the night.

For the convenience of seeing this tragic spectacle, the emperor lent his own gardens. He added the sports of the circus, and assisted in person, sometimes driving a curricule, and occasionally mixing with the rabble in his coachman's dress. At length the cruelty of these proceedings filled every breast with compassion. Humanity relented in favor of the Christians. The manners of that people were, no doubt, of a pernicious tendency, and their crimes called for the hand of justice: but it was evident, that they fell a sacrifice, not for the public good, but to glut the rage and cruelty of one man only.

THE DEATH OF SENECA

Plautius Lateranus, consul elect, was the next victim. He was seized, and dragged to instant death; no time allowed to take the last farewell of his children, nor even the usual liberty of choosing his own mode of dying. He was hurried to the place of execution usually allotted to slaves, and

there despatched by the hand of Statius, a military tribune. He met his fate with a noble and determined silence, not so much as condescending to tax the executioner with his share in the conspiracy.

The next exploit of Nero was the death of Seneca. Against that eminent man no proof of guilt appeared; but the emperor thirsted for his blood, and what poison had not accomplished, he was determined to finish by the sword. Natalis was the only person who had mentioned his name. The chief head of his accusation was, 'That he himself had been sent on a visit to Seneca, then confined by illness, with instructions to mention to him, that Piso often called at his house, but never could gain admittance, though it was the interest of both to live on terms of mutual friendship.' To this Seneca made answer, 'That private interviews could be of no service to either; but still his happiness was grafted on the safety of Piso.' Granius Silvanus, a tribune of the prætorian guards, was despatched to Seneca, with directions to let him know what was alleged against him, and to inquire whether he admitted the conversation stated by Natalis, with the answers given by himself. Seneca, by design or accident, was that very day on his return from Campania. He stopped at a villa of his own about four miles from Rome. Towards the close of day the tribune arrived, and beset the house with a band of soldiers. Seneca was at supper with his wife Pompeia Paulina, and two of his friends, when Silvanus entered the room, and reported the orders of the emperor.

Seneca did not hesitate to acknowledge that Natalis had been at his house, with a complaint that Piso's visits were not received. His apology, he said, imported no more than want of health, the love of ease, and the necessity of attending to a weak and crazy constitution. 'That he should prefer the interest of a private citizen to his own safety was too absurd to be believed. He had no motives to induce him to pay such a compliment to any man; adulation was no part of his character. This is a truth well known to Nero himself: he can tell you that, on various occasions, he found in Seneca 'a man, who spoke his mind with freedom, and disdained the arts of servile flattery.' Silvanus returned to Rome. He found the prince in company with Poppæa and Tigellinus, who,

as often as cruelty was in agitation, formed the cabinet council. In their presence the messenger reported his answer. Nero asked, 'Does Seneca prepare to end his days by a voluntary death?' 'He showed,' said the tribune, 'no symptom of fear, no token of sorrow, no dejected passion: his words and looks bespoke a mind serene, erect, and firm.' 'Return,' said Nero, 'and tell him he must resolve to die.' Silvanus, according to the account of Fabius Rusticus, chose to go back by a different road. He went through a private way to Fenius Rufus, to advise with that officer, whether he should execute the emperor's orders. Rufus told him that he must obey. Such was the degenerate spirit of the times. A general panic took possession of every mind. This very Silvanus was one of the conspirators, and yet was base enough to be an instrument of the cruelty which he had combined to revenge. He had, however, the decency to avoid the shock of seeing Seneca, and of delivering in person the fatal message. He sent a centurion to perform that office for him.

Seneca heard the message with calm composure. He called for his will, and being deprived of that right of a Roman citizen by the centurion, he turned to his friends, and 'You see,' he said, 'that I am not at liberty to requite your services with the last marks of my esteem. One thing, however, still remains. I leave you the example of my life, the best and most precious legacy now in my power. Cherish it in your memory, and you will gain at once the applause due to virtue, and the fame of a sincere and generous friendship.' All who were present melted into tears. He endeavored to assuage their sorrows; he offered his advice with mild persuasion; he used the tone of authority. 'Where,' he said, 'are the precepts of philosophy, and where the words of wisdom, which for years have taught us to meet the calamities of life with firmness and a well prepared spirit? Was the cruelty of Nero unknown to any of us? He murdered his mother; he destroyed his brother; and, after those deeds of horror, what remains to fill the measure of his guilt but the death of his guardian and his tutor?'

Having delivered himself in these pathetic terms, he directed his attention to his wife. He clasped her in his arms, and in that fond embrace yielded for a while to the tenderness of his nature. Recover-

ing his resolution, he entreated her to appease her grief, and bear in mind that his life was spent in a constant course of honor and of virtue. That consideration would serve to heal affliction, and sweeten all her sorrows. Paulina was still inconsolable. She was determined to die with her husband; she invoked the aid of the executioners, and begged to end her wretched being. Seneca saw that she was animated by the love of glory, and that generous principle he thought ought not to be restrained. The idea of leaving a beloved object exposed to the insults of the world and the malice of her enemies pierced him to the quick. 'It has been my care,' he said, 'to instruct you in that best philosophy, the art of mitigating the ills of life; but you prefer an honorable death. I will not envy you the vast renown that must attend your fall. Since you will have it so, we will die together. We will leave behind us an example of equal constancy; but the glory will be all your own.'

These words were no sooner uttered, than the veins of both their arms were opened. At Seneca's time of life the blood was slow and languid. The decay of nature and the impoverishing diet to which he had used himself left him in a feeble condition. He ordered the vessels of his legs and joints to be punctured. After that operation, he began to labor with excruciating pains. Lest his sufferings should overpower the constancy of his wife, or the sight of her afflictions prove too much for his own sensibility, he persuaded her to retire into another room. His eloquence still continued to flow with its usual purity. He called for his secretaries, and dictated, while life was ebbing away, that farewell discourse, which has been published, and is in everybody's hands. I will not injure his last words by giving the substance in another form.

Nero had conceived no antipathy to Paulina. If she perished with her husband, he began to dread the public execration. That he might not multiply the horrors of his present cruelty, he sent orders to exempt Paulina from the stroke of death. The slaves and freedmen, by the direction of the soldiers, bound up her arm, and stopped the effusion of blood. This, it is said, was done without her knowledge, as she lay in a state of languor. The fact, however, cannot be known with certainty. Vul-

gar malignity, which is ever ready to detract from exalted virtue, spread a report, that, as long as she had reason to think that the rage of Nero was implacable, she had the ambition to share the glory of her husband's fate; but a milder prospect being unexpectedly presented, the charms of life gained admission to her heart and triumphed over her constancy. She lived a few years longer, in fond regret, to the end of her days, revering the memory of her husband. The weakness of her whole frame, and the sickly languor of her countenance, plainly showed that she had been reduced to the last extremity.

Seneca lingered in pain. The approach of death was slow, and he wished for his dissolution. Fatigued with pain, worn out and exhausted, he requested his friend, Statius Annæus, whose fidelity and medical skill he had often experienced, to administer a draught of that swift-speeding poison, usually given at Athens to the criminals adjudged to death. He swallowed the potion, but without any immediate effect. His limbs were chilled: the vessels of his body were closed, and the ingredients, though keen and subtle, could not arrest the principles of life. He desired to be placed in a warm bath. Being conveyed according to his desire, he sprinkled his slaves with the water, and 'Thus,' he said, 'I MAKE LIBATION TO JUPITER THE DELIVERER.' The vapor soon overpowered him, and he breathed his last. His body, without any funeral pomp, was committed to the flames. He had given directions for that purpose in his last will, made at a time when he was in the zenith of power, and even then looked forward to the close of his days.

PETRONIUS ARBITER

With regard to Caius Petronius, his character, his course of life, and the singularity of his manners seem to merit particular attention. He passed his days in sleep, and his nights in business, or in joy and revelry. Indolence was at once his passion, and his road to fame. What others did by vigor and industry, he accomplished by his love of pleasure and luxurious ease. Unlike the men who profess to understand social enjoyment, and ruin their fortunes, he led a life of expense, without profusion; an epicure, yet not a prodigal; addicted to his appetites, but with taste and

judgment; a refined and elegant voluptuary. Gay and airy in his conversation, he charmed by a certain graceful negligence, the more engaging as it flowed from the natural frankness of his disposition. With all this delicacy and careless ease, he showed, when he was governor of Bithynia, and, afterwards, in the year of his consulship, that vigor of mind and softness of manners may well unite in the same person. With his love of sensuality he possessed talents for business. From his public station he returned to his usual gratifications, fond of vice, or of pleasures that bordered upon it. His gaiety recommended him to the notice of the prince. Being in favor at court, and cherished as the companion of Nero in all his select parties, he was allowed to be the arbiter of taste and elegance. Without the sanction of Petronius nothing was exquisite, nothing rare or delicious.

THE HISTORIES

THE ABDICATION OF VITELLUS

In that vast multitude, no man was so insensible of the events and sudden revolutions of human life, as not to be touched by the misery of the scene before him. They saw an emperor, but a little before master of the Roman world, abandoning his palace, and, in the midst of a vast crowd of citizens assembled round him, proceeding through the streets of Rome to abdicate the imperial dignity. No eye had seen a spectacle so truly affecting; no ear had heard of so dismal a catastrophe. Cæsar, the dictator, fell by sudden violence; Caligula perished by a dark conspiracy; Nero fled through devious paths, while the shades of night concealed his disgrace; Piso and Galba may be said to have died in battle. Vitellius, before an assembly of the people called by himself, in the midst of his own soldiers, and in the presence of a concourse of women, who beheld the sad reverse of fortune, by his own act deposed himself. In a short but pathetic speech, he declared his voluntary abdication. 'I retire,' he said, 'for the sake of peace and the good of the commonwealth; retain me still in your memory, and view with an eye of pity the misfortunes of my brother, my wife and infant children. I ask no more.' He raised

his son in his arms, and showed him to the people; he turned to individuals; he implored the compassion of all. A gush of tears suppressed his voice: in that distress, taking his sword from his side, and addressing himself to Cæcilius Simplex, the consul, who stood near him, he offered to deliver it into his hands, as the symbol of authority over the lives of the Roman citizens. The consul refused to accept it, and the people, with violent uproar, opposed his resignation. Vitellius left the place. His intention was to lay down all the ensigns of sovereignty in the temple of Concord, and seek an humble retreat in his brother's house. This again met with a strong opposition from the populace. The general cry was that the house of a private citizen was not a proper mansion: all insisted on his returning to the palace. The crowd obstructed the streets, and no pass was left open, except that called the *Sacred Way*. In confusion, distracted, and left without advice, Vitellius returned to the palace.

CIVIL WAR IN ROME

The abdication of the prince was soon known throughout the city. Upon the first intelligence, Flavius Sabinus sent orders in writing to the tribunes of the cohorts, commanding them to restrain the violent spirit of the soldiers. The leading members of the senate, as if the whole power of the state was falling at once into the hands of Vespasian, went in a body to the house of Sabinus. A numerous band of the equestrian order, with the city soldiers and the night watch, followed the example of the fathers. They were there informed of the zeal of the people for Vitellius, and the menaces thrown out by the German cohorts. Sabinus was too far advanced to think of a retreat. Individuals trembled for themselves: if they dispersed, the Vitellians might seize the opportunity to lay a scene of blood. To prevent that terrible disaster, they urged Sabinus to take up arms, and show himself in force to the people. But, as often happens in pressing exigencies, all were ready to advise, and few to share the danger. Sabinus went forth at the head of a band of soldiers. Near the Fundane lake, a bold and resolute party of the Vitellians advanced against him. A skirmish ensued. The Vitellians had the advantage. Sabinus retreated to

the fort of the capitol, and in that stronghold shut himself up with his soldiers, and a small party of senators and Roman knights. A list of their names cannot be given with any precision, as numbers afterwards, in the reign of Vespasian, assumed a share of merit in that transaction. There were even women who dared to defy the danger of a siege. Among these the most distinguished was Verulana Gracilia, a woman of high spirit, who had neither children nor relations to attract her, but acted entirely on the impulse of her own intrepid genius. The Vitellians invested the citadel, but guarded the passes with so much negligence, that Sabinus, in the dead of night, was able to receive into the place his own children, and Domitian, his brother's son. At the same time, he sent despatches to the victorious army, to inform the chiefs of his situation, and the necessity of immediate relief. The besiegers attempted nothing during the night. Had Sabinus taken advantage of their inactivity, he might have made his escape through the passes neglected by a ferocious enemy, bold and resolute, but scorning all regular discipline and impatient of fatigue. It happened, besides, that a storm of rain fell with all the violence of the winter season. During the tempest, the men could neither see nor hear one another.

At the dawn of day, before hostilities commenced, Sabinus despatched Cornelius Martialis, a principal centurion, with instructions to represent to Vitellius the treachery of his conduct in open violation of a solemn treaty. . . . Vitellius listened to this remonstrance with visible marks of fear. He endeavored in few words to clear his own conduct, imputing the whole mischief to the soldiers, whose intemperate zeal was no longer subject to his authority. He advised Martialis to depart through a private part of the house, lest the soldiers in their fury should destroy the negotiator of a peace which they abhorred. He himself remained in his palace, unable to command or to prohibit any measure whatever; a mere phantom of power, no longer emperor, but still the cause of civil dissension.

THE BURNING OF THE CAPITOL

Martialis had no sooner entered the capitol, than the Vitellian soldiers appeared before it; no chief to lead them on; all

rushing forward with impetuous fury, and every man his own commanding officer. Having passed the forum, and the temples that surround it, they marched up the hill that fronts the capitol, and, after halting there to form their ranks, advanced in regular order to the gates of the citadel. On the right side of the ascent, a range of porticos had been built in ancient times. From the top of those edifices the besieged 10 annoyed the enemy with stones and tiles. The assailants had no weapons but their swords. To wait for warlike engines seemed a tedious delay to men impatient for the assault. They threw flaming 15 torches into the portico nearest at hand; and, seeing the destruction made by the devouring flames, were ready to force their way through the gate, if Sabinus had not thrown into a heap all the statues that 20 adorned the place, and, with those venerable monuments of antiquity, blocked up the passage. The Vitellians pushed on the assault in two different quarters; one near the grove of the asylum, and the other near 25 the hundred steps of the Tarpeian rock. Both attacks were unforeseen. Near the asylum grove the affair grew serious. On that side of the hill, the houses which had been built during a long peace, were raised 30 as high as the foundation of the capitol. The besiegers climbed to the top of those buildings, in spite of every effort to stop their progress. The roofs were immediately set on fire, but whether by the besieged, or the besiegers, is uncertain. The current opinion ascribed it to the former. The flame soon reached the contiguous porticos, and, in a short time, spread to the eagles (a set of pillars so called) that 40 supported the buildings. The wood, being old and dry, was so much fuel to increase the fire. In the conflagration that followed, the capitol, with all its gates shut, and neither stormed by the enemy, nor defended 45 by Sabinus, was burned to the ground.

From the foundation of the city to that hour, the Roman people had felt no calamity so deplorable, no disgrace so humiliating. Without the shock of a foreign enemy, and, if we except the vices of the age, without any particular cause to draw down the wrath of heaven, the temple of Jupiter, supreme of gods; a temple built 55 in ancient times, with solemn rites and religious auspices, the pledge of future grandeur; which neither Porsena, when

Rome surrendered to his arms, nor the Gauls, when they took the city by storm, had dared to violate; that sacred edifice was now demolished by the rage of men 5 contending for a master to reign over them. The capitol, it is true, was once before destroyed by fire during the violence of a civil war; but the guilt was then confined to the treachery of a few incendiaries, the madness of evil-minded men. In the present juncture it was besieged with open hostility, and in the face of day involved in flames. And what adequate motive? 10 what object in view to atone for so wild a frenzy? Was the sword drawn in the cause of public liberty?

Tarquinius Priscus, during the war which he waged against the Sabines, bound himself by a vow to build that sacred structure. He afterwards laid the foundation, on a plan suggested by his own vast idea of the rising grandeur of the empire, but inconsistent with the circumstances of an infant state. Servius Tullius, assisted 25 by the zeal of the allies of Rome, went on with the work, and after him Tarquin the Proud, with the spoils of Suessa Pometia, added to the magnificence of the building. But the glory of completing the design was reserved for the era of liberty, when kings were deposed and banished for ever. It was under the republic that Horatius Pulvillus, in his second consulship, performed the ceremony of dedicating the temple, at 30 that time finished with so much grandeur, that the wealth of after ages could do no more than grace it with new embellishments: to its magnificence nothing could be added. Four hundred and fifteen years 40 afterwards, in the consulship of Lucius Scipio and Caius Norbanus, it was burnt to the ground, and again rebuilt on the old foundation. Sulla, who in that juncture had triumphed over all opposition to his arms, undertook the care of the building: 45 the glory of dedicating it would have crowned his felicity; but that honor was reserved for Lutatius Catulus, whose name, amidst so many noble monuments of the Cæsars, remained in legible characters till the days of Vitellius. Such was the sacred building, which the madness of the times reduced to ashes.

VESPASIAN'S MARCH ON ROME

Antonius, in the meantime, called an assembly of the soldiers, and, in a soothing

speech, endeavored to infuse into their minds a spirit of moderation. He advised them to encamp at the Milvian bridge, and not to think of entering Rome till the next day. An enraged soldiery, forcing their way sword in hand, he had reason to fear, would rush on with impetuous fury, and give no quarter to the people or the senate. Even the temples and altars of the gods might fall in one promiscuous ruin. But the impatience of the army was not to be restrained. Eager for victory, they thought themselves ruined by delay. A display of colors and ensigns was seen glittering on the hills, followed, indeed, by an undisciplined rabble; but the appearance announced the preparations of an enemy. The conquerors advanced in three divisions; the first from their station on the Flaminian road; the second marched along the banks of the Tiber; and the third, towards the gate Collina, by the Salarian way. On the first onset the mob was put to flight by the cavalry. The Vitellian soldiers ranged themselves in three columns. The entrance of the city was obstinately disputed. Several sharp engagements followed before the walls, with various success, but for the most part favorable to Vespasian's men, supported as they were by able officers. A party wheeled round to the left side of the city, towards the Sallustian gardens, and, being engaged in slippery and narrow passes, were roughly handled. The Vitellians had taken possession of the gardens, and, from the tops of the walls, were able, with stones and spears, to annoy the troops beneath them. The advantage was on their side, till, towards the close of day, a party of Vespasian's cavalry forced their way through the Collinian gate, and fell upon the enemy in the rear. A battle was also fought in the field of Mars. The good fortune that hitherto attended Vespasian's cause, gave him a decided victory. The Vitellians fought with obstinacy to the last. Despair lent them courage. Though dispersed and routed, they rallied within the walls of the city, and once more returned to the charge.

The people flocked in crowds to behold the conflict, as if a scene of carnage were no more than a public spectacle exhibited for their amusement. Whenever they saw the advantage inclining to either side, they favored the combatants with shouts, and theatrical applause. If the men fled from

their ranks, to take shelter in shops or houses, they roared to have them dragged forth, and put to death like gladiators for their diversion. While the soldiers were intent on slaughter, these miscreants were employed in plundering. The greatest part of the booty fell to their share. Rome presented a scene truly shocking, a medley of savage slaughter and monstrous vice; in one place war and desolation; in another, bathing, riot, and debauchery. Heaps of slain lay weltering in the streets, and blood flowed in torrents, while harlots and abandoned women wandered about with lascivious impudence. Whatever the libidinous passions can inspire in the hour of peace was intermixed with all the horrors of war, of slaughter, and destruction. The whole city seemed to be inflamed with frantic rage, and, at the same time, intoxicated with bacchanalian pleasures. Before this period, Rome had seen enraged armies within her walls; twice under Sulla, and once after the victory obtained by Cinna. Upon those occasions the same barbarity was committed; but the unnatural security and inhuman indifference that now prevailed were beyond all example. In the midst of rage and massacre, pleasure knew no intermission. A dreadful carnage seemed to be a spectacle added to the public games. The populace enjoyed the havoc; they exulted in the midst of devastation; and, without any regard for the contending parties, triumphed over the miseries of their country.

Vespasian's party had now conquered everything but the camp. That difficult and arduous task still remained. The bravest of the Vitellians were still in possession. They considered it as their last resort, and were therefore determined to make a vigorous stand. The conquering troops advanced with determined fury to the attack, and the old prætorian cohorts with inflamed resentment. Whatever the military art had invented against places of the greatest strength was employed by the assailants. They advanced under the shell; they threw up mounds; they discharged missive weapons and flaming torches; all declaring aloud, 'that one glorious effort would put an end to their toil and danger. To the senate and people of Rome they had restored their city, and to the gods their altars and their temples. It now remained to gain possession of the camp, the soldier's post of honor, his coun-

try, and the seat of his household gods. They must either carry the intrenchments by assault, or pass the night under arms.' The spirit of the Vitellians was broken, but not subdued. To sell the victory at the dearest rate, and delay the return of peace, was the effort of expiring rage; and to stain the houses and altars with an effusion of blood, was the last consolation of despair. The towers and ramparts were covered with heaps of slain. The gates of the camp were forced. The few that still survived had the courage to maintain their post. They fell under honorable wounds, prodigal of life, and to the last tenacious of their glory.

THE DEATH OF VITELLIUS

Vitellius, seeing the city conquered, went in a litter, by a private way at the back of the palace, to his wife's house on Mount Aventine, with intent, if he could lie concealed during the rest of the day, to fly for refuge to his brother and the cohorts under his command at Tarracina. His natural irresolution returned upon him. He dreaded everything, and, with the usual distraction of fear, what was present alarmed him most. He returned to his palace, and found it a melancholy desert. His slaves had made their escape, or shunned the presence of their master. Silence added to the terror of the scene. He opened the doors of his apartments, and stood aghast at the dreary solitude. All was desolation round him. He wandered from room to room, till his heart sunk within him. Weary, at length, of his wretched condition, he chose a disgraceful lurking-place, and there lay hid with abject fear, till Julius Placidus, the tribune of a cohort, dragged him forth. With his hands bound behind him, and his garment torn, he was conducted, a wretched spectacle, through crowds insulting his distress, and not a friend to pity his misfortunes. A catastrophe so mean and despicable moved no passion but contempt. A German sol-

dier, either in wrath, or to end his misery, struck at him with his sabre, and, missing his aim, cut off the ear of a tribune. Whether his design was against that officer cannot now be known. For his attempt he perished on the spot. Vitellius was dragged along amidst the scoffs and insults of the rabble. With swords pointed at his throat, they forced him to raise his head and expose his countenance to scorn and derision; they made him look at his statues tumbling to the ground; they pointed to the place of public harangues, and showed him the spot where Galba perished. In this manner they hurried him to the charnel, where the body of Flavius Sabinus had been thrown amongst the vilest malefactors. An expression fell from him, in the last extremity, that bespoke a mind not utterly destitute of sentiment. A tribune insulted him in his misery; 'and yet,' said Vitellius, 'I have been your sovereign.' He died soon after under repeated wounds. The populace, who had worshipped him in the zenith of his power, continued, after his death, with the same depravity, to treat his remains with every mark of scorn and insolence.

He was the son, as already mentioned, of Lucius Vitellius, and had completed the fifty-seventh year of his age. He rose to the consulship, to pontifical dignities, and a name and rank amongst the most eminent citizens, without industry or personal merit. The splendid reputation of the father laid open the road to honors for the son. The men who raised him to the imperial dignity did not so much as know him. By his vices, and luxurious ease, he gained an ascendant over the affections of the army, to a degree rarely attained by the virtue of the ablest generals. Simplicity, frankness, and generosity must not be denied to him; but those qualities, when not under the curb of discretion, are always equivocal, and often ruinous. He endeavored to conciliate friendships, not by his virtues, but by boundless liberality, and no wonder if he missed his aim: he deserved friends, but never had them.

GAIUS PLINIUS CÆCILIUS SECUNDUS (A.D. 62-113)

Seventeen at his uncle's death in the eruption of Vesuvius, during which he himself spent part of the time in studying Livy, Pliny the Younger became his heir. At eighteen he was an advocate and entered on a career which included success in the courts, the prætorship in 93, the consulship in 100, and the governorship of Bithynia in about 112. His ambition as orator and writer was to attain to the qualities of Cicero. Of his speeches, only a lengthy and unattractive panegyric of Trajan is extant. His real monument is ten books of letters, written with literary purpose and with the thought of publication, discussing a wide variety of topics relating to the ordinary life of the respectable class of Romans, like their author, who constituted the reality of the times: books, hunting, trials, country life, ghosts, premonitions, temple repairs, the shows, meetings with Tacitus, Martial, Suetonius, or other friends, his wife's health and her devotion to him, the death of a friend's daughter, his benefactions to education in his birthplace, Como, his new villas on the lake of Como. Besides these subjects, there are the greater ones of Vesuvius and the treatment of the Christians in Bithynia. The reading of Pliny's letters is a valuable corrective after the reading of satire and history, so big with the abuses of the time. It is a pleasant corrective because of their author's good nature and because of his engaging stylistic artifices.

The translations here used are by Melmoth, those in books I to VI revised by Hutchinson, and used with the consent of the Loeb Classical Library, and the remainder revised by Bosanquet, in the Bohn Library.

A DAY OF SPORT

Certainly you will laugh (and laugh you may) when I tell you that your old acquaintance is turned sportsman, and has taken three noble boars. What! (methinks I hear you say with astonishment) Pliny! —*Even he*. However, I indulged at the same time my beloved inactivity, and whilst I sat at my nets, you would have found 10 me, not with spear and dart, but pen and tablets by my side. I mused and wrote, being resolved if I returned with my hands empty, at least to come home with my pocket-book full. Believe me, this manner of studying is not to be despised; you cannot conceive how greatly exercise contributes to enliven the imagination. Besides the sylvan solitude with which one is surrounded, and the very silence which is 20 observed on these occasions, strongly incline the mind to meditation. For the future therefore let me advise you, whenever you hunt, to take along with you your tablets, as well as your basket and bottle: 25 for be assured you will find Minerva as fond of roaming the hills as Diana. Farewell.

THE ELDER PLINY'S HABITS

It is with much pleasure I find you are so constant a reader of my uncle's 5 works, as to wish to have a complete collection of them; and for that purpose desire me to send you an account of all the treatises he wrote. I will fill the place of an index and even acquaint you with the order in which they were composed: for that, too, is a sort of information not at all unacceptable to men of letters.

The first book he published was a treatise 15 concerning the *Art of using a javelin on horseback*: this he wrote when he commanded a troop of horse, and it is drawn up with equal accuracy and judgment. *The life of Pomponius Secundus*, in two volumes: Pomponius had a very great affection for him, and he thought he owed this tribute to his memory. *The history of the wars in Germany*, in twenty books, in which he gave an account of all the campaigns we were engaged in against that nation. A dream which he had when he served in the army in Germany, first suggested to him the design of this work.

The phantom of Drusus Nero (who extended his conquests very far into that country, and there lost his life) appeared to him in his sleep, and conjured him not to suffer his memory to be buried in oblivion. He has left us likewise *The Students*, in three books, divided into six volumes, owing to their length. In this work he takes the orator from his cradle, and leads him on till he has carried him up to the highest point of perfection in this art. In the last years of Nero's reign, when the tyranny of the times made it dangerous to engage in studies of a more free and elevated spirit, he published *Linguistic Queries*, in eight books; *A Continuation*, in one book, of the thirty books of Aufidius Bassus' history; and thirty-seven books of a *Natural History*: this is a work of great compass and learning, and as full of variety as nature herself.

You will wonder how a man, so engaged as he was, could find time to compose such a number of books; and some of them, too, upon abstruse subjects. But your surprise will rise still higher, when you hear, that for some time he engaged in the profession of an advocate, that he died in his fifty-sixth year, that from the time of his quitting the bar to his death he was engaged and trammelled by the execution of the highest posts, and by the friendship of his sovereigns. But he had a quick apprehension, incredible zeal, and a wakefulness beyond compare. He always began to work at midnight when the August festival of Vulcan came round; not for the good omen's sake, but for the sake of study; in winter generally at one in the morning, but never later than two, and often at midnight. No man ever slept more readily, insomuch that he would sometimes, without retiring from his book, take a short sleep, and then pursue his studies.

Before daybreak he used to wait upon Vespasian; who likewise chose that season to transact business. When he had finished the affairs which that emperor committed to his charge, he returned home again to his studies. After a short and light repast at noon (agreeably to the good old custom of our ancestors) he would frequently in the summer, if he was disengaged from business, repose himself in the sun; during which time some author was read to him, from whence he made extracts and observations, as indeed this was his constant method whatever book he read: for it was

a maxim of his, that 'no book was so bad but some profit might be gleaned from it.' When this basking was over, he generally went into the cold bath, and as soon as he came out of it, just took a slight refreshment, and then reposed himself for a little while. Then, as if it had been a new day, he immediately resumed his studies till dinner-time, when a book was again read to him, upon which he would make some running notes. I remember once, his reader having pronounced a word wrong, somebody at the table made him repeat it again; upon which my uncle asked his friend if he understood it. Who acknowledging that he did; 'why then,' said he, 'would you make him go back again? We have lost by this interruption of yours above ten lines:' so chary was this great man of time! In summer he always rose from supper by daylight; and in winter as soon as it was dark: and this was a sort of binding law with him.

Such was his manner of life amidst the noise and hurry of the town; but in the country his whole time was devoted to study without intermission, excepting only while he bathed. But in this exception I include no more than the time he was actually in the bath; for all the while he was rubbed and wiped, he was employed either in hearing some book read to him, or in dictating himself. In his journeys, as though released from all other cares, he found leisure for this sole pursuit. A shorthand writer, with book and tablets, constantly attended him in his chariot, who, in the winter, wore a particular sort of warm gloves, that the sharpness of the weather might not occasion any interruption to his studies; and for the same reason my uncle always used a sedan chair in Rome. I remember he once reproved me for walking; 'You might,' said he, 'not have lost those hours:' for he thought all was time lost that was not given to study. By this extraordinary application he found time to write so many volumes, besides one hundred and sixty which he left me, consisting of a kind of commonplace, written on both sides, in a very small character; so that one might fairly reckon the number considerably more. I have heard him say that when he was comptroller of the revenue in Spain, Larcus Licinus offered him four hundred thousand sesterces for these manuscripts: and yet they were not then quite so numerous.

When you reflect upon the books he has read, and the volumes he has written, are you not inclined to suppose that he never was an official or a courtier? On the other hand, when you are informed how painstaking he was in his studies, are you not disposed to think that he read and wrote too little? For, on one side, what obstacles would not the business of a court throw in his way? And on the other, what is it 10 that such intense application might not perform? I cannot but smile therefore when I hear myself called a studious man, who in comparison to him am a mere loiterer. But why do I mention myself, who am diverted 15 from these pursuits by numberless duties both public and private? Where is he, among those whose whole lives are spent in study, who must not blush under the consciousness of being but a sluggard and a 20 dreamer, compared with this great scholar?

I have run out my letter, I perceive, beyond the extent I at first designed, which was only to inform you, as you desired, what treatises he has left behind him. But 25 I trust this will not be less acceptable to you than the books themselves, as it may possibly not only raise your curiosity to read his works, but your emulation to copy his example by some attempts of the same 30 nature. Farewell.

THE DEATH OF MARTIAL

I have just heard of the death of poor 35 Martial, which much concerns me. He was a man of an acute and lively genius, and his writings abound in both wit and satire, combined with equal candor. When he left Rome I complimented him by a present to 40 defray the charges of his journey, not only as a testimony of my friendship, but in return for the little poem which he had written about me. It was the custom of the ancients to distinguish those poets with 45 honors or pecuniary rewards, who had celebrated particular persons or cities in their verses; but this practice, with every other that is fair and noble, is now grown out of fashion; and in consequence of having 50 ceased to act laudably, we consider applause as an impertinent and worthless tribute. You will be desirous, perhaps, to see the verses which merited this acknowledgment from me; and I believe I can, 55 from my memory, partly satisfy your curiosity, without referring you to his works: but if you are pleased with this specimen

of them, you must turn to his poems for the rest. He addresses himself to his Muse, whom he directs to seek my house upon the Esquiline, and to approach me 5 with respect:

'Go, wanton Muse, but go with care,
Nor meet, ill-tim'd, my Pliny's ear.
He, by sage Minerva taught,
Gives the day to studious thought,
And plans that eloquence divine,
Which shall to future ages shine,
And rival, wond'rous Tully! thine.
Then, cautious, watch the vacant hour,
When Bacchus reigns in all his power!
When crown'd with rosy chaplets gay,
E'en rigid Catos read my lay.'

Do you not think that the poet who wrote in such terms of me, deserved some friendly marks of my bounty *then*, and that he merits my sorrow *now*? For he gave me the most he could, and it was want of power only, if his present was not more valuable. But to say truth, what higher can be conferred on man than fame, and applause, and immortality? And though it should be granted, that his poems will not be immortal, still, no doubt, he composed them upon the contrary supposition. Farewell.

A SAD EVENT

I write this to you under the utmost oppression of sorrow: the younger daughter of our friend Fundanus is dead! Never surely was there a more agreeable or amiable young person, or one who better 10 deserved to have enjoyed a long, I had almost said, an immortal life! She was scarce thirteen, and already had all the wisdom of age and sedateness of a matron, though joined with youthful sweetness and 15 virgin modesty. With what an engaging fondness would she hang upon her father! How affectionately and respectfully embrace us who were his friends! How warm her regard for the nurses, conductors to 20 school, and teachers, who, in their respective offices, had the care and education of her! How studious, how intelligent, at her book, how sparingly and discreetly she indulged in play! With what forbearance, 25 patience, nay courage, did she endure her last illness! She complied with all the directions of her physicians; she encouraged her sister and her father; and when

all her strength of body was exhausted, supported herself by the single vigor of her mind. *That*, indeed, continued even to her last moments, unbroken by the pain of a long illness, or the terrors of approaching death; and it is a reflection which makes the loss of her so much the more to be lamented.

O truly hard and bitter doom! And more cruel than death itself, to die at that particular conjuncture! She was contracted to a most worthy youth; the wedding day was fixed, and we were all invited. How sad a change from the highest joy, to the deepest sorrow! How shall I express the wound that pierced my heart, when I heard Fundanus himself (as grief is ever fertile in painful inventions) ordering the money he was to have laid out upon clothes, pearls, and jewels for her marriage, to be expended on myrrh and spices for her funeral? He is, indeed, a man of great learning and good sense, having applied himself from his earliest youth to the nobler arts and studies; but all those maxims which he has heard from others, and often inculcated himself, he now contemns, and every other virtue gives place to his absorbing parental devotion. You will excuse, you will even approve him, when you consider what he has lost. He has lost a daughter who resembled him as closely in manners as in person, and exactly copied out all her father.

If you shall think proper to write him upon the subject of so reasonable a grief, let me remind you not to use the rougher arguments of consolation, and such as seem to carry a sort of reproof with them, but those of kind and sympathizing humanity. Time will render him more open to such consolations: for as a fresh wound shrinks back from the hand of the surgeon, but by degrees submits to, and even craves for, the means of its cure, so a mind under the first impressions of a misfortune shuns and rejects all consoling reflections, but at length, if applied with tenderness, calmly and willingly acquiesces in them. Farewell.

TO CALPURNIA, HIS WIFE

I never complained more of my business than when it prevented me not only from escorting you on your journey, but following you at once, when ill health took

you into Campania. For at this time especially I wished to be with you, so as to see for myself what improvement there is in your strength and that dear little person of yours, and whether the amusements of that retreat, and the plenty of that district agree with you. Were you in sound health, yet I could not feel easy in your absence; for there is harassing suspense in being every now and then wholly ignorant of what is happening to a most dearly loved one; but now our sickness conspires with your absence to affright me with a thousand vague disquietudes. I fear and imagine every possible calamity and, as is the way of frightened people, my fancy paints most vividly just those that I most earnestly implore Heaven to avert. Let me conjure you then to pay regard to my anxiety by writing to me every day, and even twice a day. I shall be more easy, at least while I am reading your letters; and all my fears will return the moment I have perused them. Farewell.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS

Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's end, so that you may transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for if his death shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am aware, will be rendered forever deathless. For notwithstanding he perished, as did whole peoples and cities, in the destruction of a most beautiful region, and by a misfortune memorable enough to promise him a kind of immortality; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works; yet I am persuaded the mentioning of him in your immortal writings, will greatly contribute to eternize his name. Happy I esteem those, whom Providence has gifted with the ability either to do things worthy of being written, or to write in a manner worthy of being read; but most happy they, who are blessed with both talents: in which latter class my uncle will be placed both by his own writings and by yours. The more willingly do I undertake, nay, solicit, the task you set me.

He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud of very unusual size and appearance. He had

sunned himself, then taken a cold bath, and after a leisurely luncheon was engaged in study. He immediately called for his shoes and went up an eminence from whence he might best view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to be Vesuvius. I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure, than by resembling it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into several branches; because I imagine, a momentary gust of air blew it aloft, and then failing, forsook it; thus causing the cloud to expand laterally as it dissolved, or possibly the downward pressure of its own weight produced this effect. It was at one moment white, at another dark and spotted, as if it had carried up earth or cinders.

My uncle, true savant that he was, deemed the phenomenon important and worth a nearer view. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I replied I would rather study; and, as it happened, he had himself given me a theme for composition. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger (his villa stood just below us, and there was no way to escape but by sea); she earnestly entreated him to save her from such deadly peril. He changed his first design and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an heroic turn of mind. He ordered large galleys to be launched, and went himself on board one, with the intention of assisting not only Rectina, but many others; for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. Hastening to the place from whence others were flying, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with such freedom from fear, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the successive motions and figures of that terrific object.

And now cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, then pumice-stones too, with stones blackened, scorched, and cracked by fire, then the sea ebbed suddenly from under them, while the shore was blocked up by landslips from the mountains. After considering a moment whether he should retreat, he said to the captain who was

urging that course, 'Fortune befriends the brave; carry me to Pomponianus.' Pomponianus was then at Stabiae, distant by half the width of the bay (for, as you know, the shore, insensibly curving in its sweep, forms here a receptacle for the sea). He had already embarked his baggage; for though at Stabiae the danger was not yet near, it was full in view, and certain to be extremely near, as soon as it spread; and he resolved to fly as soon as the contrary wind should cease. It was full favorable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus. He embraces, comforts, and encourages his alarmed friend and in order to soothe the other's fears by his own unconcern, desires to be conducted to a bathroom; and after having bathed, he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it.

In the meanwhile Mount Vesuvius was blazing in several places with spreading and towering flames, whose refulgent brightness the darkness of the night set in high relief. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions, kept saying that some fires had been left alight by the terrified country people, and what they saw were only deserted villas on fire in the abandoned district. After this he retired to rest, and it is most certain that his rest was a most genuine slumber; for his breathing, which, as he was pretty fat, was somewhat heavy and sonorous, was heard by those who attended at his chamber-door. But the court which led to his apartment now lay so deep under a mixture of pumice-stones and ashes, that if he had continued longer in his bedroom, egress would have been impossible. On being aroused, he came out, and returned to Pomponianus and the others, who had sat up all night. They consulted together as to whether they should hold out in the house, or wander about in the open. For the house now tottered under repeated and violent concussions, and seemed to rock to and fro as if torn from its foundations. In the open air, on the other hand, they dreaded the falling pumice-stones, light and porous though they were; yet this, by comparison, seemed the lesser danger of the two; a conclusion which my uncle arrived at by balancing reasons, and the others by balancing fears. They tied pillows upon their heads with napkins; and this was their

whole defense against the showers that fell round them.

It was now day everywhere else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the most obscure night; relieved, however, by many torches and divers illuminations. They thought proper to go down upon the shore to observe from close at hand if they could possibly put out to sea, but they found the waves still run extremely high and contrary. There my uncle having thrown himself down upon a disused sail, repeatedly called for, and drank, a draught of cold water; soon after, flames, and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company in flight; him they only aroused. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his slaves, but instantly fell; some unusually gross vapor, as I conjecture, having obstructed his breathing and blocked his windpipe, which was not only naturally weak and constricted, but chronically inflamed. When day dawned again (the third from that he last beheld) his body was found entire and uninjured, and still fully clothed as in life; its posture was that of a sleeping, rather than a dead man.

Meanwhile, my mother and I were at Misenum. But this has no connection with history, and your inquiry went no farther than concerning my uncle's death. I will therefore put an end to my letter. Suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eye-witness of myself, or heard at the time, when report speaks most truly. You will select what is most suitable to your purpose! for there is a great difference between a letter, and an history; between writing to a friend, and writing for the public. Farewell.

TO CALPURNIA

You will not believe what a longing for you possesses me. The chief cause of this is my love; and then we have not grown used to be apart. So it comes to pass that I lie awake a great part of the night, thinking of you; and that by day, when the hours return at which I was wont to visit you, my feet take me, as it is so truly said, to your chamber; but not finding you there, I return, sick and sad at heart, like an excluded lover. The only time that is free from these torments is when I am

being worn out at the bar, and in the suits of my friends. Judge you what must be my life when I find my repose in toil, my solace in wretchedness and anxiety. Farewell.

THE TIBER IN FLOOD

Is the weather with you as rude and boisterous as it is with us? All here is tempest and inundation. The Tiber has swelled its channel, and overflowed its banks far and wide. Though the wise precaution of the emperor had guarded against this evil, by cutting several outlets to the river, it has nevertheless flooded all the fields and valleys, and entirely overspread the whole face of the flat country. It seems to have gone out to meet those rivers which it used to receive and carry off in one united stream, and has driven them back to deluge those countries it could not reach itself. That most delightful of rivers, the Anio, which seems invited and detained in its course by the villas built along its banks, has almost entirely rooted up and carried away the woods which shaded its borders. It has overthrown whole mountains, and, in endeavoring to find a passage through the mass of ruins that obstructed its way, has forced down houses, and risen and spread over the desolation it has occasioned. The inhabitants of the hill countries, who are situated above the reach of this inundation, have been the melancholy spectators of its dreadful effects, having seen costly furniture, instruments of husbandry, plows, and oxen with their drivers, whole herds of cattle, together with the trunks of trees, and beams of the neighboring villas, floating about in different parts. Nor indeed have these higher places themselves, to which the waters could not reach up, escaped the calamity. A continued heavy rain and tempestuous hurricane, as destructive as the river itself, poured down upon them, and has destroyed all the enclosures which divided that fertile country. It has damaged likewise, and even overturned, some of the public buildings, by the fall of which great numbers have been maimed, smothered bruised. And thus lamentation over the fate of friends has been added to losses. I am extremely uneasy lest this extensive ruin should have spread to you: I beg, therefore, if it has not, you will immediately relieve my

anxiety; and indeed I desire you would inform me though it should have done so; for the difference is not great between fearing a danger, and feeling it; except that the evil one feels has some bounds, whereas one's apprehensions have none. For we can suffer no more than what actually *has* happened, but we fear all that possibly *could* happen. Farewell.

VILLAS AT COMO

I am pleased to find by your letter that you are engaged in building; for I may now defend my own conduct by your example. I am myself employed in the same sort of work; and since I have you, who shall deny I have reason on my side? Our situations too are not dissimilar; your buildings are carried on upon the sea-coast, mine are rising upon the side of the Larian lake. I have several villas upon the borders of this lake, but there are two particularly in which, as I take most delight, so they give me most employment. They are both situated like those at Baiæ: one of them stands upon a rock, and overlooks the lake; the other actually touches it. The first, supported as it were by the lofty buskin, I call my *tragic*; the other, as resting upon the humble sock, my *comic* villa. Each has its own peculiar charm, recommending it to its possessor so much more on account of this very difference. The former commands a wider, the latter enjoys a nearer view of the lake. One, by a gentle curve, embraces a little bay; the other, being built upon a greater height, forms two. *Here* you have a straight walk extending itself along the banks of the lake; *there*, a spacious terrace that falls by a gentle descent towards it. The former does not feel the force of the waves; the latter breaks them; from *that* you see the fishing-vessels; from *this* you may fish yourself, and throw your line out of your room, and almost from your bed, as from off a boat. It is the beauties therefore these agreeable villas possess that tempt

me to add to them those which are wanting. But I need not assign a reason to you; who, undoubtedly, will think it a sufficient one that I follow your example. 5 Farewell.

A NEW MEETING-HOUSE

In compliance with the advice of the
10 Aruspices, I intend to enlarge and beautify the temple of Ceres, which stands upon my estate. It is indeed a very ancient fabric, and though extremely small, yet upon a certain stated anniversary is much frequented. On the 13th of September great numbers of people from all the country round assemble there, at which time many affairs are transacted, and many vows paid and offered; but there is no shelter at hand for them either from sun or rain. I think, therefore, I shall perform an act both of piety and munificence if, at the same time that I build a beautiful
25 temple, I add to it a spacious portico; the first for the service of the goddess, the other for the use of the people. I beg therefore you would purchase for me four marble pillars, of whatever kind you shall
30 think proper; as well as a quantity of marble for laying the floor, and encrusting the walls. You must also either buy a statue of the goddess or get one made; for age has maimed, in some parts, the ancient
35 one of wood which stands there at present. With respect to the portico, I do not recollect there being anything you can send me that will be serviceable; unless you will sketch me out a plan suitable to the situation of the place. It is not practicable to build it round the temple, because it is encompassed on one side by the river, whose banks are exceedingly steep; and on the other, by the high-road. Beyond this
45 road lies a very large meadow, in which the portico may be conveniently enough placed, opposite to the temple; unless you, who know so well how to conquer the inconveniences of nature by art, can hit
50 upon some better plan. Farewell.

LUCIUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS (About A.D. 40-104)

Martial was a Spaniard from Bilbilis, came to Rome under Nero at twenty-three, was attached to influential patrons, including Titus and Domitian, published eleven books of epigrams by the year 97, and added a twelfth on his return a few years afterward to Spain, where he ended his days. Books thirteen and fourteen contain couplets to be used with dinner favors and with presents at the Saturnalia, composed before the other twelve books. He wrote also, first of all, the *Book of Spectacles*, epigrams on the events in the dedication program of the Coliseum in 80. The whole collection numbers about 1550, of which three-fourths are in elegiacs, like the verse of Ovid and the Greek epigram.

Martial comes late in the history of epigram, but is practically the founder of it as popularly conceived ever since: that is, as a short, highly concentrated poem with a point that is made to appear suddenly or with a surprise. Compared with the calm, genial, contemplative, tripping genius of the Greek epigram, which is very frequently not satiric, Martial seems at times hard and metallic, but those who like precision and ingenuity, and require of epigram the sting usually associated with it, will agree with Lessing that he is the world's greatest epigrammatist, and understand his appeal to Dryden, Pope, and Johnson. Besides art, his epigrams are a fascinating human document. As he says, his page 'smacks of human life.' To read him in quantity is to sit before a cinematograph of the Flavian era. Provincially reared, with keen understanding, fresh vision, and a responsive pen, he converted innumerable impressions of the arresting realities among which he moved into clear, cameo-like pictures for the amusement and instruction of all time. Their variety is truly astonishing. He flashes before us types of men and women from every sphere, with all the phenomena of an age of *ennui* in an irresponsible capital. He is a satirist not because he is a moralist, for he never scolds and rarely exhibits either indignation or enthusiasm, but because to portray freely and with Spanish truthfulness as he did was in itself to satirize. Of the coarseness which under these conditions is to be expected in his pages, he says, 'My page only is free, my life upright'; and of its varied and uneven quality:

'Good, fair, and bad
May here be had.
That's no surprise.
'Twere vain to look
For any book
That's otherwise.'

—KIRBY SMITH.

TO HIS BOOK

Three hundred epigrams thou mightst contain,
But who, to read so many can sustain?
Hear what in praise of brevity is said:
First, less expense and waste of paper's
made;

The printer's labors, next, do sooner end,
And to more serious works he may attend;
Thirdly, to whomso'er thou shalt be read,
Though naught, not tedious yet thou canst be
said;

Again, in length while thou dost not abound,
Thou mayst be heard while yet the cups go
round:

And when this caution's used, alas! I fear
To many yet thou wilt too long appear.

—ANON.

PROVIDENCE DEMONSTRATED

On Tibur's road to where Alcides towers,
And hoary Anio smoking sulphur pours;
Where laugh the lawns and groves to Muses
dear,

And the fourth stone bespeaks Augusta near,
An antique porch prolonged the summer
shade.—

What a new deed her dotage half essayed!
Reeling, herself she threw with instant crash,
Where Regulus scarce passed in his calash.
Sly Fortune started, for herself aware,
Nor could the overwhelming odium bear.
Thus ruins ravish us, and dangers teach:
Still standing piles could no protection preach.

—ELPHINSTON.

NON AMO TE

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

—TOM BROWN (1663-1704).

CHANGE OF NAME ONLY

An Undertaker now is Brown,
 Doctor no more—
 His work is really still
 What 'twas before.

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

TRY THE LAST ACT

You act the pleader and you act the man
 Of business; acting is your constant plan:
 So prone to act, the coachman's part is tried;
 Lest all parts fail thee, act the suicide.

—L. H. S.

NEAR NEIGHBORS

My neighbor Hunks's house and mine
 Are built so near they almost join;
 The windows, too, project so much,
 That through the casements we may touch.
 Nay, I'm so happy, most men think,
 To live so near a man of chink,
 That they are apt to envy me,
 For keeping such good company:
 But he's as far from me, I vow,
 As London is from good Lord Howe;
 For when old Hunks I chance to meet,
 Or one or both must quit the street;
 Thus he who would not see old Roger,
 Must be his neighbor or his lodger.

—JONATHAN SWIFT.

THE WAY TO POVERTY

When some time since you had not clear
 Above three hundred pounds a year,
 You lived so well, your bounty such,
 Your friends all wished you twice as much.
 Heaven with our wishes soon complied;
 In six months four relations died.
 But you, so far from having more,
 Seem robbed of what you had before:
 A greater miser every day,
 Live in a cursed starving way;
 Scarce entertain us once a year;
 And then not worth a groat the cheer:
 Seven old companions, men of sense,
 Scarce cost you now as many pence.
 What shall we wish you on our part?
 What wish can equal your desert?
 Thousands a year may Heaven grant—
 Then will you starve, and die for want!

—HAY.

COWARDS DIE MANY TIMES

So fast he fled the enemy,
 Dick died for want of breath;
 I ask, is this not madness,
 To die for fear of death?

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

WHERE WATER'S DEAR

There's a sly old fox at Ravenna
 Who cheated me of late:
 When I ordered a whiskey and water,
 He gave me whiskey straight.
 —PAUL NIXON, by permission; from
 A ROMAN WIT.

AN EXPLANATION

Philanis weeps with just one eye;
 Queer, is it not?
 You wish to know the reason why?
 That's all she's got.
 —PAUL NIXON, by permission.

PROCRASTINATION

Tomorrow you will live, you always cry;
 In what far country does this morrow lie,
 That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
 Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
 'Tis so far fetched, this morrow, that I fear
 'Twill be both very old and very dear.
 Tomorrow I will live, the fool does say;
 Today itself's too late: the wise lived yesterday.

—COWLEY.

ROUNDED WITH A SLEEP

Though he bathed with us yesterday, dined
 with us, too,
 And was quite in the pink of condition,
 Ancus died this A. M.—of a dream that he'd
 asked
 Hermocrates to be his physician.
 —PAUL NIXON, by permission.

CAMOUFLAGE

'Tis not a wig, O Phœbus, replaces your lost
 hair,
 But painted locks we see luxuriating there.
 No need for you henceforth of any barber
 shop;
 A sponge is all you need to get the closest
 crop.

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

THE REASON

Why is it I don't send my books,
 Pontilian, to thee?
 Because I fear, Pontilian,
 That thou'lt send thine to me.
 —GRANT SHOWERMAN.

A USE FOR PRESENTS

There is only one way to replenish my coffers.
 I must e'en sell the presents you gave me.
 What offers?
 —MARCUS SOUTHWELL DIMSDALE.

UNION LABOR

By the time the Barber Eurus
 Had circled Lupo's face,
 A second beard had sprouted
 In the first one's place.
 —PAUL NIXON, by permission.

LOVE, HONOR—AND OBEY

My turning down a wealthy match
 You say you think a riddle?
 But I could never be content
 With playing second fiddle.
 The wife's the proper one to yield,
 Her lord to have the say;
 Equality for man and wife
 Can come no other way.
 —GRANT SHOWERMAN.

A MATCH

Since you are curst, and so is he,
 And both as like as like can be,
 I marvel that you don't agree.
 —GRANT SHOWERMAN.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

What have you got against us, you school-
 teaching villain,
 Detested by girls and by boys,

That before crested cocks break the silence,
 Your blows raise that horrible noise?

When a bronze-worker's putting a lawyer on
 horseback
 The blow on the anvil's less loud;
 Milder yells in the great Coliseum
 The victor receives from his crowd.

We next door wish to doze—during some of
 the night hours;
 Entire lack of sleep makes us ill.
 Let 'em out; what they pay you for bawling
 We'll pay if you'll only keep still.
 —PAUL NIXON, by permission.

THE WIFE-POISONER

The seventh wife you've laid to rest now in
 your field:
 I never knew a piece of land with such a
 yield.
 —GRANT SHOWERMAN.

WHAT MAKES A HAPPY LIFE

What makes a happy life, dear friend,
 If thou wouldst briefly learn, attend—
 An income left, not earned by toil;
 Some acres of a kindly soil;
 The pot unfailing on the fire;
 No lawsuits, seldom town attire;
 Health; strength with grace; a peaceful mind;
 Shrewdness with honesty combined;
 Plain living; equal friends and free;
 Evenings of temperate gaiety;
 A wife discreet yet blithe and bright;
 Sound slumber that lends wings to night.
 With all thy heart embrace thy lot,
 Wish not for death, and fear it not.
 —GOLDWIN SMITH.

TEMPERAMENT

In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
 Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
 Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about
 thee,
 There is no living with thee nor without thee.
 —JOSEPH ADDISON.

DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS (About A.D. 60-140)

Juvenal was probably born at Aquinum, south of Rome and not distant from Arpinum, Cicero's home, became a rhetorician at Rome and enjoyed the patronage of wealthy Romans as Martial did, and may have spent some time in Aquinum as mayor and in the provinces as a military officer. He was the contemporary of Martial and Tacitus, and his sixteen satires on the turbulence, extravagance, degeneracy, silliness, vice, and crime of the capital confirm the impression of a careless general society left by Martial and that of unscrupulous and debauched wealth and power left by Tacitus. He is the best known satirist of Rome and a world's type of satirist because in him satire first reached its culmination. The satire of Ennius had been a pleasant miscellany, Lucilius had combined this with a manner of political satire in the interest of his Scipionic patrons, Horace in his satires was more the philosophical and tolerant spectator and essayist than the moral castigator, and Persius was a more deeply concerned but imperfect Horace. Horace 'smilingly told the truth' about the universal follies of mankind as they rise from the false or distorted life of the spirit; Juvenal with face aglow and in thundering tones lays fiercely about him with a bludgeon. He is indeed so sweeping and so declamatory that the effect of his denunciation is a trifle impaired; there is the suggestion of professionalism in him. Yet Juvenal is essentially sincere. A member of the humbler class, come from the simplicity of provincial life, where he had been bred in the ideals of the olden time, to the great capital which had really long been in the course of rapid change in every way, racially, socially, and morally, he saw the new and complex in glaring contrast with the old and simple, and attacked what satirists in similar circumstances usually attack: the newly rich, the degenerate noble, the irresponsible in authority, the new woman, the wastes and immoralities of the patrician, and the disorders and presumptions of the plebeian and foreigner. The reader feels himself in a familiar presence; change the names, as Doctor Johnson did in the third satire, and the satire is on modern times. But Juvenal does not remain in the memory merely as a satirist. He is also a powerful delineator. In no other author does one so vividly see and feel the realities of the great, bustling, teeming, variegated, roaring capital of the ancient world. The translation is by William Gifford.

A FAREWELL TO THE CAPITAL

Grieved though I am to see the man depart,
Who long has shared, and still must share,
my heart,

Yet (when I call my better judgment home)
I praise his purpose; to retire from Rome,
And give, on Cumæ's solitary coast, ⁵
The Sibyl—one inhabitant to boast!

Full on the road to Baiæ, Cumæ lies,
And many a sweet retreat her shore sup-
plies—

Though I prefer ev'n Prochyta's bare strand
To the Subura:—for, what desert land, ¹⁰
What wild, uncultured spot, can more
affright,

Than fires, wide blazing through the gloom of
night,

Houses, with ceaseless ruin, thundering down,
And all the horrors of this hateful town?

Where poets, while the dog-star glows, re-
hearse, ¹⁵

To gasping multitudes, their barbarous verse!

Now had my friend, impatient to depart,
Consigned his little all to one poor cart:

For this, without the town, he chose to wait;

But stopped a moment at the Conduit-gate.—

Here Numa erst his nightly visits paid, ²¹

And held high converse with the Egerian
maid:

Now the once-hallowed fountain, grove, and
fane,

Are let to Jews, a wretched, wandering train,
Whose furniture's a basket filled with hay,—

For every tree is forced a tax to pay; ²⁶

And while the heaven-born Nine in exile rove,
The beggar rents their consecrated grove!

Thence slowly winding down the vale, we
view

The Egerian grots—ah, how unlike the true!

Nymph of the Spring, more honored hadst
thou been, 31

If, free from art, an edge of living green,
Thy bubbling fount had circumscribed alone,
And marble ne'er profaned the native stone.
Umbritius here his sullen silence broke, 35
And turned on Rome, indignant, as he spoke,
Since virtue droops, he cried, without regard,
And honest toil scarce hopes a poor reward;
Since every morrow sees my means decay,
And still makes less the little of today; 40
I go, where Dædalus, as poets sing,
First checked his flight, and closed his weary wing:
While something yet of health and strength
remains,
And yet no staff my faltering step sustains;
While few grey hairs upon my head are
seen, 45
And my old age is vigorous still, and
green. . . .
But why, my friend, should I at Rome remain?
I cannot teach my stubborn lips to feign;
Nor, when I hear a great man's verses, smile,
And beg a copy, if I think them vile. 50
A sublunary wight, I have no skill
To read the stars; I neither can, nor will,
Presage a father's death; I never pried,
In toads, for poison, nor—in aught beside.
Others may aid the adulterer's vile design, 55
And bear the insidious gift, and melting line,
Seduction's agents! I such deeds detest;
And, honest, let no thief partake my breast.
For this, without a friend, the world I quit;
A palsied limb, for every use unfit. 60
Who now is loved, but he whose conscious
breast
Swells with dark deeds, still, still to be sup-
prest?
He pays, he owes, thee nothing, (strictly
just,)
Who gives an honest secret to thy trust;
But, a dishonest!—there, he feels thy power,
And buys thy friendship high from hour to
hour. 66
But let not all the wealth which Tagus pours
In Ocean's lap, not all his glittering stores,
Be deemed a bribe, sufficient to requite
The loss of peace by day, of sleep by night:—
O take not, take not, what thy soul rejects, 71
Nor sell the faith, which he, who buys, sus-
pects!
The nation, by the great, admired, carest,
And hated, shunned by me, above the rest,
No longer, now, restrained by wounded
pride, 75

I haste to show, (nor thou my warmth de-
ride,)
I cannot rule my spleen, and calmly see,
A Grecian capital, in Italy!
Grecian? O, no! with this vast sewer com-
pared,
The dregs of Greece are scarcely worth
regard: 80
Long since, the stream that wanton Syria
laves
Has disemboved its filth in Tiber's waves,
Its language, arts; o'erwhelmed us with the
scum
Of Antioch's streets, its minstrel, harp, and
drum.
Hie to the Circus! ye who pant to prove 85
A barbarous mistress, an outlandish love;
Hie to the Circus! there, in crowds they
stand,
Tires on their head, and timbrels in their
hand.
Thy rustic, Mars, the trechedipna wears,
And on his breast, smeared with ceroma,
bears 90
A paltry prize, well-pleased; while every
land,
Sicyon, and Amydos, and Alaband,
Tralles, and Samos, and a thousand more,
Thrive on his indolence, and daily pour
Their starving myriads forth: hither they
come, 95
And batten on the genial soil of Rome;
Minions, then lords, of every princely dome!
A flattering, cringing, treacherous, artful race,
Of torrent tongue, and never-blushing face;
A Protean tribe, one knows not what to
call, 100
Which shifts to every form, and shines in all:
Grammarian, painter, augur, rhetorician,
Rope-dancer, conjurer, fiddler, and physician,
All trades his own, your hungry Greekling
counts;
And bid him mount the sky,—the sky he
mounts! 105
You smile—was't a barbarian, then, that flew?
No, 'twas a Greek; 'twas an Athenian, too!
Bear with their state who will: for I disdain
To feed their upstart pride, or swell their
train:
Slaves, that in Syrian lighters stowed, so
late, 110
With figs and prunes, (an inauspicious
freight,)
Already see their faith preferred to mine,
And sit above me! and before me sign!—
That on the Aventine I first drew air,
And, from the womb, was nursed on Sabine
fare, 115

Avails me not! our birthright now is lost,
And all our privilege, an empty boast!

For lo! where versed in every soothing art,
The wily Greek assails his patron's heart,
Finds in each dull harangue an air, a grace,
And all Adonis in a Gorgon face; ¹²¹
Admires the voice that grates upon the ear,
Like the shrill scream of amorous chanticleer;
And equals the crane neck, and narrow chest,
To Hercules, when, straining to his breast ¹²⁵
The giant son of Earth, his every vein
Swells with the toil, and more than mortal
pain.

We too can cringe as low, and praise as
warm,

But flattery from the Greeks alone can charm.
See! they step forth, and figure to the life, ¹³⁰
The naked nymph, the mistress, or the
wife,

So just, you view the very woman there,
And fancy all beneath the girdle bare!
No longer now, the favorites of the stage
Boast their exclusive power to charm the
age; ¹³⁵

The happy art with them a nation shares,
Greece is a theater, where all are players.
For lo! their patron smiles,—they burst with
mirth;

He weeps,—they droop, the saddest souls on
earth;

He calls for fire,—they court the mantle's
heat; ¹⁴⁰

'Tis warm, he cries,—and they dissolve in
sweat.

Ill-matched!—secure of victory they start,
Who, taught from youth to play a borrowed
part,

Can, with a glance, the rising passion trace,
And mould their own, to suit their patron's
face; ¹⁴⁵

At deeds of shame their hands admiring raise,
And mad debauchery's worst excesses
praise. . . .

Produce, at Rome, your witness: let him
boast

The sanctity of Berecynthia's host,
Of Numa, or of him, whose zeal divine ¹⁵⁰
Snatched pale Minerva from her blazing
shrine:

To search his rent-roll, first the bench pre-
pares,

His honesty employs their latest cares:
What table does he keep, what slaves main-
tain,

And what, they ask, and where is his domain?
These weighty matters known, his faith they
rate, ¹⁵⁶

And square his probity to his estate.

The poor may swear by all the immortal
Powers,

By the Great Gods of Samothrace, and ours—
His oaths are false, they cry; he scoffs at
heaven, ¹⁶⁰

And all its thunders; scoffs,—and is forgiven!
Add, that the wretch is still the theme of
scorn,

If the soiled cloak be patched, the gown o'er-
worn;

If, through the bursting shoe, the foot be
seen,

Or the coarse seam tell where the rent has
been. ¹⁶⁵

O Poverty, thy thousand ills combined
Sink not so deep into the generous mind,
As the contempt and laughter of man-
kind! . . .

There's many a part of Italy, 'tis said,
Where none assume the toga but the dead: ¹⁷⁰
There, when the toil foregone and annual
play,

Mark, from the rest, some high and solemn
day,

To theatres of turf the rustics throng,
Charmed with the farce that charmed their
sires so long;

While the pale infant, of the mask in
dread, ¹⁷⁵

Hides, in his mother's breast, his little head.
No modes of dress high birth distinguish
there;

All ranks, all orders, the same habit wear,
And the dread Ædile's dignity is known,
O sacred badge! by his white vest alone. ¹⁸⁰

But here, beyond our power arrayed we go,
In all the gay varieties of show;

And when our purse supplies the charge no
more,

Borrow, unblushing, from our neighbor's
store:

Such is the reigning vice; and so we flaunt,
Proud in distress, and prodigal in want! ¹⁸⁶

Briefly, my friend, here all are slaves to
gold,

And words, and smiles, and everything is sold.
What will you give for Cossus' nod? how
high

The silent notice of Veiento buy? ¹⁹⁰

—One favorite youth is shaved, another
shorn;

And, while to Jove the precious spoil is
borne,

Clients are taxed for offerings, and (yet
more

To gall their patience), from their little store,
Constrained to swell the minion's ample
hoard, ¹⁹⁵

And bribe the page, for leave to bribe his lord.

Who fears the crash of houses in retreat?
At simple Gabii, bleak Præneste's seat,
Volsinium's craggy heights, embowered in wood,

Or Tibur, beetling o'er prone Anio's flood? ²⁰⁰
While half the city here by shores is staid,
And feeble cramps, that lend a treacherous aid:

For thus the stewards patch the riven wall,
Thus prop the mansion, tottering to its fall;
Then bid the tenant court secure repose, ²⁰⁵
While the pile nods to every blast that blows.

O! may I live where no such fears molest,
No midnight fires burst on my hour of rest!
For here 'tis terror all; midst the loud cry
Of 'Water! water!' the scared neighbors fly, ²¹⁰

With all their haste can seize—the flames aspire,

And the third floor is wrapt in smoke and fire,

While you, unconscious, doze: Up, ho! and know,

The impetuous blaze which spreads dismay below,

By swift degrees will reach the aerial cell, ²¹⁵
Where, crouching, underneath the tiles you dwell,

Where your tame doves their golden couplets rear,

And you could no mischance, but drowning, fear!

'Codrus had but one bed, and that too short
For his short wife'; his goods, of every sort, ²²⁰

Were else but few:—six little pipkins graced
His cupboard head, a little can was placed

On a snug shelf beneath, and near it lay
A Chiron, of the same cheap marble,—clay.

And was this all? O no: he yet possest ²²⁵
A few Greek books, shrined in an ancient chest,

Where barbarous mice through many an inlet crept,

And fed on heavenly numbers, while he slept.—

'Codrus, in short, had nothing.' You say true;

And yet poor Codrus lost that nothing too! ²³⁰
One curse alone was wanting, to complete

His woes: that, cold and hungry, through the street,

The wretch should beg, and, in the hour of need,

Find none to lodge, to clothe him, or to feed!

But should the raging flames on grandeur prey, ²³⁵

And low in dust Asturius' palace lay,
The squalid matron sighs, the senate mourns,
The pleaders cease, the judge the court adjourns;

All join to wail the city's hapless fate,
And rail at fire with more than common hate.

Lo! while it burns, the obsequious courtiers haste, ²⁴¹

With rich materials, to repair the waste:
This, brings him marble, that, a finished piece,

The far-famed boast of Polyclete and Greece;
This, ornaments, which graced of old the fane ²⁴⁵

Of Asia's gods; that, figured plate and plain;
This, cases, books, and busts the shelves to grace,

And piles of coin his specie to replace—
So much the childless Persian swells his store

(Though deemed the richest of the rich before), ²⁵⁰

That all ascribe the flames to thirst of pelf,
And swear, Asturius fired his house himself.

O, had you, from the Circus, power to fly,
In many a halcyon village might you buy ²⁵⁴

Some elegant retreat, for what will, here,
Scarce hire a gloomy dungeon through the year!

There wells, by nature formed, which need no rope,

No laboring arm, to crane their waters up,
Around your lawn their facile streams shall shower,

And cheer the springing plant and opening flower. ²⁶⁰

There live, delighted with the rustic's lot,
And till, with your own hands, the little spot;

The little spot shall yield you large amends,
And glad, with many a feast, your Samian friends.

And, sure,—in any corner we can get, ²⁶⁵
To call one lizard ours, is something yet!

Flushed with a mass of indigested food,
Which clogs the stomach and inflames the blood,

What crowds, with watching wearied and o'erprest,

Curse the slow hours, and die for want of rest! ²⁷⁰

For who can hope his languid lids to close,
Where brawling taverns banish all repose?

Sleep, to the rich alone, his visits pays:
And hence the seeds of many a dire disease.

The carts loud rumbling through the narrow way, ²⁷⁵

The drivers' clamors at each casual stay,
From drowsy Drusus would his slumber take,
And keep the calves of Proteus broad awake!

If business call, obsequious crowds divide,
While o'er their heads the rich securely
ride, 280

By tall Illyrians borne, and read, or write,
Or (should the early hour to rest invite),
Close the soft litter, and enjoy the night.
Yet reach they first the goal; while, by the
throng

Elbowed and jostled, scarce we creep along;
Sharp strokes from poles, tubs, rafters,
doomed to feel; 286

And plastered o'er with mud, from head to
heel:

While the rude soldier gores us as he goes,
Or marks, in blood, his progress on our toes!
See, from the Dole, a vast tumultuous
throng, 290

Each followed by his kitchen, pours along!
Huge pans, which Corbulo could scarce up-
rear,

With steady neck a puny slave must bear,
And, lest amid the way the flames expire,
Glide nimbly on, and gliding, fan the fire; 295
Through the close press with sinuous efforts
wind,

And, piece by piece, leave his botched rags
behind.

Hark! groaning on, the unwieldy wagon
spreads

Its cumbrous load, tremendous! o'er our
heads,

Projecting elm or pine, that nods on high, 300
And threatens death to every passer by.
Heavens! should the axle crack, which bears
a weight

Of huge Ligurian stone, and pour the freight
On the pale crowd beneath, what would re-
main,

What joint, what bone, what atom of the
slain? 305

The body, with the soul, would vanish quite,
Invisible as air, to mortal sight!—

Meanwhile, unconscious of their fellow's fate,
At home, they heat the water, scour the plate,
Arrange the strigils, fill the cruse with
oil, 310

And ply their several tasks with fruitless toil:
For he who bore the dole, poor mangled
ghost,

Sits pale and trembling on the Stygian coast,
Scared at the horrors of the novel scene,
At Charon's threatening voice, and scowling
mien; 315

Nor hopes a passage, thus abruptly hurled,
Without his farthing, to the nether world.

Pass we these fearful dangers, and survey
What other evils threat our nightly way.
And first, behold the mansion's towering
size, 320

Where floors on floors to the tenth story rise;
Whence heedless garreteers their potsherds
throw,

And crush the unwary wretch that walks
below!

Clattering the storm descends from heights
unknown,

Ploughs up the street, and wounds the flinty
stone! 325

'Tis madness, dire improvidence of ill,
To sup abroad, before you sign your will;
Since fate in ambush lies, and marks his prey,
From every wakeful window in the way:

Pray, then,—and count your humble prayer
well sped, 330

If pots be only—emptied on your head.

The drunken bully, ere his man be slain,
Frets through the night, and courts repose
in vain;

And while the thirst of blood his bosom
burns, 334

From side to side, in restless anguish, turns,
Like Peleus' son, when, quelled by Hector's
hand,

His loved Patroclus prest the Phrygian
strand.

There are, who murder as an opiate take,
And only when no brawls await them
wake:

Yet even these heroes, flushed with youth
and wine, 340

All contest with the purple robe decline;
Securely give the lengthened train to pass,
The sun-bright flambeaux, and the lamps of
brass.—

Me, whom the moon, or candle's paler gleam,
Whose wick I husband to the last extreme,
Guides through the gloom, he braves, devoid
of fear: 346

The prelude to our doughty quarrel hear,
If that be deemed a quarrel, where, heaven
knows,

He only gives, and I receive, the blows!
Across my path he strides, and bids me
stand! 350

I bow, obsequious to the dread command;
What else remains, where madness, rage,
combine

With youth, and strength superior far to
mine?

'Whence come you, rogue?' he cries; 'whose
beans tonight

Have stuffed you thus? what cobbler clubbed
his mite, 355

For leeks and sheep's head porridge? Dumb!
quite dumb!

Speak, or be kicked.—Yet, once again! your
home?

Where shall I find you? At what beggar's
stand

(Temple, or bridge) whimp'ring with out-
stretched hand?

Whether I strive some humble plea to
frame, 360

Or steal in silence by, 'tis just the same;
I'm beaten first, then dragged in rage away;
Bound to the peace, or punished for the fray!

Mark here the boasted freedom of the
poor!

Beaten and bruised, that goodness to adore,
Which, at their humble prayer, suspends its
ire, 366

And sends them home, with yet a bone entire!
Nor this the worst; for when deep midnight

reigns,

And bolts secure our doors, and massy chains,
When noisy inns a transient silence keep, 370
And harassed nature woos the balm of sleep,
Then, thieves and murderers ply their dread-
ful trade;

With stealthy steps our secret couch in-
vade:—

Roused from the treacherous calm, aghast we
start,

And the fleshed sword—is buried in our
heart! 375

Hither from bogs, from rocks, and caves
pursued

(The Pontine marsh, and Gallinarian wood).

The dark assassins flock, as to their home,
And fill with dire alarms the streets of
Rome. 379

Such countless multitudes our peace annoy,
That bolts and shackles every forge employ,
And cause so wide a waste, the country fears
A want of ore for mattocks, rakes, and
shares.

O! happy were our sires, estranged from
crimes; 384

And happy, happy, were the good old times,
Which saw, beneath their kings', their
tribunes' reign,

One cell the nation's criminals contain!

Much could I add, more reasons could I
cite,

If time were ours, to justify my flight;
But see! the impatient team is moving on, 390
The sun declining; and I must be gone:

Long since, the driver murmured at my stay,
And jerked his whip, to beckon me away.

Farewell, my friend! with this embrace we
part:

Cherish my memory ever in your heart; 395
And when, from crowds and business, you
repair,

To breathe at your Aquinum freer air,
Fail not to draw me from my loved retreat,

To Elvine Ceres, and Diana's seat:—

For your bleak hills my Cumæ I'll resign, 400
And (if you blush not at such aid as mine)

Come well equipped, to wage, in angry
rhymes,

Fierce war, with you, on follies and on
crimes.

GAIUS SUETONIUS TRANQUILLUS (A.D. 75-140?)

The friend of Pliny, but younger, Suetonius became imperial secretary under Hadrian, and in 119-121 published *The Lives of the Casars*, a series of biographies beginning with Julius and ending with Domitian. He wrote also *Lives of Eminent Men*, of which the section on grammarians and the lives of Terence, Horace, and Lucan survive. In his capacity as secretary, Suetonius probably had special opportunities for documentary study. He seems to have been at pains to verify the extraordinary mass of detail that makes the lives really important in spite of their not very enlightened or artistic character. They are systematic rather than orderly, contain little that is reflective, do not analyze character, and manifest no distinction in style. They have great value nevertheless, for two reasons: they amplify and clarify what first century history we know from other sources by making us acquainted with the personal appearance and personal conduct of the emperors, and they contribute immensely to the power to visualize the city of Rome and the behavior of its citizens in the mass.

The translation is by John C. Rolfe, and is used with the consent of the Loeb Classical Library.

THE DEIFIED JULIUS

He lived at first in the Subura in a modest house, but after he became pontifex maximus, in the official residence on the Sacred Way. Many have written that he was very fond of elegance and luxury; that having laid the foundations of a country-house on his estate at Nemi and finished it at great cost, he tore it all down because it did not suit him in every particular, although at the same time he was still poor and heavily in debt; and that he carried tessellated and mosaic floors about with him on his campaigns. . . .

More than sixty joined the conspiracy against him, led by Gaius Cassius and Marcus and Decimus Brutus. At first they hesitated whether to form two divisions at the elections in the Campus Martius, so that while some hurled him from the bridge as he summoned the tribes to vote, the rest might wait below and slay him; or to set upon him in the Sacred Way or at the entrance to the theater. When, however, a meeting of the Senate was called for the Ides of March in the Hall of Pompey, they readily gave that time and place the preference. . . .

Both for these reasons and because of poor health he hesitated for a long time whether to stay at home and put off what he had planned to do in the senate; but at last, urged by Decimus Brutus not to

disappoint the full meeting which had for some time been waiting for him, he went forth almost at the end of the fifth hour; and when a note revealing the plot was handed him by someone on the way, he put it with others which he held in his left hand, intending to read them presently. Then, after several victims had been slain, and he could not get favorable omens, he entered the House in defiance of portents, laughing at Spurinna and calling him a false prophet, because the Ides of March were come without bringing him harm; though Spurinna replied that they had 15 of a truth come, but they had not gone.

As he took his seat, the conspirators gathered about him as if to pay their respects, and straightway Tillius Cimber, who had assumed the lead, came nearer as though to ask something; and when Cæsar with a gesture put him off to another time, Cimber caught his toga by both shoulders; then as Cæsar cried, 'Why, this is violence!' one of the Cascas stabbed him from one side just below the throat. Cæsar caught Casca's arm and ran it through with his stylus, but as he tried to leap to his feet, he was stopped by another wound. 30 When he saw that he was beset on every side by drawn daggers, he muffled his head in his robe, and at the same time drew down its lap to his feet with his left hand, in order to fall more decently, with the

lower part of his body also covered. And in this wise he was stabbed with three and twenty wounds, uttering not a word, but merely a groan at the first stroke, though some have written that when Marcus Brutus rushed at him, he said in Greek, 'You too, my child?' All the conspirators made off, and he lay there lifeless for some time, until finally three common slaves put him on a litter and carried him home, with one arm hanging down. And of so many wounds none turned out to be mortal, in the opinion of the physician Antistius, except the second one in the breast. . . .

When the funeral was announced, a pyre was erected in the Campus Martius near the tomb of Julia, and on the rostra a gilded shrine was placed, made after the model of the temple of Venus Genetrix; within was a couch of ivory with coverlets of purple and gold, and at its head a pillar hung with the robe in which he was slain. Since it was clear that the day would not be long enough for those who offered gifts, they were directed to bring them to the Campus by whatsoever streets of the city they wished, regardless of any order of precedence. At the funeral games, to rouse pity and indignation at his death, these words from the 'Contest for the Arms' of Pacuvius were sung:—

'Saved I these men that they might
murder me?'

and words of a like purport from the 'Electra' of Atilius. Instead of a eulogy the consul Antonius caused a herald to recite the decree of the senate in which it had voted Cæsar all divine and human honors at once, and likewise the oath with which they had all pledged themselves to watch over his personal safety; to which he added a very few words of his own. The bier on the rostra was carried to the Forum by magistrates and ex-magistrates; and while some were urging that it be burned in the temple of Jupiter of the Capitol, and others in the Hall of Pompey, on a sudden two beings with swords by their sides and brandishing a pair of darts set fire to it with blazing torches, and at once the throng of bystanders heaped upon it dry branches, the judgment seats with the benches, and whatever else could serve as an offering. Then the musicians and actors tore off their robes, which they had taken from the equipment of his triumphs

and put on for the occasion, rent them to bits and threw them into the flames, and the veterans of the legions the arms with which they had adorned themselves for the funeral; many of the women, too, offered up the jewels which they wore and the amulets and robes of their children.

At the height of the public grief a throng of foreigners went about lamenting each after the fashion of his country, above all the Jews, who even flocked to the place for several successive nights.

Immediately after the funeral the commons ran to the houses of Brutus and Cassius with firebrands, and after being repelled with difficulty, they slew Helvius Cinna when they met him, through a mistake in the name, supposing that he was Cornelius Cinna, who had the day before made a bitter indictment of Cæsar and for whom they were looking; and they set his head upon a spear and paraded it about the streets. Afterwards they set up in the Forum a solid column of Numidian marble almost twenty feet high, and inscribed upon it, 'To the Father of his Country.' At the foot of this they continued for a long time to sacrifice, make vows, and settle some of their disputes by an oath in the name of Cæsar.

Cæsar left in the minds of some of his friends the suspicion that he did not wish to live longer and had taken no precautions, because of his failing health; and that therefore he neglected the warnings which came to him from portents and from the reports of his friends. Some think that it was because he had full trust in that last decree of the senators and their oath that he dismissed even the armed body-guard of Spanish soldiers that formerly attended him. Others, on the contrary, believe that he elected to expose himself once for all to the plots that threatened him on every hand, rather than to be always anxious and on his guard. Some, too, say that he was wont to declare that it was not so much to his own interest as to that of his country that he remain alive; he had long since had his fill of power and glory; but if aught befell him, the commonwealth would have no peace, but would be plunged in civil strife under much worse conditions.

About one thing almost all are fully agreed, that he all but desired such a death as he met; for once when he read in Xenophon how Cyrus in his last illness

gave directions for his funeral, he expressed his horror of such a lingering kind of end and his wish for one which was swift and sudden. And the day before his murder, in a conversation which arose at a dinner at the house of Marcus Lepidus, as to what manner of death was most to be desired, he had given his preference to one which was sudden and unexpected.

He died in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and was numbered among the gods, not only by a formal decree, but also in the conviction of the vulgar. For at the first of the games which his heir Augustus gave in honor of his apotheosis, a comet shone for seven successive nights, rising about the eleventh hour, and was believed to be the soul of Cæsar, who had been taken to heaven; and this is why a star is set upon the crown of his head in his statue.

It was voted that the hall in which he was slain be walled up, that the Ides of March be called the Day of Parricide, and that a meeting of the senate should never be called on that day.

Hardly any of his assassins survived him for more than three years, or died a natural death. They were all condemned, and they perished in various ways—some by shipwreck, some in battle; some took their own lives with the self-same dagger with which they had impiously slain Cæsar.

THE DEIFIED AUGUSTUS

PUBLIC WORKS

Since the city was not adorned as the dignity of the empire demanded, and was exposed to flood and fire, he so beautified it that he could justly boast that he had found it built of brick and left it in marble. He made it safe too for the future, so far as human foresight could provide for this.

He built many public works, in particular the following: his forum with the temple of Mars the Avenger, the temple of Apollo on the Palatine, and the fane of Jupiter the Thunderer on the Capitol. His reason for building the forum was the increase in the number of the people and of cases at law, which seemed to call for a third forum, since two were no longer adequate. Therefore it was opened to the public with some haste, before the temple of Mars was finished, and it was provided

that the public prosecutions be held there apart from the rest, as well as the selection of jurors by lot. He had made a vow to build the temple of Mars in the war of Philippi, which he undertook to avenge his father; accordingly he decreed that in it the senate should consider wars and claims for triumphs, from it those who were on their way to the provinces with military commands should be escorted, and to it victors on their return should bear the tokens of their triumphs. He reared the temple of Apollo in that part of his house on the Palatine for which the soothsayers declared that the god had shown his desire by striking it with lightning. He joined to it colonnades with Latin and Greek libraries, and when he was getting to be an old man he often held meetings of the senate there as well, and revised the lists of jurors. He dedicated the shrine to Jupiter the Thunderer because of a narrow escape; for on his Cantabrian expedition during a march by night, a flash of lightning grazed his litter and struck the slave dead who was carrying a torch before him. He constructed some works too in the name of others, his grandsons to wit, his wife and his sister, such as the colonnade and basilica of Gaius and Lucius; also the colonnades of Livia and Octavia, and the theater of Marcellus. More than that, he often urged other prominent men to adorn the city with new monuments or to restore and embellish old ones, each according to his means. And many such works were built at that time by many men; for example, the temple of Hercules of the Muses by Marcus Philippus, the temple of Diana by Lucius Cornificius, the Hall of Liberty by Asinius Pollio, the temple of Saturn by Munatius Plancus, a theater by Cornelius Balbus, an amphitheater by Statilius Taurus, and by Marcus Agrippa in particular many magnificent structures.

He divided the area of the city into regions and wards, arranging that the former should be under the charge of magistrates selected each year by lot, and the latter under 'masters' elected by the inhabitants of the respective neighborhoods. To guard against fires he devised a system of stations of night watchmen, and to control the floods he widened and cleared out the channel of the Tiber, which had for some time been filled with rubbish and narrowed by jutting buildings. Further, to make the approach to the city easier

from every direction, he personally undertook to rebuild the Flaminian Road all the way to Ariminum, and assigned the rest of the highways to others who had been honored with triumphs, asking them to use their prize-money in paving them.

THE EMPEROR AND HIS CHILDREN

In bringing up his daughter and his granddaughter he even had them taught spinning and weaving, and he forbade them to say or do anything except openly and such as might be recorded in the household diary. He was most strict in keeping them from meeting strangers, once writing to Lucius Vinicius, a young man of good position and character: 'You have acted presumptuously in coming to Baïæ to call on my daughter.' He taught his grandsons reading, swimming, and the other elements of education, for the most part himself, taking special pains to train them to imitate his own handwriting; and he never dined in their company unless they sat beside him on the lowest couch, or made a journey unless they preceded his carriage or rode close by it on either side.

But at the height of his happiness and his confidence in his family and its training, Fortune proved fickle. He found the two Julias, his daughter and granddaughter, guilty of every form of vice, and banished them. He lost Gaius and Lucius within the span of eighteen months, for the former died in Lycia and the latter at Massilia. He then publicly adopted his third grandson Agrippa and at the same time his stepson Tiberius by a bill passed in the assembly of the *curiæ*; but he soon disowned Agrippa because of his low tastes and violent temper, and sent him off to Surrentum.

He bore the death of his kin with far more resignation than their misconduct. For he was not greatly broken by the fate of Gaius and Lucius, but he informed the senate of his daughter's fall through a letter read in his absence by a *quæstor*, and for very shame would meet no one for a long time, and even thought of putting her to death. At all events, when one of her confidantes, a freedwoman called Phœbe, hanged herself at about that same time, he said: 'I would rather have been Phœbe's father.' After Julia was banished, he denied her the use of wine and every form of luxury, and would not allow any man, bond or free, to come near her without his

permission, and then not without being informed of his stature, complexion, and even of any marks or scars upon his body. It was not until five years later that he moved her from the island to the mainland and treated her with somewhat less rigor. But he could not by any means be prevailed on to recall her altogether, and when the Roman people several times interceded for her and urgently pressed their suit, he in open assembly called upon the gods to curse them with like daughters and like wives. He would not allow the child born to his granddaughter Julia after her sentence to be recognized or reared.

HABIT AND PERSON

In the other details of his life it is generally agreed that he was most temperate and without even the suspicion of any fault. He lived at first near the Forum Romanum, above the Stairs of the Ringmakers, in a house which had belonged to the orator Calvus; afterwards, on the Palatine, but in the no less modest dwelling of Hortensius, which was remarkable neither for size nor elegance, having but a short colonnade with columns of Alban stone, and rooms without any marble decorations or handsome pavements. For more than forty years too he used the same bedroom in winter and summer; although he found the city unfavorable to his health in the winter, yet continued to winter there. If ever he planned to do anything in private or without interruption, he had a retired place at the top of the house, which he called 'Syracuse' and 'technyphion.' In this he used to take refuge, or else in the villa of one of his freedmen in the suburbs; but whenever he was not well, he slept at Mæcenas's house. For retirement he went most frequently to places by the sea and the islands of Campania, or to the towns near Rome, such as Lanuvium, Præneste or Tibur, where he very often held court in the colonnades of the temple of Hercules. He disliked large and sumptuous country palaces, actually razing to the ground one which his granddaughter Julia built on a lavish scale. His own villas, which were modest enough, he decorated not so much with handsome statues and pictures as with terraces, groves, and objects noteworthy for their antiquity and rarity; for example, at Capræ the monstrous bones of huge sea monsters and wild beasts, called the 'bones

of the giants' and the 'weapons of the heroes.'

The simplicity of his furniture and household goods may be seen from couches and tables still in existence, many of which are scarcely fine enough for a private citizen. They say that he always slept on a low and plainly furnished bed. Except on special occasions he wore common clothes for the house, made by his sister, wife, daughter or granddaughters; his togas were neither close nor full, his purple stripe neither narrow nor broad, and his shoes somewhat high-soled, to make him look taller than he really was. But he always kept shoes and clothing to wear in public ready in his room for sudden and unexpected occasions.

He gave dinner parties constantly and always formally, with great regard to the rank and personality of his guests. Valerius Messala writes that he never invited a freedman to dinner with the exception of Menas, and then only when he had been enrolled among the freeborn after betraying the fleet of Sextus Pompey. Augustus himself writes that he once entertained a man at whose villa he used to stop, who had been one of his body-guard. He would sometimes come to table late on these occasions and leave early, allowing his guests to begin to dine before he took his place and keep their places after he went out. He served a dinner of three courses or of six when he was most lavish, without needless extravagance but with the greatest goodfellowship. For he drew in to the general conversation those who were silent or chatted under their breath, and introduced music and actors, or even strolling players from the circus, and especially story-tellers. . . .

He was unusually handsome and exceedingly graceful at all periods of his life, though he cared nothing for personal adornment. He was so far from being particular about the dressing of his hair, that he would have several barbers working in a hurry at the same time, and as for his beard he now had it clipped and now shaved, while at the very same time he would either be reading or writing something. His expression, whether in conversation or when he was silent, was so calm and mild, that one of the leading men of the Gallic provinces admitted to his countrymen that it had softened his heart, and kept him from carrying out his design

of pushing the emperor over a cliff, when he had been allowed to approach him under the pretense of a conference, as he was crossing the Alps. He had clear, bright eyes, in which he liked to have it thought that there was a kind of divine power, and it greatly pleased him, whenever he looked keenly at anyone, if he let his face fall as if before the radiance of the sun; but in his old age he could not see very well with his left eye. His teeth were wide apart, small, and ill-kept; his hair was slightly curly and inclining to golden; his eyebrows met. His ears were of moderate size, and his nose projected a little at the top and then bent slightly inward. His complexion was between dark and fair. He was short of stature (although Julius Marathus, his freedman and keeper of his records, says that he was five feet and nine inches in height), but this was concealed by the fine proportion and symmetry of his figure.

THE END OF THE PLAY

Presently he crossed over [from Capri] to Naples, although his bowels were still weak from intermittent attacks. In spite of this he witnessed a quinquennial gymnastic contest which had been established in his honor, and then started with Tiberius for his destination. But as he was returning his illness increased and he at last took to his bed at Nola, calling back Tiberius, who was on his way to Illyricum, and keeping him for a long time in private conversation, after which he gave attention to no business of importance.

On the last day of his life he asked every now and then whether there was any disturbance without on his account; then calling for a mirror, he had his hair combed and his falling jaws set straight. After that, calling in his friends and asking whether it seemed to them that he had played the comedy of life fitly, he added the tag:

'Since well I've played my part, all clap your hands
And from the stage dismiss me with applause.'

Then he sent them all off, and while he was asking some newcomers from the city about the daughter of Drusus, who was ill, he suddenly passed away as he was kissing Livia, uttering these last words: 'Live

mindful of our wedlock, Livia, and farewell,' thus blessed with an easy death and such a one as he had always longed for. For almost always on hearing that anyone had died swiftly and painlessly, he prayed that he and his might have a like *euthanasia*, for that was the term he was wont to use. He gave but one single sign of wandering before he breathed his last, calling out in sudden terror that forty young men were carrying him off. And even this was rather a premonition than a delusion, since it was that very number of soldiers of the prætorian guard that carried him forth to lie in state.

He died in the same room as his father Octavius, in the consulship of two Sextuses, Pompeius and Appuleius, on the fourteenth day before the Kalends of September at the ninth hour, just thirty-five days before his seventy-sixth birthday.

His body was carried by the senators of the municipalities and colonies from Nola all the way to Bovillæ, in the night time because of the season of the year, being placed by day in the basilica of the town at which they arrived or in its principal temple. At Bovillæ the members of the equestrian order met it and bore it to the city, where they placed it in the vestibule of his house.

In their desire to give him a splendid funeral and honor his memory the senators so vied with one another that among many other suggestions some proposed that his cortege pass through the triumphal gate, preceded by the statue of Victory which stands in the House, while a dirge was sung by children of both sexes belonging to the leading families; others, that on the day of the obsequies golden rings be laid aside and iron ones worn; and some, that his ashes be collected by the priests of the highest colleges. One man proposed that the name of the month of August be transferred to September, because Augustus was born in the latter, but died in the former; another, that all the period from the day of his birth until his demise be called the Augustan Age, and so entered in the Calendar. But though a limit was set to the honors paid him, his eulogy was twice delivered: before the temple of the Deified Julius by Tiberius, and from the old rostra by Drusus, son of Tiberius; and he was carried on the shoulders of senators to the Campus Martius and there cremated.

There was even an ex-prætor who took oath that he had seen the form of the Emperor, after he had been reduced to ashes, on its way to heaven. His remains were gathered up by the leading men of the equestrian order, barefooted and in ungirt tunics, and placed in the Mausoleum. This structure he had built in his sixth consulship between the Via Flaminia and the bank of the Tiber, and at the same time opened to the public the groves and walks by which it was surrounded.

TIBERIUS

He was large and strong of frame, and of a stature above the average; broad of shoulders and chest; well proportioned and symmetrical from head to foot. His left hand was the more nimble and stronger, and its joints were so powerful that he could bore through a fresh, sound apple with his finger, and break the head of a boy, or even a young man, with a filip. He was of fair complexion and wore his hair rather long at the back, so much so as even to cover the nape of his neck; which was apparently a family trait. His face was handsome, but would break out on a sudden with many pimples. His eyes were unusually large and, strange to say, had the power of seeing even at night and in the dark, but only for a short time when first opened after sleep; presently they grew dim-sighted again. He strode along with his neck stiff and bent forward, usually with a stern countenance and for the most part in silence, never or very rarely conversing with his companions, and then speaking with great deliberation and with a kind of supple movement of his fingers. . . .

The people were so glad of his death, that at the first news of it some ran about shouting, 'Tiberius to the Tiber,' while others prayed to Mother Earth and the Manes to allow the dead man no abode except among the damned. Still others threatened his body with the hook and the Stairs of Mourning. . . . When the funeral procession left Misenum, many cried out that the body ought rather to be carried to Atella, and half-burned in the amphitheater; but it was taken to Rome by the soldiers and reduced to ashes with public ceremonies.

GAIUS CALIGULA

On the ninth day before the Kalends of February at about the seventh hour he hesitated whether or not to get up for luncheon, since his stomach was still disordered from excess of food on the day before, but at length he came out at the persuasion of his friends. In the covered passage through which he had to pass, some boys of good birth, who had been summoned from Asia to appear on the stage, were rehearsing their parts, and he stopped to watch and encourage them; and had not the leader of the troop complained that he had a chill, he would have returned and had the performance given at once. From this point there are two versions of the story: some say that as he was talking with the boys, Charea came up behind and gave him a deep cut in the neck, having first cried, 'Do your duty,' and that then the tribune Cornelius Sabinus, who was the other conspirator and faced Gaius, stabbed him in the breast. Others say that Sabinus, after getting rid of the crowd through centurions who were in the plot, asked for the watchword, as soldiers do, and that when Gaius gave him 'Jupiter,' he cried 'So be it,' and as Gaius looked around, he split his jawbone with a blow of his sword. As he lay upon the ground and with writhing limbs called out that he still lived, the others dispatched him with thirty wounds; for the general signal was 'Strike again.' Some even thrust their swords through his privates. At the beginning of the disturbance his bearers ran to his aid with their poles, and presently the Germans of his body-guard, and they slew several of his assassins, as well as some inoffensive senators.

He lived twenty-nine years and ruled three years, ten months and eight days. His body was conveyed secretly to the gardens of the Lanian family, where it was partly consumed on a hastily erected pyre and buried beneath a light covering of turf; later his sisters on their return from exile dug it up, cremated it, and consigned it to the tomb. Before this was done, it is well known that the caretakers of the gardens were disturbed by ghosts, and that in the house where he was slain not a night passed without some fearsome apparition, until at last the house itself was destroyed by fire. With him died his wife Cæsonia, stabbed with a sword by a centurion, while

his daughter's brains were dashed out against a wall.

THE DEIFIED CLAUDIUS

The public works which he completed were great and essential rather than numerous; they were in particular the following: an aqueduct begun by Gaius; also the outlet of Lake Fucinus and the harbor at Ostia, although in the case of the last two he knew that Augustus had refused the former to the Marsians in spite of their frequent requests, and that the latter had often been thought of by the Deified Julius, but given up because of its difficulty. He brought to the city on stone arches the cool and abundant founts of the Claudian aqueduct, one of which is called Cæruleus and the other Curtius and Albidignus, and at the same time the spring of the new Anio, distributing them into many beautifully ornamental pools. He made the attempt on the Fucine Lake as much in the hope of gain as of glory, inasmuch as there were some who agreed to drain it at their own cost, provided the land that was uncovered be given to them. He finished the outlet, which was three miles in length, partly by leveling and partly by tunneling a mountain, a work of great difficulty and requiring eleven years, although he had thirty thousand men at work all the time without interruption. He constructed the harbor at Ostia by building curving breakwaters on the right and left, while before the entrance he placed a mole in deep water. To give this mole a firmer foundation, he first sank the ship in which the great obelisk had been brought from Egypt, and then securing it by piles, built upon it a very lofty tower after the model of the Pharos at Alexandria, to be lighted at night and guide the course of ships.

He was eager for food and drink at all times and in all places. Once when he was holding court in the forum of Augustus and had caught the savor of a meal which was preparing for the Salii in the temple of Mars hard by, he left the tribunal, went up where the priests were, and took his place at their table. He hardly ever left the dining-room until he was stuffed and soaked; then he went to sleep at once, lying on his back with his mouth open, and a feather was put down his throat to

relieve his stomach. He slept but little at a time, for he was usually awake before midnight; but he would sometimes drop off in the daytime while holding court and could hardly be roused when the advocates raised their voices for the purpose.

NERO

THE ARTIST'S RETURN

Returning from Greece, since it was at Naples that he had made his first appearance, he entered that city with white horses through a part of the wall which had been thrown down, as is customary with victors in the sacred games. In like manner he entered Antium, then Albanum, and finally Rome; but at Rome he rode in the chariot which Augustus had used in his triumphs in days gone by, and wore a purple robe and a Greek cloak adorned with stars of gold, bearing on his head the Olympic crown and in his right hand the Pythian, while the rest were carried before him with inscriptions telling where he had won them and against what competitors, and giving the titles of the songs or the subject of the plays. His car was followed by his claque as by the escort of a triumphal procession, who shouted that they were the attendants of Augustus and the soldiers of his triumph. Then through the arch of the Circus Maximus, which was thrown down, he made his way across the Velabrum and the Forum to the Palatine and the temple of Apollo. All along the route victims were slain, the streets were sprinkled from time to time with perfume, while birds, ribbons, and sweetmeats were showered upon him. He placed the sacred crowns in his bed-chambers around his couches, as well as statues representing him in the guise of a lyre-player; and he had a coin, too, struck with the same device. So far from neglecting or relaxing his practice of the art after this, he never addressed the soldiers except by letter or in a speech delivered by another, to save his voice; and he never did anything for amusement or in earnest without an elocutionist by his side, to warn him to spare his vocal organs and hold a handkerchief to his mouth. To many men he offered friendship or announced his hostility, according as they had applauded him lavishly or grudgingly.

THE GOLDEN HOUSE

There was nothing, however, in which he was more ruinously prodigal than in building. He made a palace extending all the way from the Palatine to the Esquiline, which at first he called the House of Passage, but when it was burned shortly after its completion and rebuilt, the Golden House. Its size and splendor will be sufficiently indicated by the following details. Its vestibule was large enough to contain a colossal statue of the emperor a hundred and twenty feet high; and it was so extensive that it had a triple colonnade a mile long. There was a pond too, like a sea, surrounded with buildings to represent cities, besides tracts of country, varied by tilled fields, vineyards, pastures and woods, with great numbers of wild and domestic animals. In the rest of the house all parts were overlaid with gold and adorned with gems and mother-of-pearl. There were dining-rooms with fretted ceilings of ivory, whose panels could turn and shower down flowers and were fitted with pipes for sprinkling the guests with perfumes. The main banquet hall was circular and constantly revolved day and night, like the heavens. He had baths supplied with sea water and sulphur water. When the edifice was finished in this style and he dedicated it, he deigned to say nothing more in the way of approval than that he was at last beginning to be housed like a human being.

THE LAST DAY AND NIGHT

When meanwhile word came that the other armies had revolted, he tore to pieces the dispatches which were handed to him as he was dining, tipped over the table, and dashed to the ground two favorite drinking cups, which he called 'Homeric,' because they were carved with scenes from Homer's poems. Then taking some poison from Locusta and putting it into a golden box, he crossed over into the Servilian gardens, where he tried to induce the tribunes and centurions of the Guard to accompany him in his flight, first sending his most trustworthy freedmen to Ostia, to get a fleet ready. But when some gave evasive answers and some openly refused, one even cried:

'Is it so dreadful a thing then to die?'

Whereupon he turned over various plans in his mind, whether to go as a suppliant to the Parthians or Galba, or to appear to the people on the rostra, dressed in black, and beg as pathetically as he could for pardon for his past offenses; and if he could not soften their hearts, to entreat them at least to allow him the prefecture of Egypt. Afterwards a speech composed for this purpose was found in his writing desk; but it is thought that he did not dare to deliver it for fear of being torn to pieces before he could reach the Forum.

Having therefore put off further consideration to the following day, he awoke about midnight and finding that the guard of soldiers had left, he sprang from his bed and sent for all his friends. Since no reply came back from anyone, he went himself to their rooms with a few followers. But finding that all the doors were closed and that no one replied to him, he returned to his own chamber, from which now the very caretakers had fled, taking with them even the bed-clothing and the box of poison. Then he at once called for the gladiator Spiculus or any other adept at whose hand he might find death, and when no one appeared, he cried 'Have I then neither friend nor foe?' and ran out as if to throw himself into the Tiber.

Changing his purpose again, he sought for some retired place, where he could hide and collect his thoughts; and when his freedman Phaon offered his villa in the suburbs between the Via Nomentana and the Via Salaria near the fourth milestone, just as he was, barefooted and in his tunic, he put on a faded cloak, covered his head, and holding a handkerchief before his face, mounted a horse with only four attendants, one of whom was Sporus. At once he was startled by a shock of earthquake and a flash of lightning full in his face, and he heard the shouts of the soldiers from the camp hard by, as they prophesied destruction for him and success for Galba. He also heard one of the wayfarers whom he met say: 'These men are after Nero,' and another ask: 'Is there anything new in the city about Nero?' Then his horse took fright at the smell of a corpse which had been thrown out into the road, his face was exposed, and a retired soldier of the Guard recognized him and saluted him. When they came to a by-path leading to the

villa, they turned the horses loose and he made his way amid bushes and brambles and along a path through a thicket of reeds to the back wall of the house, with great difficulty and only when a robe was thrown down for him to walk on. Here the aforesaid Phaon urged him to hide for a time in a pit, from which sand had been dug, but he declared that he would not go under ground while still alive, and after waiting for a while until a secret entrance into the villa could be made, he scooped up in his hand some water to drink from a pool close by, saying: 'This is Nero's distilled water.' Then, as his cloak had been torn by the thorns, he pulled out the twigs which had pierced it, and crawling on all fours through a narrow passage that had been dug, he entered the villa and lay down in the first room he came to, on a couch with a common mattress, over which an old cloak had been thrown. Though suffering from hunger and renewed thirst, he refused some coarse bread which was offered him, but drank a little lukewarm water.

At last, while his companions one and all urged him to save himself as soon as possible from the indignities that threatened him, he bade them dig a grave in his presence, proportioned to the size of his own person, collect any bits of marble that could be found, and at the same time bring water and wood for presently disposing of his body. As each of these things was done, he wept and said again and again: 'What an artist the world is losing!'

While he hesitated, a letter was brought to Phaon by one of his couriers. Nero snatching it from his hand read that he had been pronounced a public enemy by the senate, and that they were seeking him to punish him in the ancient fashion; and he asked what manner of punishment that was. When he learned that the criminal was stripped, fastened by the neck in a fork and then beaten to death with rods, in mortal terror he seized two daggers which he had brought with him, and then, after trying the point of each, put them up again, pleading that the fated hour had not yet come. Now he would beg Sporus to begin to lament and wail, and now entreat someone to help him take his life by setting him the example; anon he reproached himself for his cowardice in such words as these: 'To live is a scandal and shame—this does not become Nero, does not become him—one should be resolute at such times—come,

rouse thyself!' And now the horsemen were at hand who had orders to take him off alive. When he heard them, he quavered:

'Hark, now strikes on my ear the trampling of swift-footed coursers!'

and drove a dagger into his throat, aided by Epaphroditus, his private secretary. He was all but dead when a centurion rushed in, and as he placed a cloak to the wound, pretending that he had come to aid him, Nero merely gasped: 'Too late!' and 'This is fidelity!' With these words he was gone, with eyes so set and starting from their sockets that all who saw him shuddered with horror. First and beyond all else he had forced from his companions a promise to let no one have his head, but to contrive in some way that he be buried un mutilated. And this was granted by Icelus, Galba's freedman, who had shortly before been released from the bondage to which he was consigned at the beginning of the revolt.

He was buried at a cost of two hundred thousand sesterces and laid out in white robes embroidered with gold, which he had worn on the Kalends of January. His ashes were deposited by his nurses, Egloge and Alexandria, accompanied by his mistress Acte, in the family tomb of the Domitii on the summit of the Hill of Gardens, which is visible from the Campus Martius. In that monument his sarcophagus of porphyry, with an altar of Luna marble standing above it, is enclosed by a balustrade of Thasian stone.

THE DEIFIED VESPASIAN

Yet even so he could not be rid of his former ill-repute for covetousness. The Alexandrians persisted in calling him Cybiosactes, the surname of one of their kings who was scandalously stingy. Even at his funeral, Favor, a leading actor of mimes, who wore his mask and, according to the usual custom, imitated the actions and words of the deceased during his lifetime, having asked the procurators in a loud voice how much his funeral procession would cost, and hearing the reply 'Ten million sesterces,' cried out: 'Give me a hundred thousand and fling me even into the Tiber.'

He was well built, with strong, sturdy limbs, and the expression of one who was straining. . . .

Not only at dinner but on all other occasions he was most affable, and he turned off many matters with a jest; for he was very ready with sharp sayings, albeit of a low and buffoonish kind, so that he did not even refrain from obscene expressions. Yet many of his remarks are still remembered which are full of fine wit, and among them the following. When an ex-consul called Mestrius Florus called his attention to the fact that the proper pronunciation was *plaustra* rather than *plostra*, he greeted him next day as 'Flaurus.' . . . On the report of a deputation that a colossal statue of great cost had been voted him at public expense, he demanded to have it set up at once, and holding out his open hand, said that the base was ready. He did not cease his jokes even when in apprehension of death and in extreme danger; for when among other portents the Mausoleum opened on a sudden and a comet appeared in the heavens, he declared that the former applied to Junia Calvina of the family of Augustus, and the latter to the king of the Parthians, who wore his hair long; and as death drew near, he said: 'Woe's me. Methinks I'm turning into a god.'

THE DEIFIED TITUS

Titus, of the same surname as his father, was the delight and darling of the human race; such surpassing ability had he, by nature, art, or good fortune, to win the affections of all men, and that, too, which is no easy task, while he was emperor; for as a private citizen, and even during his father's rule, he did not escape hatred, much less public criticism.

He was born on the third day before the Kalends of January, in the year memorable for the death of Gaius, in a mean house near the Septizonium and in a very small dark room besides; for it still remains and is on exhibition. . . .

Even in boyhood his bodily and mental gifts were conspicuous and they became more and more so as he advanced in years. He had a handsome person, in which there was no less dignity than grace, and was uncommonly strong, although he was not tall of stature and had a rather protruding belly. His memory was extraordinary and

he had an aptitude for almost all the arts, both of war and of peace. Skilful in arms and horsemanship, he made speeches and wrote verses in Latin and Greek with ease and readiness, and even off-hand. He was besides not unacquainted with music, but sang and played the harp agreeably and skilfully. I have heard from many sources that he used also to write shorthand with great speed and would amuse himself by playful contests with his secretaries; also that he could imitate any handwriting that he had ever seen and often declared that he might have been the prince of forgers. . . .

He was most kindly by nature, and whereas in accordance with a custom established by Tiberius, all the Cæsars who followed him refused to regard favors granted by previous emperors as valid, unless they had themselves conferred the same ones on the same individuals, Titus was the first to ratify them all in a single edict, without allowing himself to be asked. Moreover, in the case of other requests made of him, it was his fixed rule not to let anyone go away without hope. Even when his household officials warned him that he was promising more than he could perform, he said that it was not right for anyone to go away sorrowful from an interview with his emperor. On another occasion, remembering at dinner that he had done nothing for anybody all that day, he gave utterance to that memorable and praiseworthy remark: 'Friends, I have lost a day.'

The whole body of the people in particular he treated with such indulgence on all occasions, that once at a gladiatorial show he declared that he would give it, 'not after his own inclinations, but those of the spectators'; and what is more, he kept his word. For he refused nothing which anyone asked, and even urged them to ask for what they wished. Furthermore, he openly displayed his partiality for Thracian gladiators and bantered the people about it by words and gestures, always however preserving his dignity, as well as observing justice. Not to omit any act of condescension, he sometimes bathed in the baths which he had built, in company with the common people.

There were some dreadful disasters during his reign, such as the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in Campania, a fire at Rome which continued three days and as many nights, and a plague the like of which

had hardly ever been known before. In these many great calamities he showed not merely the concern of an emperor, but even a father's surpassing love, now offering consolation in edicts, and now lending aid so far as his means allowed. He chose commissioners by lot from among the ex-consuls for the relief of Campania; and the property of those who lost their lives by Vesuvius and had no heirs left alive he applied to the rebuilding of the buried cities.

DOMITIAN

The day before he was killed he gave orders to have some apples which were offered him kept until the following day, and added: 'If only I am spared to eat them'; then turning to his companions, he declared that on the following day the moon would be stained with blood in Aquarius, and that a deed would be done of which men would talk all over the world. At about midnight he was so terrified that he leaped from his bed. The next morning he conducted the trial of a soothsayer sent from Germany, who when consulted about the lightning strokes had foretold a change of rulers, and condemned him to death. While he was vigorously scratching a festered wart on his forehead, and had drawn blood, he said: 'May this be all.' Then he asked the time, and by prearrangement the sixth hour was announced to him, instead of the fifth, which he feared. Filled with joy at this, and believing all danger now past, he was hastening to the bath, when his chamberlain Parthenius changed his purpose by announcing that someone had called about a matter of great moment and would not be put off. Then he dismissed all his attendants and went to his bedroom, where he was slain.

Concerning the nature of the plot and the manner of his death, this is about all that became known. As the conspirators were deliberating when and how to attack him, whether at the bath or at dinner, Stephanus, Domitilla's steward, at the time under accusation for embezzlement, offered his aid and counsel. To avoid suspicion, he wrapped up his left arm in woolen bandages for some days, pretending that he had injured it, and concealed in them a dagger. Then pretending to betray a conspiracy and for that reason being given an audience, he stabbed the emperor in the groin as he was

reading a paper which the assassin handed him, and stood in a state of amazement. As the wounded prince attempted to resist, he was slain with seven wounds by Clodianus, a subaltern, Maximus, a freedman of Parthenius, Satur, decurion of the chamberlains, and a gladiator from the imperial school. A boy who was engaged in his usual duty of attending to the Lares in the bedroom, and so was a witness of the murder, gave this additional information. He was bidden by Domitian, immediately after he was dealt the first blow, to hand him the dagger hidden under his pillow and to call the servants; but he found nothing at the head of the bed save the hilt, and besides all the doors were closed. Meanwhile the emperor grappled with Stephanus and bore him to the ground, where they struggled for a long time, Domitian trying now to wrest the dagger from his assailant's hands and now to gouge out his eyes with his lacerated fingers.

He was slain on the fourteenth day before the Kalends of October in the forty-fifth year of his age and the fifteenth of his reign. His corpse was carried out on a common bier by those who bury the poor, and his nurse Phyllis cremated it at her suburban estate on the Via Latina; but his ashes she secretly carried to the temple of the Flavian family and mingled them with those of Julia, daughter of Titus, whom she had also reared. . . .

He was tall of stature, with a modest expression and a high color. His eyes were large, but his sight was somewhat dim. He was handsome and graceful too, especially when a young man, and indeed in his whole body with the exception of his feet, the toes of which were somewhat cramped. In later life he had the further disfigurement of baldness, a protruding belly, and spindling legs, though the latter had become thin from a long illness. He was so conscious that the modesty of his expression was in his favor, that he once made this boast in the senate: 'So far, at any rate, you have

approved my heart and my countenance.' He was so sensitive about his baldness, that he regarded it as a personal insult if anyone else was twitted with that defect in jest or in earnest; though in a book 'On the Care of the Hair,' which he published and dedicated to a friend, he wrote the following by way of consolation to the man and himself:

'Do you not see that I too am tall and comely to look on? And yet the same fate awaits my hair, and I bear with resignation the ageing of my locks in youth. Be assured that nothing is more pleasing than beauty, but nothing shorter-lived.'

He was incapable of exertion and seldom went about the city on foot, while on his campaigns and journeys he rarely rode on horseback, but was regularly carried in a litter. He took no interest in arms, but was particularly devoted to archery. There are many who have more than once seen him slay a hundred wild beasts of different kinds on his Alban estate, and purposely kill some of them with two successive shots in such a way that the arrows gave the effect of horns. Sometimes he would have a slave stand at a distance and hold out the palm of his right hand for a mark, with the fingers spread; then he directed his arrows with such accuracy that they passed harmlessly between the fingers.

At the beginning of his rule he neglected liberal studies, although he provided for having the libraries, which were destroyed by fire, renewed at very great expense, seeking everywhere for copies of the lost works, and sending scribes to Alexandria to transcribe and correct them. Yet he never took any pains to become acquainted with history or poetry, or even to acquiring an ordinarily good style. He read nothing except the memoirs and transactions of Tiberius Cæsar; for his letters, speeches and proclamations he relied on others' talents. Yet his conversation was not inelegant, and some of his sayings were even noteworthy.

VII. THE DECLINE OF PAGANISM (A.D. 138-417)

The onsets of the North, which for the five hundred years since the descent of the Gauls in B.C. 390 Rome had been able to defy, increased in frequency and seriousness from the time of Marcus Aurelius, who died in camp defending the frontiers, to the actual taking of the city by the Goths under Alaric in 410, when the falling apart of Roman territories began which culminated with the end of the Western empire, whose date for convenience's sake is usually stated as 476. The whole long period was a gradual dying of classical civilization in which literature and all the arts as well as government and society marched wearily hand in hand toward the gloom of the Middle Ages. The third century and the earlier half of the fourth were especially a period of non-production, and the later fourth century was only the Indian summer of literature. The *Words to My Soul* of the Emperor Hadrian seem almost an utterance of the great empire itself as it looks back upon past glories and forward to struggle, decay, and death:

Soul of me, vague, debonnair,
Guest of this body, and friend,
Say whither now wilt thou fare,
Pallid and rigid, and bare,
Little soul,
All thy jests at an end?

—MARCUS SOUTHWELL DIMSDALE.

MARCUS CORNELIUS FRONTO (About A.D. 100-167)

and

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS (A.D. 121-180)

Fronto, tutor to Marcus Aurelius, was a native of Cirta, the modern Constantine, in Africa, and his pupil was one of the few emperors born in Rome. He was much honored by both governmental and intellectual circles in the capital, and was not only the able instructor of the young prince but his intimate and valued friend in later years. The letters here given reveal the character of Fronto's ambition as teacher and stylist, the frank disposition of his imperial pupil, and the affectionate relation between them.

The translation is by C. R. Haines, and is used with the consent of the Loeb Classical Library.

MARCUS AURELIUS TO FRONTO

Hail, my sweetest of masters. We are well. I slept somewhat late owing to my slight cold, which seems now to have subsided. So from five a.m. till nine I spent the time partly in reading some of Cato's *Agriculture* and partly in writing not quite such wretched stuff, by heavens, as yesterday. Then, after paying my respects to my father, I relieved my throat, I will not say by gargling—though the word *gargarisso* is, I believe, found in Novius and elsewhere—but by swallowing honey water as far as

the gullet and ejecting it again. After easing my throat I went off to my father and attended him at a sacrifice. Then we went to luncheon. What do you think I ate? A wee bit of bread, though I saw others devouring beans, onions, and herrings full of roe. We then worked hard at grape-gathering, and had a good sweat, and were merry and, as the poet says, 'still left some clusters hanging high as gleanings of the vintage.' After six o'clock we came home.

I did but little work and that to no purpose. Then I had a long chat with my little

mother as she sat on the bed. My talk was this: 'What do you think my Fronto is now doing?' Then she: 'And what do you think my Gratia is doing?' Then I: 'And what do you think our little sparrow, the wee Gratia, is doing?' Whilst we were chattering in this way and disputing which of us two loved the one or other of you two the better, the gong sounded, an intimation that my father had gone to his bath. So we had supper after we had bathed in the oil-press room; I do not mean bathed in the oil-press room, but when we had bathed, had supper there, and we enjoyed hearing the yokels chaffing one another. After coming back, before I turn over and snore, I get my task done and give my dearest of masters an account of the day's doings, and if I could miss him more, I would not grudge wasting away a little more. Farewell, my Fronto, wherever you are, most honey-sweet, my love, my delight. How is it between you and me? I love you and you are away.

FRONTO TO MARCUS AURELIUS

At this point, perhaps, you will have long been asking in what category I should place M. Tullius, who is hight the head and source of Roman eloquence. I consider him on all occasions to have used the most beautiful words, and to have been magnificent above all other orators in embellishing the subject which he wished to set out. But he seems to me to have been far from

disposed to search out words with especial care, whether from greatness of mind, or to escape toil, or from the assurance that what others can scarcely find with careful search would be his at call without the need of searching. And so, from a most attentive perusal of all his writings, I think I have ascertained that he has with the utmost copiousness and opulence handled all other kinds of words—words literal and figurative, simple and compound and, what are conspicuous everywhere in his writings, noble words, and oftentimes also exquisite ones; and yet in all his speeches you will find very few words indeed that are unexpected and unlooked for, such as are not to be hunted out save with study and care and watchfulness and the treasuring up of old poems in the memory. By an unexpected and unlooked-for word I mean one which is brought out when the hearer or reader is not expecting it or thinking of it, yet so that if you withdrew it and asked the reader himself to think of a substitute, he would be able to find either no other at all or one not so fitted to express the intended meaning. Wherefore I commend you greatly for the care and diligence you show in digging deep for your word and fitting it to your meaning. But, as I said at first, there lies a great danger in the enterprise lest the word be applied unsuitably or with a want of clearness or a lack of refinement, as by a man of half-knowledge, for it is much better to use common and everyday words than unusual and far-fetched ones, if there is little difference in real meaning.

AULUS GELLIUS (About A.D. 130-180)

Possibly of African origin, educated at Rome, an admirer of Fronto, for some time a resident and student in Athens, Aulus Gellius compiled twenty books of miscellany which he called *Noctes Atticæ*, or *Attic Nights*, because he began them during winter evenings in Attica not far outside of Athens. The work shows him to have had a broad interest in language, literature, history, philosophy, science, religion. It is uneven in matter and execution, but is genial, frequently lighted by humor, full of human interest, and contains many items of curious and valuable knowledge which would otherwise be lost.

EPITAPHS OF THE POETS

Because of their distinction and charm, I think I ought to record in these commentaries the epitaphs of the three illustrious poets, Gnæus Nævius, Plautus, and Marcus Pacuvius, which they themselves composed and left to be carved on their tombs.

The epitaph of Nævius is full of Campanian pride: its testimony is warranted, only it was written by himself:

'If it were fit that mortals should mourn immortals, the heavenly Muses would weep for Nævius the poet: so true is it that since he passed to the treasure-house of Orcus they have forgotten at Rome how to speak the Latin tongue.'

The epitaph of Plautus we should hesitate to regard as his composition, were it not set down by Varro in his first book on the poets:

'Since Plautus passed away, Comedy is in mourning, the stage is deserted, and Laughter, Gamesomeness, Jest, and meterless Numbers have all been shedding tears together.'

The epitaph of Pacuvius is most modest and simple, and is worthy of his exceeding good taste and seriousness:

'Young man, though you be in haste, this stone asks you to look upon it and to read what is there written. Here are laid the bones of Marcus Pacuvius: I wished you to be not unaware of this. Fare you well.'

ROMULUS AND WINE

Lucius Piso Frugi in the first book of his *Annals*, writing about the life and the manner of living of King Romulus, is charmingly simple in both matter and style. The passage to which I refer is as follows: They say, too, that Romulus, invited once to dinner, did not drink much there because he had business on the next day. Said his friends, 'Romulus, if all men did as you are doing, wine would be cheaper.' He answered them, 'No, on the contrary, it would be dear—if every man should drink all he wanted; for I have drunk all I wanted.'

FOREIGN LANGUAGE

Quintus Ennius used to say he had three hearts, because he could speak Greek, Oscan, and Latin. But Mithridates, the famous king of Pontus and Bithynia who was conquered by Gnæus Pompeius, had a command of the languages of the two-and-twenty nations over which he ruled. He never employed an interpreter in his conferences with the men of all these nations, but whenever he had occasion to summon any one of them he spoke with him in his own tongue and used his speech with no less expertness than if he were of the same race.

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

PERVIGILIUM VENERIS

Whether of the times of Hadrian or of two hundred years later, *The Eve of St. Venus*, as Mackail calls this poem, is regarded with him by all critics as 'the first clear note of the new romanticism which transformed classical into medieval literature,' 'the earliest known poem belonging in spirit to the Middle Ages.' The first few stanzas and the last illustrate the character of the poem—its permeation by nature, its colors and perfume, its alliterations and assonances, its artful repetitions, and its striking refrain. The original is in about one hundred trochaic seven-foot lines, with a frequently recurring one-line refrain. It may have been used in connection with the nocturnal festival of Venus.

Cecil Clementi, the translator (1911), was English assistant colonial secretary at Hong Kong.

THE VIGIL OF VENUS

Spring is new and comes with singing! In the spring the world takes birth:
In the spring birds mate: at spring-tide all the loves join heart in mirth:
And the wood unbinds her tresses at the wooing of fond showers:
For to-morrow Love's Queen Regent weaves her myrtle-trellised bowers,
Plaited green with leafy tendrils, underneath the sylvan shade: 5
For to-morrow reigns Dione, high-throned, royally arrayed!

Know'st thou not love's joy and sorrow? Thou shalt learn of love to-morrow!

'Tis the eve of that day's nuptials whereon primal Æther wed:
For 'twas spring-tide when our Father all the year from rain-clouds bred.
Down he rained upon Earth's bosom, wooing thus his gentle wife, 10
Whereby, blent in one great body, gave he to all seedlings life.

Know'st thou well love's joy and sorrow? Thou shalt love again to-morrow!

Then from blood-froth on his surface, in a ball of lambent foam,
All among his azure squadrons, where his two-foot horses roam,
Ocean fashioned our Dione from the swelling surf-wave's womb. 15
She herself, Creation's Sovereign, inwardly the mind and veins,
Instinct with her permeant spirit, by her secret strength constrains:
And through sky, through earth and ocean, where her nether path is strown,
Hath she deep in nature's seed-track impress of her passage sown,
And hath bid the ways of child-birth to the whole wide world be known. 20

Know'st thou not love's joy and sorrow? Love will dawn for thee to-morrow!

Hers the hand that paints the season purpling into gems of flower:
Her own impulse swells the bosom, tumid by Favonius' power,
Into burgeoning luxuriance. She herself, when airs of night
Have bequeathed to earth their moisture, strews the dew in starry light. 25
Lo! the tears of dew flash trembling with their downward drooping weight:
Yet each drop with tiny orbit checks awhile its headlong fate.

Know'st thou well love's joy and sorrow? Love will weep for thee to-morrow!

Lo! the flow'ry purple-jewels have betrayed their purity:
For that moisture which the starlight rains from evening's tranquil sky,
Loosed at dawn their virgin-bosoms from the mantle's humid red:
By Dione's will at dawning dewy virgin-roses wed— 30

Roses made of Paphia's life-blood and the burning kiss of Love,
Made of gems, and made of fire-flames, and the sunlight from above,
Will to-morrow yield the crimson, hidden by their fiery stole,
Unashamed each to one husband, bound in bridal of the soul.

35

Know'st thou not love's joy and sorrow? Thine be love's pursuit to-morrow! . . .

She is singing: I am silent. Will my spring-time never come?
When shall I be like the swallow and my voice no longer dumb?
I have lost the Muse by silence: Phœbus will not heed my breath:
So Amyclæ, through its silence, found in very silence death.

40

Hast thou known love's joy and sorrow? Love be thine again to-morrow!

APULEIUS (Born About A.D. 125)

Born at Madaura in Africa, educated in Carthage and Athens, traveler in Greece and Asia Minor, advocate in Rome, initiate in various religions, priest of the imperial cult, rhetorician, student of Plato, writer, and lecturer, Apuleius lived a varied and interesting life, finally settling down in Carthage. He wrote the *Apology*, a diverting defence against the charge of magic, *Plato and His Teaching*, *The Demon of Socrates*, *Flowers of Eloquence*, an anthology of his own lectures and addresses, and *The Transformations*, or *Metamorphoses*, also called *The Golden Ass*. The eleven books of *The Golden Ass*, the fantastic tale of a commercial traveler in Thessaly turned by magic into an ass and restored to human shape after a series of most diverting adventures as the property of robbers, a miller, a gardener, a troop of charlatan priests, and others, are Apuleius' real title to fame. Besides the human interest of the various tales which are strung on the thread of the main tale, there are two features of special value: one, the story of *Cupid and Psyche*, a folk tale widely known and here told for the first time in literary form, and the other, the account of the apparition of Isis, the great procession of the goddess in which the hero is restored to human form by the eating of roses, and his preparation by retreat, fasting, and prayer for the priesthood into which he is initiated. Neither the style nor the morals of *The Golden Ass* are chaste, but the style is appropriate to the matter, and the whole is everything that sparkles and entertains.

The translation is by W. Adlington, 1566, revised by S. Gaselee, and is used with the permission of the Loeb Classical Library.

METAMORPHOSES; OR, THE GOLDEN ASS

LUCIUS BECOMES THE GOLDEN ASS

'But I pray you (which I had almost forgotten) tell me by what means, when I am an owl, I shall return to my pristine shape and become Lucius again?' 'Fear not for that,' quoth she, 'for my mistress hath taught me the way to bring all to pass, and to turn again the figures of such as are transformed into the shapes of men. . . .'

Which when she had often spoken she went all trembling into the chamber, and took a box out of the coffer, which I first kissed and embraced, and prayed that I might have good success in my purpose to fly. And then I put off all my garments and greedily thrust my hand into the box and took out a good deal of ointment, and after that I had well rubbed every part and member of my body, I hovered with mine arms, and moved myself, looking still when I should be changed into a bird as Pamphile was; and behold neither feathers did burgeon out nor appearance of wings, but verily my hair did turn into ruggedness

and my tender skin wore tough and hard; my fingers and toes leaving the number of five grew together into hooves, and from the end of my back grew a great tail, and now my face became monstrous and my mouth long and my nostrils wide, my lips hanging down, and mine ears exceedingly increased with bristles; neither could I see any comfort of my transformation, save that the nature of my members was increasing likewise to the great discomfiture of Fotis, and so without all help (viewing every part of my poor body) I perceived that I was no bird, but a plain ass. Then I thought to blame Fotis, but being deprived as well of language as human gesture, I did all that I could, and looked upon her with hanging lips and watery eyes, as though to reproach her; but she (as soon as she espied me in such sort) smote her face angrily with her hands and cried out: 'Alas, poor wretch that I am, I am utterly cast away. The fear that I was in and my haste hath beguiled me, but especially the mistaking of the box hath deceived me. But it matters not so much, since sooner a medicine may be gotten for this than for any other thing: for if thou couldst get

roses and eat them, thou shouldst be delivered from the shape of an ass, and become my Lucius again. . . .

And by and by the doors were broken down and a troop of thieves entered in, and kept every part and corner of the house with weapons.

The ass is taken by the thieves and used to carry their booty. From one raid they bring back to their cave a maiden, who, frightened by a dream, is comforted by her old-wife custodian's tale of Cupid and Psyche.

THE STORY OF CUPID AND PSYCHE

Then the old woman, rendering out like sighs, began to speak in this sort: 'My lady, take a good heart unto you, and be not afraid at feigned or strange visions or dreams, for as the visions of the day are accounted false and untrue, so the visions of the night do often chance contrary: and indeed to dream of weeping, beating, and killing is a token of good luck and prosperous change, whereas contrary, to dream of laughing, filling the belly with good cheer, or dalliance of love, is sign of sadness of heart, sickness of body, or other displeasure. But I will tell thee a pleasant old wives' tale to put away all thy sorrow and to revive thy spirits'; and so she began in this manner:

'There was sometime a certain king, inhabiting in the west parts, who had to wife a noble dame, by whom he had three daughters exceeding fair: of whom the two elder were of most comely shape and beauty, yet they did not excel all the praise and commendation of mortal speech; but the singular passing beauty and maidenly majesty of the youngest daughter was so far excellent, that no earthly tongue could by any means sufficiently express or set out the same: by reason whereof the citizens and strangers there, being inwardly pricked by zealous affection to behold her famous person, came daily by thousands to see her, and as astoned with admiration of her incomparable beauty did no less worship and reverence her, bringing their right hands to their lips, with the forefinger laid against the thumb, as tokens, and with other divine adorations, as if she were Lady Venus indeed: and shortly after the fame was spread into the next cities and bordering regions that the goddess whom the deep seas had borne and brought forth, and the froth of the foaming waves had

nourished (to the intent to show her high magnificency and power in earth to such as before did honor and worship her) was now conversant amongst mortal men, or else that the earth and not the seas, by a new concourse and influence of the celestial planets, had budded and yielded forth a new Venus, endued with the flower of virginity. So daily more and more increased this opinion, and now was her flying fame dispersed into the next islands and well nigh into every part and province of the whole world. Whereupon innumerable strangers resorted from far countries, adventuring themselves by long journeys on land and by great travels on water, to behold this wonder of the age. By occasion whereof such a contempt grew towards the goddess Venus, that no person traveled unto the town Paphos nor unto Cnidos, no nor to the isle Cythera to worship her. Her liturgies were left out, her temples defaced, her couches contemned, her ceremonies neglected, and her bare altars unswept and foul with the ashes of old burnt sacrifice. For why, every person honored and worshiped this maiden instead of Venus, calling upon the divinity of that great goddess in a human form, and in the morning at her first coming abroad, offered unto her oblations, provided banquets, called her by the name of Venus which was not Venus indeed, and in her honor, as she walked in the streets, presented flowers and garlands in most reverent fashion.

'This sudden change and alteration of celestial honor unto the worship of a mortal maiden did greatly inflame and kindle the mind of very Venus, who (unable to temper herself from indignation, shaking her head in raging sort) reasoned with herself in this manner: "Behold I, the original of nature, the first beginning of all the elements, behold I, the Lady Venus of all the world, am now joined with a mortal maiden as a partaker of my honor; . . . but she, whatsoever she be, shall not for nought have usurped mine honor, but she shall shortly repent her of her unlawful love-liness."

'Then by and by she called her winged son Cupid, rash enough and hardy, who by his evil manners, contemning all public justice and law, armed with fire and arrows, running up and down in the nights from house to house, and corrupting the lawful marriages of every person, doth nothing (and yet he is not punished) but that which

is evil: and although he were of his own proper nature sufficient prone to work mischief, yet she egged him forward with words and brought him to the city, and showed him Psyche (for so the maiden was called) and having told him of her rival beauty, the cause of her anger, not without great rage, "I pray thee," quoth she, "My dear child, by the motherly bond of love, by the sweet wounds of thy piercing darts, 10 by the pleasant heat of thy fire, revenge fully the injury which is done to thy mother upon the false and disobedient beauty of a mortal maiden; and this beyond all I pray thee without delay, that she may fall in 15 desperate love with the most miserable creature living, the most poor, the most crooked, and the most vile, that there may be none found in all the world of like wretchedness." When she had spoken these 20 words, she embraced long and kissed often her son, and took her voyage towards the shore hard by, where the tides flow to and fro: and when she was come there, and had trodden with her rosy feet upon the top of 25 the trembling waters, then the deep sea became exceeding calm upon its whole surface, and at her will, as though she had before given her bidding, straightway appeared her servitors from the deep: for 30 incontinent came the daughters of Nereus singing with tunes melodiously; Portunus with his bristled and rough beard of azure; Salacia with her bosom full of fish; Palæmon the little driver of the dolphin; 35 and the bands of Triton trumpeters leaping hither and thither, the one blowing on his shell with heavenly noise, another turning aside with a silken veil the burning heat of the fierce sun, another holding her mirror 40 before his lady's eyes, others, yoked two together, swimming beneath her car. Such was the company which followed Venus marching towards the middest Ocean.

Psyche, in obedience to the oracle, left on a lonely rock to be the prey of an unknown monster, is miraculously transported to the palace of Cupid.

Psyche's sisters prevail upon her to spy upon her husband, who takes flight and disappears. Venus at length overtakes her as she wanders in search of her lost Cupid, and persecutes her by setting endless tasks. Cupid, meanwhile, recovering from long illness and detention by his mother, appeals to Jupiter, who promises aid.

'Incontinently after, Jupiter commanded Mercury to bring up Psyche into the palace of heaven. And then he took a pot of

immortality, and said: "Hold, Psyche, and drink to the end thou mayest be immortal, and that Cupid may never depart from thee, but be thine everlasting husband."

5 'By and by the great banquet and marriage feast was sumptuously prepared. Cupid sat down in the uppermost seat with his dear spouse between his arms: Juno likewise with Jupiter and all the other gods in order: Ganymedes, the rustic boy, his own butler, filled the pot of Jupiter, and Bacchus served the rest: their drink was nectar, the wine of the gods. Vulcanus prepared supper, the Hours decked up the 10 house with roses and other sweet flowers, the Graces threw about balm, the Muses sang with sweet harmony, Apollo turned pleasantly to the harp, fair Venus danced finely to the music, and the entertainment 20 was so ordained that while the Muses sang in quire, Satyrus and Paniscus played on their pipes: and thus Psyche was married to Cupid, and after in due time she was delivered of a child, whom we call 25 Pleasure.'

This the trifling and drunken old woman declared to the captive maiden, but I, poor ass, not standing far off, was not a little sorry in that I lacked pen and book to write 30 so worthy a tale.

After passing through many hands, the ass becomes the property of strolling priests, by whose clever trickery he is diverted.

WITH THE PRIESTS

After that we had tarried there a few days at the cost and charges of the whole village, and had gotten much money by our divination and prognostication of things to come, those good priests invented a new means to pick men's purses; for they had one lot whereon was written this cheating 45 answer, which they gave for every enquiry; and it was: '*The oxen tied and yoked together: do plough the ground to the intent it may bring forth her increase.*' And by these kind of lots they deceived many of the simple sort: for if one had demanded 50 whether he should have a good wife or no, they would say that his lot did testify the same, that he should be tied and yoked to a good woman and have increase of children: if one demanded whether he should buy 55 lands and possessions, they said that there was much reason in the mentioning of the oxen and the yoke, which foretold that he

should have much ground that should yield his increase: if one demanded the advice of heaven whether he should have a good and prosperous voyage, they said he should have good success because that now these gentlest of beasts were joined together and ready to go, and that of the increase of the soil should be his profit: if one demanded whether he should vanquish his enemies, or prevail in pursuit of thieves, they said 10 that the oracle foretold victory, for that his enemies' necks should be brought under the yoke, and that a rich and fertile gain should be gotten from the thieves' booty.

Thus by the telling of fortunes so 15 cleverly and cunningly they gathered a great quantity of money; but when they were weary with giving of answers, they drove me away before them the next night through a lane which was more dan- 20 gerous and stony than the way which we had gone before.

The next day I was carried to the market to be sold by the voice of the crier, and again my price was set; but I was sold at 25 seven pence more than Philebus gave for me. There fortune to pass by a baker of the next village, who, after that he had bought a great deal of corn, bought me likewise to carry it home, and when he had 30 well laded me therewith, he drove me through a stony and dangerous way to his bakehouse.

The wonderful adventures of the ass at length 35 bring him to Corinth, where he escapes to the country and in a dream prays to Isis to restore his human shape.

THE GREAT PROCESSION

All things seemed that day to be joyful, as well all manner of beasts and the very houses, as also even the day itself seemed to rejoice. For after the hoar frost of the 45 night ensued the hot and temperate sun, whereby the little birds, weening that the springtime had been come, did chirp and sing melodiously, making sweet welcome with their pleasant song to the mother of 50 the stars, the parent of times, and mistress of all the world. The fruitful trees also, both those which rejoiced in their fertility and those which, being barren and sterile, were contented at the shadow which they 55 could give, being loosened by the breathing of the south wind, and smiling by reason of their new buds now appearing, did

gently move their branches and render sweet pleasant shrills; the seas were quiet from the roaring winds and the tempests of great waves; the heaven had chased 5 away the clouds, and appeared fair and clear with his proper light.

Behold, then more and more appeared the beginnings of the poms and processions, every one attired in regal manner, according to his proper habit. One was 10 girded about the middle like a man of arms; another bare a spear, and had a cloak caught up and high shoes as a hunter; another was attired in a robe of silk, and 15 socks of gold, with fine ornament, having long hair added and fixed upon his head, and walked delicately in form of a woman; there was another which wore leg harness and bare a target, an helmet and a spear, 20 like unto a gladiator, as one might believe; after him marched one attired in purple, with the rods borne by vergers before him, like a magistrate; after him followed one with a mantle, a staff, a pair of pantofles, and with a beard as long as any goat's, 25 signifying a philosopher; after him went one with reeds and lime, betokening him a fowler, and another with hooks, declaring a fisher. I saw there a meek and tame bear, which in matron habit was carried on a stool; an ape with a bonnet of woven stuff on his head, and covered with saffron 30 lawn, resembling the Phrygian shepherd Ganymede, and bearing a cup of gold in his hand; an ass had wings glued to his back and went after an old man, whereby you would judge the one to be Pegasus and the other Bellerophon, and at both 35 would you laugh well. Amongst these pleasures and popular delectations, which 40 wandered hither and thither, you might see the peculiar pomp of the saving goddess triumphantly march forward. The women attired in white vestments, and rejoicing 45 in that they bare garlands and flowers upon their heads, bespread the way with herbs, which they bare in their aprons, where this regal and devout procession should pass. Others carried shining mirrors behind them 50 which were turned towards the goddess as she came, to shew to her those which came after as though they would meet her. Others bare combs of ivory, and declared by their gesture and motions of their arms 55 and fingers that they were ordained ready to dress and adorn the goddess's hair. Others dropped in the ways, as they went, balm and other precious ointments. Then

came a great number, as well of men as of women, with lamps, candles, torches, and other lights, doing honor thereby to her that was born of the celestial stars. After that sounded the musical harmony of instruments, pipes and flutes in most pleasant measure. Then came a fair company of youth appareled in white vestments and festal array, singing both meter and verse with a comely grace which some studious poet had made by favor of the Muses, the words whereof did set forth the first ceremonies of this great worship. In the mean season arrived the blowers of trumpets, which were dedicate unto mighty Sarapis, who, holding the same reed sidelong towards their right ears, did give forth a ditty proper to the temple and the god: and likewise were there many officers and beadles, crying room for the goddess to pass. Then came the great company of men and women of all stations and of every age which were initiate and had taken divine orders, whose garments, being of the whitest linen, glistened all the streets over. The women had their hair anointed, and their heads covered with light linen; but the men had their crowns shaven and shining bright, as being the terrene stars of the goddess, and held in their hands timbrels of brass, silver, aye and gold, which rendered forth a shrill and pleasant sound. The principal priests, leaders of the sacred rites, which were appareled with white surplices drawn tight about their breasts and hanging down to the ground, bare the relics of all the most puissant gods. One that was first of them carried in his hand a lantern shining forth with a clear light, not very like to those which we use in our houses and light our supper withal at evening-time, for the bowl of it was of gold and rendered from the middle thereof a more bright flame. The second, attired like the other, bare in both hands those pots to which the succoring providence of the high goddess herself had given their name. The third held up a tree of palm, with leaves cunningly wrought of gold, and the verge or rod Caduceus of Mercury. The fourth showed a token of equity, that was a left hand deformed in every place and with open palm, and because it was naturally more sluggish, and that there was no cleverness nor craft in it, it signified thereby more equity than by the right hand: the same priest carried a round vessel of gold, in

form of a breast, whence milk flowed down. The fifth bare a winnowing fan, wrought with sprigs of gold, and another carried a vessel for wine.

By and by after, the gods deigned to follow afoot as men do, and specially Anubis, the messenger of the gods infernal and supernal, tall, with his face sometime black, sometime fair as gold, lifting up on high his dog's head, and bearing in his left hand his verge, and in his right hand the green branch of a palm-tree. After him straight followed a cow with an upright gait, the cow representing the great goddess that is the fruitful mother of all, and he that guided her supported her as she leaned upon his shoulder, and marched on with much gravity in happy steps. Another carried after the secrets of their glorious religion, closed in a coffer. Another was there that bare in his bosom (thrice happy he!) the venerable figure of the godhead, not formed like any beast, bird, savage thing, or human shape, but made by a new invention, and therefore much to be admired, an emblem ineffable, whereby was signified that such a religion was at once very high and should not be discovered or revealed to any person; thus was it fashioned of shining gold: it was a vessel wrought with a round bottom, and hollowed with wondrous cunning, having on the outside pictures figured like unto the manner of the Egyptians, and the mouth thereof was not very high, but made to jut out like unto a long funnel; on the other side was an ear or handle which came far out from the vessel, whereupon stood an asp holding out his swelling and scaly neck, which entwined the whole as in a knot.

Finally came he which was appointed to my good fortune, according to the promise of the most puissant goddess. For the great priest, which bare the restoration of my human shape, by the commandment of the goddess approached more and more, carrying in his right hand both the timbrel and the garland of roses to give me, which was in very deed my crown to deliver me from cruel fortune which was always mine enemy, after the sufferance of so much calamity and pain, and after the endurance of so many perils. Then I, not running hastily by reason of sudden joy, lest I should disturb the quiet procession with my beastly importunity, but going softly as a man doth step through the press of

people, which gave me place by the divine command on every side, I went after the priest. Then the priest, being admonished the night before, as I might well perceive, and marveling that now the event came opportunely to fulfil that warning, suddenly stood still, and holding out his hands thrust out the garland of roses to my mouth: which garland I (trembling and my heart beating greatly) devoured with a great affection. As soon as I had eaten them, I was not deceived of the promise made unto me: for my deformed and assy face abated, and first the rugged hair of my body fell off, my thick skin waxed soft and tender, my fat belly became thin, the hoofs of my feet changed into toes, my hands were no more feet but returned again to the work of a man that walks upright, my neck grew short, my head and mouth became round, my long ears were made little, my great and stony teeth waxed less, like the teeth of men, and my tail, which before cumbered me most, appeared nowhere. Then the people began to marvel, and the religious honored the goddess for so evident a miracle, which was foreshadowed by the visions which they saw in the night, and the facility of my reformation, whereby they lifted their hands to heaven and with one voice rendered testimony of so great a benefit which I received of the goddess.

When I saw myself in such estate, I was utterly astonished and stood still a good space and said nothing; for my mind could not contain so sudden and so great joy, and I could not tell what to say, nor what word I should first speak with my voice newly found, nor what thanks I should render to the goddess.

AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS (About A.D. 322-400)

Perhaps because he was a Greek of Antioch, the Latin of Ammianus is obscure and uningratiating; but parts of the eighteen surviving of his thirty-one books of history, which covered the time from Nerva to Valens, thus continuing Tacitus and Suetonius, are of exceeding interest as portraying the city of Rome at a period otherwise almost unilluminated. It is the last eighteen that survive, narrating the events of 353-378, including the visit of Constantius the Second to Rome, since 330 no longer the capital, the reign of Julian the reviver of paganism, and the times of Pope Damasus with the already intolerant and rioting Christians. Ammianus writes of what he has lived through, and his judgments on Roman society, proletariat and nobles alike, are interesting, if perhaps not entirely balanced, as coming from a veteran soldier and visitor who admired the great but now failing city and its past.

THE HISTORY OF ROME FROM CONSTANTIUS TO VALENS

HIGH LIFE IN THE ETERNAL CITY (353 A.D.)

And since I think it likely that foreigners who may read this account (if, indeed, any such should meet with it) are likely to wonder how it is that, when my history has reached the point of narrating what was done at Rome, nothing is spoken of but seditions, and shops, and cheapness, and other similarly inconsiderable matters, I will briefly touch upon the causes of this, never intentionally departing from the strict truth. . . .

Last of all, they have arrived at such a depth of unworthiness, that when, no very long time ago, on account of an apprehended scarcity of food, the foreigners were driven in haste from the city; those who practised liberal accomplishments, the number of whom was exceedingly small, were expelled without a moment's breathing-time; yet the followers of actresses, and all who at that time pretended to be of such a class, were allowed to remain; and three thousand dancing-girls had not even a question put to them, but stayed unmolested with the members of their choruses, and a corresponding number of dancing masters.

And wherever you turn your eyes, you may see a multitude of women with their hair curled, who, as far as their age goes,

might, if they had married, been by this time the mothers of three children, sweeping the pavements with their feet till they are weary, whirling round in rapid gyrations, while representing innumerable groups and figures which the theatrical plays contain.

It is a truth beyond all question, that, when at one time Rome was the abode of all the virtues, many of the nobles, like the Lotophagi, celebrated in Homer, who detained men by the deliciousness of their fruit, allured foreigners of free birth by manifold attentions of courtesy and kindness.

But now, in their empty arrogance, some persons look upon everything as worthless which is born outside of the walls of the city, except only the childless and the unmarried. Nor can it be conceived with what a variety of obsequious observance men without children are courted at Rome.

And since among them, as is natural in a city so great as to be the metropolis of the world, diseases attain to such an insurmountable degree of violence, that all the skill of the physician is ineffectual even to mitigate them; a certain assistance and means of safety has been devised, in the rule that no one should go to see a friend in such a condition, and to a few precautionary measures a further remedy of sufficient potency has been added, that men should not readmit into their houses servants who have been sent to inquire how a man's friends who may have been seized with an illness of this kind are, until

they have cleansed and purified their persons in the bath. So that a taint is feared, even when it has only been seen with the eyes of another.

But nevertheless, when these rules are observed thus stringently, some persons, if they be invited to a wedding, though the vigor of their limbs be much diminished, yet, when gold is offered in the hollow palm of the right hand, will go actively as far as Spoletum. These are the customs of the nobles.

But of the lower and most indigent class of the populace some spend the whole night in the wine shops. Some lie concealed in the shady arcades of the theaters; which Catulus was in his ædileship the first person to raise, in imitation of the lascivious manners of Campania, or else they play at dice so eagerly as to quarrel over them; snuffing up their nostrils and making unseemly noises by drawing back their breath into their noses; or (and this is their favorite pursuit of all others) from sunrise to evening they stay gaping through sunshine or rain, examining in the most careful manner the most sterling good or bad qualities of the charioteers and horses.

And it is very wonderful to see an innumerable multitude of people with great eagerness of mind intent upon the event of the contests in the chariot race. These pursuits, and others of like character, prevent anything worth mentioning or important from being done at Rome.

—C. D. YONGE.

THE TRIUMPH OF CONSTANTIUS

(A.D. 356)

As if the temple of Janus were closed and all his enemies laid low, Constantius was eager to visit Rome, intending to celebrate a triumph because of Magnentius' destruction, though he lacked the right, inasmuch as the blood of the slain was Roman. . . He wished to display to the city an endless procession, with standards stiff with gold and brilliant guards and retinue, though the people, who were now in peace and quiet, at no time either expected or desired this or any such spectacle; not knowing, perhaps, that certain of the old-time emperors had been content in time of peace with lictors . . . and that many of them had made themselves illus-

trious by splendid deeds in order to hand down to posterity the memory of glories earned by their own achievements.

Accordingly, after long and elaborate preparation, in the second prefecture of Orfitus, he passed through Ocriculum, elated by his great honors, escorted by a formidable array of marching columns, making his progress as if in order of battle, while from every direction the eyes of all were fixed upon him and never left his face. And when he drew near the city, as he contemplated with serene gaze the senate paying their respects, and looked on these figures, reverend because they were the likeness of the old patrician line, he did not think, like Cineas the famous ambassador of Pyrrhus, that a multitude of kings was assembled together, but that here was the asylum of the whole world. And when he had turned from them to the people, he was astounded to think in what throngs the whole human kind had come streaming together from all quarters to Rome. And as if he would have terrified with the sight of his arms the Euphrates or the Rhine, with standards going ahead on either side he himself came on, sitting alone in a golden car, which shone with various brilliant precious stones, and sparkled so that it gave a kind of flickering light. And after him came many others, around whom floated dragons embroidered in bright-colored tissues and tied to golden and begemmed spear-tips, and with mouths wide open so that they were inflated by the wind and on this account hissed as if stirred with anger, their tails coiling and streaming in the breeze. And next marched on the one side and the other two ranks of men-at-arms with shields and crests, gleaming and sparkling and in brilliant coats with breastplates, and at intervals among them the mailed cavalry called *clibanarii*, protected by cuirasses and girdled with iron belts, so that you would think them statues finished by the hand of Praxiteles, not men. They were so well encased in the delicate rounded plates, fitted to the curves of their bodies and covering all their members, that, in whatever direction they were compelled to move, their apparel adapted itself, the joints fitting perfectly.

And so, saluted as Augustus by voices of happy omen, though the hills and shores were filled with thunderous clamors, he did not move a muscle, but preserved the same

unchanging countenance he was wont to show in his provinces. For, very short though he was, he bowed his body when riding under the high gates, and as if his neck were fixed, bent his gaze straight before him, turning his face neither to right nor left; and, as if the statue of a man, when the rolling wheels shook him, he was never seen either to nod, or to spit, or to wipe or rub his mouth or nose, or even to move a hand. . . .

Then, having entered Rome, the home of empire and of all virtues, when he had arrived at the Rostra, and saw before him that most famed scene of ancient power, he stood speechless with amazement, his eyes dazzled by the multitude of wonders that assailed them wherever he turned. After addressing the nobles in the senate, and the people from the tribunal, he was escorted amid resounding applause to the Palace, where he enjoyed himself as he had desired.

And often, as he was conducting the races, he expressed his delight at the piquant speech of the common people, who were neither presumptuous in their ways nor yet lacking in the sense of their native liberty. He himself, too, maintained a bearing of due respect toward them; for he did not, as was usual in other cities, allow the contests to be finished according to his own preference, but, following the custom, left them to various circumstances.

Then he went the rounds of the city, visiting the summits of the seven hills and the various places on their slopes and in the level parts, and the suburban districts also. Whatever his eyes first rested upon, he felt sure must excel all the rest. There was the temple of Jupiter on the Tarpeian Mount, as much greater than other temples as the heavenly is greater than the earthly; baths built up like whole provinces; the great pile of the amphitheater, a mass reared solidly in Tiburtine stone, to whose summit human vision found it hard to reach; the Pantheon, like a whole region, rounded and polished, and reared on vaulting of wondrous height; the lofty monuments whose summits, ascended by winding stairways, supported effigies of former emperors; and the temple of the City and the forum of Peace, and the theater of Pompey, and the Odeum, and the Stadium, and, intermingled with these, the other ornaments of the everlasting city.

But when he came to the forum of

Trajan, a structure unique under all heaven, which, to my thinking, even the gods would agree to call wonderful, he was rooted to the spot with amazement as he contemplated those gigantic edifices, which are neither to be described by words or again to be attempted by mortal men. And so, compelled to lay aside all hope of undertaking anything of that kind, he said that Trajan's horse alone, which was located in the middle of the court and bore the emperor himself, he would imitate, for he could do that.

The prince Ormizda, to whose departure from Persia we have referred above, happened to be standing at his side, and answered, with well-bred wit, 'Sire, you will first have to order the construction of a stable like this, if you can, so that the horse you have in mind to make may succeed to as ample a realm as that of the horse we are now looking at.'

He himself, being asked what he thought of Rome, replied that the one thing that delighted him was to learn that there, too, men died.

And so, after he had seen a multitude of things to his amazement and stupefaction, the emperor complained of Fame as either powerless or spiteful, because, though she always exaggerated, she had failed of showing forth what was at Rome; and, deliberating a long time as to what course he should pursue, he determined to add to the ornament of the city by erecting in the Circus Maximus an obelisk, of whose origin and form I shall speak in the fitting place.

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

THE GRAIN-FLEET THREATENED

(A.D. 359)

While these events and troubles were proceeding rapidly in the remote districts of the East, the Eternal City was fearing distress from an impending scarcity of corn; and the violence of the common people, infuriated by the expectation of that worst of all evils, was vented upon Tertullus, who at that time was prefect of the city. This was unreasonable, since it did not depend upon him that the provisions were embarked in a stormy season in ships which, through the unusually tempestuous state of the sea and the violence

of contrary winds, were driven into any ports they could make, and were unable to reach the port of Augustus, from the greatness of the dangers which threatened them.

Nevertheless, Tertullus was continually troubled by the seditious movements of the people, who worked themselves up to great rage, being excited by the imminent danger of a famine; till, having no hope of preserving his own safety, he wisely brought his little boys out to the people, who, though in a state of tumultuous disorder, were often influenced by sudden accidents, and with tears addressed them thus:

'Behold your fellow citizens, who (may the gods avert the omen), unless fortune should take a more favorable turn, will be exposed to the same sufferings as yourself. If then you think that by destroying them you will be saved from all suffering, they are in your power.' The people, of their own nature inclined to mercy, were propitiated by this sad address, and made no answer, but awaited their fate with resignation.

And soon, by the favor of the deity who has watched over the growth of Rome from its first origin, and who promised that it should last forever, while Tertullus was at Ostia sacrificing in the temple of Castor and Pollux, the sea became calm, the wind changed to a gentle southeast breeze, and the ships in full sail entered the port laden with corn to fill the granaries.

THE COMMON PEOPLE

(A.D. 359)

And let us come to the idle and lazy common people, among whom some, who have not even got shoes, boast of high-sounding names; calling themselves Cimesores, Statarii, Semicupæ, Serapina, or Cicimbricus, or Gluturiorus, Trulla, Lucanicus, Pordaca, or Salsula, with numbers of other similar appellations. These men spend their whole lives in drinking, and gambling, and brothels, and pleasures, and public spectacles; and to them the Circus Maximus is their temple, their home, their public assembly; in fact, their whole hope and desire.

And you may see in the Forum, and roads, and streets, and places of meeting, knots of people collected, quarreling vio-

lently with one another, and objecting to one another, and splitting themselves into violent parties.

Among whom those who have lived long, having influence by reason of their age, their gray hairs and wrinkles, are continually crying out that the republic cannot stand, if in the contest which is about to take place, the skilful charioteer, whom some individual backs, is not foremost in the race, and does not dexterously shave the turning-post with the trace-horses.

And when there is so much ruinous carelessness, when the wished-for day of the equestrian games dawns, before the sun has visibly risen, they all rush out with headlong haste, as if with their speed they would outstrip the very chariots which are going to race; while as to the event of the contest they are all torn asunder by opposite wishes, and the greater part of them, through their anxiety, pass sleepless nights.

From hence, if you go to some cheap theater, the actors on the stage are driven off by hisses, if they have not taken the precaution to conciliate the lowest of the people by gifts of money.

—C. D. YONGE.

JULIAN AND THE CHRISTIANS

(A.D. 361)

And although from his earliest childhood he was inclined to the worship of the gods, and gradually, as he grew up, became more attached to it, yet he was influenced by many apprehensions which made him act in things relating to that subject as secretly as he could.

But when his fears were terminated, and he found himself at liberty to do what he pleased, he then showed his secret inclinations, and by plain and positive decrees ordered the temples to be opened, and victims to be brought to the altars for the worship of the gods.

And in order to give more effect to his intentions, he ordered the priests of the different Christian sects, with the adherents of each sect, to be admitted into the palace, and in a constitutional spirit expressed his wish that their dissensions being appeased, each without any hindrance might fearlessly follow the religion he preferred.

He did this the more resolutely because, as long license increased their dissensions,

he thought he should never have to fear the unanimity of the common people, having found by experience that no wild beasts are so hostile to men as Christian sects in general are to one another. And he often used to say, 'Listen to me, to whom the Alemanni and Franks have listened'; imitating in this an expression of the ancient emperor Marcus Aurelius. But he omitted to notice that there was a great difference between himself and his predecessor.

For when Marcus was passing through Palestine, on his road to Egypt, he is said, when wearied by the dirt and rebellious spirit of the Jews, to have often exclaimed with sorrow, 'O Marcomanni, O Quadi, O Sarmatians, I have at last found others worse than you!'

THE CHURCH AT ROME

(A.D. 367)

His administration was tranquil and undisturbed, and the people enjoyed plenty under it. Yet he also was alarmed by fierce seditions raised by the discontented populace, which arose from the following occurrence.

Damasus and Ursinus, being both moderately eager to obtain the bishopric, formed parties and carried on the conflict with great asperity, the partisans of each carrying their violence to actual battle, in which men were wounded and killed. And

as Juventius was unable to put an end to, or even to soften, these disorders, he was at last by their violence compelled to withdraw to the suburbs.

Ultimately Damasus got the best of the strife by the strenuous efforts of his partisans. It is certain that on one day one hundred and thirty-seven dead bodies were found in the basilica of Sicininus, which is a Christian church. And the populace who had been thus roused to a state of ferocity were with great difficulty restored to order.

I do not deny, when I consider the ostentation that reigns at Rome, that those who desire such rank and power may be justified in laboring with all possible exertion and vehemence to obtain their wishes; since after they have succeeded, they will be secure for the future, being enriched by offerings from matrons, riding in carriages, dressing splendidly, and feasting luxuriously, so that their entertainments surpass even royal banquets.

And they might be really happy if, despising the vastness of the city, which they excite against themselves by their vices, they were to live in imitation of some of the priests in the provinces, whom the most rigid abstinence in eating and drinking, and plainness of apparel, and eyes always cast on the ground, recommend to the everlasting Deity and his true worshippers as pure and sober-minded men.

—C. D. YONGE.

QUINTUS AURELIUS SYMMACHUS (About A.D. 340-403)

Symmachus, a wealthy and cultured member of the nobility who served the imperial government and the city of Rome in all the important offices within their gift, is important in the history of pagan Rome as a figure representative of the best society and the best administrative talent nearly a hundred years after the edict of Constantine and only a few years before the advent of Alaric and the Goths, at a time when the Church was already not only militant against paganism but a prey to internal dissensions, when the pagan religion was on the defensive and beginning to crumble, and when the bonds of the empire were loosening. With his contemporary, Nicomachus Flavianus, who figured in the last revival of paganism in 394, during the short tenure of the rebel emperor Eugenius, he assisted at what may be called the last public appearance of the old religion in Rome. Previously, he had been a delegate of the pagan party in the attempt to persuade the emperors to restore to its old place in the senate house the famous altar of Victory, which had been removed at the insistence of the Christians, and which had come to be the visible center of controversy between the old and new religions. Symmachus was an orator of distinction and a good letter-writer, but not a genius. It was on his recommendation to Ambrose, bishop of Milan, that Augustine was appointed in 385 to the professorship of rhetoric in that city, where he was converted by the bishop and baptized in 387.

A PLEA FOR PAGANISM

To our Lords Valentinian, Theodosius, and Arcadius, always Augusti, Symmachus the Senator, Prefect of the City.

Let us at least give to the name the honor which has been denied the deity. Your Eternities owe much to Victory and will owe still more. Let those turn away from this source of power who have had from it no advantage; you cannot afford to give up the protection of a deity friendly to triumphs. Hers is a power for whose favor everyone prays. No one would deny that a deity whose aid he professes is to be desired should be the object of religious attention. But if the avoidance of this omen were not a just thing to ask, at any rate it would have been but decency to keep hands off the ornaments of the senate house.

Enable us, we supplicate you, to leave as old men to our children what as children we received from our fathers. Deep is the affection men feel for that to which they are accustomed. The act of Deified Constantine did not long hold, and deservedly. All precedents should be shunned by you which are found soon to have lost their force. We are concerned for the lasting renown of your names; we desire

that time to come shall find nothing there to correct.

Where are we to swear allegiance to your laws and your words? With what shall the minds of the false be made to fear so that they will not lie in the giving of testimony? It is true, of course, that all creation is full of deity, and that no place is safe for the perjurer, but the fear of playing false is greatly magnified if he is constrained also by deity actually at hand. That altar stands for the concord of all our body, that altar is the pledge of good faith for individuals; there is nothing makes for authority in our decrees so much as the fact that our body votes them all as it were under oath to the gods. Shall perjury therefore have an unconsecrated place at which to take oath, and will my illustrious Princes, who owe protection to the public oath, find this a thing they can approve?

But Deified Constantine will be said to have done this. Let us rather emulate other acts of that emperor, who would have entered upon no such policy as this had any other made the mistake before him; for the lapse of the predecessor serves as correction for the follower, and it is from the disregard of precedent that improvement springs. It may have been right for him, the example of Your Clemencies,

in a matter still untried not to make sure he did nothing invidious; but can that same defense apply in our case if we imitate an act we have seen proved wrong? Let Your Eternities listen to other acts of this same emperor which you will find more worthy of appropriation. He took from the Sacred Virgins not a single one of their privileges, he decreed priesthoods to nobles, he did not deny moneys to meet the expense of the ceremonies in Rome, he accompanied the happy senate through all the streets of the Eternal City, looking with placid eye on our altars and shrines and on the names of the gods carved on the façades, inquiring into the origins of the temples, and marveling at their founders; and, although he professed another religion, gave ours his guarantee. For every man has his own ways, and every man has his own manner of worship; divine purpose has assigned various cults as protectors to cities. Just as souls are partitioned among human beings at birth, so to peoples are allotted the divine spirits that rule their fates.

There is the matter of benefits, too, which most of all justifies the gods to men. For when we bring every argument into the open, on what basis can we better judge of the gods than from the record and proof of prospering circumstances? Farther, if long existence confers authority

upon religions, the faith of so many generations is worthy of preservation, and we ought to follow our fathers as they with such good results followed theirs.

Let us imagine Rome now present and pleading with you after this fashion: 'Best of princes, fathers of your country, have respect for my years—years to which my devotion to religion has brought me. Let me continue in the rites of my forefathers; for I have no reason for regret. Let me live, since I am free, in my own ways. The religion I profess brought the whole world under my sway, the cult I practise repulsed Hannibal from my walls and the Senones from the Capitol. Have I then been preserved for this, to be denied in my old age? What new ways are to be entered upon, should be mine to judge. Change in old age is tardy and disgraceful.'

And so we ask for peace to the gods of our fathers, and to the gods of our native soil. It is but fair that what all men worship should be regarded as one and the same. We gaze upon the same stars, the heavens are common to us, the same universe wraps us round. Why should it be a concern as to what manner of search for the truth another employs? It is not by one path alone that we can penetrate to so great a mystery.

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

CLAUDIUS CLAUDIANUS (About A.D. 400)

Claudian, a Greek born in Alexandria and using Latin as a foreign tongue but with perfection, appears in Rome in 395. The friend of the Emperor Honorius and his Vandal general Stilicho, he writes panegyrics on them and their friends and invectives against their enemies, besides various other poems, the longest of which is *The Rape of Proserpina*, by 402 has been honored with a bronze statue, and in 404 disappears from history. In 408 his patron Stilicho, who in 396 and 402 had checked the barbarians under Alaric, fell, and in August, 410, Rome was at last entered and spoiled by the Goths after fifteen years during which the threat of Alaric was never wholly absent. Poetically, Claudian's excellences are in language and meter which approach though they fall far short of Virgil, in descriptive passages, and in a certain inspiration when his theme is Rome and the Roman virtues. His defects are the artificialities inhering in imitative and laudatory court poetry. Historically, he is of exceeding interest as the main source for the times, and as reflecting the condition of a Rome which had existed for a thousand years, for five centuries had ruled the world, and now, still splendid in outward appearances but inwardly decadent and weak, was unconsciously and complacently advancing in the path soon to lead into the Dark Ages. He practically, and probably with intention, ignored Christianity. Aside from the idyllic gem, *The Old Man of Verona*, Claudian has inspired little verse translation.

THE OLD MAN OF VERONA

Happy the man, who his whole time doth
bound

Within th' inclosure of his little ground.
Happy the man whom the same humble place,
The hereditary cottage of his race,
From his first rising infancy has known, 5
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural propension, to that earth
Which both preserved his life, and gave him
birth.

Him no false lights, by fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wanderings get. 10
He never dangers either saw or feared:
The dreadful storms at sea he never heard.
He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
Or the worse noises of the lawyers' bar.
No change of consuls marks to him the year;
The change of seasons is his calendar. 16
The cold and heat, winter and summer shows;
Autumn by fruits, and spring by flowers, he
knows.

He measures time by landmarks, and has
found

For the whole day the dial of his ground. 20
A neighboring wood, born with himself, he
sees,

And loves his old contemporary trees.
He has only heard of near Verona's name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame.

Does with a like concernment notice take 25
Of the Red sea, and of Benacus' lake.

Thus health and strength he to a third age
enjoys,

And sees a long posterity of boys.

About the spacious world let others roam,
The voyage, life, is longest made at home. 30

—ABRAHAM COWLEY.

ETERNAL ROME

Naught grander on earth does the sky
embrace. The eye cannot comprehend her
extent, the heart her beauty, nor the voice
her praise. With the luster of her gold
she rivals the stars she touches. Her seven
hills recall the zones of Olympus. Mother
of arms and laws, she spreads her rule
over all mankind, the first to give them law.
She it is who from narrow bounds spread
to either pole, and starting from a little
home reached forth her hands with the
sun. Battling with destiny, while she
waged countless wars at once, laid hold
on the towns of Spain, besieged the towns
of Sicily, brought low the Gaul on land,
the Carthaginian on the sea, she never
bowed to blow; no whit was she affrighted
by wounds, but her voice rose stronger
after Cannæ and the Trebia, and when the

flames girt her round about and the foe was at the wall, she sent her armies to the distant Iberians, nor was she stayed by Ocean, but embarked upon the deep and sought the Britons in a world remote for a fresh triumph. This is she who alone took the conquered to her bosom and cherished all mankind alike, as mother not as queen, and called them her sons whom she had conquered, and bound them to her afar by 10 bonds of love. To her rule of peace we owe it that the stranger is at home in every land, that men may dwell in every clime, that it is but sport to visit Thule and the furthest shores; that we may range from 15 Rhone to Orontes; that we are all one people. Nor shall there ever be an end to Rome's sway.

—TERROT REAVELEY GLOVER.

THE GLORIES OF ROME

Behold, new honor dignifies the Palatine as with joy and gladness it receives the

divine tenant (Honorius) . . . Surely no other seat were fit abode for those who rule the world; on no hill is Sovereignty more conscious of its worth, or feels more 5 deeply the pride of supreme power. Rearing aloft its crown, with the Rostra far below, the Palace looks forth upon countless sanctuaries and countless sentinel gods encircling it. How fair a sight, to behold 10 the Giants hanging from the Tarpeian rock below the temple of the Thunderer, and the graven doors, and statues soaring amid the clouds, and the high air dense with thronging temples, and everywhere 15 the terrain a forest of columns adorned with beaks from many a conquered ship, and palaces reposing on foundations mountain-high which the hands of men have upreared, adding still to Nature, and arches 20 unnumbered, rich with glittering spoils of war! The eye is bewildered and blinded by flashing metal and the gleam of gold on every hand.

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

DECIMUS MAGNUS AUSONIUS (A.D. 310-395)

At first an advocate in his native city Bordeaux, then professor of rhetoric in its university, Ausonius at fifty-four was appointed tutor to Gratian, the son of the Emperor Valentinian, and held imperial offices besides. His immediate relations with Gratian having ended with the latter's accession and the influence of Ambrose as his counsellor, Ausonius retired to Bordeaux. His poems form a great variety, including epigrams, acrostics, occasional verse, a few not very enthusiastic Christian poems, and *The Moselle*, whose five hundred lines contain a number of exquisite nature passages, the spirit of which is so modern and northern as almost to remove them from ancient Roman times. The touching epigram to his wife was written thirty-six years after her death at the age of twenty-seven.

TO HIS WIFE

Be life what it has been, and let us hold,
Dear wife, the names we each gave each of
old;
And let not time work change upon us two,
I still your boy, and still my sweetheart you.
What though I outlive Nestor? and what
though
You in your turn a Sibyl's years should
know?
Ne'er let us know old age or late or soon;
Count not the years, but take of each its boon.
—TERROT REAVELEY GLOVER.

UNHAPPY DIDO

Poor Dido found but little rest,
By neither of her spouses blest;
She flies, because the first was dead,
And dies, because the second fled.
—CHARLES T. BROOKS.

THE MOSELLE

In nebulous light I crossed swift Nava's
stream,
Saw the new walls of ancient Bingen gleam,
Where Gallia once matched Latian Cannæ's
day,
And piles of dead unwept, unburied lay.
Thence through lone forest depths my journey
ran, 5
That showed no trace of civilizing man;
O'er dry Dummissus; then where with sweet
sound

Perennial fountains murmur all around
Roman Tabernæ; and through fields where
now
The Sauromatian colonist drives his plough.
At length I see upon the Belgian line 11
The castle famed of glorious Constantine,
Nivomagus, and here a purer air
Breathes o'er the fields; and now, serene and
fair,
The face of Phœbus to the wondering sight 15
Renews Olympus clothed in purple light.
No longer vainly the bewildered eye
Through the green gloom of branches seeks
the sky;
No more the ruddy ray and liquid light
Of the free heavens are hid by envious
night. 20
The lovely light that smiles o'er hill and
stream
Brings back the scenes that live in childhood's
dream;
My own Burdigala's dear features lie
Imaged in all I see to memory's eye;
The villa roofs that crown the craggy steeps,
And overhang the valley's winding sweeps; 26
Hills green with vines, and at their feet the
swell
And low-voiced murmur of thy waves,
Moselle. . . .
Hail, O illustrious river, renowned for thy
fields and thy farmers,
River that washest the walls of the Belgæ's
imperial city, 30
River whose ridges are crowned with the
vine's odoriferous clusters,
River whose meadows are clothed by the
grass with an emerald verdure! . . .

Down through the crystalline depths of the
waters we see to the bottom.
They have no mysteries to hide; and, as in
the clear upper heavens
Ranges the eye far round through all the
circling horizon, 35
What time no breath of wind shakes a leaflet
or ripples the water,
So in the blue heaven below the eye freely
ranges or lingers,
And in the azure-light chambers sees mani-
fold shapes of rare beauty;
Plants that gracefully wave in the silent sway
of the waters,
And through green groves of moss glittering
jewels of sand. . . . 40

But let first the task I have now undertaken
be ended;
Let me sing to the close the praise of the
glorious river,
Follow the sweep of its tide rejoicing along
the green meadows,
Till in the waves of the Rhine it shall come
to receive consecration.
Open, O Rhine, thy blue bosom, spread wide
thy green fluttering garments 45
To the new stream that with thine would
mingle its sisterly waters! . . .

Thus I sang, who, sprung from the race of
the ancient Vivisci,
Lately in friendly alliance a guest at the
Belgian hearthstone,
Roman Ausonius am named, and claim as the
home of my fathers 50
Gallia's utmost limits, and where the high
Pyrenean
Mountains o'erhang Aquitania, serene land
of free-hearted people.

Such the strains I boldly, though modestly
swept from my harp-strings.
Poor though the tribute, 'twas fitting, O
Muse, that these hands should this offer
Out of my poverty, gratitude's gift to the
beautiful river. 55
Nor for fame I hanker! I only beg for for-
giveness;
So many hast thou, O glorious stream, whose
footsteps have wandered
Round the waters divine that are blessed by
Æonian maidens,
And on whose foreheads hath sprinkled her
cool drops the fair Aganippe;
But for me—if so much shall yet linger of
fire poetic— 60
When to my native Bordeaux, youth's home
and of age the still refuge,
Pater Augustus and also his son, whom of
all I hold dearest,
Grant me once more to return, content with
Ausonian fasces
Graced, and with curule honors,—and when
at length the old master
Now is dismissed and rewarded with thanks
for long years of true service,— 65
Then to the stream of the North will I pour
out a worthier tribute:
Sing of the cities whose walls are washed by
thy calm-gliding waters;
Sing of the castles that frown above thee
with time-wasted turrets;
Sing of the fortresses built of old for a
refuge from danger;
Used by the prosperous Belgians now, not
for forts, but for garner.
Then, to the farthest lands and in tongues
and in songs of strange peoples,
Wide shall be wafted thy name and thy glory,
O hornèd Mosella!

—CHARLES T. BROOKS.

RUTILIUS CLAUDIUS NAMATIANUS (About A.D. 415)

When Rutilius, after three years as prefect of the city, left Rome in 417 to visit his native Gaul, seven years had passed since Alaric humiliated the ancient capital, the Christian religion, recognized a century before by Constantine, had become dominant, and the empire was falling apart and approaching its end; but little evidence that this condition is a reality to him appears in the extant 644 and 68 lines respectively of the two books of elegiacs *On His Return*. As he floats away from the city and down the Tiber to the sea, his ears are filled with the echoing cheers of the multitude for the winning charioteer, his memory with images of proud monuments, and his heart with pride in the benefactions of Mother Rome to the human race.

With Rutilius the line of pagan poets comes to an end, and the story of pagan Roman literature is told.

ON HIS RETURN TO GAUL

Thou wilt somewhat marvel at my speedy return, O reader, and that I could so soon give up the Romulean blessings. But what is long to those who venerate Rome through all the years? Naught can e'er be long for which our love is ne'er ended.

Ah, how blessed, how many times blessed, can I count them whose lot has been to be born on this happy soil—the nobly sprung of Roman lineage to whose family honors are added still the glories of the City! Virtue's seeds transmitted as boon from Heaven could have being in no place so worthy. Blessed also they who, favored by fortune with the second lot, come to have abodes on Latin soil. A just and conscientious senate lies open to the stranger who merits praise, nor does it regard as strangers those worthy of being its own. The authority of the rank and of their colleagues is theirs to enjoy, and they have part in the character they venerate; as we are told it is in the council of greatest Jove in the ethereal reaches of the rolling universe.

But my fate tears me away from the beloved shores; the fields of Gaul are calling their native son—unsightly, indeed, from too long wars, yet rousing the more compassion as they are the less beautiful. Were my fellow-citizens secure and safe, to neglect them would be a lighter fault; the sufferings of a people demand the loyalty of the individual. I owe my tears in person to the abodes of my ancestors; true helpfulness comes from effort oft prompted by grief. It is not right for me longer not to look on the wide ruin which the delays of unfulfilled aid have multiplied; it is time now, after the raging fires, even to build the homes of the herdsmen

on the dismantled estates. Nay, even the springs, could they utter words, and the very trees, could they speak, would urge the tardy one with just complaints, and add sails to my longing.

And now at last I am vanquished; I have loosed the embraces of the beloved city, and can scarce endure the tardiness of going. My way shall be on the sea, for the roads on the levels of earth are saturate with streams, the high places are rough with rocks. Since the Tuscan land and since the defences of Aurelian have felt the hand of the Goth with sword and fire, and forests are no longer safe with the dwellings of men, or streams with bridges, it is better to trust sails to the uncertain sea.

Many are the kisses we imprint on the gates we now must leave behind; our feet unwillingly cross the sacred threshold. We implore pardon for our tears and render thee offering of our praise, so far as tears permit the utterance of words:

Hearken, most beautiful queen of thy world, Rome received among the starry reaches of heaven! Hearken, O mother of men and mother of gods! Not far from the skies are we when in thy sacred abodes. Thee do we sing, and ever shall while the fates permit. No one can be secure, neglectful of thee. Sooner shall wretched oblivion blot out the sun than thine honor fail from our heart. For thou dost extend thy boon wheresoever shine the sun's rays, wheresoever billows the girdling Ocean. . . . Thou hast made of diverse nations a single fatherland; the reluctant, with thee to rule, have found it gain to be vanquished. In bestowing upon the subdued an equal right in thy law, thou hast made a city what was before a world.

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

VIII. THE RISE OF CHRISTIANITY (A.D. 58-420)

At least as early as 58, when Paul addressed the Romans, there existed a Christian community in the city. In 64, as we have read in Tacitus, its members were made the scapegoat by the Emperor Nero on the occasion of the great fire. From this time until about 400, when Christianity had definitely become the religion of administration and administrators, its progress was marked, first, for two hundred and fifty years by frequent persecutions, some general and some local, until in 313 Constantine's edict of Milan made it legitimate, and second, by a hundred years during which it gradually and in more peaceful manner supplanted the old religion, taking to itself in the process not only the membership, but not a little, both bad and good, of the character, of paganism.

PLINY TO TRAJAN ON THE CHRISTIANS

It is my wont, Sire, to refer to you all matters concerning which I am in doubt; for who better than you can guide me in my hesitations, or, if you please, instruct me in my ignorance? The trials of the Christians—I have never had to do with them, and so have no idea as to how far the sect should be held subject either to punishment or to examination. And I have felt no slight hesitation as to whether time of life should be taken into account, or no distinction should be made between those of very tender age and those of more years and strength; and as to whether the repentant should receive pardon, or renunciation should count for nothing if one at any time has been a Christian; and as to whether the mere name unattended by criminal conduct should constitute cause for punishment, or whether it is the crime inhering in the name that is to be punished.

In the meantime, in the cases brought before me with the charge of being Christians, I have followed this method of procedure. I have asked them whether they were Christians. On their confession of the fact, I have asked them a second and a third time, with threats of punishment. If they have persisted, I have ordered their execution; for I have had no doubt that, whatever they confessed, their pertinacity and their inflexible obstinacy at least ought to bring punishment upon them. There have been some afflicted with the same madness whom, because of their being citi-

zens, I have taken steps to have sent to Rome for trial. Before long, by the very fact of measures being taken against it, as is usually the result, accusations began to be heard in various quarters, and a greater number of cases were brought before me. Anonymous information, with the names of many persons, has been lodged with me.

When those who have denied that they either were or had been Christians have called upon the gods in my presence, and have gone through the forms of worship, with incense and wine, before your likeness, which, with the images of the gods, I have ordered brought in for the purpose, and in addition to this have cursed Christ,—none of which acts those who are in real truth Christians can be brought to perform,—I have thought them deserving of discharge. Some have said that they were Christians, and then presently denied it, saying that they had been but had ceased to be, some many years before, a few even twenty years. These also, all of them, have both worshipped your likeness and the images of the gods and cursed Christ. They have affirmed, moreover, that the worst crime, or rather mistake, of which they had been guilty, had consisted in their custom of coming together before dawn on stated days to sing together a hymn to Christ, as if to God, and to bind themselves by an oath not to commit theft, robbery, or adultery, and not to deny a deposit when called upon. After this, according to their statement, they had been wont to separate. They had been accustomed to come together again to partake of

a meal, common to all, and without blame; but they had discontinued even this after the edict in which, in obedience to your instructions, I had forbidden the existence of secret societies. For this reason I thought it all the more necessary to try to get at the truth by the examination of two female slaves said to be deaconesses, and I even had them put to the torture. I have been able to discover nothing except 10 a distorted and exaggerated outside cult, and so have postponed the hearings and resorted to you for counsel. The matter seemed to me to demand consultation, especially on account of the number of those 15 who are in danger. For many, of every age, of every rank, and of both sexes, are being called into jeopardy, and will continue to be in the future. Not merely cities, but villages, too, and the country dis- 20 tricts, have been thoroughly infected with the contagion of these wretched non-conformists—who I nevertheless think may be stayed and corrected. At least it is certain that the temples, already almost 25 deserted, have begun to be much frequented again, and that the usual sacrifices, long neglected, are again being performed,

and the fodder for the victims is on sale—there were very few buyers of it heretofore.

From this it is easy to form an opinion 5 of the throngs who can be set right if only allowed the opportunity for recantation.

TRAJAN TO PLINY

In dealing with the cases of the Christians brought before you, my dear Secundus, you have followed the proper mode of procedure.

No definite rule, to apply in all cases, can be laid down. The Christians are not to be sought out. If brought before you and found guilty, they are to be punished; but on this condition, that whosoever denies that he is a Christian, and makes good his assertion by performing acts of worship to our gods, is to have full pardon, however greatly suspected in the past. Anonymous charges are in no case to be admitted as evidence; this would be a very bad precedent, and besides not in the spirit of our times.

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

MARCUS MINUCIUS FELIX (About A.D. 175)

The *Octavius* of Minucius Felix, a cultivated Roman lawyer, is the earliest extant Latin essay on Christianity. Its author is a convert rich in pagan literary and philosophical lore, and writes an essay almost Ciceronian in style and presentation. In an utterly charming introduction, the narrator and his friends, the pagan Cæcilius and the Christian Octavius, after an early morning walk by the sea at Ostia, sit down to discuss the merits of new and old. The body of the essay consists of the two discourses of pagan and Christian, and the conclusion records the victory of the Christian and the deep satisfaction of the Christian narrator. The argument of Octavius is remarkable for the absence of peculiar Christian doctrines such as those of baptism, atonement, the Trinity, the divinity of Christ, and the resurrection, but striking in the familiar and modern nature of its reasoning.

OCTAVIUS; OR, PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN

THE FRIENDS AT OSTIA

Whenever my thoughts dwell on my good old friend Octavius, his charming and lovable personality becomes so real to me that I seem in a manner to return to the past, with something more than a mere recollection of its closed pages. My eyes can no longer see him, but his portrait is for that very reason all the more deeply engraved on my heart and inmost feelings. He was a remarkable and saintly man, and his departure from this world left me with an indefinite sense of loss. In truth, he was so much attached to me that our thoughts and wishes, whether grave or gay, always coincided; it was as though we had only one mind between us. The result of this unanimity was that, while he was the only partner of my pleasures, he shared my errors also. So, again, when I escaped from the dark slough of ignorance into the light of wisdom and truth, he did not cast off his companion, but, much more nobly, ran on to show him the way. Consequently, when my thoughts range over the whole period of our intimacy, my most vivid recollection is of a discourse of his in which by sheer force of argument he converted Quintus Cæcilius from his belated superstition to the true faith.

Octavius had come to Rome partly on business, and partly in order to see me; and he had left his wife and children at

home, the little ones just at the age of innocence, and at that most lovable time when they try to say short words with delightfully quaint attempts at pronunciation. I cannot say how pleased I was to see my greatest friend, especially as his arrival was quite unexpected. After a day or two of renewed intimacy, when we had to some extent satisfied our hunger for each other's company, and had thoroughly compared notes together, we determined to go to Ostia, an exceedingly nice place, where I had been advised to try the bracing effects of sea-bathing. The vintage holidays had released me from the law-courts, and after the heat of summer there was a touch of autumn in the air.

Well, early one morning we were walking down to the sea, to enjoy the cool breeze and a stroll over the sands, when Cæcilius, who was with us, noticed an image of Serapis, and in the usual superstitious way kissed his hand to it.

Then Octavius said to me: 'Marcus, my brother, here is a man who is closely connected with you, both in private and in business. You are not doing your duty by him if you leave him in ignorant blindness, and let him stumble in broad daylight over blocks of stone, even though they are carved and anointed and crowned. You must be aware that his error is as discreditable to yourself as it is to him.'

This remark brought us past the town to the open shore, where the gentle waves had made us a promenade of level sand. The sea, which is never absolutely still,

even when there is no wind, came in, not white and foaming, but in curling, twisting waves which it was a pleasure to look at, and, when we walked quite at the edge of the water, played round our footsteps and then receded from them. So we walked on, slowly and quietly, along the slight curve of the shore, amusing ourselves with conversation and with Octavius's accounts of his experiences on board ship. When we had gone far enough, walking and talking, we turned to come back the same way, and, as we came to a place where some boats were laid up high and dry upon baulks of timber, we saw a number of boys playing at ducks and drakes with bits of tile. The game, of course, is to choose a flat piece, with rounded edges, and then, holding it low, to throw it so that it may skim the surface of the water and make as many hops and jumps as possible; and the boy whose shot goes farthest and jumps oftenest is the winner.

The sight distinctly amused Octavius and me, but Cæcilius took no notice of it and did not so much as smile, but showed by his preoccupied expression that he was trying to keep to himself something or other that had annoyed him.

'Now, Cæcilius,' said I, 'what is the matter with you? What has become of all your gaiety? You generally look more cheerful than that even on serious occasions.'

'It is that nasty remark of our friend Octavius,' he said, 'that has been irritating me all this time. It was addressed ostensibly to you, because he blamed your negligence; but that was only his indirect way of charging me with ignorance, which is worse. As he has practically raised the whole question, the matter cannot rest where it is, so I shall have to have it out with him. All I know is that, if he wants me to argue on behalf of the school I belong to, he will soon find it easier to wrangle among his friends than to conduct a philosophical discussion. However, suppose we sit down on this stone breakwater by the baths, and rest, and thresh it out.'

So we sat down as he suggested, with myself in the middle; not that etiquette demanded that I should have the place of honor, because friendship always assumes or makes equality, but in order that I might act as judge, and hear both sides equally, and part the combatants.

—ARTHUR AIKEN BRODRIBB.

THE ABSURDITIES OF CHRISTIAN BELIEF AND PRACTICE

'I pass over many facts, and advisedly; for even those I have mentioned are all too many, and the truth of all of them, or of most of them, is proven by the very mystery in which the shameful superstition is enveloped. For why should they take so much trouble to hide away in the dark and to keep from view the object of their worship, whatever it is? What is honorable ever rejoices in being known to all; it is crime that loves secrecy. Why is it that they have no altars, no temples, and no statues that are known? Why do they never dare to speak openly, never venture to congregate freely?—unless it is that what they worship and keep suppressed is something for which they ought to be punished or of which they ought to be ashamed. . . .

'Then too, whence, or if you please who, or where is that god of theirs, alone of his kind, solitary, forsaken, whom no free people, no governments, whom not even Roman superstition knows? To be sure, the lonely and pitiable nation of the Jews also worships a single god, but they do it openly, in temples, before altars, with victims and according to definite rites, though his strength and effectiveness are so slight that he, together with his own race, is a captive among the Romans, who are only mortals! But more, what absurdities, what monstrosities, do the Christians frame in their imagination! That god of theirs, whom they can neither point out to others nor themselves see, is engaged, according to their belief, in carefully inquiring into the morals, into the deeds, and, finally, into the words and secret thoughts of all men—running hither and thither, of course, and everywhere present. They will make him out petty, restless, even impudently curious; for he is at hand to see every act, he is abroad in every place, though he can do no good to individuals because of being bound to attend to the whole world, and cannot suffice for the whole world because he is engaged with individuals.

'But what shall I say of their prophecies threatening the whole earth, yes, the universe itself, stars and all, with destruction by fire? as if the everlasting fabric of nature, based upon divine laws, could be disturbed, or as if, even supposing the bond of all elemental things ruptured, or the

framework of the heavens sundered, the great edifice by which all creation is contained and girdled could be crumbled into ruin. And yet, not content with a madman's belief like this, they add to it by trumping up old women's tales. They say they are to be born again after death, even from ash and cinders, and, prompted by an assurance which to me is a mystery, actually believe in their own lies. You would think they had already lived again. Double perversity and double nonsense, to threaten with destruction the heavens and the stars, which we leave at death as we find them at birth, and at the same time to promise to themselves, beings who, in like manner as they have entered upon existence, must also leave it, eternal life after annihilation in death! That, of course, is why they abhor the funeral pyre, and condemn cremation; as if any bodily frame, even if kept from the flames, would not be resolved into earth just the same after the passing of years and generations, and as if it made the least difference whether wild beasts tore it asunder, or the sea engulfed it, or the earth covered it, or fire consumed it. Any manner of disposition of the dead would be pain to the body if it retained the senses; and if not, its consumption by fire would be salutary because of its very quickness. Deceived by this mistake, they promise themselves after death, as a reward for their own goodness, a life of bliss through never-ending time, but to all others as a penalty for their wickedness, eternal torment. I could say much in regard to this, were I not in haste to finish. I have shown now that they themselves are unrighteous, and I care to go no farther. And yet, even if I should allow that they were righteous, it is a fact that both guilt and innocence, in the opinion of most men, are attributable to fate. You yourselves hold that view; for, just as others find in fate the reason for everything we do, you find it in your god. Thus those who belong to your sect do so not because of their own will, but because they are elect of God; and so you fashion a god who is unjust, inasmuch as he punishes men, not for what they will to do, but for what fate compels them to do.

'And yet I should like to ask whether they are to rise again without bodies, or with them—and with what bodies, the same, or new ones? Without? That, so

far as I can see, would be neither mind nor soul nor life at all. With the same body? But that has already been dissolved, long ago. With another? In that case it is a new creature that is born, and the former being is not reconstructed. And besides, think of the length of time that has elapsed, and of the innumerable generations that have arrived and passed in the stream of existence: and has there been a single one who has returned from the shades, even on leave for so much as a few hours, like Protesilaus, to give us a precedent on which to ground a belief? All those figments of an unhealthy imagination, all those silly consolations invented by lying poets to lend charm to their song, you, credulous fools that you are, have clumsily refashioned and ascribed to your god.

'You do not even allow the present to teach you how vain is the promise and how fruitless the vows in which you are deceived. Miserable that you are, while you are still in this life consider what awaits you after death. Part of you, the greater part, and, according to your claim, the better, are suffering from poverty and cold, are wretched from hard labor and hunger, and your god allows it, pretends not to see, and is either unwilling or unable to come to the aid of his own; so weak or so unjust is he. And you, who dream of immortality after death,—when you are shaken by danger, when you are burning with fever, when you are torn by grief, do you still not realize your condition? do you still not recognize your fragility? In spite of yourself, wretched that you are, you are convicted of infirmity, and yet will not confess it.

'But I pass over the merely ordinary. Look, set before you are threats, punishments, torments, and crosses not indeed to be worshipped but to be endured, and even the flames which you both predict and fear—and where is that god of yours who can aid those who are entering upon life a second time, but not those who are in this life? Do not the Romans command, do they not rule, without your god? Do they not enjoy as their own the whole world, and are they not masters over you? But you, in the meantime, in suspense and anxiety, abstain from honorable pleasures, refuse to go to the games, take no part in the processions, will have nothing to do with feasts in common apart from your own, or with contests in honor of the gods,

or with the meats which remain from the sacrifices, or the wine left after libation at the altars. Thus it is that you stand in fear of the gods whom you deny. You set on your heads no garlands of flowers, you never grace your bodies with perfumes. You reserve your unguents for funerals, you deny the floral wreath even to the tomb. Pale and trembling with fear, you are worthy of compassion—but on the part of our gods; for the fact is, poor souls that you are, you neither live a second time nor do you enjoy the present life.

‘So henceforth, if you have any remnant of wisdom or modesty, cease to scrutinize the regions of the sky and to pry into the destinies and secrets of the universe. It is enough for men to contemplate what is under their feet, especially when, like you, they are untaught, uncultured, rude, and rustic, and not only have no idea of human affairs, but are much less qualified to discuss the divine.’

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

THE CHRISTIAN REPLIES

‘Do you really imagine that we conceal the object of our worship because we have no shrines and altars? What image can I possibly make of God when man himself, rightly regarded, is God’s image? And what temple shall I build for him when the whole world, his handiwork, cannot contain him? Shall I, who have a more spacious dwelling myself, though I am only a man, try to enclose him within the four walls of one small building? Is he not better hallowed in the soul, and consecrated in the inmost heart? Shall I offer as victims and sacrifices to God the things which he has given me for my use, and so fling back his gift? That would be ungrateful. The fit sacrifice is a good spirit, a pure mind, and a clear conscience. He, then, who follows after innocence prays to God; he who pursues righteousness sacrifices to God; he who abstains from deceit propitiates God; he who saves a fellow-man from peril offers the chiefest victim. These are our sacrifices, these are the sacred rites of our God. With us, the most upright man is the most religious. But, as you say, we neither show to others, nor ourselves see, the God whom we worship. In truth, it is a reason for believing him to be God, that we can perceive, but cannot see him. In his

works, and in all the forces of nature, in thunder, in lightning, and in the unclouded blue, we see his ever-present power. You need not wonder that you cannot see God himself. Winds and storms blow and shake everything, but the winds are not actually visible to the eyes. It is the sun that enables us to see everything; but you cannot look into the sun, for his rays dull your sight, and, if you persevere in the attempt, you see nothing at all. Do you think that you could bear to gaze at the maker of the sun, the very source of light, when you have to turn away from the lightning and hide from the thunderbolts? Do you expect to see God with your physical eyes, while your soul, which gives you life and speech, is invisible and intangible? You have urged that God does not heed the actions of men, and that from his place in heaven he cannot at once pervade the whole and regard individuals. Man, you are mistaken and deceived. From what place can God be far distant when all the regions of heaven and earth, and all beyond our earthly sphere, are filled with him who made them? In every place he is not only very near to us, but is mingled with us. To take another illustration from the sun, it is set high in the heavens, but it throws its light over all lands, and diffuses its beams everywhere with unfailing glory. Much more is God, the author of all things, the observer of all men, and from whom no secrets are hid, present in darkness, and in that other darkness of our thoughts. Not only do we live under his eye, but I may almost say we live with him. . . .

‘Now, with regard to the burning of the world, it is a vulgar error to hold that there cannot be an unexpected conflagration or a failure of moisture. No philosopher doubts that everything that has a beginning has also an end, and that all created things perish. The Stoics uniformly think that the heavens with all that they contain will be overcome by fire whenever the springs of water fail them, and that the world itself will take fire when all the moisture has been used up. The Epicureans agree with them as to the conflagration of the elements and the wreck of the universe. . . . And so with the renewal of life, the best philosophers, from Pythagoras downwards, and especially Plato, have held it with a sort of imperfect and partial belief. They say that after the dissolution of the body the soul alone remains eternally, and finds

new habitations, and they so far pervert the truth as to suggest that the souls of men migrate into birds and beasts. That idea is more suitable for pantomime than for philosophy. However, it is enough for my purpose that on the general question your philosophers do to some extent agree with us. And surely, no one would be so dull or so stupid as to deny that God, who made man originally, can make him again and afresh? If he was born from nothing, so he can be renewed from nothing, for renewal must needs be less difficult than creation. Do you believe that that which is withdrawn from our dull eyes is necessarily dead in God's sight also? Every human body, whether it becomes dry dust, or moisture, or a handful of ashes, is removed from us, but is reserved for the purposes of God, who guards the elements. Nor, as you suppose, do we fear that our dead will be prejudiced if they are not buried; it is only that we prefer burial to cremation as being the older and better custom. But see how all nature offers us consolatory suggestions of a future resurrection. The sun sets and rises again, the stars sink and return, flowers wither and grow again, shrubs grow green after their old age, seeds cannot spring up except they perish. So the body in its sepulchre is like trees in winter, which show no sign of sap and seem quite dry. You are not so impatient as to expect a tree to grow green in midwinter; and we in like manner wait for the spring-time of the body. . . .

Our Christian morality, lax as our system is in some respects, will be found on comparison much better than your own. For instance, your people forbid adultery, but practice it, while we are true husbands all our lives; you punish crimes when they have been committed, with us the mere contemplation of them is sinful; you fear your accomplices, we fear conscience alone, of which we cannot divest ourselves. Besides, the jails are full of your people, but no Christian who is not an apostate is to be found there, except on account of his religion. . . .

'How noble a spectacle it must be in God's sight when a Christian does battle with pain, and is matched like a gladiator against threats and torments and tortures; when he laughs at the terrors and din of the fatal theater and offers himself to the executioner; when he asserts his liberty against kings and princes, and yields only

to God, whose he is; and when, with the triumphant air of a conqueror, he beards the very man who pronounced sentence upon him! He is indeed a conqueror, for he has won that for which he fought. What soldier does not adventure himself more bravely under the eye of his general? But the reward comes only after the deed of valor, and if the soldier is killed, the earthly general cannot give what he has not got;—he cannot prolong the man's life, but can only honor his good service. But the soldier of God is not deserted in trouble, nor put an end to by death. The Christian may seem unhappy, but cannot be so in reality. You yourselves laud to the skies the behavior of unfortunate people like Mucius Scaevola, who, when he made a mistake and failed to kill the king, would have lost his life if he had not voluntarily sacrificed his right hand. But how many of our folk have borne in silence the burning, not of the right hand, but of the whole body, and that, too, when it was in their power to procure their release? Need I compare our grown men to Mucius and Aquilius and Regulus? Why, our boys and girls are so inspired to bear pain that they make light of crucifixion, wild beasts, and all the tortures and penalties of the law. You wretched people, you do not understand that no one submits to pain voluntarily without good reason, or can endure torture without God's help. . . .

We, then, who value virtue and modesty necessarily have no part or lot in your evil pleasures and pomps and shows. We know how they originated from your ritual, and we condemn their dangerous attractions. And who can help condemning the disreputable excitements of the circus, and the organized teaching of murder in your gladiatorial shows? In your stage-plays also there is just as much wild passion, but more long-drawn-out infamy. The obscenities of the actor dishonor your own gods, and his sham tears evoke your sympathy, so that, while you insist on real murder in the arena, you deplore the imitation of it on the stage. . . .

'We despise the pride of the philosophers, whom we know to be misleaders and flatterers of the great, notwithstanding their eloquent censure of their own faults. For ourselves, we wear our wisdom not in our dress, but in our minds; we do not say great things, but do them; and we glory in having attained that which the philoso-

phers, with all their diligent search, could not find. How can we be thankless and discontented if the truth of God has borne fruit in our own time? Let us enjoy our good fortune, and direct our minds aright so that superstition may be restrained, impiety banished, and the true faith upheld.'

THE VERDICT

When Octavius had done speaking, we sat still for a minute or two, too much surprised to say anything. For myself, I was reduced to silence by my extreme admiration for the arguments, the instances, and the wide reading with which he had illustrated what it is much easier to feel than to express. I admired also the way in which he had turned against his opponents their own philosophical weapons, and had shown that truth was such as it was easy to understand and to welcome.

Cæcilius was the first to speak, and interrupted my reflections by saying: 'I congratulate my friend Octavius most heartily, and myself too and I need not wait for the verdict. We have won, as things are, and I say 'we' because I am unprincipled

enough to claim a share in the victory; for if Octavius has overcome me, I have got the better of my errors. As for the main question, I admit what he has said of providence and the unity of God, and I agree with him as to the merits of what is now the sect of both of us. But as it is past midday, let us reserve for tomorrow certain matters, not serious objections, on which I should like fuller information. The inquiry will be all the easier for our being agreed in principle.'

'For the sake of all three of us,' I said, 'I am delighted with the happy result; with my friend Octavius's victory, and with my own escape from the invidious duty of delivering judgment. I will not attempt to reward him with mere words of praise; and, besides, the testimony of man—especially of one man—would be inconclusive. But he has a noble reward from God, to whose inspiration and help he owes his eloquence and his success.'

After this we parted in good spirits and good humor; Cæcilius rejoicing that he had become a believer, and Octavius because he had made him one; and I for both reasons.

—ARTHUR AIKEN BRODRIBB.

QUINTUS SEPTIMIUS FLORENS TERTULLIANUS (About A.D. 155–220)

Tertullian, a converted pagan of Carthage, was one of the most earnest and earliest of the distinguished defenders of Christianity. Aply educated in rhetoric and law, he was prominent after conversion as presbyter and author, but in later life became one of the schismatics called Montanists. He wrote abundantly in both periods, and always with more or less combative fervor. Among his works are *On the Witness of the Soul*, *On the Shows*, *On Women's Dress*, *The Apologeticus* or *Defence for Christians*, *On Idolatry*, *On Prayer*, *Against the Jews*. The intransigent nature of his teaching is exemplified by the passage in the treatise *On Idolatry* where he condemns not only all attendance at pagan worship, but every activity in any way connected with it, even to the carpenter's work that builds or repairs the temple, the sculptor's that fashions pagan images for temple or theater, the merchant's selling of incense, or the teacher's instruction in pagan letters. He preaches the utmost separateness from the world.

THE APOLOGY

THE NUMBERS OF THE CHRISTIANS

We are of yesterday, and we already fill all that is yours—your cities, your tenements, your fortress-towns, your municipalities, your meeting-places, your councils, your very camps, your tribes, your public service, the imperial palace, the senate, the forum. We have left you nothing but your temples. For what war might we not have been fit and ready, even if unequal in forces—we, who are so willing to be slain, if according to our ways it were not the better thing to be slain rather than to slay? Without recourse to arms, and without rebellion, but by merely disagreeing with you, we could have fought you by the ill will engendered through keeping separate from you; for if such a multitude of men had broken away from you and removed to some distant corner of the world, your rule would surely have been put to shame by the loss of so many citizens, whatever their character, and would have suffered from bare desertion. Beyond doubt, you would have been terrified at your solitude, at the silence in everything, and at the stupor of a world as if dead. You would have had to look for subjects to rule over; more enemies would have remained than citizens.

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

CHRISTIAN PRACTICE

We are made a body by common religious feeling, unity of discipline, and the bond of hope. We come together in a meeting and assembly, that we may as it were form a troop, and so in prayer to God beset Him with our supplications. This violence is well-pleasing to God. We pray

also for emperors, for their ministers, and for them that are in power, for the welfare of the world, for peace therein, for the delay of the end. We meet together for the reading of the divine writings, if the character of the times compels us in any way to forewarning or reminder. However that may be, with the holy words we nourish our faith, lift up our hope, confirm our confidence and no less make strong our discipline by impressing the precepts. At these meetings we have also exhortations, rebukes, and a Divine censorship. For judgment also is executed with much gravity, as before men who are sure that they are in the sight of God; and it is a notable foretaste of judgment to come if a man has so sinned as to be banished from the communion of our prayer and meeting and all holy intercourse. Our presidents are the approved elders, obtaining that honor not for a price but by attested character; for indeed the things of God are not sold for a price. Even if there is a sort of common fund, it is not made up of money paid in fees, as for a worship by contract. Each of us puts in a trifle on the monthly day, or when he pleases; but only if he pleases, and only if he is able, for no man is obliged, but contributes of his own free will. These are as it were deposits of piety; for it is not paid out thence for feasts and drinkings and thankless eating-houses, but for feeding and burying the needy, for boys and girls deprived of means and parents, for old folk now confined to the house: also for them that are shipwrecked, for any who are in the mines, and for any who in the islands or in the prisons, if only it be for the cause of God's people, become the nurslings of their own confession.

—HENRY MELVILL GWATKIN.

CÆCILIOUS CYPRIANUS (About A.D. 200-258)

Cyprian, like Tertullian, was a convert from paganism whom ability and earnestness elevated to Christian leadership in Carthage. Made bishop about 249, on the outbreak of Decius' persecution in 250 and 251 he fled, directing the affairs of the Church from his place of concealment. Less seriously affected by the persecution of Gallus, emperor in 251-3, and attacked again in the persecution of Valerian in 257, on September 14 of the following year he suffered martyrdom. He wrote tractates and letters, of which we have thirteen of the former and about eighty of the latter. Some of the living subjects of his discussion were the treatment of those who under persecution had fallen away from the faith, the charge that Christianity was responsible for the calamities of the time, the superior blessings of the Christian religion as compared with the old faith, the proper dress and bearing of Christian virgins, the sins of heresy and the unity of the Church, the virtue of patience, and the rightness of his hiding in the persecution of Decius in order not to leave the Christians without a head.

The translations are from Gwatkin's *Selections from Early Christian Writers*.

THE EDICT OF VALERIAN

Cyprian to his brother Successus, greeting . . . But the truth concerning them is as follows, that Valerian had sent a rescript to the senate, to the effect that bishops and presbyters and deacons should immediately be punished; but that senators, and men of importance, and Roman knights, should lose their dignity, and moreover be deprived of their property; and if, when their means were taken away, they should persist in being Christians, then they should also lose their heads; that matrons should be deprived of their property, and sent into banishment; but that people of Cæsar's household, whoever of them had either confessed before, or should now confess, should have their property confiscated, and should be sent in chains by assignment to Cæsar's estates.

THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH

And this unity we ought firmly to hold and assert, especially those of us that are bishops who preside in the Church, that we may also prove the episcopate itself to be one and undivided. Let no one deceive the brotherhood by a falsehood: let no one corrupt the faithfulness of the truth by perfidious prevarication. The episcopate is one, each part of which is held by each one for the whole. The Church also is one, which is spread abroad far and wide into a multitude by an increase of fruitful-

ness. As there are many rays of the sun, but one light; and many branches of a tree, but one strength based in its tenacious root; and since from one spring flow many streams, although the multiplicity seems diffused in the liberality of an overflowing abundance, yet the unity is still preserved in the source. . . . He who has left the Church of Christ is an alien, a profane person, an enemy. He cannot have God for his Father who has not the Church for his mother. If he could escape who was outside the ark of Noah, then he too will escape who was outside the Church.

HERETICAL BAPTISM INVALID

For I know not by what argument some of our colleagues are led to think that when those come to us who have been dipped by heretics, they ought not to be baptized, on the ground as they say that there is one baptism; which one of course is in the Catholic Church, for the Church is one, and baptism there is none outside the Church. For since there cannot be two baptisms, then if heretics in truth baptize, it is they who have the baptism. . . . We, however, say that those who have come thence are not rebaptized with us but baptized, for indeed they receive not anything there where nothing is, but come to us that they may here receive where there is all grace and truth, since there is but one grace and truth.

LUCIUS CÆCILIUS FIRMIANUS LACTANTIUS (About A.D. 260-340)

Lactantius, pupil of Arnobius and Ciceronian enthusiast, called as professor of rhetoric to Nicomedia by Diocletian, became a convert in middle age, and was in late life the tutor of Constantine's son Crispus in Gaul. His works, facile and gracious rather than profound, were principally the seven books of *Instruction in Religion*, designed to induct the reader into Christianity, *On the Wrath of God*, and various lost works. *On the Deaths of the Persecutors*, written after the last persecution by Diocletian, demonstrating the evil end of the great enemies of Christianity, is not surely by Lactantius.

THE EDICT OF MILAN

When we, Constantine Augustus and Licinius Augustus, had happily met together at Milan, and were holding consideration of all things which concern the advantage and security of the state, we thought that amongst other things which seemed likely to profit men generally we ought in the very first place to set in order the conditions of the reverence paid to the Divinity, by giving to the Christians and all others full authority to follow whatever worship any man has chosen; whereby whatsoever Divinity dwells in heaven may be benevolent and propitious to us and to all who are placed under our authority. Therefore we thought it good with sound counsel and very right reason to lay down this law, that no man whatever should be refused any legal facility, who has given up his mind either to the observance of Christianity, or to the worship which he personally feels best suited to himself; to the end that the supreme Divinity whose worship we freely follow may continue in all things to grant us his wonted favor and goodwill. Wherefore Your Devotion should know that it is our pleasure to abolish all conditions whatever which appeared in former charters directed to your office about the Christians, that every one of those who have a common wish to observe the Christian worship may now freely and unconditionally endeavor to observe the same without any annoyance or disquiet. These things we thought good to signify in the fullest manner to Your Carefulness, that you might know that we have given freely and unreservedly to the said Christians authority to practise their worship. And when you perceive that we have made this grant to the said Christians, Your Devotion understands that to others also freedom for their own worship and observance is likewise left open and freely granted, as befits the quiet of our times, that every man may have freedom in the practice of whatever worship he has chosen, for it is not our will that ought be diminished from the honor of any worship. Moreover, in regard to the Christians we have thought fit to ordain this also, that if any appear to have bought, whether from our exchequer or from any others, the places at which they were used formerly to assemble, concerning which definite orders have been given before now, and that by letters issued to your office—that the same be restored to the Christians, setting aside all delay and doubtfulness, without any payment or demand of price. Those also who have obtained them by gift shall restore them in like manner without delay to the said Christians; and those moreover who have bought them, as well as those who have obtained them by gift, if they request anything of our benevolence, they shall apply to the Vicarius, that order may be taken for them too by Our Clemency. All these things must be delivered over at once and without delay by your intervention to the corporation of the Christians. And since the said Christians are known to have possessed, not those places only whereto they were used to assemble, but others also belonging to their corporation, namely the churches, and not to individuals, we comprise them all under the above law, so that you will order them to be restored without any doubtfulness or dispute to the said Christians, that is, to

their corporation and assemblies; provided always as aforesaid, that those who restore them without price, as we said, shall expect a compensation from our benevolence. In all these things you must give the aforesaid Christians your most effective intervention, that our command may be fulfilled as soon as may be, and that in this matter as well as others order may be taken by Our Clemency for the public quiet. So far we will ensure that, as is already said, the Divine favor which we have already experienced in so many affairs shall continue for all time to give us prosperity and successes, together with happiness for the state. But that it may be possible for this command of our benevolence to come to the knowledge of all men, it will be your duty by a proclamation of your own to publish everywhere and bring to the notice of all men this present document when it reaches you, that the command of this our benevolence may not be hidden.

ON DIOCLETIAN

When Diocletian, that inventor of crimes and deviser of evils, was ruining all things, he could not refrain his hands even from God. He was the man who overturned the whole world, partly by avarice and partly by cowardice. He made three partners in the government, dividing the empire into four parts, so that armies were multiplied, because each of the four endeavored to have a much greater number of soldiers than former emperors had when they ruled the state alone. Thus the receivers of taxes began to be more in number than the payers, so that by reason of the consumption of husbandmen's goods by the excess of land-taxes the farms were left waste and tilled lands turned into forest. In order too that all places might be filled with terror the provinces also were cut up into fragments, and many presidents and sundry companies of officials lay heavy on every territory, and indeed almost on every city; and there were many receivers besides and secretaries and deputies of the prefects. All these very seldom had civil cases before them, only condemnations and continual confiscations and requisitions—I will not say frequent, but unceasing—of every kind of property, and in the levying intolerable wrongs. Even these might be borne if they were intended to provide pay for the soldiers; but Diocletian in his insatiable avarice would never let his treasures be diminished, but was always heaping up extraordinary aids and benevolences, in order to keep his hoards untouched and inviolate. Again, when by various evil deeds he caused a prodigious scarcity, he essayed by law to fix the prices of goods in the market. Then much blood was shed for trifling and paltry wares, and through fear nothing appeared in the market, so that the scarcity was made much worse, till after the law had ruined multitudes it was of sheer necessity abolished. In addition to this he had an unlimited taste for building, and levied of the provincials as unlimited exactions for the wages of workmen and artificers, and the supplying of wagons and everything else that was wanted for the works in hand. . . . Thus he always played the madman in his endeavor to equal Nicomedia with imperial Rome.

—GWATKIN'S SELECTIONS.

EUSEBIUS HIERONYMUS (About A.D. 348-420)

Jerome, born in Dalmatia, was in Rome at the age of five. Among the teachers of his youth was Ælius Donatus, the famous grammarian and commentator. After a sojourn in Gaul and the decision to devote himself to religion, followed by a sojourn at Aquileia in northeastern Italy, in 373 he set out for Jerusalem, which he did not reach, however, until twelve years later. Of the intervening time he spent two years in study at Antioch, three years as hermit in the desert in obedience to the strong ascetic impulse that characterized him, four years again in Antioch and in Constantinople as priest and student, and three years in Rome, where he was the intimate of Pope Damasus, for whom he undertook the famous revision and translation of the Bible called the Vulgate. In 385, the year after the death of Damasus, he yielded again to the ascetic impulse and left Rome for the East, the more readily because of enemies who found in his relations with Marcella, Paula, and Eustochium, Roman ladies of like ascetic inclination, convenient ground for criticism. Having met at Antioch, all visited Jerusalem in 386, returned to Alexandria and Egypt to learn at first hand the ways of the hermit life, and finally in 389 founded in Bethlehem a monastery, a convent, and a hospice for pilgrims. Here, after long years of study, teaching, and writing, not without the controversial unpleasantness into which his nature seemed to draw him, he died on September 30, 420, ten years after the taking of Rome by Alaric, the news of which had so affected him. He was a highly gifted man of strong emotions.

THE EPISTLES

THE CHARM OF CICERO

When years ago I had torn myself from home and parents, sister and friends, for the kingdom of heaven's sake, and had taken my journey for Jerusalem, I could not part with the books which I had collected at Rome with very great care and labor. And so, unhappy man that I was, I followed up my fasting by reading Cicero; after a night of watching, after shedding tears, which the remembrance of my past sins drew from my inmost soul, I took up Plautus. If sometimes, coming to myself, I began to read the prophets, their in-artistic style repelled me. When my blinded eyes could not see the light, I thought the fault was in the sun, not in my eyes. While the old serpent thus deceived me, about the middle of Lent a fever seized me, and so reduced my strength that my life scarce cleaved to my bones. They began to prepare for my funeral. My whole body was growing cold, only a little vital warmth remained in my breast; when suddenly I was caught up in spirit, and brought before the tribunal of the Judge. So great was the glory of his presence, and such the brilliancy of the purity of those who surrounded Him, that I cast myself to the earth, and did not dare

to raise my eyes. Being asked who I was, I answered that I was a Christian. 'Thou liest,' said the Judge, 'thou art a Ciceronian, and not a Christian; for where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also.' Thereupon, I was silent. He ordered me to be beaten, but I was tormented more by remorse of conscience than by the blows; I said to myself, 'Who shall give thee thanks in hell?' Then I cried, 'Have mercy upon me, O Lord, have mercy upon me!' My cry was heard above the sound of the blows. Then they who stood by, gliding to the knees of the Judge, prayed Him to have mercy on my youth, and He gave me time for repentance, on pain of more severe punishment if I should read pagan books in the future. I, who in such a strait would have promised even greater things, made oath, and declared by His sacred Name, 'O Lord, if ever I henceforth possess profane books or read them, let me be treated as if I had denied thee.' After this oath, they let me go, and I returned to the world. To the wonder of all who stood by, I opened my eyes, shedding such a shower of tears that my grief would make even the incredulous believe in my vision. And this was not mere sleep, or a vain dream, such as often deludes us. The tribunal before which I lay is witness, so may I never come into a like judgment. I protest that my shoulders were livid, that

I felt the blows after I awoke, and thenceforward I studied divine things with greater ardor than ever I had studied the things of the world.

A PROTEST AGAINST SLANDER

One finds fault with my walk and my smile, another slanders my countenance, another thinks my simplicity suspicious. I have lived among them nearly three years. A troop of virgins often surrounded me. I explained to them the divine books to the best of my ability. Study brought companionship, and companionship friendship, and friendship confidence. Let them say, if they have ever observed in me anything unbecoming a Christian man. Whose money have I accepted? Have I not refused all presents, great and small? Has anybody's gold tinkled in my hand? Have I spoken an ambiguous word, cast a light glance? They object nothing against me except that I am a man, and that objection was made only when Paula proposed to go to Jerusalem. Be it so. They believed my accuser when he lied, let them also believe him when he retracts. . . .

I have written these lines, dear lady Asella, on the eve of going on board, in haste, weeping, and mourning; and I thank my God that I am worthy of the hatred of the world. . . . They call me a malefactor; I, a servant of Christ, accept the title. . . . The infamy of a false accusation has been cast upon me; but I know it is through good report and through evil report one must come to the kingdom of heaven. Salute Paula and Eustochium, mine in Christ, whether the world will or no; salute Albina, my mother, Marcella my sister, Marcellina, the holy Felicitas, and say to them, we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ; there it shall be seen in what spirit each has lived. Remember me, illustrious example of purity and virginity, and let thy prayers smooth for me the stormy sea.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF PAULA

Besides a monastery of men, which she assigned to be governed by men, she gathered many virgins together out of divers provinces, some who were noble, some of middle rank, and some of the meanest condition; and these she divided into three bands and three monasteries; but

so that, while separated in their work and in their food, yet in their Psalms and Prayers they were joined. As soon as the Alleluia was sung, which was the sign by which they were summoned to the assembly, it was lawful for none to forbear coming. Paula being either the first, or at least one of the first, would watch the arrival of the rest; provoking them to be diligent by her example, and by shame rather than by fear. In the morning early, at the third hour, at the sixth, at the ninth, at vesper, and at midnight, they sang the Psalter in order. . . .

What shall I say about her piety and diligence, about sick persons whom she cherished with wonderful attention and care? But she, who liberally afforded all things to sick persons, and would also give them flesh to eat, whensoever she herself was sick allowed herself no such indulgences; and in that seemed unjust that, being so full of pity to others, she exercised so much severity upon herself. There was none of the young girls, healthy and strong, who gave herself to so much abstinence as Paula did, with that broken, aged, and weak body of hers. I confess that in this point she was somewhat too self-willed, for she would not spare herself nor hearken to my admonition. . . .

Why do I make any further delay, and increase my sorrow by prolonging it? This most wise of women felt that death was at hand. . . . And when I asked her why she was silent and would not answer us, and whether she was in any pain, she answered me in Greek, that 'she had no trouble, but that she saw all things before her in tranquillity and peace.' After this she was silent, and shutting her eyes, as one who now despised mortal things, she repeated these verses so that we could hardly hear what she said, even till she breathed out her soul, and applying her finger to her mouth, she made the sign of the cross upon her lips. Her spirit fainted, and panted apace toward death; and her soul even longing to break out, she converted the very rattling of her throat, wherewith mortal creatures use to end their life, into the praises of our Lord. There were present the bishops of Jerusalem and other cities, and an innumerable multitude of priests of inferior rank, and Levites. The whole monastery was filled with choirs of virgins and monks. . . .

From the moment of her death forward

there was no lamentation nor doleful cry, as is wont to be upon the death of this world, but there were whole troops of people who chanted out the Psalms in different tongues. Paula's body was carried to the tomb by the hands of bishops, who bent their necks under the bier, whilst other bishops carried lamps and tapers before the body; others led the choirs of singers; and she was laid in the middle of her Church of the Nativity of our blessed Savior. The whole crowd of the cities of Palestine came to her funeral.

—EDWARD L. CUTTS.

THE RUIN OF THE ROMAN WORLD

It is not the calamities of wretched men that I am speaking of, but the fragile state of human conditions. My soul shrinks from reciting the ruins of our times. For twenty years and more, the blood of Rome has been poured out daily between the city of Constantine and the Julian Alps. In Scythia, Thrace, Macedonia, Thessaly, Dardania, Dacia, Epirus, Dalmatia, and all the Pannonias, the Goth, Sarmatian, Quade, Alan, Hun, Vandal, and Marcoman lay waste, pillage, and drag away. How many matrons, how many virgins of God, how many of the free-born and noble have been used for the mirth of these beasts! Bishops have been seized, elders and other officials slain, churches overthrown, horses stabled at the altars of Christ, the mortal relics of the martyrs dug up. Everywhere are lamentations, everywhere groanings, and on every hand the image of death. The Roman world is tumbling in ruins. And yet our head is erect and unbent. In what state of mind and soul now do you suppose are the people of Corinth, of Athens, of Lacedæmon, of Arcadia, and of entire Greece, all of them in the control of barbarians? and indeed I have named only a few cities that once had no slight power. The East seemed immune from these misfortunes, and thrown into consternation merely by rumors—when, look you, in the past year from the farthest cliffs of the Caucasus the wolves of the North came sweeping down on us, and in this short time have ranged over these big provinces. How many monasteries have been seized, how many rivers have had their waters changed to human blood! Antioch was besieged, and the rest of the cities by the Halys, the Cydnus, the Orontes, and the

Euphrates. Troops of captives have been dragged away. Arabia, Phœnicia, Palestine, and Egypt are in bonds to fear.

ALARIC IN ROME

A terrifying rumor comes to me from the West that Rome has been besieged and her citizens' safety bought with gold; that, once despoiled, they were again beset, so that after losing their substance they might yield up life as well. My voice is stopped, and sobs cut off the words as I try to speak. Captive is the city which once took captive all the world; yea, it perished from famine ere touched by the sword, and few were found to be rendered captive. Maddening hunger drove to the use of meats unspeakable; they tore their own members, the one the other, mothers not sparing the sucking babe, and consuming again the fruits of their own bosoms. In the night was Moab taken, in the night its walls fell. O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; Thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps. The dead bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the heaven, the flesh of thy saints unto the beasts of the earth. Their blood have they shed like water round about Jerusalem; and there was none to bury them. What voice could tell of that night's destruction and of its deadly woes, or what tears equal its sorrows? The city of old, the queen of the world for many years, is fallen to ruin, and the lifeless bodies of men lie thickly scattered in its streets and homes, and everywhere is the spectre of death.

—GRANT SHOWERMAN.

THE PREFACE TO EZECHIEL III

AFTER ALARIC'S COMING

No doubt everything which is born is doomed to die, that which has matured must grow old, there is no work of man but decay attacks it or age ends by destroying it. But who would have believed that Rome, raised by so many victories above the universe, could one day crumble to pieces, and be at once the mother and the tomb of her people? that she who had reckoned the East, and Egypt, and Africa among her slaves, should herself become a

slave in her turn? Who would have believed that obscure Bethlehem would see, begging at its gates, nobles lately loaded with wealth? The daughters of the queenly city now wander from shore to shore, to Africa, to Egypt, to the East; her ladies have become servants; the most illustrious personages ask bread at the gates of Bethlehem, and when we cannot give it to them all, we give them at least our tears. 10 In vain I try to snatch myself from the sight of such sufferings by resuming my unfinished work; I am incapable of study. I feel that this is the time for translating the precepts of Scripture not into words 15 but into deeds, and not for saying holy things but doing them.

A PROTEST TO AUGUSTINE

Most holy Lord and blessed Pope, a letter from your Blessedness reached me at the moment of the departure of our holy son, the sub-deacon Asterius, for the West. 25 You affirm, in these lines which I read, that you have not sent a book written against me to Rome; it is not a book which is in question, but a certain letter which is attributed to you, and of which our brother, 30 Sysinnius, brought me a copy. You there exhort me to sing my palinode on the dispute of the Apostles, Peter and Paul, and to do like Stesichore, who changed his satire on Helen into panegyric, in order to 35 recover his sight, which he had lost through his misconduct. I sincerely admit that though I recognized in this writing your method of argumentation and your style, I did not think I ought rashly to accept its 40 authenticity, and to reply to it, for fear I might lay myself open to a charge of injustice from your Blessedness, if I should attribute to you what was not really yours. To this reason for my silence there is another, the long illness of the holy and 5 venerable Paula; occupied entirely in solicitude for her, I have almost forgotten your letter—or that which has been circulated under your name. Forgive me for recalling to you the proverb, 'Music in mourning is a tale out of season' (Eccles. xxii, 6). If the writing is indeed yours, tell me so plainly, and send me a copy of it, that we may discuss the Scriptures without bitterness, and learn either to correct one another's errors, or to show one another that they do not exist. . . . One thing remains for me to ask; it is that you will love one who loves you, and that you, a young man, will not provoke me, an old man, to the 20 battle-ground of the Scriptures. We, too, have had our day, we have held the lists with such force as we had; now that it is your turn to hold them, and that you have obtained distinction, we claim repose at your hands. And that you may not be alone when you invoke against me the fables of the poets, recall to your mind Dares and Entellus. Think also of that proverb which says, 'When the ox is weary, he puts down his feet more heavily.' I dictate these lines with grief. Would to God I might have the happiness of embracing you, and that we could converse together, in order that we might understand one another, and teach one another whatever we are ignorant of. 35

Remember me, holy and venerable Pope, and see how I love you, I who, when provoked, have not been willing to reply to you, and shrank from attributing to you what I should have blamed in another.

—EDWARD L. CUTTS.

AURELIUS AUGUSTINUS (A.D. 354-430)

Augustine, of Thagaste in Africa, was educated in his home town, at Madaura, and at Carthage, taught rhetoric in Thagaste, Carthage, Rome, and Milan, fell under the influence of Ambrose, then bishop of Milan, who baptized him in 387, and soon returned to Africa, where he was bishop of Hippo. One of his two great works, *The Confessions*, a highly spiritual comment on significant relations in his life, including his education, his love of Cicero and Virgil, and his mother's character and death, is ranked as one of the world's richest autobiographies. The other, *The City of God*, was a refutation of the pagan charge that neglect of paganism had been responsible for Alaric's taking of Rome, and a demonstration of the purpose of God in history. Augustine is called the greatest shaping influence between Paul and Luther.

The translation is by E. B. Pusey.

THE CONFESSIONS

THE INSPIRATION OF CICERO

Among such as these, in that unsettled age of mine, learned I books of eloquence, wherein I desired to be eminent, out of a damnable and vain glorious end, a joy in human vanity. In the ordinary course of study, I fell upon a certain book of Cicero, whose speech almost all admire, not so his heart. This book of his contains an exhortation to philosophy, and is called *'Hortensius.'* But this book altered my affections, and turned my prayers to Thyself, O Lord; and made me have other purposes and desires. Every vain hope at once became worthless to me; and I longed with an incredibly burning desire for an immortality of wisdom, and began now to arise, that I might return to Thee. For not to sharpen my tongue, (which thing I seemed to be purchasing with my mother's allowances, in that my nineteenth year, my father being dead two years before,) not to sharpen my tongue did I employ that book; nor did it infuse into me its style, but its matter.

How did I burn then, my God, how did I burn to re-mount from earthly things to Thee, nor knew I what Thou wouldest do with me? For with Thee is wisdom. But the love of wisdom is in Greek called *'philosophy,'* with which that book inflamed me. Some there be that seduce through philosophy, under a great, and smooth, and honorable name coloring and disguising

their own errors: and almost all who in that and former ages were such, are in that book censured and set forth: there also is made plain that wholesome advice of Thy Spirit, by Thy good and devout servant; *Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.* And since at that time (Thou, O light of my heart, knowest) Apostolic Scripture was not known to me, I was delighted with that exhortation, so far only, that I was thereby strongly roused, and kindled, and inflamed to love, and seek, and obtain, and hold, and embrace not this or that sect, but wisdom itself whatever it were; and this alone checked me thus enkindled, that the name of Christ was not in it. For this name, according to Thy mercy, O Lord, this name of my Saviour Thy Son, had my tender heart, even with my mother's milk, devoutly drunk in, and deeply treasured; and whatsoever was without that name, though never so learned, polished, or true, took not entire hold of me.

I resolved then to bend my mind to the holy Scriptures, that I might see what they were.

CARTHAGE AND ROME

Thou didst deal with me, that I should be persuaded to go to Rome, and to teach there rather, what I was teaching at Carthage. And how I was persuaded to

this, I will not neglect to confess to Thee: because herein also the deepest recesses of Thy wisdom, and Thy most present mercy to us, must be considered and confessed. I did not wish therefore to go to Rome, because higher gains and higher dignities were warranted me by my friends who persuaded me to this, (though even these things had at that time an influence over my mind,) but my chief and almost only reason was, that I heard that young men studied there more peacefully, and were kept quiet under a restraint of more regular discipline; so that they did not, at their pleasures, petulantly rush into the school of one, whose pupils they were not, nor were even admitted without his permission. Whereas at Carthage, there reigns among the scholars a most disgraceful and unruly licence. They burst in audaciously, and with gestures almost frantic, disturb all order which any one hath established for the good of his scholars. Divers outrages they commit, with a wonderful stolidity, punishable by law, did not custom uphold them; that custom evincing them to be the more miserable, in that they now do as lawful, what by Thy eternal law shall never be lawful; and they think they do it unpunished, whereas they are punished with the very blindness whereby they do it, and suffer incomparably worse than what they do. The manners then which, when a student, I would not make my own, I was fain, as a teacher, to endure in others: and so I was well pleased to go where, all that knew it, assured me that the like was not done. But Thou, *my refuge and my portion in the land of the living*, that I might change my earthly dwelling for the salvation of my soul, at Carthage didst goad me, that I might thereby be torn from it; and at Rome didst proffer me allurements, whereby I might be drawn thither, by men in love with a dying life, the one doing frantic, the other promising vain, things; and, to correct my steps, didst secretly use their and my own perverseness. For both they who disturbed my quiet were blinded with a disgraceful phrenzy, and they who invited me elsewhere, savored of earth. And I, who here detested real misery, was there seeking unreal happiness.

But why I went hence, and went thither, Thou knewest, O God, yet showedst it neither to me, nor to my mother, who grievously bewailed my journey, and followed me as far as the sea. But I deceived

her, holding me by force, that either she might keep me back, or go with me, and I feigned that I had a friend whom I could not leave, till he had a fair wind to sail. And I lied to my mother, and such a mother, and escaped: for this also hast Thou mercifully forgiven me, preserving me, thus full of execrable defilements, from the waters of the sea, for the water of Thy Grace; whereby when I was cleansed, the streams of my mother's eyes should be dried, with which for me she daily watered the ground under her face. And yet refusing to return without me, I scarcely persuaded her to stay that night in a place hard by our ship, where was an Oratory in memory of the blessed Cyprian. That night I privily departed, but she was not behind in weeping and prayer. And what, O Lord, was she with so many tears asking of Thee, but that Thou wouldest not suffer me to sail? But Thou, in the depth of Thy counsels and hearing the main point of her desire, regardest not what she then asked, that Thou mightest make me what she ever asked. The wind blew and swelled our sails, and withdrew the shore from our sight; and she on the morrow was there, frantic with sorrow, and with complaints and groans filled Thine ears, who didst then disregard them; whilst through my desires, Thou wert hurrying me to end all desire, and the earthly part of her affection to me was chastened by the allotted scourge of sorrows. For she loved my being with her, as mothers do, but much more than many; and she knew not how great joy Thou wert about to work for her out of my absence. She knew not; therefore did she weep and wail, and by this agony there appeared in her the inheritance of Eve, with sorrow seeking, what in sorrow she had brought forth. And yet, after accusing my treachery and hardheartedness, she betook herself again to intercede to Thee for me, went to her wonted place, and I to Rome.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MONNICA

Finally, her own husband, towards the very end of his earthly life, did she gain unto Thee; nor had she to complain of that in him as a believer, which before he was a believer she had borne from him. She was also the servant of thy servants; whosoever of them knew her, did in her much praise and honor and love Thee; for that through the witness of the fruits

of a holy conversation they perceived Thy presence in her heart. For she had been *the wife of one man, had requited her parents, had governed her house* piously, *was well reported of for good works, had brought up children, so often travailing in birth of them,* as she saw them swerving from Thee. Lastly, of all of us Thy servants, O Lord (whom on occasion of Thy own gift Thou sufferest to speak), us, who before her sleeping in Thee lived united together, having received the grace of Thy baptism, did she so take care of, as though she had been mother of us all; so served us, as though she had been child to us all.

The day now approaching whereon she was to depart this life (which day Thou well knewest, we knew not), it came to pass, Thyself, as I believe, by Thy secret ways so ordering it, that she and I stood alone, leaning in a certain window, which looked into the garden of the house where we now lay, at Ostia; where removed from the din of men, we were recruiting from the fatigues of a long journey, for the voyage. We were discoursing then together, alone, very sweetly; and *forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before,* we were inquiring between ourselves in the presence of the Truth, which Thou art, of what sort the eternal life of the saints was to be, *which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man.* But yet we gasped with the mouth of our heart, after those heavenly streams of Thy fountain, *the fountain of life, which is with Thee;* that being bedewed thence according to our capacity, we might in some sort meditate upon so high a mystery. . . .

Such things was I speaking, and even if not in this very manner, and these same words, yet, Lord, Thou knowest, that in that day when we were speaking of these things, and this world with all its delights became, as we spake, contemptible to us, my mother said, 'Son, for mine own part I have no further delight in anything in this life. What I do here any longer, and to what end I am here, I know not, now that my hopes in this world are accomplished. One thing there was, for which I desired to linger for a while in this life, that I might see thee a Catholic Christian before I died. My God hath done this for me more abundantly, that I should now

see thee withal, despising earthly happiness, become His servant: what do I here?'

What answer I made her unto these things, I remember not. For scarce five days after, or not much more, she fell sick of a fever; and in that sickness one day she fell into a swoon, and was for a while withdrawn from these visible things. We hastened round her; but she was soon brought back to her senses; and looking on me and my brother standing by her, said to us inquiringly, 'Where was I?' And then looking fixedly on us, with grief amazed; 'Here,' said she, 'shall you bury your mother.' I held my peace and refrained from weeping; but my brother spake something, wishing for her, as the happier lot, that she might die, not in a strange place, but in her own land. Whereat, she with anxious look, checking him with her eyes, for that he still *savored such things,* and then looking upon me; 'Behold,' saith she, 'what he saith:' and soon after to us both, 'Lay,' she saith, 'this body anywhere; let not the care for that any way disquiet you: this only I request, that you would remember me at the Lord's altar, wherever you be.' And having delivered this sentiment in what words she could, she held her peace, being exercised by her growing sickness.

But I, considering Thy gifts, Thou unseen God, which Thou instillest into the hearts of Thy faithful ones, whence wondrous fruits do spring, did rejoice and give thanks to Thee, recalling what I before knew, how careful and anxious she had ever been, as to her place of burial, which she had provided and prepared for herself by the body of her husband. For because they had lived in great harmony together, she also wished (so little can the human mind embrace things divine) to have this addition to that happiness, and to have it remembered among men, that after her pilgrimage beyond the seas, what was earthly of this united pair had been permitted to be united beneath the same earth. But when this emptiness had through the fullness of Thy goodness begun to cease in her heart, I knew not, and rejoiced admiring what she had so disclosed to me; though indeed in that our discourse also in the window, when she said, 'What do I here any longer?' there appeared no desire of dying in her own country. I heard afterwards also, that when we were now

at Ostia, she with a mother's confidence, when I was absent, one day discoursed with certain of my friends about the contempt of this life, and the blessing of death: and when they were amazed at such courage which Thou hadst given to a woman, and asked 'Whether she were not afraid to leave her body so far from her own city?' she replied, 'Nothing is far to God; nor was it to be feared lest at the end of the world, He should not recognize whence He were to raise me up.' On the ninth day then of her sickness, and the fifty-sixth year of her age, and the three and thirtieth of mine, was that religious and holy soul freed from the body.

I closed her eyes; and there flowed withal a mighty sorrow into my heart, which was overflowing into tears; mine eyes at the same time, by the violent command of my mind, drank up their fountain wholly dry; and woe was me in such a strife! But when she breathed her last, the boy Adeodatus burst out into a loud lament; then, checked by us all, held his peace. In like manner also a childish feeling in me, which was, through my heart's youthful voice, finding its vent in weeping, was checked and silenced. For we thought it not fitting to solemnize that funeral with tearful lament, and groanings: for thereby do they for the most part express grief for the departed, as though unhappy, or altogether dead; whereas she was neither unhappy in her death, nor altogether dead. Of this, we were assured on good grounds, the testimony of her good conversation and her *faith unfeigned*.

What then was it which did grievously pain me within, but a fresh wound wrought through the sudden wrench of that most sweet and dear custom of living together? I joyed indeed in her testimony, when, in that her last sickness, mingling her endearments with my acts of duty, she called me 'dutiful,' and mentioned, with great affection of love, that she never had heard any harsh or reproachful sound uttered by my mouth against her. But yet, O my God, Who madest us, what comparison is there betwixt that honor that I paid to her, and her slavery for me? Being then forsaken of so great a comfort in her, my soul was wounded, and that life rent asunder as it were, which, of hers and mine together, had been made but one.

The boy then being stilled from weeping, Euodius took up the Psalter, and began to sing, our whole house answering him, the Psalm, *I will sing of mercy and judgment to Thee, O Lord*. But hearing what we were doing, many brethren and religious women came together; and whilst they (whose office it was) made ready for the burial, as the manner is, I (in a part of the house, where I might properly), together with those who thought not fit to leave me, discoursed upon something fitting the time; and by this balm of truth, assuaged that torment, known to Thee, they unknowing and listening intently, and conceiving me to be without all sense of sorrow. But in Thy ears, where none of them heard, I blamed the weakness of my feelings, and refrained my flood of grief, which gave way a little unto me; but again came, as with a tide, yet not so as to burst out into tears, nor to a change of countenance; still I knew what I was keeping down in my heart. And being very much displeased, that these human things had such power over me, which in the due order and appointment of our natural condition, must needs come to pass, with a new grief I grieved for my grief, and was thus worn by a double sorrow.

And behold, the corpse was carried to the burial; we went and returned without tears. For neither in those prayers which we poured forth unto Thee, when the sacrifice of our ransom was offered for her, when now the corpse was by the grave's side, as the manner there is, previous to its being laid therein, did I weep even during those prayers; yet was I the whole day in secret heavily sad, and with troubled mind prayed Thee, as I could, to heal my sorrow, yet Thou didst not; impressing, I believe, upon my memory by this one instance, how strong is the bond of all habit, even upon a soul, which now feeds upon no receiving Word. It seemed also good to me to go and bathe, having heard that the bath had its name (balneum) from the Greek βαλανεῖον for that it drives sadness from the mind. And this also I confess unto Thy mercy, *Father of the fatherless*, that I bathed, and was the same as before I bathed. For the bitterness of sorrow could not exude out of my heart. Then I slept, and woke up again, and found my grief not a little softened; and as I was alone in my bed, I remembered those true verses of Thy Ambrose. For Thou art the

Maker of all, the Lord,
 And Ruler of the height,
 Who, robing day in light, hast poured
 Soft slumbers o'er the night,
 That to our limbs the power
 Of toil may be renewed,
 And hearts be rais'd that sink and cower,
 And sorrows be subdued;

And then by little and little I recovered my former thoughts of Thy handmaid, her holy conversation towards Thee, her holy 10 tenderness and observance towards us, whereof I was suddenly deprived: and I was minded to weep in Thy sight, for her and for myself, in her behalf and in my own. And I gave way to the tears which 15 I before restrained, to overflow as much as they desired; reposing my heart upon them; and it found rest in them, for it was in Thy ears, not in those of man, who would have scornfully interpreted my weeping. And now, Lord, in writing I confess it unto Thee. Read it, who will, and interpret it, how he will: and if he finds sin therein, that I wept my mother for a small portion of an hour (the mother 25 who for the time was dead to mine eyes, who had for many years wept for me, that I might live in Thine eyes), let him not deride me; but rather, if he be one of large charity, let him weep himself for 30 my sins unto Thee, the Father of all the brethren of Thy Christ. . . .

I therefore, O my Praise and my Life, God of my heart, laying aside for a while her good deeds, for which I give thanks to 35 Thee with joy, do now beseech Thee for the sins of my mother. Hearken unto me, I entreat Thee, by the Medicine of our wounds, Who hung upon the tree, and now *sitting at Thy right hand maketh in-* 40

tercession to Thee for us. I know that she dealt mercifully, and from her heart *forgave her debtors their debts; do Thou also forgive her debts,* whatever she may have contracted in so many years, since the water of salvation. Forgive her, Lord, forgive, I beseech Thee; *enter not into judgment with her. Let Thy mercy be ex-* 5 *alted above Thy justice,* since Thy words are true, and *Thou hast promised mercy unto the merciful;* which Thou gavest them to be, *who wilt have mercy on whom Thou wilt have mercy;* and *wilt have compassion, on whom Thou hast had compassion.*

May she rest then in peace with the husband, before and after whom she had never any; whom she obeyed, *with patience bringing forth fruit* unto Thee, that she might 20 win him also unto Thee. And inspire, O Lord my God, inspire Thy servants my brethren, Thy sons my masters, whom with voice, and heart, and pen I serve, that so many as shall read these Confessions, may at Thy Altar remember Monnica Thy handmaid, with Patricius, her sometimes husband, by whose bodies Thou broughtest me into this life, how, I know not. May they with devout affection remember my 25 parents in this transitory light, my brethren under Thee our Father in our Catholic Mother, and my fellow citizens in that eternal Jerusalem, which Thy pilgrim people sigheth after from their Exodus, even unto their return thither. That so, my mother's last request of me, may 30 through my confessions, more than through my prayers, be, through the prayers of many, more abundantly fulfilled to her.

APOLLINARIS SIDONIUS (About A.D. 431-489)

Sidonius was born in Lyons twenty-one years after Alaric entered Rome and twenty years before the defeat of the Huns at Chalons in one of the world's decisive battles, remarkable besides for the fact that Romans and Teutons for the first time stood together against a common enemy. After winning the favor first of the Emperor Avitus and next of Majorian, whose deaths were temporary checks to his career, he was sent by his province in 467 as delegate to Rome and the Emperor Anthemius, and was favored by appointment to the prefecture of Rome, an office from which he withdrew probably in 469, to become in about three years bishop of Clermont in Auvergne, seat of the ancient Arverni. In the raids and invasions of the Visigoths, and their sieges of Clermont, Sidonius was an active defender of the province, and when in 475 the Roman empire relinquished it to the chieftain Euric and Sidonius ceased to be a Roman citizen, he was filled with sorrow and indignation. After a period in prison, he was allowed to return to Clermont, where he devoted his remaining years to pastoral, scholastic, and literary tasks.

A LETTER FROM ROME

(A.D. 467)

Your letter finds me at Rome. You are solicitous to know whether the affairs which have brought me so far go forward as we hoped, what route I took, and how I fared on it, what rivers celebrated in song I saw, what towns famed for their fair sites, what mountains reputed as the haunt of gods, what glorious battle-fields. . . . As bearer of the imperial letter, I was able to avail myself of the public post on leaving our beloved Lyons. . . . On the Ticino I boarded the packet known as the *Cursoria*, which soon bore me to the Po; be sure I laughed over those convivial songs of ours about Phaethon's sisters and their unnatural tears of amber gum. I passed the mouth of many a tributary from Ligurian or Euganean heights, sedgy Lambro, blue Adda, swift Adige, slow Mincio, borne upon their very eddies as I looked; their margins and high banks were clothed with groves of oak and maple. Everywhere sweetly resounded the harmony of birds, whose loose-piled nests swayed on the hollow canes, or amid the pointed rushes and smooth reed-grass luxuriantly flourishing in the moisture of this wet riverain soil. The way led past Cremona, over whose proximity the Mantuan Tityrus so deeply sighed. We just touched at Brescello to take on Æmilian boatmen in place of our Venetian rowers, and, bearing to the right, soon reached Ravenna. . . . But the drawback is that, with water all about us, we could not quench our thirst; there was neither pure-flowing aqueduct nor filterable cistern, nor trickling source, nor unclouded well. On the one side, the salt tides assail the gates; on the other, the movement of vessels stirs the filthy sediment in the canals, or the sluggish flow is fouled by the bargemen's poles, piercing the bottom slime. From Ravenna we came to the Rubicon, which borrows its name from the red color of its gravels, and formed the frontier between the old Italians and the Cisalpine Gauls when the two peoples divided the Adriatic towns. Thence I journeyed to Rimini and Fano, the first famed for its association with Cæsar's rebellion, the second tainted by the fate of Hasdrubal; for hard by flows Metaurus, more durably renowned through the fortune of a single day than if it had never ceased to run red to this hour and roll down the dead on blood-stained waters to the Dalmatian sea. After this I just traversed the other towns of the Flaminian Way—in at one gate, out at the other—leaving the Picenians on the left and the Umbrians on the right; and here my exhausted system succumbed either to Calabrian Atabulus or to air of the insalubrious Tuscan region, charged with poison-

ous exhalations, and blowing now hot, now cold. Fever and thirst ravaged the very marrow of my being; in vain I promised to their avidity draughts from the pleasant fountain or hidden well, yes, and from every stream present or to come, water of Velino clear as glass, of Clitunno ice-cold, cerulean of Teverone, sulphureous of Nera, pellucid of Farfa, muddy of Tiber; I was mad to drink, but prudence stayed the craving.

Meanwhile, Rome herself spread wide before my view, but I felt like draining down her aqueducts, or even the water of her naval spectacles. Before I reached the city limits, I fell prostrate at the triumphal threshold of the Apostles, and in a flash I felt the languor vanish from my enfeebled limbs. After which proof of celestial protection, I alighted at the inn of which I have engaged a part, and there I am trying to get a little rest, writing as I lie upon my couch. As yet I have not presented myself at the bustling gates of Emperor or court official. For my arrival coincided with the marriage of the patrician Ricimer, to whom the hand of the Emperor's daughter was being accorded in the hope of securer times for the state.

Not individuals alone, but whole classes and parties are given up to rejoicing; you have the best of it on your side of the Alps. While I was writing these lines, scarce a theater, provision-market, prætorium, forum, temple, or gymnasium but echoed to the passage of the cry *Thalassio!* and even at this hour the schools are closed, no business is doing, the courts are voiceless, missions are postponed; there is a truce to intrigue, and all the serious business of life seems merged in the buffooneries of the stage. Though the bride has been given away, though the bridegroom has put off his wreath, the consular his palm-embroidered robe, the brides-woman her wedding gown, the distinguished senator his toga, and the plain man his cloak, yet the noise of the great gathering has not died away in the palace chambers, because the bride still delays to start for her husband's house. When this merrymaking has run out its course, you shall hear what remains to tell of my proceedings, if indeed these crowded hours of idleness to which the whole state seems now surrendered are ever to end, even when the festivities are over. Farewell.

—O. M. DALTON.

IX. THE THRESHOLD OF THE MIDDLE AGES

ANICIUS MANLIUS SEVERINUS BOETHIUS (About A.D. 480-524)

Boethius, a Roman born of ancient noble family, son of a consul, consul himself in 510, father of the two consuls of 522, was charged by Theodoric the Ostrogoth, who ruled from 489 to 526, with conspiracy to free Rome from his authority, and after imprisonment at Pavia, near Milan, was put to death. He was devoted to Plato and Aristotle, immensely learned and industrious, sensitive to literary art, and a Christian, and has been called 'the last of the Roman philosophers, and the first of the scholastic theologians.' The *Consolation of Philosophy*, written in prison before his execution, is praised by Gibbon as 'a golden volume, not unworthy of the leisure of Plato or of Tully.' The fact that, unlike the *Tractates*, the *Consolation* contains no direct reference to peculiarly Christian doctrine is explained on the ground of its being philosophy and not theology.

The translation here presented is that of the unknown I. T. (1609), revised by H. F. Stewart in the Loeb Library series.

THE CONSOLATION OF PHILOSOPHY

PHILOSOPHY APPEARETH

I that with youthful heat did verses write,
Must now my woes in doleful tunes indite.
My work is framed by Muses torn and
rude,
And my sad cheeks are with true tears be-
dewed:
For these alone no terror could affray
From being partners of my weary way.
The art that was my young life's joy and
glory
Becomes my solace now I'm old and sorry;
Sorrow has filched my youth from me, the
thief!
My days are numbered not by time but
Grief.
Untimely hoary hairs cover my head,
And my loose skin quakes on my flesh half
dead.
O happy death, that spareth sweetest years,
And comes in sorrow often called with
tears.
Alas, how deaf is he to wretch's cries;
And loath he is to close up weeping eyes;
While trustless chance me with vain favors
crowned,
That saddest hour my life had almost
drowned:
Now she hath clouded her deceitful face,
My spiteful days prolong their weary race.

My friends, why did you count me fortunate?

He that is fallen, ne'er stood in settled state.

5

While I ruminated these things with myself, and determined to set forth my woeful complaint in writing, methought I saw a woman stand above my head, having a grave countenance, glistening clear eye, and of quicker sight than commonly Nature doth afford; her color fresh and bespeaking unabated vigor and yet discovering so many years, that she could not at
15 all be thought to belong to our times; her stature uncertain and doubtful, for sometime she exceeded not the common height of men, and sometime she seemed to touch the heavens, with her head, and if she lifted
20 it up to the highest, she pierced the very heavens, so that she could not be seen by the beholders; her garments were made of most fine threads, with cunning workmanship into an ever-during stuff, which (as
25 I knew afterward by her own report) she had woven with her own hands.

SHE BEGINNETH HER CONSOLATION

30 Then fled the night and darkness did me leave,
Mine eyes their wonted strength receive,
As when swift Corus spreads the stars
with clouds

And the clear sky a veil of tempest
shrouds,
The sun doth lurk, the earth receiveth
night,
Lacking the boon of starry light;
But if fierce Boreas, sent from Thrace,
make way
For the restoring of the day,
Phœbus with fresh and sudden beams doth
rise,
Striking with light our wondering eyes.

In like manner, the mists of sadness dissolved, I came to myself and recovered my judgment, so that I knew my Physician's face; wherefore casting my eyes upon her somewhat steadfastly, I beheld my nurse Philosophy, in whose house I had remained from my youth, and I said: 'O Mistress of all virtues, for what cause art thou come from heaven into this our solitary banishment? Art thou come to bear me company in being falsely accused?'

'Should I,' saith she, 'forsake thee, my disciple, and not divide the burden, which thou bearest through hatred of my name, by partaking of thy labor? But Philosophy never thought it lawful to forsake the innocent in his trouble. Should I fear any accusations, as though this were any new matter? For dost thou think that this is the first time that Wisdom hath been exposed to danger by wicked men? Have we not in ancient times before our Plato's age had oftentimes great conflicts with the rashness of folly? And while he lived, had not his master Socrates the victory of an unjust death in my presence, whose inheritance, when afterward the mob of Epicures, Stoics, and others (everyone for his own sect) endeavored to usurp, and as it were in part of their prey, sought to draw me to them, exclaiming and striving against them; they tore the garment which I had woven with my own hands, and having gotten some little pieces of it, thinking me to be wholly in their possession, departed. Some of whom, because certain signs of my apparel appeared upon them, were rashly supposed to be my familiar friends, and condemned accordingly through the error of the profane multitude.'

GOD GOVERNETH WITH GOODNESS

'He that would seek the truth with thoughts profound

And would not stray in ways that are not right,

He to himself must turn his inward sight,
And guide his motions in a circled round,
Teaching his mind that ever she design
Herself in her own treasures to possess:
So that which late lay hidden in cloudiness
More bright and clear than Phœbus' beams
shall shine.

Flesh hath not quenched all the spirit's
light,

Though this oblivion's lamp holds her
oppressed.

Some seed of truth remaineth in our breast,
Which skilful learning easily doth excite.
For being asked how can we answer true
Unless that grace within our hearts did
dwell?

If Plato's heavenly Muse the truth us tell,
We learning things remember them anew.'

Then I said that I did very well like of Plato's doctrine, for she had brought these things to my remembrance now the second time, first, because I lost their memory by the contagion of my body, and after when I was oppressed with the burden of grief. 'If,' quoth she, 'thou reflectest upon that which heretofore hath been granted, thou wilt not be far from remembering that which in the beginning thou confessedst thyself to be ignorant of.' 'What?' quoth I. 'By what government,' quoth she, 'the world is ruled.' 'I remember,' quoth I, 'that I did confess my ignorance, but though I foresee what thou wilt say, yet I desire to hear it more plainly from thyself.' 'Thou thoughtest a little before that it was not to be doubted that this world is governed by God.' 'Neither do I think now,' quoth I, 'neither will I ever think, that it is to be doubted of, and I will briefly explicate the reasons which move me to think so. This world could never have been compacted of so many divers and contrary parts, unless there were One that doth unite these so different things; and this disagreeing diversity of natures being united would separate and divide this concord, unless there were One that holdeth together that which He united. Neither would the course of nature continue so certain, nor would the different parts hold so well-ordered motions in due places, times, causality, spaces, and qualities, unless there were One who, Himself remaining quiet, disposeth and ordereth this variety of motions. This, whatsoever it be, by which

things created continue and are moved, I call God, a name which all men use.'

'Since,' quoth she, 'thou art of this mind, I think with little labor thou mayest be capable of felicity, and return to thy country in safety. But let us consider what we proposed. Have we not placed sufficiency in happiness, and granted that God is Blessedness itself?' 'Yes truly.' 'Wherefore,' quoth she, 'He will need no outward help to govern the world, otherwise, if He needed anything, He had not full sufficiency.' 'That,' quoth I, 'must necessarily be so.' 'Wherefore He disposeth all things by Himself.' 'No doubt He doth,' quoth I. 'But it hath been proved that God is goodness itself.' 'I remember it very well,' quoth I. 'Then He disposeth all things by goodness: since He governeth all things by Himself, whom we have granted to be goodness. And this is as it were the helm and rudder by which the frame of the world is kept steadfast and uncorrupted.' 'I most willingly agree,' quoth I, 'and I foresaw a little before, though only with a slender guess, that thou wouldst conclude this.' 'I believe thee,' quoth she, 'for now I suppose thou lookest more watchfully about thee to discern the truth. But that which I shall say is no less manifest.' 'What?' quoth I. 'Since that God is deservedly thought to govern all things with the helm of goodness, and all these things likewise, as I have showed, hasten to goodness with their natural contention, can there be any doubt made but that they are governed willingly, and that they frame themselves of their own accord to their disposer's beck, as agreeable and conformable to their ruler?' 'It must needs be so,' quoth I, 'neither would it seem an happy government, if it were an imposed yoke, not a desired health.' 'There is nothing then which, following nature, endeavoreth to resist God.' 'Nothing,' quoth I. 'What if anything doth endeavor,' quoth she, 'can anything prevail against Him, whom we have granted to be most powerful by reason of His blessedness?' 'No doubt,' quoth I, 'nothing could prevail.' 'Wherefore there is nothing which either will or can resist this sovereign goodness.' 'I think not,' quoth I. 'It is then the sovereign goodness which governeth all things strongly, and disposeth them sweetly.' 'How much,' quoth I, 'doth not only the reason which thou allegest, but much more the very words which thou usest, delight me,

that folly which so much vexed me may at length be ashamed of herself.'

'Thou hast heard in the poets' fables,' quoth she, 'how the giants provoked heaven, but this benign fortitude put them down also, as they deserved. But wilt thou have our arguments contend together? Perhaps by this clash there will fly out some beautiful spark of truth.' 'As it pleaseth thee,' quoth I. 'No man can doubt,' quoth she, 'but that God is almighty.' 'No man,' quoth I, 'that is well in his wits.' 'But,' quoth she, 'there is nothing that He who is almighty cannot do.' 'Nothing,' quoth I. 'Can God do evil?' 'No,' quoth I. 'Wherefore,' quoth she, 'evil is nothing, since He cannot do it who can do anything.' 'Dost thou mock me,' quoth I, 'making with thy reasons an inextricable labyrinth, because thou dost now go in where thou meanest to go out again, and after go out, where thou camest in, or dost thou frame a wonderful circle of the simplicity of God? For a little before taking thy beginning from blessedness, thou affirmedst that to be the chiefest good which thou saidst was placed in God, and likewise thou provedst that God Himself is the chiefest good and full happiness, out of which thou madest me a present of that inference, that no man shall be happy unless he be also a God. Again thou toldest me that the form of goodness is the substance of God and of blessedness, and that unity is the same with goodness, because it is desired by the nature of all things; thou didst also dispute that God governeth the whole world with the helm of goodness, and that all things obey willingly, and that there is no nature of evil, and thou didst explicate all these things with no foreign or far-fetched proofs, but with those which were proper and drawn from inward principles, the one confirming the other.'

'We neither play nor mock,' quoth she, 'and we have finished the greatest matter that can be by the assistance of God, whose aid we implored in the beginning. For such is the form of the Divine substance that it is neither divided into outward things, nor receiveth any such into itself, but as Parmenides saith of it:

"In body like a sphere well-rounded on all sides,"

it doth roll about the moving orb of things, while it keepeth itself unmoved.

able. And if we have used no far-fetched reasons, but such as were placed within the compass of the matter we handled, thou hast no cause to marvel, since thou hast learned in Plato's school that our speeches must be like and as it were akin to the things we speak of.'

OF PROVIDENCE, FOREKNOWLEDGE, WILL
AND FATE

But yet thou wilt inquire whether God's knowledge shall be changed by thy disposition, so that when thou wilt now one thing, and now another, it should also seem to have divers knowledges. No. For God's sight preventeth all that is to come and recalleth and draweth it to the presence of His own knowledge; neither doth He vary, as thou imaginest, now knowing one thing and now another, but in one instant without moving preventeth and comprehendeth thy mutations. Which presence of comprehending and seeing all things, God hath not by the event of future things but by His own simplicity. By which that doubt is also resolved which thou didst put a little before, that it is an unworthy thing

that our future actions should be said to cause the knowledge of God. For this force of the divine knowledge comprehending all things with a present notion appointeth to everything its measure and receiveth nothing from ensuing accidents. All which being so, the free-will of mortal men remaineth unviolated, neither are the laws unjust which propose punishments and rewards to our wills, which are free from all necessity. There remaineth also a beholder of all things which is God, who foreseeth all things, and the eternity of His vision, which is always present, concurreth with the future quality of our actions, distributing rewards to the good and punishments to the evil. Neither do we in vain put our hope in God or pray to Him; for if we do this well and as we ought, we shall not lose our labor or be without effect. Wherefore fly vices, embrace virtues, possess your minds with worthy hopes, offer up humble prayers to your highest Prince. There is, if you will not dissemble, a great necessity of doing well imposed upon you, since you live in the sight of your Judge, who beholdeth all things.'

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Editor of CENTURY READINGS IN ANCIENT CLASSICAL LITERATURE has in all cases appended or prefixed the translator's name, and in special cases has recorded at the same time the permission of translator and publisher. He wishes to make particular mention of the courtesy of Charles H. Kerr and Company, publishers of Alexander Kerr's translation of Plato's *Republic*; J. M. Dent, publisher of William Ellery Leonard's translation of Lucretius, *On the Nature of Things*; The Open Court Company, publishers of Mr. Leonard's *Fragments of Empedocles* and *Æsop and Hysop*; Paul Nixon, translator of Martial in *A Roman Wit* (Houghton Mifflin & Co.); John W. Cunliffe, translator of the passage from Seneca's *Hercules* (Warner Library); and Alexander Lothian, translator of pieces from the *Anthology* in *The Golden Treasury of the Greeks* (Basil Blackwell, Oxford). Mr. Leonard has also allowed the use of his translations of Catullus and Sappho, the latter mostly hitherto unpublished. George Routledge and Sons have approved the use of Plumptre's *Agamemnon* and *Œdipus the King*, and George Bell and Sons a general use of their publications, including principally selections from Watson's translations of Xenophon's *Anabasis* and *Œconomicus*, Cicero's *Brutus* and *On the Orator*, and Sallust's *Catiline*; from Brodribb's translation of the *Octavius*; from Yonge's *Ammianus* and Cicero's *Second Philippic*; from Long's *Marcus Aurelius To Himself*; and from Calverley's *Theocritus*. The Collins selections from Lucian are included with the consent of the J. B. Lippincott Company. The great number of selections from the Loeb Library have been used with the approval of Mr. James Loeb, and, in all cases in which the request has been made, with the approval of the translators. For the gracious attitude of translators and publishers in general, whether of copyright works or non-copyright, the editor expresses the thanks of the reader, of the Century Company, and of himself.

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NOTES

THE ILIAD

4. 7. *Atrides*, son of Atreus, meaning Agamemnon; the word is a patronymic, as Pelides, son of Peleus, for Achilles.

53. *Smintheus*, a name given Apollo, from a town sacred to him in the Troad. The town of Cilla and the island of Tenedos were near.

5. 73. *Vulcan*; the translator uses in general the Latin rather than the Greek names of the gods and heroes.

88. *white-armed*. It is Homer's way to give the impression of beauty by the use of epithet expressive of a single suggestive detail.

17. *nervous*, sinewy or muscular.

20. ff. A series of grand similes, characteristic of Homer.

6. vi. The parting of Hector and Andromache is one of the Iliad's most beautiful passages.

33. Thebè, a town on the borders of the Troad.

9. 47. One of the most beautiful similes.

2. The Myrmidons were Achilles' special soldiers.

11. 53. Homer's gods frequently take part in battle, and may even be wounded.

13. xviii. The beautiful shield passage is an important aid to our imagination of Homeric life.

15. 153. Gnosus was excavated by Sir Arthur Evans from 1900 on; Troy, by Schliemann and Dörpfeld from 1871 on.

18. 178. *dome*, house, from Latin *domus*, much used by the translators of Pope's time.

THE ODYSSEY

20. 1. Ulysses was much admired for resourcefulness. The Greek name is Odysseus. The use of Latin names for Greek is excusable only as a literary convention.

22. 36. The simile is much less frequent in the *Odyssey*.

23. 119. *Leucothea*, a sea nymph; she had given Ulysses the magic veil, with the command to cast it back into the sea after reaching safety.

24. 144. *horrors*. The word is used in the sense of Latin *horre*, to be rough or shaggy, to quiver, to shudder.

vi. The sixth book is favorite because of its charming presentation of the girl princess.

9. *Phaacia*, localized in the island of Corfu, not far from Ithaca.

25. 62. *Taygetus*, the lofty and extended mountain overlooking Sparta; *Erymanthus*, a mountain in the Peloponnese.

26. ix. The passages by Pope are noticeably of greater facility and vigor, and reproduce more nearly "the surge and thunder of the *Odyssey*" (Andrew Lang).

27. 81. The land of the Cyclops is localized on the rocky coast near *Ætna*.

29. xi. The descent to the lower world is the theme of Virgil's *Æneid*, book VI, and is the whole substance of Dante's *Inferno*.

41. *Tiresias*, the famous blind prophet of Thebes.

30. 117. The Greek after-life at its best was not a happy existence.

31. 90. The rock is to be seen near modern Corfu.

32. xvii. The story of Argus is one of the most human things in Homer.

34. xxiii. Penelope's recognition of Ulysses is delayed by the changes time has wrought in his appearance, and by the caution bred in her by experience during his absence. His description of the bed, which is known to nobody outside of the family, will convince her.

THEOGONY

37. *Theogony* is comparable to the Hebrew account of creation.

30. *Delphi*, also called *Pytho*, was high in a deep mountain valley near Parnassus.

46. *Japhet*, Iapetus, one of the twelve Titans, father of Prometheus, who stole fire from Heaven.

38. 67. One of *Æschylus*' surviving tragedies is *Prometheus Bound*.

WORKS AND DAYS

38. 1. *Pierian*, from a region near Mount Olympus.

39. 26. The Five Ages are a frequent subject in ancient literature: Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Seneca depict or refer to them. The Greek Age of Gold is the parallel of the Hebrew Paradise, and it too was ended by the Fall of Man.

41. 11. This passage affords glimpses of the basic life of Greek lands in all times.

A HYMN TO HERMES

42. 2. Arcadia and Mount Cyllene are in the northern part of the Peloponnese.

18. *ways*, object of *assays* and antecedent of *which* understood.

20. Such was the Greek admiration for inventiveness and resourcefulness that the dubious morality of both Hermes and Odysseus seems not to have lessened their attractiveness.

43. 133. The *Hymn to Hermes* is humorous after the fashion of many stories of the Christian Saints.

THE LYRIC

46. *The Abandoned Shield*. Horace makes a like humorous reference, to the lost battle of Philippi, in Odes I, 7.

47. *The Storm*. Cf. Horace, Odes I, 9, the *Soracte* poem.

Thou Too Sail On. The ship of state was a much used figure: cf. Plato's *Republic* VI, 487-9, Horace, Odes I, 14, and Longfellow.

48. II. Imitated by Catullus, poem LI.

49. VII. Supposed to be in answer to a poem of Alcæus.

XVII. *Teian*, Anacreon of Teos.

50. *The Constitution of Athens*. After setting in order the affairs of the city, the law-giver is said to have withdrawn from it in order not to prejudice the working of his laws.

51. 52. Compare the Hebrew complaint: Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee: yet let me talk with thee of thy judgments: Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper—Jeremiah xii, 1, 2.

The Bard of Love. Cadmus, the Phœnician founder of Thebes.

52. 15. *Alcides*, Hercules.

All Nature Drinks. Cf. Cowley's translation:

'Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink but I;
Why, man of morals, tell me why?'

The Cicada. This insect is a prominent detail in Mediterranean midsummer days.

Thermopylae. One of the world's most famous epigrams. Christopher North made 46 English versions of it 'one sleepless night in bed.'

53. *At The Eurymedon*. A naval battle won by Cimon on the coast of Asia Minor in 466 B.C., defeating the last great Persian attempt against Greece.

PINDAR

54. *Olympian I* was probably sung in Hiero's palace at Syracuse. Because it is a glorification of Olympian games above all others, its body is the story of Pelops, son of Tantalus, who won Hippodamia by winning in a race with her father Enomachus.

54. *Strophe I*, 1. *Water*, an allusion to the philosophic conception, attributed to Thales, that water was the basic principle of all creation.

Antistrophe I. *Pisa* and *Alpheus*, a city and a river near Olympia.

Dorian, a minor mode in music, like the *Æolian*. *Phœnicus*, the winning horse.

Strophe II. Pindar thinks unworthy the ordinary story that Tantalus placed his son before the gods as a feast, that Demeter ate one shoulder before noticing, and that the victim was given an ivory shoulder. He accounts for the ivory shoulder as the white birthmark belonging to the Pelopids, and for the story as a popular invention to account for the disappearance of Pelops.

55. *Epode II*. Pindar's enlightened views of religion are indicated here.

Antistrophe III. *Cyprian Queen*, Aphrodite.

56. *Epode IV*. *Cronium*, a hill overlooking Olympia.

Pythian I is a glorification of poetry and the gentle qualities of Hiero, as well as of his prowess in battle and in the race. This ode is the inspira-

tion of Gray's *Progress of Poesy*, which should be read in connection with it. It was probably sung in Syracuse in 474, and also in the town of Ætna.

Antistrophe I. *Latoides*, patronymic of Apollo, god of poetry and music.

57. *Epode I*. The region from Cumæ to Ætna has always been actively volcanic. Virgil in the third book of the *Æneid* makes the writhing Titan Encecladus its cause, and in the sixth places the entrance to the lower world at Lake Avernus, near Cumæ. The description of the eruption of 478 in strophe II would serve perfectly for any modern outburst.

58. *Epode III*. *Dinomenes*, son of Hiero.

Strophe IV. The city of Ætna was founded by Hiero in 476 on the model of the Dorian institutions of Sparta, itself a Dorian foundation by Hyllus, who descended with his men from the Balkan Mount Pindus. Pamphylus, son of Ægimius, was another Dorian leader. Amyclæ was the first capital of Laconia, before the rise of Sparta.

Antistrophe IV. The Amena flowed through the town of Ætna.

Epode IV. Hiero defeated the Etruscans at Cumæ in 474, and the Carthaginians at Himera in Sicily in 480 on the day of Salamis.

59. V. Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigento, 570-554, burned men to death in a brazen bull which echoed their cries like bellows.

HERODOTUS

60. Herodotus will be much more keenly enjoyed by those who read first Andrew Lang, *To Herodotus*, in his *Letters to Dead Authors*.

61. *The Story of Cræsus*: Book I, 30-33, 85-91.

63. b. 50. *the sin of his ancestor*. Like the Hebrews, the Greeks believed that the curse of guilt descended from generation to generation.

64. 10. Good instances of the ambiguities by which the famous oracle insured itself against reproach.

41. *Babylon*: Book I, 178-181.

50. *Ninus*, Nineveh.

b. 13. *hot bitumen*, suggesting the oil fields of today in the same region.

32. Excavation has revealed parts of ancient Babylon.

57. *Belus*, Baal. The tower here described was a *ziggurat*. The biblical tower of Babel was of this character.

65. 21. *The Nile*: Book II, 19-25.

30. The Nile rises in June, swollen by rains at its source, and subsides from September on. Its waters are now controlled and conserved by dams, the chief of which is at Assuan, ancient Syene.

b. 10. *the Ocean*, the Homeric idea of it.

66. 16. *Cats*, *Crocodiles*: Book II, 66-74. Great deposits of cat mummies have been discovered.

67. 21. The phœnix is described by Tacitus, Lactantius, and Claudian, and became a symbol of immortality.

51. *Death and Burial*: Book II, 84-88. The number of the embalmed dead in Egypt has been estimated at 731,000,000.

68. 23. *The Pyramids*: Book II, 124-125. The pyramids of Cheops, Chephren, and Mycerinus, near

Cairo, were visited by Herodotus as they are visited today.

55. The Great Pyramid measures 482 feet in height and 762 along the base (Hamlin).

b. 41. *Marathon*: Book VI, 105-117.

43. *Pheidippides*; Browning's *Pheidippides* should be read.

69. 32. *polemarch*, one of the nine archons, chosen by lot as commander.

42. *Harmodius* and *Aristogiton*, slayers of the tyrant Hipparchus a generation before Marathon. Hippias, the tyrant's brother, driven from Athens in 511, still threatened the city's liberty.

b. 33. *festivals*, the Panathenæa.

70. 25. *Euphorion*, brother of Æschylus, who also fought at Marathon.

32. *Sunium*, a promontory 45 miles southeast of Athens.

47. *Phalerum*, four miles from Athens, near the port Piræus.

48. *back to Asia*. Marathon is the first of Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World* (1851), and Waterloo the last.

b. 14. *Xerxes Crosses*: Book VII, 34-37; 55-57.

15. *Abydos*. Sestos was on the opposite shore. The Hellespont here is the scene of the Hero and Leander story; see Ovid, *Leander to Hero*, page 443 below.

71. 18. *cubit*, about 18 inches, *talent*, 57.75 pounds. b. 14. The crossing took place probably in April, 480.

72. 1. *Thermopylæ*: Book VII, 222-228.

73. 19. *Amphictyons*, a league of deputies from twelve Greek states.

26. *Salamis*: Book VIII, 54-57; 83-86; 96-99.

29. *Susa*, seat of Xerxes' capital and palace.

56. *Salamis*, about ten miles from Athens.

b. 37. *Ægina*, an island about 20 miles south.

74. b. 22. *The Persians* of Æschylus, who fought at Salamis, was first performed in 472, eight years after the battle, is interesting as one of the few ancient tragedies based on historic incident. Byron's beautiful lyric, *The Isles of Greece*, in *Don Juan*, Canto III, should also be read, for its associations with Marathon and Salamis.

THUCYDIDES

75. b. *The Cause of the War*: Book I, 22, 23.

76. 26. *Barbarians*. The term denotes peoples not Hellenic.

b. 10. *Athenians and Spartans*: Book I, 67-71; 80, 81; 83-87. These speeches are famous for the light they throw on Greek character.

77. 4. *Corcyra*, modern Corfu.

6. *Potidæa*, a Thracian city not far from modern Saloniki.

80. 53. *The Unburied Soldier*: Book II, 34.

b. 43. *The Funeral Oration*: Book II, 35-46.

84. b. 32. *The Great Plague*: Book II, 47, 48; 51-

54. Lucretius concludes his poem *De Rerum Natura* with a description of this plague.

86. b. *The Fleet Departs*: Book VI, 30-32.

12. *Iapygia*, the southeastern promontory of Italy.

87. b. 21. *The Defeat*: Book VII, 70-72. A great description.

89. 49. *The End of the Expedition*: Book VII, 85-87.

b. 47. *Sphacteria*. In 425, the Athenians had killed and captured a Spartan force on this island, near Pylos.

90. b. 18. This conclusion is a fine example of classical reserve. Browning's *Balaustion's Adventure* has a Syracusan setting.

XENOPHON

91. *Preparations*: *Anabasis*, Book I, 1.

91. b. 17. *In the Desert*: Book I, 5.

21. *parasangs*. A parasang was about 18,000 feet, over three miles.

92. 22. *plethron*, about 100 feet.

45. *The Death of Cyrus*: Book I, 8.

b. 26. *The Character of Clearchus*: Book II, 6.

93. 55. *Cold, Snow, and Hunger*: Book IV, 5.

94. 45. *The Sea*: Book VII, 7. The expedition had marched 1800 miles east from Ephesus, lost Cyrus in battle at Cunaxa, not far from Babylon, and now were at the end of their 700 miles north to the Black Sea through enemy country.

b. 33. *Cyrus a Great Ruler*: *Cyropædia*, Book I, 1.

95. b. 48. *Education in Persia*: Book I, 2.

97. 28. *Cyrus and His Grandfather*: Book I, 3.

99. 6. *Abradatas and Panthea*: Book VI, 4; VII, 1; VII, 3.

101. 27. *Babylon*: Book VII, 5.

102. 38. *The Last Words*: Book VIII, 7.

103. 43. *Households*: *Economicus*, 1, 1-5.

b. 31. *Ischomachus Talks*: 7, 3-15.

104. b. 17. *Morality and Hygiene*: 10, 1-12.

ÆSCHYLUS

106. Æschylus is noted for bold imagery and for speeches in the grand style.

3. *Atræidæ*, Agamemnon and Menelaus, sons of Atreus.

36. The feeling of suspense, created by the dark utterances of the watchman, is deepened steadily by chorus and action until the climax is reached at line 995 in the death of the king.

42. *Menelaos*. The translator here and elsewhere uses the Greek -os.

58. *clients*, protégés, about the temple, and important as the givers of signs.

60. *Erinyes*, the Fate that pursues the guilty.

61. *Alexandros*, Paris.

84. *three feet*, one being the staff.

100. *unguent*, oil for ceremonial purposes.

111-122. Uranus and Cronus, predecessors of Zeus, are referred to.

125-132. *pain is gain*, wisdom comes with suffering, a favorite theme repeated at line 212.

133. *chief*, Agamemnon at Aulis.

149. Artemis had been offended by Agamemnon's killing one of her stags in the chase, and must be propitiated by the sacrifice of the king's daughter Iphigenia before the winds would become favorable.

178. *frailty*, Helen's.

180-210. Lucretius, I, 84-101, page 375 below, makes use of the sacrifice of Iphigenia in his attack on religion, concluding with the famous line,

'Such are the crimes to which religion leads.'

The scene is represented also in a Pompeian painting in the Naples Museum; see Mau-Kelsey, *Pompeii*, page 313.

243. A celebrated speech. The map should be used here. The torch race, by relay, was a well known Greek sport.

269. *beard*, one of Æschylus' impressive figures.

314-377. There is deep human feeling in this chorus and in the herald's speech from 442.

536. A striking image.

575-606. Æschylus believes that the love of righteousness will remove the curse from any house, and that wrong-doing, not prosperity, brings the curse.

624. Another fine speech.

665-670. A remarkable succession of similes.

690. Another reference to the belief that prosperity endangered men by arousing the envy of the gods.

730. *purple juice*. Purple dye came from a shell-fish.

776. Heracles.

810. Cassandra is possessed by the prophetic frenzy.

905. *children*, of Thyestes, served to him by his brother Atreus.

917. *lewd*. Cassandra sees that Clytemnestra has been unfaithful during the king's absence.

923. *Amphisbana*, a serpent that could go forward or backward.

950. Clytemnestra, Ægisthus, and Agamemnon.

969. *Syrian*, luxurious.

995. The climax of the play. The practice of the Greek dramatist was to have deeds of violence done behind the scenes.

999. Clytemnestra now drops all pretence. Her terrible remorselessness, as well as her vigor and decisiveness, prompts the comparison with Lady Macbeth.

1020. A striking figure.

1028. Referring to the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

1045. *penalty*, death at the hands of Orestes, her son; the theme of Æschylus' *Libation-pourers* and the *Electra* of Sophocles and Euripides.

1056. *Chryseids*, plural of Chryseis, daughter of Chryses the priest, who in *Iliad* I compels Agamemnon to give her up.

1065. The queen does not conceal her relations with Ægisthus. Unfaithfulness and revengefulness are seen to be the motives for her murder of the king.

SOPHOCLES

121. 2. Cadmos, Phœnician founder of Thebes. The translator uses here and elsewhere the Greek *-os*.

41. *songstress*, the Sphinx, whose riddle, in verse, was first guessed by Ædipus.

76. *Pythian home*, Delphi, nearly a hundred miles northwest of Athens, and reached by sea or land.

157. *word of Zeus*, the oracle; see 197.

160. *fear*. The chorus, as in the *Agamemnon*, contribute to the feeling of suspense.

184. *darkling West*, death, the shore of Pluto.

222. *I banish*. Ædipus thus banishes himself, un-

wittingly. This is the celebrated dramatic irony of the Greeks. The play abounds in it.

247. The genealogy of Laius and Ædipus.

262. Teiresias, the blind prophet of Thebes, is consulted by Odysseus on his descent to the lower world in *Odyssey* XI.

295. Teiresias knows the guilt of Ædipus.

418. Here begins the series of inquiries and revelations leading to the king's discovery of his guilt. The steady progression from now on to the climax at line 1098 is wonderful art. *Ædipus the King* is an explicative play, as opposed to a synthetic.

499-538. Every Greek drama contains passages wholly or largely made up of one-line speeches. This is called *stichomythy*.

660. These three roads are still travelled.

858. *Now, oracles of Gods*. See 876; both Jocasta and Ædipus are guilty of disrespect to the oracle. Sophocles does not represent a faultless or a wholly guilty Ædipus, but one of great good qualities vitiated by arrogance and passion. To have represented the king as merely caught in the toils of Fate and without blame would have outraged our sense of justice and robbed the play of tragic quality.

931. Ædipus is relieved from one fear to be subjected to another.

935. At about this point, Jocasta has the full truth come to her.

1016. *He who rules*, Hermes, born on Mount Cyllene.

1019. *nymphs*, the Muses.

1094. The climax, or *scène à faire*.

1122. The messenger's speech is a regular feature of Greek tragedy.

1199-1355. The Greek play descended from the climax to the end less abruptly than the modern play.

EURIPIDES

140. 1-81. The Euripidean prologue still consists of action, but resembles the modern prologue in serving as introduction to the plot.

32. *Orcus*, death.

128. *The Sage's* Æsculapius, son of Apollo.

348. The extravagant idea of Admetus recalls the story of Pygmalion, at whose entreaties life was divinely breathed into the statue which he had chiselled and with which he had fallen in love. See page note, 442, line I.

455. Hercules is on the way to one of the Twelve Labors, weary, but hearty and human.

460. *Tirynthian king*, Eurystheus, who imposed the Labors.

523. *Not so*. The obligations of hospitality have always been very strict in Greece.

603. Does Euripides mean to present Admetus on the whole as an attractive character?

713. Hercules is presented as a robust and expansive hero, and is almost a comic figure.

964. Hercules leads Alcestis, veiled.

1115. *son of Sthenelus*, Eurystheus.

ARISTOPHANES

156. 5. *stadia*, plural of stadium, about 600 feet.

6. *Raven*. The sober raven and the chattering

jackdaw are characteristic of their masters, the pre-tentious Peisthetairus, *Talkover*, and the simple Euclipides, *Hopeful*.

159. *Melanthius*, a tragic poet who was leprous.

213. *Odds, nets and snares*. The Hoopoe swears appropriately, like Bob Acres.

362. *Nicias*; in command of the Athenian expedition against Syracuse; compare line 659.

568. *Alcmenas and Semeles*, the mothers by Jove of Hercules and Bacchus.

649. *Ammon's*, Jupiter-Ammon's, in Egypt.

704-793. The Parabasis; a part of the play in which the author has the chorus go outside the action to indulge in satire or fantasy. The object of satire here is the Athenian craze for novel philosophical and scientific accounts of creation.

775. *Bird*. The birds served as omens, and the word was the same for both.

802. *our own*, referring to the eagle pierced by an arrow feathered from his own wing.

865. Through the Poet, Aristophanes probably parodies well known lines.

949. This form of city has many modern advocates, who regard it as more convenient than the rectangular form.

1009. *Owl*, stamped on the Athenian coin.

1034-1110. Vividly suggestive of Athenian industrial and military life.

1136. *Salaminian galley*. This and the Paralian were for sacred and other important errands.

1187. Quoted from Euripides' *Alcestis*, a speech of Pheres to Admetus. The preceding speech of Iris is a parody of the tragic style.

1305. *dithyrambic*. The dithyramb was a special form of poem in honor of Dionysus.

1369. *Exceestides*, notorious for having no citizen's rights.

1397. *Timon*, the celebrated misanthrope; see Shakespeare's play.

1429. Hercules and his appetite always made good matter for comedy.

1581. *Sycophantic*, referring to the despised informers.

1583. *Clepsydra*, the water-clock by which speeches in the Assembly were limited.

1591. *Gorgias*, one of the chief Sophists, who had a reputation for wordiness and sharp practice.

MENANDER

181. 9. *obol*, nearly two cents.

14. *talent*, about a thousand dollars.

16. *drachma*, nearly twenty cents.

140. The speech of Syrus is suggestive of the usual content of comic drama in the fourth century. Tragedy also was not without the same material; Euripides' *Ion* is an example.

275. *chiton*, tunic.

PARMENIDES AND EMPEDOCLES

187. 2. *Acragas*. Empedocles lived in Acragas, Roman Agrigentum, modern Girgenti. Love, Hate, and Metempsychosis were important in his philosophy. For transmigration, compare Plato, *A Sojourn* (see page 216), and John Masfield, *A Creed*.

PLATO

188. b. 18. *bankers' tables*. Money-changers, etc., were more frequently in the open air than even now.

189. 21. *Pythia*, the priestess of Apollo who was the mouthpiece of the oracle, which was often capable of many different interpretations, and therefore safe for its authors.

b. 19. *Dog*, a frequent oath of Socrates, perhaps to avoid a more blasphemous expression.

190. b. 54. *monitor*, the famous *daimon*, a sort of guardian spirit always with Socrates.

191. 54 ff. *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus*, and *Æacus*, judges in the lower world; *Triptolemus*, founder of the worship of Demeter and Persephone at Eleusis, and giver of grains and agriculture; *Orpheus* and *Museus*, famous bards; *Palamedes* and *Ajax*, heroes of the Trojan war; *Sisyphus*, for an offense to Jove condemned to roll up hill a stone which always rolled back before reaching the summit.

192. The *Crito* is noted for its ideas regarding the wrongfulness of retaliation, and the obligation of the social contract.

193. b. *dervishes of Cybele*. The priests of the Great Mother danced themselves into a frenzy as a means of communion with deity.

27. *Immortality*. Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood* is an echo of Plato.

199. *The Setting*: Book I, 327-330.

56. *Peiræus*, the port of Athens, five miles from the city.

200. 47. *threshold of age*. Cicero in *De Senectute* very charmingly adapts from the opening part of *The Republic*.

201. 45. *State*: II, 368-372. Aristotle's definition of the state was Platonic: 'an association of similar persons for the attainment of the best life possible.' Ten citizens he regarded as too few, a hundred thousand as too many. Athens had perhaps a hundred thousand inhabitants, of which about twenty-five thousand were citizens, the rest slaves and free outlanders. The ancient state was a city-state.

203. b. 36. *Education*: II, 376-383.

42. *music*, the equivalent of the modern liberal arts is meant: what is related to the Muses.

205. 6. *Homer*. The poet was a great vehicle of moral instruction, comparable to the Bible. Plato's argument is carried to surprising lengths.

208. *Homer Disapproved*: III, 387-388.

b. 55. *Women and the State*: V, 455-457.

210. b. 3. *possibility*. This sounds like sly humor.

6. *The Ship of State*: VI, 487-489.

211. *The Cave*: VII, 514-518.

213. 9. Achilles' word to Ulysses in the lower world; see note, page 30, line 117.

214. *Democracy*: VIII, 562-565.

6. *tyranny*, meaning the rule, good or bad, of one man. This selection is of the greatest interest to modern critics of democracy.

216. *A Sojourn*: X, 614-622.

218. b. 10. *Thamyras*, who challenged the Muses and was deprived of sight after defeat.

28. *Epeus*, builder of the wooden horse at Troy.

219. b. 21. *a thousand years*, the ancient Purgatory.

ARISTOTLE

220. *Ethics*: II, 6-7.

b. 24. *Milo*, of Croton in southern Italy, a famous athlete.

221. b. 47. *the diagram*, perhaps used while lecturing.

222. b. 17. *Phallic*, from *phallos*, the symbol of procreation and fruitfulness.

223. 6. *purification*, the much discussed *catharsis*.

THEOPHRASTUS

225. b. 5. *Bacchanalia*, the festival of Dionysus, about Easter time.

17. *Odeum*, a theater for musical events, built by Pericles not far from the theater of Dionysus.

HIPPOCRATES

229. *The Oath*. It is still administered in some colleges of medicine.

ISOCRATES

234. 25. *barbarians*, the turning back of the Persians was never far from the thoughts of an Athenian.

DEMOSTHENES

236. b. 9. *orgiasts*. The more unrestrained religions, of the sort mentioned here, were from the East, and were never quite so much respected as the native Hellenic cults.

33. *collecting figs*, a reference to the Athenian reception of poorly acted plays.

237. 16. *crown*, a golden ornament shaped like a wreath, or *corona*.

b. 42. *battle*, Chæronia, 338, Philip's overthrow of Athens.

THEOCRITUS

240. b. 7. *cosset*, a pet lamb, reared without the mother.

241. 27 ff. An example of the ancient fondness for the description of works of the sort; compare the Shield of Achilles passage on page 13.

b. 33. *Peneius*, *Pindus*, far away, in Greece, in contrast with the places next mentioned nearby.

242. 11. *Priapus*, deity of gardens.

23. *the Cyprian*, *Venus* of Cyprus, wed to Anchises, father of Aeneas.

40. *Arethuse*, the famous fountain at Syracuse.

45. *knoll*. The tombs of Helice and Arcas were noted in Arcadia, to which this stanza refers.

243. a. 56. *the River*, of death, Acheron.

243. 1. The scene is the island of Cos, off Asia Minor, and the poem seems to be a personal experience.

15. *Lycidas*, the name used for the title of Milton's poem.

47. *Philetas*, of Cos, teacher of Theocritus. The *bard of Samos* is the epigrammatist Asclepiades.

54. *Oromedon*, perhaps Eurymedon; compare note, page 53.

56. *Chian bard*, Homer.

244. 114. *Aratus*, another pupil of Philetas, and author of an epic on astronomy.

245. 149-175. One of the most famous autumn descriptions in literature.

40. *The Women*. This idyll is of the nature of the mime; compare page 252.

246. b. 45. *Golgi* and *Idaly* in Cyprus, and *Eryx* in Sicily, were sacred to Aphrodite. Adonis was permitted to return for a short period each year; compare page 251.

247. 35-6. *Ajax* and *Hector* are referred to.

248. 64. *Amphitrite*, the Nereid, Neptune's queen.

b. 40. The Argonautic expedition is interpreted as one of the early adventures after gold. The Rocks are the Symplegades.

249. 55. The fight here described suggests the professionalized pugilism of the third century B. C.

HERODAS

252. a. 11. *over a shoulder*. The boy was hoisted by a schoolmate while the lash was used.

19. *Nannakos*, a Phrygian king who wept much because of oncoming death.

253. 9. *full moon of Akesaios*, who waited for but acted promptly on the full moon; Kottalos is to be flogged surely and immediately.

24. *Koutis*, perhaps the daughter of the master.

b. 27. *coat of honey*. Kottalos will have a hard time talking himself back into favor.

POLYBIUS

255. *Rome's First Victory*: Book II, 22-23. *Ancient Treaties*: III, 22; 25.

b. 56. *the crossing of Xerxes*, in 480.

256. 10. *the Fair Promontory*, at the western extremity of the gulf of Carthage.

b. 15. *The Elephants*: III, 45-46. Livy's account in XXI, 27-28, is very similar, Polybius being his source.

257. 25. *Roman Army Discipline*: VI, 36-39.

258. b. 10. *Constitution and Character*: VI, 51-55.

260. 25. *Cocles*. In Livy II, 10 (see note, page 453 b) the fate of Horatius is the well known one of Macaulay's *Lay*.

STRABO

262. *Latium and Rome*: V, 3, 5-8.

b. 20. *Pomptine Plain*, the still undrained Pomptine Marshes.

28. *Brentesium*, Brindisi; *Taras*, Taranto.

43. *towed by a mule*. Horace, *Satires* I, 5, *A Journey to Brundisium*, gives an amusing account of taking this boat.

263. 10. *The first founders*. There are wall remains indicating the early fortification of the Palatine, and many fragments of another wall which girdled a city over five miles in circumference. They are called the walls of Romulus and Servius, but prove nothing regarding those monarchs and are not early enough to be of their reputed times.

b. 19. *mines*, meaning the many quarries of tufa, travertine, and ordinary limestone.

264. 5. *wagons loaded with hay*. The Cloaca Maxima was about eleven feet wide and high where it flowed into the Tiber; Strabo should not here be taken literally.

58. *the Mausoleum*, now a wonderful concert hall with upwards of 4000 seats, called the Augusteo.

b. 23. *Pompeii and Vesuvius*: V, 4, 8-9.

265. b. 14. *Pindar*. From the *First Pythian*; see note, page 56.

PLUTARCH

267. 31. *from the isle of Delos*, soon after the outbreak of war with Corinth in 458.

268. 43. *The propylæa*, not entirely finished, as the remains show.

270. 54. *Cleon*, the tanner and demagogue.

271. b. 26. *Triumphal Procession*, after the battle of Pydna, 168 B. C.

274. b. 14. *Hecatompodon*, hundred-foot temple, a name given to the Parthenon of before the Persian wars, and here applied to the later one.

PAUSANIAS

277. 3. *The Theater*: Book I, 21. The theater still exists.

b. 8. *On the Acropolis*: I, 24-26.

21. *statue of Athene*, the gold-and-ivory image inside the Parthenon.

278. b. 14. *At Olympia*: V, 10-17.

279. b. 42. *one pillar*. This one wooden pillar has been thought to be the last of the original pillars of the temple, all the rest having been replaced by stone; the building thus being a proof that Greek architectural forms in stone are an evolution from wood construction.

53. *Hermes*, the celebrated statue, found by the German excavators in May, 1878, and now in the museum at Olympia.

MARCUS AURELIUS

282. 24. *Parmularius or the Scutarius*, fighters with shield or sword.

30. Maximus, an intimate Stoic acquaintance.

b. 14. *my father*, meaning his adoptive former, the Emperor Antonius Pius; his father by blood was Annianus Verus.

283. b. 22. *Among the Quadi*, in Moravia.

284. 50. *Carnuntum*, on the Danube.

b. 41. *Helice*, a town in Achæa, swallowed by the sea.

LONGINUS

287. b. 6. *the descent into Hell*, in the *Odyssey*, book XI.

288. 1. Compare the translation, page 48.

LUCIAN

290. 32. *Ctesias*, 415-398, a physician at an Eastern court who first wrote Oriental history in Greek.

292. 32. *Momus*, son of Night, god of ridicule.

293. 17. *Helen*. Theseus had carried her off as a girl, but restored her.

294. 34. *Hercules*. He had spent three years in menial tasks as slave to Queen Omphale, and finally, after being poisoned by the robe of the Centaur Nessus, had built and ascended his funeral pyre on Mount Ceta.

295. b. 5. *Menippus*, a Cynic.

298. b. 22. *triangle*, a symbol of the Pythagoreans, who sometimes wore it on the breast; they also made much of numbers.

300. a. 20. *Cyrenaic*, a school preceding and resembling the Epicurean.

b. 24. *Democritus*, the laughing philosopher; *Heraclitus*, the weeping.

301. b. 15. *Peregrinus*. The Christians were looked on by many as merely one more school of extremist philosophers, like Stoics, Cynics, and Epicureans, only more absurd in their claims.

THE FABLE

303. 30. *The Mountain in Labor*. The origin of the saying, 'The Mountains will be in travail and a ridiculous mouse will come forth,' is Horace, *On the Art of Poetry*, line 139.

304. b. 5. *The Vine*. Compare page 315, *Only Wait*.

LONGUS

307. b. 27. *A Greek Dance*. The Greek dance was imitative, not merely æsthetic; compare Aristotle, *Poetics* I, 'for the dancers also represent human character, and what men do and undergo' (tr. Cooper).

THE ANTHOLOGY

312. 6. *Gela's wide champaign*, in Sicily.

314. *The Last Journey*. Leonidas of Tarentum, Palladas, and Paulus Silentiarius are among the most serious of the epigrammatists.

316. *The Pure in Heart*. An exquisite expression of the better paganism.

Not of Itself. The inspiration of Ben Jonson.

MARCUS CATO

320. b. 19. *threshing-floor*. Agricultural life in Central Italy is much the same today as in the time of Cato; the threshing-floor, or *area*, is to be seen on every little farm.

QUINTUS ENNIUS

321. *The Skeptic*. This is the Epicurean view.

PLAUTUS

322. The names of the *dramatis personæ* are suggestive: Euclio and Eunomia are well-conducted persons; Staphyla, bunch of grapes, a hard drinker; Megadorus, generous giver; Strobilus, old top; Congrio, eel; Anthrax, a coal; etc.

327. b. 47. Molière models on and surpasses the lines on the miser's stinginess. Compare a. line 10, and the famous *sans dot*.

328. 41. Plautus is notorious for puns and other word-plays.

b. 52. *forum*, regularly for the market place or public square.

329. 2. *Vulcan*, the deity of fire; here humorously the kitchen fire.

331. 22. This scene is suggestive of Hellenistic life conditions, and to a certain extent of Roman.

b. 52. *Geryon* was a monster with three bodies, slain by Hercules; *Argus*, with a hundred eyes; *Pirene* has been excavated by the American School

of Classical Studies in Athens: it was a large and ornamental public fountain.

332. *b. 19.* There are many details of slave punishment in Plautus and Terence; being sent to the country to work was much dreaded, as well as the ordinary whipping; compare page 354, *b. 32.*

333. *36.* The scene beginning here, and that beginning page 335-45, are among the most comic of those based on misunderstanding. Molière in *L'Avare* has five misunderstandings instead of Plautus's two, a fair index of their comparative complexity.

334. *38.* *Silvanus*, deity of groves.

337. The mutilated ending of Plautus is hardly more unsatisfactory than the artificial ending of *L'Avare*.

TERENCE

338. *Personæ Mutæ*, characters with no lines.

339. *11.* *Diphilus*, of the Greek New Comedy, wrote about 100 plays, of which there are three imitations among Plautus's extant comedies.

50. Micio's speech is a characterization of himself, his brother, the two boys, and of Athenian conditions, and also presents the theme of the play, which is the always interesting question as to the degree of strictness to be observed in the rearing of children.

341. *41.* *Sannio*. The slave-dealer, usually also a pander, is the villain of ancient comedy.

343. *b. 39.* *flee the country*, probably by enlisting under one of the successors of Alexander; compare page 346, line 13.

345. *b. 31.* *Syrus* is a good example of the tricky slave, a stock character.

350. *b. 1.* *cithern-girl*. The female slave was bred in the accomplishments, if possible, to make her more salable.

357. *b. 31.* We may doubt the permanence of Demea's conversion; and also the author's entire approval of Micio's plan.

55. *Clap your hands*. A formal and a usual termination.

CICERO

358. *The Cicero Home: The Laws*, II, 1-3.

b. 1. *Atticus*, Titus Pomponius, 109-32 B. C., Cicero's most faithful friend, frequently his financial supporter, was the recipient of half the extant letters of the orator.

7. *Fibrenus*, modern Fibreno, the power for paper mills.

359. *3.* *Niles and Euripi*, features of landscape gardens; the latter was so called from the Euripus, a channel between Eubœa and the Greek mainland, north of Athens.

27. *Arpinum*, Arpino. The Cicero home was three miles from the town, at the confluence of the Fibrenus with the Liris, modern Liri or Garigliano, about 75 miles southeast of Rome.

b. 26. Socrates as he talked dipped his foot in the Ilissus and praised its coolness.

31. *Letters to Atticus*, V, 1.

41. *separation*, caused by Cicero's appointment to the governorship of Cilicia.

43. Many of the letters are filled with business detail hard to understand because they were confidential.

360. *4.* *your sister*. Quintus, brother of Marcus, was married to Pomponia, sister of Atticus. They finally separated.

11. *Arcanum*, an estate near by Aquinum, half way between Naples and Rome; the home of Juvenal and Thomas Aquinas.

20. *Statius*, a favorite freedman of Quintus disliked by Pomponia.

51. *Pomptinus*, a soldier friend who was to be one of Cicero's deputies in the province.

56. *Menturnæ*, a place on the Appian Way.

b. 1. *After the Rubicon: To Atticus*, VII, 22. Cæsar is driving Pompey toward Brundisium and out of Italy.

3. *Formiæ*, where Cicero had a villa, on the coast near Gaeta.

36. *The Qualities of Cæsar: To Atticus*, VIII, 13.

361. *10.* *Cæsar to Cicero: To Atticus*, IX, 6a. The decisive tone of Cæsar will be noted.

34. *Cicero to Cæsar: To Atticus*, IX, 11a.

b. 17. *Pompey*. Cicero was between the two attractions of loyalty to Pompey and an inclination to Cæsar as the much abler man whom he could not help admire. His support was much valued by both men and their partisans.

36. *A Famous Interview: To Atticus*, IX, 18.

362. *13.* *Celer*, an especially bad example.

16. *Servius, Titinius*, friends of Pompey's cause, or at least not hostile to Cæsar's.

31. *twittering swallow*, the next letter.

45. *A Warning: To Atticus*, X, 8b.

b. 24. *To Terentia: To Friends*, XIV, 12. Written after Pharsalia, and sometimes taken as indicating a coolness between Cicero and his wife, from whom he was divorced early in 46.

43. *Servius Sulpicius Consoles: To Friends*, IV, 5. One of the noblest letters ever written. Tullia had died in childbirth shortly before, leaving Cicero inconsolable. Servius died in 43 during an embassy to Antony, who was besieging Mutina.

363. *53.* Compare Byron, *Childe Harold*, IV, 44:

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him,
The Roman friend of Rome's least mortal mind,
The friend of Tully, etc.

364. *29.* *Trebonius to Cicero: To Friends*, XII, 16. Trebonius was one of the conspirators against Cæsar.

b. 10. *Cratippus*, a Peripatetic philosopher, young Marcus's chief instructor in Athens.

22. *Marcus Junior to Tiro: To Friends*, XVI, 21. Marcus was twenty-one; Tiro was his father's confidential secretary, once his slave. The letter is a very human document.

365. *20.* *Bruttius*, a teacher of elocution.

b. 26. *Anteros*, the letter-carrier.

28. *Brutus: 91.*

366. *51.* *On the Orator: I*, 33-34. This and the preceding selection present the ideal culture for the orator, and Cicero's personal characteristics.

57. *Writing, etc.: stilus optimus et præstantissimus dicendi effector ac magister.*

b. 56. *Ennius*, the father of Latin poetry; *Græchus*, forceful as an orator and leader.

367. *b. 15.* *De Officiis*. The selections are: I, 1;

34-35; 37-38; III, 33. The *Ethics* was an essay much admired by the Christian Fathers, and its morality was acceptable to and absorbed by Christianity.

51. *Peripatetics*, Aristotle's pupils, so named from their walking during lectures.

368. *b. 52. modesty*, grounded, according to Cicero, in natural impulse, and not in artificial sentiment or prudery.

369. 50. Enlightened words to the very talkative and the backbiter.

b. 50. Cyrenaics, hedonists, just preceding the Epicureans.

56. *Epicurus*. Cicero has nothing to say in approval of Epicureanism. Anniceris was another philosopher of Cyrene.

371. 11. *On Friendship*: 6-7; 27.

36. *Paullos*, etc., recognized great and good Romans.

b. 47. a certain philosopher, Empedocles; see page 186.

55. *Fannius*, *Mucius*, sons-in-law of Lælius, the chief character in the dialogue on Old Age.

372. *b. 18. The Second Philippic*: I; XLIV-XLVI. Composed in October, 44, one month after the break with Antony, and published late in November after Antony's march to the north to crush Decimus Brutus, the hope of Cicero and the Senate.

LUCRETIUS

374. *Invocation*: I, 1-28. The lines are addressed not so much to a deity as to the universal life-principle. Lucretius makes little use of mythology.

31. *Memmius*, the poet's patron, and a correspondent of Cicero, who writes him on behalf of the Epicureans of Athens, who wish to gain possession of the house and garden of Epicurus, in danger of being torn down and disposed of by Memmius.

33. *Divine one*, the usual prayer for inspiration, but this time not addressed to the Muse.

34. *The Guilt of Religion*: I, 80-101. Compare *Agamemnon*, page 108, lines 125-219.

59. *Knowledge Will Drive Out Fear*: II, 1-61.

80. *save that pain keep off*; the essence of Epicurean philosophy.

109. *Field of Mars*, *Campus Martius*, the drill ground of Rome.

137. *The Swerve of the Atoms*: II, 216-245. Epicurus is compelled to allow the swerve in order to make possible through collision the creation of the universe. The cause of the swerve he admits to be initiative on the part of the atom, and thus goes outside the purely material and contradicts his theory.

173. *The Soul is Mortal*: III, 417-469.

191. It is Lucretius' way to acquaint us with the theoretical by use of the actual and the known as illustrations. This makes him the poet of human experience in general and of Italian life and scenes in particular.

241. *Our Bodies after Death*: III, 870-930.

268 ff. *Cremation*, *embalming*, *entombment*, *inhumation*.

270-273. *Gray's Elegy*: 'For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,' etc.

309. *The Origin of Species*: V, 783-820.

379. 1. *The Evolution of Man*: V, 925-1090. Essentially Darwinian.

88. Lucretius likes alliteration and assonance: *viva videns vivo sepeliri viscera busto*, is the Latin of this line.

205. *The Evolution of Religion*: V, 1161-1240.

308. Italy has always suffered from earthquake.

315. *The Origin of Music*: V, 1379-1457. *The Rise of Civilization*.

CATULLUS

385. 2. *pumice-polished*, the bosses at the ends of the stick on which the volume, *volumen*, was rolled.

11. *Nepos* wrote the history of Italy.

3. *Lesbia*, the name used by Catullus for the object of his passion, who was probably Clodia, wife of Metellus Celer and sister of Clodius the enemy of Cicero.

386. 7. *Hyrcans*, near the Caspian Sea; *Sacæ*, *Scythians*.

b. 1. Arrius. The ancient Italians sometimes had trouble with the *h*.

Sappho. See note, page 48, 11.

387. *A Hymn*, 14. *Juno Lucina* was goddess of childbirth.

16. *Trivia*, of three roads, at their meeting.

At His Brother's Grave, to which he made a pilgrimage.

Farewell to Bithynia, where he had been a year, in the train of Memmius the proconsul, patron of Lucretius.

Sirmio. Tennyson's *Row us out from Desenzano*.

388. 7. *Lydian*, joyous, like the Lydian mode in music.

1. *Nuptial Song*; an Epithalamium.

8. *Ætean*, from Mount Æta.

55 ff. A succession of beautiful similes.

CÆSAR

390. *The Nervii*: II, 17-20; 28. *The Nervii* lived in Belgic Gaul.

391. 32. A famous crisis.

b. 32. Britain: IV, 23-25; 28-29; 33-34. Compare Tacitus, page 496.

53. *Volusenus*, one of Cæsar's officers.

393. 37. *Alesia and Vercingetorix*: VII, 69; 71-74; 89-90. At *Alise-Ste-Reine* there is a fine modern statue of Vercingetorix, and the ruins of a city have been excavated.

394. 23. *trunks*, etc., the equivalent of the modern barbed-wire entanglements.

b. 2. lily, spurs, reminding us of modern war names.

40. *Arverni*, in the Auvergne; *Bibracte*, Autun, capital of the *Ædui*.

SALLUST

395. *The Conspiracy of Catiline*: 5; 22-24; 31-32; 44-46; 54-55; 61.

396. 2. *jealousy*, because Cicero was a *novus homo*, a 'new man.'

38. *splendid speech*, the *First Oration* against *Catiline*.

b. 22. *Milvian Bridge*, three miles north of Rome, with some of the original arches preserved.

55. *Their birth*, referring to Cato and Cæsar, who in the debate on the fate of the conspirators were respectively for severity and clemency. Cato was great-grandson of Cato the Censor.

397. 42. *Tullian dungeon*, the Tullianum or Mamertine Prison, accessible now as San Pietro in Carcere, reputed to have been the prison also of Saints Peter and Paul.

VIRGIL

398. 1. *Sicilian Muse*, because Theocritus of Syracuse was Virgil's inspiration in the *Pastorals*. See page 240.

b. 11. *Lucina*, Juno, goddess of childbirth.

399. 1. *Pollio*, Asinius, consul, tragedian, historian, founder of libraries, and friend of Horace. The fourth *Pastoral* is called the Pollio. Its resemblances to Isaian prophecy gave it importance in ancient Christian and mediæval times. For the Golden Age, compare Hesiod, page 39.

41. *Tiphys*, helmsman of the argo.

66. *Orpheus*, *Linus*, primitive singers.

70. *Pan*, a good musician, native to Arcadia.

400. 15. *Mincius*, near Mantua, Virgil's home.

19. *Alcippe*, like the following proper names, denoting friends of Corydon and Thyrsis.

43. *Delia*, the Delian, Diana.

45. *Parian stone*, the famous glinting marble.

52. *Galatea*, a nymph.

84. *Alcides*, Hercules.

401. 6. *Mæcenas*, chief counsellor of Augustus, patron and friend of Virgil and Horace. *Prelude*: I, 1-42.

17. *Cæan*, referring to Cea, an island near Attica; *thou*, Aristæus, a son of Apollo.

23. *Pallas*, Athene, patroness of the olive.

41. *Thule*, ultima Thule, thought of as the extreme of distance.

1. *Fruitful Italy*: II, 136-176.

1-5. The gorgeous East.

7. *bulls*, referring to Jason's yoking of the fire-breathing oxen.

8. *teeth*, sown by Cadmus.

15. *Clitumnus*, in Umbria, north of Rome.

35-40. Great harbor improvements were under way.

44. *Marsian and Sabellian*, in the central Apennines.

46. *Ligurians*, near Genoa.

47. *Volscians*, southeast of Rome, on the mountains bordering Latium.

49. *Decii*, saviors of Rome through voluntary death on the field; *Marii*, referring to Marius and his driving back of the Cimbri and Teutons; *Camillus*, victor over the Etruscans and Gauls; *Scipio's double name*, not accurately translated, but referring to the two conquerors of Carthage in the second and third Punic wars.

55. *Saturnian*, from Saturn, primitive god of Italian agriculture.

60. *Ascræan*. Hesiod was from Ascrea, and is Virgil's inspiration in the *Georgics*.

62. *Next to the Soil*: II, 458-540. A celebrated passage.

68. *Sylvans*, deities of the groves.

142. *brother god*, Romulus, or Quirinus, a sort of native Mars.

149. *rebel son*, Jupiter.

b. 1. *The Power of Love*: III, 212-244.

404. 2. *Junos unrelenting hate*, because of Trojan Paris's slight to her beauty in the award of the golden apple.

40. *Ganymed*, favorite of Jupiter, cause of jealousy in Juno.

41. *Electra's glories*. The Trojan race was descended from Electra, daughter of Atlas, whom Jupiter loved in secret.

84. *Tydidēs*, Diomedes, who nearly slew Æneas.

87. *Sarpedon*, son of Jupiter and king of the Lycians, ally of Troy slain by Patroclus.

101. *Ansonian*, Italian.

104. *Eurus*, the east wind.

405. b. 2. *Thetis' son*, Achilles.

9. *Laocöon*, recalling the celebrated group in the Vatican gallery, executed before Virgil's time.

65. *Cassandra*, whose prophecies were never credited.

82. *Pyrrhus*, son of Achilles.

115. *Hecuba*, Priam's queen.

170. An example of Virgil's pathos; compare the death of Dido, page 409, and of Palinurus, page 410.

407. 8. *Ascanius*, son of Æneas.

37. *Fame*; a celebrated characterization.

65. *Sicheus*, Dido's first husband.

73. *Stygian Jove*, Pluto, god of the lower world.

119. *hair*, the locks usually taken by Proserpina as a symbol of the passage of the dead into her power. *Sisters*, the Fates.

409. 1. The Fifth Book is famous for athletic contests.

83. *Phorbas*, a friend of Palinurus.

112. *Sirens' cliffs*, localized on the coast near Naples.

410. 1. *Acheron*, *Cocytus*, streams of the lower world.

13. *airy crowd*. *Odyssey* XI and Dante's *Inferno* are other famous depictions of the lower world.

49. *leader*, Orontes, lost in the storm of Book I; *Leucaspis*, another Trojan.

65. *vital hour*, of his appearance in this life.

78. *Mæotian*, Scythian.

97. *devoted*, voluntarily sacrificed.

98. *Drusian*, belonging to a branch of the Claudian line, of which Livia, empress of Augusta, was a member; *Camillus*, victor over the Gauls in 390; *Torquatus*, a Manlius, in 340, put his son to death for disobedience under arms, though the disobedience was to Rome's advantage.

100. *pair*, Cæsar and Pompey, who married Cæsar's daughter Julia.

128-132. The famous statement of Rome's mission.

135. *Marcellus*, victor at Syracuse in 212 B. C., and winner of spoils from a Gallic general whom he slew in 222; one of the three occasions in Roman history when the *spolia opima* were taken.

144. *godlike youth*, Marcellus, son of Augustus' sister Octavia, who failed when this part of the Æneid was read to her.

413. 3. *Thetis*, the sea.19. *Erato*, Muse.41. *Laurentian*. Æneas landed in the Laurentian fields.47. *horned*. River deities and rivers were thought of as horned.55. *fatal swine*, recognized as a sign which had been foretold and therefore confirmed Æneas in his course.75. *rising towers*, of Evander, an Arcadian chief, legendary founder of the city on the Palatine Hill. Pallas is his son.125. *Sicanians*, Sicilians.135. *Tarpeian rock*, part of the Capitoline Hill.146. *Æglian*, of Æolus, ruler of the winds.158. *Achates*, faithful attendant of Æneas; *fidus Achates*.416. 89. *Camilla*, Volscian princess allied to Turnus, leader of the armies opposed to the Trojans.116. *Acca*, faithful friend of Camilla.129. *sounds*, depths.417. 1. *The Fury*, sent to bring the combat to an end.5. *Juturna*, sister of Turnus; a water nymph. The fountain of Juturna has been excavated in the Roman Forum.99. *Flames*. Virgil recalls the slaying of Pallas as if unwilling to have Turnus slain without motive.

HORACE

419. 6. Just enough to avoid striking the turning-post.

12. *Libyan*. Africa was the granary of Rome.15. *Cyprian*. Cyprus was a shipbuilding island.18. *Icarian*, part of the Ægean Sea.420. 42. *Euterpe*, *Polyhymnia*, Muses.43. *Lesbian*. Horace used Sapphics and Alcaics, the chief Lesbian stanzas.7. *Vulcan*, the blacksmith god, with Cyclops for attendants.11. *Faunus*, the shepherd god.15. *Sestius*, to whom the poem is addressed.20. *Pluto*, king of Hades.b. 3. *Pyrrha*, a name suggesting fire; a blonde.15. *votive tablet*, a picture hung in the temple as a token of gratitude for dangers escaped; like modern votives.2. *Soracte*, a mountain to the north, barely visible from Rome.7. *Thaliarchus*, a Greek name, perhaps not an actual person, but an imaginary master of the feast.421. *Poet and Lover*. 1. *Fuscus*, Aristius Fuscus, a humorous friend; compare page 428, line 123.6. *Hydaspes*, a river of India.9. *Lalage*, signifying 'prattler.'10. *Sabine wood*, probably with his estate near Tivoli in mind.14. *Downias*, Apulia, in the southeast of Italy, where the poet was born.b. *To Chloe*. In this poem are found the Horatian qualities of concreteness, clearness, restraint, and unity.9. *Gætulan*, African.A *Friend of the Muses*. 5. *Tiridates*, a Parthian.6. *Pimplea*, Muse of Pimplea, a fountain in Pieria, near Mount Olympus.7. *Lamia*, Horace's friend.9. *Lesbian*, because Horace wrote the poem in Alcaics. The translation is a Spenserian stanza.*The Poet's Prayer*, written when the temple of Apollo on the Palatine was dedicated, in 28 B. C. This is one of Horace's most genial poems.11. *Liris*, the river of Cicero's valley.422. 14. *Calenian*, from Cales, in Campania.*A Recantation*. The translation of witty Father Prout, quite as much as the original, leaves us in doubt as to the reality of the poet's conversion.*Here and Now*, the motto of the Cyrenaics, who were hedonists.

13. The charm of the Italian garden permeates the poem.

A Poem of Friendship. Another especially successful poem and translation.2. *Gades*, Cadiz; *Cantabrian*, the north of Spain, always hard to subdue.5. *Tibur*, Tivoli, fifteen miles from Rome.423. 10. *Galesus*, a stream near Tarentum, a Spartan settlement.14. *Hybla*, a Sicilian mountain, substituted by the translator for Hymettus.16. *Venafrum*, between Rome and Naples, and still with wonderful olive groves.18. *Aulon*, perhaps a mountain near Tarentum.20. *Falernian*, a wine from the west coast near Naples.23. *your tear*, referring to the custom of quenching the funeral pyre with water or wine.*The Inevitable Hour*. A favorite of Matthew Arnold; but the German scholar Beucheler called it a composition of youth. The critic who is also a poet is the more competent.

16. September had a bad name in Rome; compare page 428, line 40.

18. *Cocytus*, a stream in Hades.19. *Danaus'* fifty daughters killed their husbands, with one exception.20. *Sisyphus*, rolling the rock up hill, to have it ever descend.24. *cypress*, always an ornament of Italian cemeteries, ancient and modern, and symbolic of death.27. *Cæcuban*, Massic, Formian, Falernian, are Horace's favorite wines.b. 5. *youths and maids*, the *virginibus puerisque* used by Stevenson as title for his essays.19. *the urn*, shaken or whirled, from which the lot leaped.31. *Tempe*, the famous Vale in Greece.37. *Hædus*, the constellation of the Kid.40. *shattered vineyards*, ruined by hail, the dread of Italian farmers.424. 53. *Care*, the famous *atra cura*.55. *mine*, marble quarry.57. *Achæmenian*, Persian, oriental.*The Spring*, perhaps on the Sabine Farm, where a so-called Bandusia is still pointed out. The ancient spring was regarded as sacred. Again the Horatian qualities are beautifully exemplified.*To a Jar of Wine*. A highly successful poem in praise of wine, and an inspired translation.

2. *Maenius*, consul in 65, the year of Horace's birth.

To *Diana*. The *Odes* are sometimes called cameo-like.

A *Regret*. Another inspired translation.

6. *lay the load*, as a votive offering; compare *The Coquette*, page 420.

425. 12. *Chloe*. The poem is of the bantering sort; Horace is noted for a freedom from serious passion.

The *Poet's Prophecy*. This is literary convention; compare Shakespeare, *Sonnet* 55, and Ovid, pages 446 and 447.

12. *Aufidus*, near Venusia, Horace's birthplace.

14. *first*, the first to give real currency to the *Alcaic* and *Sapphic* stanzas.

To *Augustus*, on the Emperor's absence, which had begun in 16 B. C. and lasted until 13, a year or more after Horace composed this poem.

13. A beautiful and sympathetic simile.

40. *blends*. The *genius* of Augustus was associated with the gods of the household.

41. *Hesperia*, Italy.

The *Race for Riches*. This and the following selections were in hexameter, and called by Horace 'talks.' They are full of intimate pictures of Roman and Italian life.

18. *cock-crow*, the time of the *salutatio*, the patron's reception of his *clientes*, or dependents and supporters.

426. 27. *Fabius*, type of the loquacious.

35-36. Horace's ideal of satire, *ridentem dicere verum*.

53. 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard.'

59. *Aquarius*, the January Sign of the Zodiac.

105. *Aufidus*, river near Venusia.

126. Clytemnestra killed Agamemnon with an axe.

427. 156. *Crispinus*, type of the lengthy composer. The *Bore*. Horace's most amusing satire.

2. *Sacred Way*, the ancient street running through the Forum. Horace approaches from the east.

24. *Bolanus*, of an active temper.

42. *Cæsar's gardens*, on the right bank, three miles away; Horace makes it as far as possible.

52. *Viscus*, *Varius*, literary friends, the latter of great repute.

57. *Hermogenes*, whose singing the poet despised as much as he despised dancing.

76. *Vesta's*, near the head of the Forum and the Basilica Julia, the great law court.

92. *Mæcenat*, from whom Horace had received the Sabine Farm.

123. *Aristius*, Fuscus, the humorous friend mentioned in *Poet and Lover*; see page 421 and note.

155. *ear*, a token in use in the summons of a witness.

428. 9. *son of Maia*, Mercury, god of possessions.

32. Fat wits were not desired.

44. *Janus*, deity of beginnings, and so of the morning.

71. *Esquiline*, gloomy because a burial ground.

77. *scrivener*s, a guild, or collegium, to which Horace belonged while he was a clerk in the Treasury.

91. *Bantam*, *Pet*, names of favorite gladiators or pugilists.

109. *Dacians*, the Roumanians, first conquered by Trajan over a hundred years later.

118. *Trinacria*, Sicily.

132. *kinsman bean*. The bean played a part in the beliefs regarding the soul. Pastry beans, *fave dolci*, are still a feature of All Souls' and the other Days of the Dead in Rome.

148. *Lepos*, some performer of the time.

154. *ends*, ideal or utilitarian?

156. the *summum bonum*.

157. *Cervius*, probably a country neighbor.

164. The immortal story of the Town Mouse and the Country Mouse.

226. *Molossian*, favorite watch-dogs.

430. 2. *Janus* and *Vertumnus*, an arch and a shrine in or near the Forum.

3. *Sosii*, publishers.

4. *pumice*, see page 385, line 2, and note.

22. *far away*, Utica or Ilerda (Africa or Spain), the original reads.

25. *restive fool*, not so fortunate as Balaam's ass.

31. Horace foresaw his use as a school book.

48. *Lepidus* and *Lollius*. Their names are on the Fabrician Bridge in Rome, recording repairs by them.

431. *The Art of Poetry*. A 'Talk,' or *Causerie*, addressed to a father and two sons who cannot be identified further than by name. It is full of common sense wittily expressed.

1-22. Unity and consistency.

25. the famous 'purple patch.'

23-38. Fitness and unity.

36. *jug*. See Austin Dobson, *Urcus Exit*.

39-50. Writers with no taste will blunder into extremes.

51-88. Fitness, including appropriate characterization.

89-110. Genius, madness, and common sense.

111-130. Sound philosophic observation the basis of truthful writing.

131-148. Genius needs the support of study and discipline.

TIBULLUS

433. Both poems of Tibullus are peculiarly Italian.

21. *Pales*, deity of shepherds.

27. *Ceres*, goddess of grains, will receive first-fruits.

69. *Messalla*, a prominent figure, lifelong friend of Tibullus.

74. *Delia*: the poets chose beautiful names for their ladies; compare *Lesbia* and *Cynthia*.

435. 34. *Falernian*, *Chian*, Italian and Greek.

76. *Minerva*, patroness of the arts of the loom. *Arachne*, transformed into a spider after a brilliant but unsuccessful contest in embroidery with *Minerva*.

Primitive Rome, a charming depiction.

1. *Æneas*, rescuer of his father *Anchises* from blazing Troy.

7. *Quirinus*, *Romulus*.

17. *Velabrian*. The *Velabrum* was a low district between the Capitoline and Palatine hills.

PROPERTIUS

437. 1. *Baia*, a fashionable beach near Cumæ, west of Naples.

3. *Thesprotus*, once king here.
 4. *Misenum*, the promontory named from Misenus, the trumpeter, whose funeral mound it forms; see *Æneid* VI.
 10. *Lucrine*, a lake near Baïæ.
 11. *Tenuthras*, a river of Campania.
 14. *sand*, suggesting modern times.
 438. 15. *Clitumnus*, in Umbria, the province from which Propertius came; compare page 431, line 15, and note.

OVID

439. 12. *seeds*, atoms. Ovid's account resembles that of Lucretius, but has more poetry and mythology mingled with the science.
 97. Ovid makes man an object of greater consideration.
 113. *The Flood*. Many peoples besides the Hebrews had the tradition of a great flood.
 117. *Themis*, deity of justice and prophecy.
 442. 1. *Pygmalion*, also the title of a Shaw play.
 443. 16. *Sestos*, *Abydos*, on the European and Asian sides of the Hellespont, or Dardanelles. The original of this selection, as of all others from Ovid, is in verse.
 41. *bands*, of the tablet, which they served to seal.
 b. 16. *Actæan*, Athenian; Boreas loved Orithyia of Athens.
 22. *child of Hippotes*, Æolus, ruler of the winds.
 27. *Dædalus*, and Icarus, the first to fly.
 46. *Latmos*, the scene of the Moon's love for Endymion.
 444. 4. *Cynthia*, the moon.
 15. Ovid tells the story of Ceyx and Alcyone; Ceyx was shipwrecked, and Alcyone threw herself into the sea and was changed into a kingfisher.
 b. 8. *Maiden*, Helle, drowned in the strait called the Hellespont.
 36. *Athamas*, father of Helle and Phrixus.
 52. *Helice*, the Great Bear.
 445. 6. *Colchis*, where the Argonauts went.
 9. *Palæmon*, a sea deity.
 20. *Elean*, of Elis, where Olympia was situated and the games took place.
 b. 55. *Mæonia's son*, Homer.
 58. *poet of Ascræ*, Hesiod.
 446. 3. *son of Battus*, Callimachus of Alexandria.
 8. *Aratus*, an astronomical poet.
 11. *Ennius*, *Accius*, *Varro*, poets.
 16. *Æsonian chieftain*, Jason, leader of the Argonauts.
 25. *Gallus*, a friend of Virgil whose works are lost; *Lycoris*, his love.
 44. *survive*, an echo of Horace, *The Poet's Prophecy*; see page 425 and note.
 49. *Sulmo*, still with channeled streams and gardens.
 b. 38. *Falerii*, near Civitâ Castellana; great walls survive.
 447. 40. the figure of the race track.
 57. *Amathus*, a town in Cyprus, sacred to Venus.
 b. 2. *Lyæan*, Bacchus the inspirer.
 31. *Chiron*, tutor of Achilles.
 56. *Clio*, a Muse.

448. 59. *Persæus*, to the island of the Gorgons; *Paris*, to Sparta.

101. The circus procession was a great spectacle.
 449. 17. *The Night of Exile*, in 8 A. D.
 27. *Ausonia*, Italy.
 b. 1. *Metius*, torn by being bound to chariots driven in opposite directions.
 53. *knight*, a rank dependent on the acquisition of about \$16,000.
 450. 19. *unbidden*. He 'lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.'
 31. The board of triumvirs, membership in which was a first step to prominence.
 33. In the senate, he would have had the broad purple stripe.
 38. *Aonian sisters*, the Muses.
 43. *Macer*, a poet friend.
 46. *Propertius*, etc.; compare *The Immortality of Song*, page 445 and notes.
 b. 1. *Thalia*, a Muse.
 54. *ten times*, ten Olympiads. Ovid was 50 at the time.
 451. b. 4. *Hister*, the Danube.

LIVY

452. *The Preface*; the longest of the many personal expressions of Livy, who frequently allows himself to comment on his narrative. He realizes well both the weakness and the greatness of the Roman state.
 453. b. *Horatius at the Bridge*: II, 10. Macaulay's *Lay* should be reviewed.
 9. *bridge of piles*, long the only bridge, and in later times retaining the name of Pons Sublicius. Date, about 508 B. C.
 15. *Janiculum*, on the right or Etruscan bank, and the highest point in the city, 272 feet above the sea.
 454. 33. *Cincinnatus*: III, 26.
 b. 15. *The Gauls Take Rome*: V, 39-55. Date, about 390 B. C.
 36. *Anio*, flowing into the Tiber three miles north of Rome.
 41. *Veii*, captured by Camillus six years before.
 455. 1. *Allia*, the stream that gave the name to the battle.
 20. *Citadel and Capitol*, the two crests of the Capitoline hill.
 24. *flamen*, a priest of Jupiter.
 b. 38. See note, page 453, line 9.
 53. *Cære*, a town in Etruria, modern Cerveteri.
 456. 13. *devoted*, in the sense of consecrated.
 23. *Colline Gate*, in the Servian Wall, northeastern part of the city.
 b. 1. *ivory mace*, perhaps the staff once possessed by a member of the family who had had a triumph, or one he himself had used.
 457. 56. *Gabinian*, a special traditional vestment.
 b. 19. *Carmentis*, a deity of prophecy, mother of Evander, the Arcadian founder of the city on the Palatine.
 458. 23. *rock*, the Tarpeian.
 b. 3. *Ardea*, twenty miles or so south of Rome in the plain.
 459. 21. *Gabinian Way*, the road to Gabii, east of Rome.

52. *Curia Hostilia*, the first senate house, supposedly from the time of Tullius Hostilius, third king of Rome.

b. 22. *Hannibal*: XXI, 4. The chapter is an example of concentrated thought and expression.

460. 19. *Lake Trasimene*: XXII, 4-7.

b. 34. *Punic faith*; see same page, column 1 line 7.

49. *Fabius, Pictor*, an earlier historian.

461. 9. *Comitium*, the election place in front of the senate.

55. *Archimedes and the Siege*: XXIV, 34. Date, 214 B. C.

b. 16. *quinqueremes*, ships with five banks of oars.

17. *Achradina*, a part of Syracuse, on the north.

462. 34. *Marcellus and Archimedes*: XXV, 24; 31.

b. 26. *The Great Mother*: XXIX, 10; 14. Date, 204 B. C. Possibly a political move.

33. *showers of stones*, suggesting volcanic disturbances.

38. *Pessinus*, a town in Phrygia.

463. 20. *Setia, Tarracina, Anagnia, Lanuvium*, towns to the south of Rome.

b. 25. *Claudia*, according to Ovid, drew the ship carrying the Great Mother by attaching to it her girdle, though it had been fast in the mud of the Tiber.

33. Thirteen years elapsed before the Great Mother had her own temple in Rome. Its ruins are to be seen on the Palatine. Her festival occurred in its developed form from March 15 to 27, including a day of mourning, a day of rejoicing in the Easter spirit, and a ritualistic bath of the deity.

43. *lectisternium*, a public visitation of the various shrines, where the deities were exhibited on couches.

PATERCULUS

464. b. 9. The author's statement has been proved correct by time.

SENECA

465. *Lucilius*, a friend or pupil, not identified.

On *Quiet and Study*: LVI.

466. b. 12. On *Meeting Death*: LXI. This should be read with the actual fate of the author in mind.

467. 1. On *the Proper Time*: LXX. The Stoics justified suicide when circumstances became unendurable.

468. *The Wooing of Megara*. On his return, Hercules will slay Lycus, the would-be usurper of his throne and bed, and then, in madness, will slay his own wife and children.

21-50. Allusions to the Twelve Labors.

97. a *course unknown*, through the Vale of Tempe.

111. *Queen of Fruits*, Demeter of Eleusis, the Ceres of the Romans.

136. *Syrtes*, on the north coast of Africa.

195. *Scylla*, in the strait of Messina.

197. *Euripus*, between Attica and Eubæa.

213. *daughter*, Niobe.

215. *Cadmus*, founder of Thebes.

282. *Delian shepherd*, Apollo of Delos, servant to Admetus.

287. *baby*. Bacchus, born of Semele and Jupiter as a thunderbolt.

291. *in a cave*, the infant Zeus, Jupiter.

301. Hercules was slave to Queen Omphale of Lydia.

309. *Teuthras*, a Mysian king.

313. *Eryx*, the Sicilian king from whom the mountain was named. The next names refer to other deeds of prowess by Hercules.

331. The story of *Œdipus the King*.

334. Really the daughters-in-law; see note, page 423, line b. 19.

473. *Seneca Addresses Fortune Octavia*, 377-437. The play is not by Seneca.

CALPURNIUS

474. b. 2. As high as the Capitoline hill.

4. *seat*, among the crowd, the first rows from the arena being reserved for senators and other dignitaries, the next for the *equites*, or middle class.

475. 28. The hippopotamus, from the Nile.

b. 6. *jumping out*. There were elevators which lifted the beasts to the arena from their cages below; excavation in the Coliseum has revealed them.

18. *our god*, seeming to mean Nero, who was young and much admired at first.

LUCAN

476. 1. *Emathian*, Macedonian; the scenes of Pharsalia and Philippi.

7. *piles*, spears, Latin *pila*.

42. *Pyrrhus*, of Epirus, who warred against Rome in 281-275 B. C.; *Cannæ*, Hannibal's great victory in 216.

b. 2. *boy-king*, Ptolemy of Egypt, whose father had been placed on his throne by Gabinus, a commissioner of the Roman government, some time before. Pompey had been influential in the affair.

5. *Casium*, a mountain to the east of the present Suez canal, on the Mediterranean coast.

477. 22. The dignity of Roman citizenship.

87. *Pharsalia*, 48 B. C., shortly before Pompey's death.

102. *o'er his head*, recalling Shakespeare's lines on Cæsar's death: 'And in his mantle muffling up his face,' etc.

PERSIUS

478. 7. *Sirius*, the dog-star.

14. *Arcadia*, shepherd country, full of animals.

50. The height of his ambition was skill in games of chance.

59. *the Porch*, of the Stoics, with paintings of Athenian victories.

64. *Samian branches*: the letter Y, with branches symbolizing the choice between virtue and vice, the stem of the letter being the plain path of childhood before the necessity of choice.

80. *Craterus*, a physician of Cicero's time mentioned by Horace.

95. *Umbrian rustics*, country clients who pay in produce.

101-117. Representing the ridicule of the crowd who care nothing for philosophy.

127. *Surrentin*, from what is now Sorrento.

147. *heels foremost*, in the atrium, according to custom.

165. '*each particular hair*,' quoted from Hamlet.

170. *Orestes*, maddened by the Furies; even he would call you mad.

PETRONIUS

481. b. 30. *Corinthian*, the approved bronze.

482. b. 47. *Marsyas*, the satyr, a favorite fountain figure.

483. b. 39. *not to descend*, a frequent provision on ancient stones, to insure against appropriation by unscrupulous relatives.

51. *denarii*, about twenty cents, the ancient franc or lira equivalent.

484. b. 57, referring to the quenching of the embers with wine.

PLINY THE ELDER

The selections are from Book XXXV.

486. 6. *Sicyonian*, of Sicyon, near Corinth.

18. *Man using the Bodyscraper*, the Apoxyomenos, now in the Vatican.

487. 7. *colossal*, like the hundred-foot statue erected in the Golden House, near the later arch of Titus.

44. It may be doubted whether the examples of skill here recorded are proof of real artistic capacity.

58. *Ambracia*, in Epirus; the incident occurred about 87 B. C.

b. 4. *Concord*. The ancient temple was as much an art gallery as the modern church.

488. 32. The proverb was, *ne sutor supra crepidam*.

b. 16. *Anadyomene*, rising from the sea.

29. The Parthenon.

42. *Temple of Peace*, in Vespasian's Forum.

QUINTILIAN

490. *Education Beneficial to All*: I, 1.

On *Flogging*: I, 3.

b. 17. *pædagogus*, personal attendant, not the teacher.

491. 9. *The Roman Poets*: X, 1, 85-87; 93-96. Compare notes on *The Immortality of Song*, page 445.

51. *Lucilius*, an earlier satirist.

b. 12. *Varro*, a friend of Cicero.

24. *Bibaculus*, who has left nothing.

35. *Cicero and Demosthenes*: X, 1, 105-114. A famous comparison of two great men.

492. b. 27. *Pollio*; see note on page 399, the fourth *Pastoral*.

SILIUS ITALICUS

493. *The Alps*: from Book III, ending with line 493.

STATIUS

494. *The Death of Amphiaras*: *Thebaid*, VII, 798-823.

4. *Ismenus*, a river near Thebes, in Bœotia.

9. *Bellona*, deity of war.

The Mercy Seat: *Thebaid*, XII, 481-504.

495. *To Sleep*: *Silvæ*, V, 4.

To His Wife Claudia: *Silvæ*, III, 5.

TACITUS

496. *Agricola*: 10-13.

497. 1. *Silures*, inhabiting southern Wales and Monmouthshire.

b. 33. *avarice*. The sentence is bitter.

44. *Julius Cæsar*, in 55 and 54 B. C.

58. *established*, 509 B. C.

498. 43. *The Funeral of Augustus*: *Annals*, I, 8-9.

b. 38. *Nola*, not far from Pompeii.

499. 5. Antony, Lepidus, and Augustus were a triumvirate.

26. *Luxury and Law*: *Annals*, III, 52-55.

42. *consulships*, Valerius six, and Marius seven.

499. 13. *peace*; the results of Augustus' efforts were welcome, whatever the means he employed.

b. 15. *Galba*, one of the three emperors of 68-69 A. D.

500. 10. *An Amphitheater Collapses*: *Annals*, IV, 62-63.

18. *Fidenæ*, seven miles north of Rome, on the left bank.

b. 25. e.g., after Cannæ, in 216 B. C.

30. *The Phœnix*: *Annals*, VI, 28-29. Compare Herodotus, page 66.

501. 4. *Heliopolis*, near Memphis, or Cairo.

b. 1. *The Death and Character of Tiberius*: *Annals*, VI, 50-51.

502. 14. Tiberius was a character mingled of the old Roman virtues and the vices of an embittered autocrat.

b. 4. *The Great Fire*: *Annals*, XV, 38-43.

17. The Palatine and the Cælian formed the south and southeast part of the city.

503. 22. *Antium*, on the coast south of Rome 36 miles.

b. 22. Old buildings of prehistoric origin preserved as memorials.

42. *Senones*, the Gauls of 390 B. C.

504. 30. There is a completed passage through the bank of Avernus.

b. 3. *quarries*, peperino, a hard grey stone with specks of black, from the craters of the Alban Mount.

31. *The First Persecution*: *Annals*, XV, 44.

39. *Vulcan*, *Ceres*, *Proserpine*, deities of fire and the under world.

505. 36. *the circus*, of Caligula, where St. Peter's and the Vatican stand.

50. *The Death of Seneca*: *Annals*, XV, 60-64.

52. *Lateranus*. The palace of the Laterani, confiscated by Nero, was made into the Lateran Church by Constantine.

b. 32. *villa*, probably on the Appian Way.

58. *Poppæa*, *Tigellinus*, mistress and favorite of Nero.

506. 49. *mother*, Agrippina.

50. *brother*, Britannicus, poisoned.

507. 23. *poison*, the hemlock of Socrates.

43. *Petronius Arbiter*: *Annals*, XVI, 18. Petronius is the reputed author of *Trimalchio's Dinner*.

b. 27. *The Abdication of Vitellius*: *Histories*, III, 68. Date, 60 A. D. Scene, the Forum.

508. 25. *palace*, on the Palatine hill.

27. *Civil War in Rome*: *Histories*, III, 69-70.

55. *Fundane lake*, a fountain or basin, *Iacus*, somewhere in the city.

b. 54. *The Burning of the Capitol: Histories*, III, 71.

509. 25. *asylum*, an area between the Citadel and Capitol, the two summits of the Capitoline Hill. There were two approaches, one past the Tullianum, the other opposite the Palatine.

b. 55. *Vespasian's March on Rome: Histories*, III, 79-84.

510. 3. *Milvian bridge*, three miles north.

33. The neighborhood of *Via Boncompagni* in modern Rome.

52. One thinks of Tacitus as an eye-witness.

b. 23. *Sulla*. The troubles of 88-78 B. C., during which there were repeated proscriptions and assaults.

31. *Sabinus*, brother of Vespasian.

511. 19. *The Death of Vitellius: Histories*, III, 84-86.

b. 16. *charnel*, the *Scala Gemonia*, Steps of Lamentation, in front of the Tullianum.

PLINY THE YOUNGER

512. *To Cornelius Tacitus*: I, 6. The historian.

26. *Minerva*, goddess of wit.

b. *The Elder Pliny's Habits*: III, 5.

513. 1. *Drusus Nero*, brother of Tiberius.

18. *Bassus*, a writer on the Germans and the civil wars.

b. 20. He did not spend from three in the afternoon until late in the night after the fashion of the time.

36. *shorthand*, perhaps the Tironian system, invented by Cicero's secretary, Tiro.

56. About \$16,000.

514. 33. *The Death of Martial*: III, 21. Martial died about 101 A. D.

b. 13. *rival*. Pliny's great ambition was to resemble Cicero.

23. *want of power*. Pliny did not realize the greatness of Martial.

33. *A Sad Event*: V, 16.

42. *thirteen*. There were many early marriages.

515. 53. *To Calpurnia*: VI, 4.

b. 27. *The Eruption of Vesuvius*: VI, 16. A second letter on the eruption is VI, 20.

56. The year 79.

516. 11. *pine-tree*, the umbrella or stone pine.

b. 3. *Stabia*, now Castellammare di Stabia; about three miles south.

40. The excavations show alternate strata of ash and pumice to the depth of about 20 feet.

517. 45. *To Calpurnia*: VII, 5.

b. 8. *The Tiber in Flood*: VIII, 7.

29. *mountains*, mistranslation for hills.

41. *villas*, a name for ordinary farm-houses as well as richer properties.

518. *Villas at Como*: IX, 7.

A New Meeting-House: IX, 39.

MARTIAL

519. *Providence Demonstrated*. There was a temple of Hercules at Tibur, and sulphur baths on the way then as now.

520. b. *Ravenna*, where water is still scarce, as in all East Italy.

521. b. *The Wife-poisoner*, for the sake of inheritance and dowry.

JUVENAL

522. 5. *Cumæ*, home of the Sibyl, ancient and deserted.

9. *Prochyta*, an island off Naples.

10. *Subura*, noisy quarter near the Forum.

21. *Egeria* was the divine counsellor of Numa.

41. *Dædalus*, finished his flight off the Cumæan coast.

67. *Tagus*, a gold-bearing stream in Spain.

78. *Grecian*. The Greeks were a subject race, and much despised by the average Roman.

89. *trechedipna*, some foppish Greek article, worn by Romans who should know better.

100. *Protean*, from Proteus, who changed identity at will.

121. beauty in ugliness.

126. *Antæus*.

149. *Berecynthia*, the Great Mother, Cybele.

150. *whose zeal divine*, referring to Lucius Cæcilius Metellus, a pontifex maximus who saved the palladium from fire in 241 B. C., and lost his eyesight in the act.

159. *Samothrace*, more foreign cults.

170. *toga*, the dress suit of antiquity.

180. the toga was white.

189. *Cossus*, any noble; *Veiento*, an informer of Domitian's time.

224. *Chiron*, the centaur, Achilles' tutor.

236. *Asturius*, any rich and ostentatious man.

244. *Polyclète*, the great sculptor.

264. *Samian*, Pythagoreans, and simple.

277. *Drusus*, perhaps Tiberius, whose name was Drusus; *calves of Proteus*, seal.

290. *Dole*, great numbers of Romans received daily allowances throughout the Empire, some from patrons, some from the state. There was a list of 150,000 in Julius Cæsar's time.

292. *Corbulo*, type of the strong man.

303. *Ligurian stone*, marble from Luna, or Carrara.

359. *Temple, or bridge*. Today it is the church that serves as the beggar's stand.

369. Pompeian remains indicate heavy defences against thieves.

377. These places have always served as refuge for bandits.

387. *one cell*, the Tullianum, long the only prison in Rome.

397. *Aquinum*, Juvenal's native city.

399. The reference is not clear.

SUETONIUS

528. 1. *Subura*, a popular quarter near the Forum.

3. *residence*, the Domus Publica, near the head of the Forum.

9. *Nemi*, the lake and town in the Alban Hills.

22. *bridge*, part of the polling-place.

27. *Hall of Pompey*, in connection with his theater, in the Campus Martius west of the Capitoline hill.

529. 19. *Venus Genetrix*, whose temple was in Cæsar's Forum.

37. *eulogy*, the formal *laudatio* customary in Rome.
54. *seats*, the prætors' benches, etc.

b. 24. *column*. The base of this column and altar has been discovered and is to be seen in front of the remains of the temple erected to Cæsar in the Forum by Augustus.

58. *Cyrus*. See page 92.

530. 49. *Mars the Avenger*. The temple still exists in large part, and is one of Rome's most impressive ruins.

b. 13. *temple of Apollo*; see note, page 421, line 9.

29-32. These buildings are still represented by remains.

44. Agrippa built the original Pantheon, of which the portico remains, joined to the structure of Hadrian's time.

46. The city had 14 regions, now called *rioni*.

54. The Tiber was always a problem.

531. 2. The Flaminian Way left the city along the line of the modern Corso.

b. 29. *Alban stone*, the volcanic peperino.

532. 26. *Sextus Pompey*, son of Pompey the Great, long defied Augustus.

b. 7. The statue from Prima Porta, a few miles north of Rome, is a fine idealization of Augustus.

49. *clap your hands*, the ending of many plays; see note, page 357, line 55.

533. 25. *Nola*, near Pompeii; *Boville*, about ten miles from Rome on the Appian Way.

38. *statue of Victory*, the famous statue and altar which later figured in the conflict between Christianity and paganism.

56. the temple of Julius had a rostra near it, and the old is contrasted with it.

b. 7. *Mausoleum*, erected in 28 B. C.

48. *Manes*, the shades.

51. *Stairs of Mourning*; see note, page 511, b. 16.

54. *Atella*, near Capua, and the birthplace of the Atellan Farce.

534. 9. *passage*, perhaps the cryptoporticus still to be seen on the Palatine hill.

46. *gardens*, on the Esquiline, to the northeast.

b. 11. The draining of the Fucine Lake was not a success. It was accomplished in 1875 by Prince Torlonia and French engineers.

20. *aqueduct*, now the mightiest ruin of the Campagna.

44. *Pharos*, one of the Seven Wonders.

51. *Salii*, an ancient priesthood; the temple of Mars was in the Forum of Augustus.

535. b. The Golden House was an assemblage of buildings and enclosures extending from the Palatine far on to the Esquiline.

49. *Locusta*, a skilled poison-mixer.

52. *Guard*, the Prætorians, established for personal safety by Tiberius.

536. 5. *Galba*, who was to be the next emperor, and was now under arms.

38. *Via Salaria*, leaving the city for the northeast.

b. 8. *sand*, one of the numerous pits formed during the building of Rome. The 'sand' was probably the volcanic ash still used, called pozzolana.

537. 27. About \$8,000.

31. *nurses*. The faithfulness of women to Nero has been commented on in his favor.

34. *Hill of Gardens*, the Pincio.

42. *Vespasian*, a diverting and attractive character.

538. 51. *baths*, near the Coliseum, where parts of them are still in existence underground.

56. *Vesuvius*; see Pliny, page 515.

b. 14. The scene is the palace on the Palatine hill, the work of the Flavians, Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian. Many ruins survive.

539. b. 7. September 14, A. D. 96.

FRONTO AND MARCUS AURELIUS

540. 7. *Cato's Agriculture*; see page 319.

13. *Novius*, a writer of Atellan Farce who lived 250 years before Marcus Aurelius.

541. 4. *Gratia*, the first mentioned the wife, the second the daughter, of Fronto.

b. 15. Fronto was fond of old-fashioned words, but for a purpose.

GELLIUS

542. 6. See page 322.

15. *Orcus*, death.

25. *meterless numbers*; not clear.

31. A good example of the personal appeal so frequent in Roman epitaphs.

b. 3. *Frugi*, an early writer.

21. *three hearts*: imitated by Goethe.

PERVIGILIUM

543. 6. *Dione*, Venus. The poem celebrates the spirit of life and growth.

13-15. *Aphrodite* means foam-born.

23. *Favonius*, the west-wind.

33. *Paphia*, Venus of Paphos.

41. *Amyclæ*, a town forbidden to speak of the coming of an enemy, and consequently destroyed.

APULEIUS

545. 22. *rubbed*, as he had seen Pamphile do.

546. 50. *bringing their right hands*, a pagan salute; compare page 565, line 23.

b. 51. The description of Cupid is an illustration of Apuleius' delightful humor.

547. 20. The passage affords a charming picture.

31. *Nereus*, etc., deities of the sea.

b. 25. The story is easily made an allegory.

Raphael's frescoes in the Villa Farnesina were inspired by Apuleius.

46. 'The patient oxen plough the soil,
And harvests rich repay their toil.'

548. 42. A beautiful nature passage.

b. 8. The procession reminds us of the great religious parades of modern Europe.

37. The gallant Bellerophon of Corinth bridled Pegasus at the fountain of Pirene and flew away to slay the Chimera.

549. 16. *Sarapis*. The entire account suggests Egypt and the Orient, whose religions were very important in the latter days of Roman paganism.

AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS

551. *High Life in the Eternal City*: XIV, 6. Rome's population had by this time declined considerably from the million or more of the first century after Christ.

b. 12. *Lotophagi*, Lotos-eaters.

552. 12. *Spoletum*, about 70 miles north.

40. *The Triumph of Constantius*: XVI, 10.

47. *Magentius*, one of the emperors, 350-353, assumed the purple at Autun, in Gaul.

b. 7. *Otriculum*, where the bust of Jupiter of Otricoli was found.

553. 14. *Rostra*, the central interest of the Forum.

21. *Palace*, of the Cæsars, on the Palatine hill.

53. *temple of the City and the Forum of Peace*, the latter a building of Vespasian's time; theater of Pompey, Odeum, and Stadium, were in the Campus Martius.

58. *forum of Trajan*, one of the great ruins of Rome.

b. 42. *The Grain-fleet Threatened*: XIX, 10.

554. 3. *port of Augustus*, at Ostia.

39. *Julian and the Christians*: XXII, 5.

b. 15. *Alemanni*, Germans.

24. *Marcomanni*, etc., Bohemians.

30. *The Church at Rome*: XXVII, 3.

39. *Damasus*, pope in 366-384.

53. *Sicininus*, unknown.

555. The conclusion of this selection suggests the abuses as well as the virtues of the priesthood.

The Common People: XXVIII, 4.

SYMMACHUS

556. *A Plea for Paganism: Relationes*, III.

1. *Our Lords*, the Eastern and Western Emperors.

7. *Your Eternities*, a manner of address beginning in the late Empire, and perpetuated in such phrases as 'Your Holiness,' 'Your Grace,' etc.

26. The altar of Victory was more than once moved and replaced.

557. b. 5-32. Paganism is now the suppliant and on the defensive.

CLAUDIAN

558. 26. *Benacus*, the Garda Lake, not far from Verona.

b. 11. *Eternal Rome*: On Stilicho's Consulship III, 131-160.

18. *zones of Olympus*, regions of the heavens, perhaps referring to climatic zones.

31. *Cannæ and the Trebia*, the worst defeat and the first defeat respectively of the second Punic war.

559. 3. *Iberians*, Spaniards.

14. *Thule*, farthest northwest; *Orontes*, the far East.

22. *The Glories of Rome*: On the Sixth Consulate of Honorius, 35-52.

b. 10. *Giants hanging*, sculpture on the Rock, and Jupiter's temple with ornate portals above on the summit.

AUSONIUS

560. *The Moselle*. 1. *Nava*, near Bingen-on-the-Rhine.

12. *Nivomagus*, a city of the Treviri; now the Dutch Nymwegen.

23. *Burdigala*, Bordeaux.

52. *Aquitania*, southern Gaul, between the Loire and the Pyrenees.

PLINY TO TRAJAN

563. 21. *the mere name*; at first a question that constantly recurred.

b. 15. *images*. The two acts here mentioned were tests of loyalty to the state and disloyalty to Christianity.

564. *a meal*, perhaps the communion.

b. 1. There was an economic aspect of the religious problem; compare 'Demetrius the silversmith, which made shrines for Diana,' and 'brought no small gain to the craftsmen.' *Acts*, XIX, 24.

MINUCIUS FELIX

565. *The Friends at Ostia*: 1-4.

35. *to Rome*, from a distance, by sea, perhaps from Africa.

b. 12. *Ostia*, then as now a resort for the Romans.

31. *carved and anointed*: images with garlands and holy oil.

566. 16. *ducks and drakes*, a refreshing picture.

b. 1. *The Absurdities of Christian Belief*: 10-12. Enlightening as to the pagan interpretation of acts whose significance was hidden.

28. *the Jews*, at first confounded with the Christians, are now seen to be separate.

52. *prophecies*. But the Stoics and Epicureans also could prophesy a burning of the world; see page 568, line 4.

567. 22. The Christians, with their doctrine of resurrection, naturally did not favor cremation.

50. *elect of God*; predestination.

b. 13. *Protesilaus*, slain by Hector, was given three hours with Laodamia after death.

568. 27. *The Christian Replies*: 32-41.

569. 47. The early Christian made morality inseparably a part of religion.

b. 18. *Scaevola*, who held his hand in the fire to show the Etruscan king the uselessness of trying to make him tell his secret.

42. *teaching of murder*, training for the arena.

570. 10. *The Verdict*: 39:40.

TERTULLIAN

571. *The Numbers of the Christians: Apology*, 37. *Christian Practice*: 39.

CYPRIAN

572. *The Edict of Valerian*: Ep. 80.

7. *bishops and presbyters and deacons*; an attempt to deprive the Church of its leaders at one stroke.

The Unity of the Church: On the Unity of the Catholic Church, 5.

Heretical Baptism Invalid: Ep. 71.

LACTANTIUS

573. *The Edict of Milan: On the Deaths of the Persecutors*, 48.

574. *On Diocletian: On the Deaths of the Persecutors*, 7.

JEROME

575. *The Charm of Cicero: Epistle XVIII.* An eloquent testimony.

576. *A Protest Against Slander: XXVIII.*

The Life and Death of Paula: LXXXVI. Paula died in Bethlehem, where the reputed cell of Jerome may be seen, with his tomb, under the Church of the Nativity.

577. *The Ruin of the Roman World: LX.* Written about 406, from Bethlehem.

Alaric in Rome: CXXVII. Written from Bethlehem after 410.

After Alaric's Coming: from The Preface to Ezechiel III.

578. A protest to Augustine: CII.

AUGUSTINE

579. *The Inspiration of Cicero: Confessions, III,* 7-9.

13. *The Hortensius*, in praise of philosophy, is not extant.

b. 6. Italicized passages are scriptural quotations.

33. *Carthage and Rome: X,* 14-15.

580. 18. Vivid words on ancient student life.

b. 17. Cyprian was martyred at Carthage.

49. *The Life and Death of Monnica: IX,* 19-33.

581. 25. *this body anywhere.* The tomb of Monnica is in Sant' Agostino in Rome, where her bones are said to have been brought from Ostia in 1430.

582. 24. *Adeodatus*, 'given-of-God.'

b. 58. *Ambrose*, who had converted and baptized Augustine.

SIDONIUS

584. *A Letter from Rome: I,* 5.

19. *Phathon's sisters*, turned into the poplars which are so plentiful in North Italy.

34. *Mantuan Tityrus*, in Virgil's first *Pastoral*.

b. 5. *water all about us*; see *'Where Water's Dear*, page 520.

14. *Rubicon*, made famous by Cæsar.

23. *Hasdrubal* was defeated and slain at the *Metaurus* in 207 B.C.—one of the *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World* (Creasy).

34. *Atabulus*, a wind which Horace knew.

585. 26. *patrician Ricimer*, the word 'patrician' here being a title denoting very high authority. Ricimer was almost as powerful as the Emperor *Anthemius*, whose daughter he married.

b. 7. *Thalassio*, an ancient wedding-cry whose meaning is lost.

BOETHIUS

586. *Philosophy Appeareth: I,* 1.

She Beginneth Her Consolation: I, 3.

b. 33. *Corus*, the northwest wind.

587. *God Governeth with Goodness: III,* 12.

b. 28. The following is in imitation of Plato's dialectic method, but the matter and spirit of the Christian writer are strikingly different.

589. *Of Providence: V,* 6.

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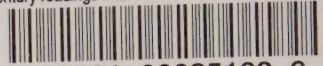
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